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*Florence Nightingale*



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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NO. I.

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## VENICE.

It is a great pleasure to write the word; but I am not sure there is not a certain impudence in pretending to add anything to it. Venice has been painted and described many thousands of times, and of all the cities of the world it is the easiest to visit without going there. Open the first book and you will find a rhapsody about it; step into the first picture-dealer's and you will find three or four high-colored "views" of it. There is nothing more to be said about it. Every one has been there, and every one has brought back a collection of photographs. There is as little mystery about the Grand Canal as about our local thoroughfare; and the name of St. Mark is as familiar as the postman's ring. It is not forbidden, however, to speak of familiar things, and I believe that, for the true Venice-lover, Venice is always in order. There is nothing new to be said about it certainly, but the old is better than any novelty. It would be a sad day, indeed, when there should be anything new to say. I write these lines with the full consciousness of having no information whatever to offer. I do not pretend to enlighten the reader; I pretend only to give a filip to his memory; and I hold any writer sufficiently justified who is himself in love with his topic.

I.

MR. RUSKIN has given it up, that is very true; but it is only after extracting half a life-time of pleasure and an immeasurable quantity of fame from it. We all may do the same, after it has served our turn, which it probably will not cease to do for many a year to come. Meantime, it is Mr. Ruskin who, beyond any one, helps us to enjoy. He has, indeed, lately produced several aids to depre-

sion in the shape of certain little humorous—ill-humorous—pamphlets (the series of "St. Mark's Rest"), which embody his latest reflections on the subject of Venice and describe the latest atrocities that have been perpetrated there. These latter are numerous and deeply regrettable; but to admit that they have spoiled Venice would be to admit that Venice is easily spoiled,—an admission pregnant, as it seems to us, with disloyalty. Fortunately, one reacts against the Ruskinian contagion, and one hour of the lagoon is worth a hundred pages of demoralized prose. This queer, late-coming prose of Mr. Ruskin (including the revised and condensed issue of the "Stones of Venice," only one little volume of which has appeared, or, perhaps, will ever appear) is all to be read, though much of it seems to be addressed to children of tender age. It is pitched in the nursery-key, and might be supposed to emanate from an angry governess. It is, however, all suggestive, and much of it is delightfully just. There is an inconceivable want of form in it, though the author has spent his life in laying down the principles of form, and scolding people for departing from them; but it throbs and flashes with the love of his subject,—a love disconcerted and abjured, but which has still some of the force of inspiration. Among the many strange things that have befallen Venice, she has had the good fortune to become the object of a passion to a man of splendid genius, who has made her his own, and, in doing so, has made her the world's. There is no better reading at Venice, therefore, as I say, than Ruskin, for every true Venice-lover can separate the wheat from the chaff. The narrow theological spirit, the moralism *à tout propos*, the queer provincialities and pruderies, are mere wild weeds in a mountain of flowers. One may

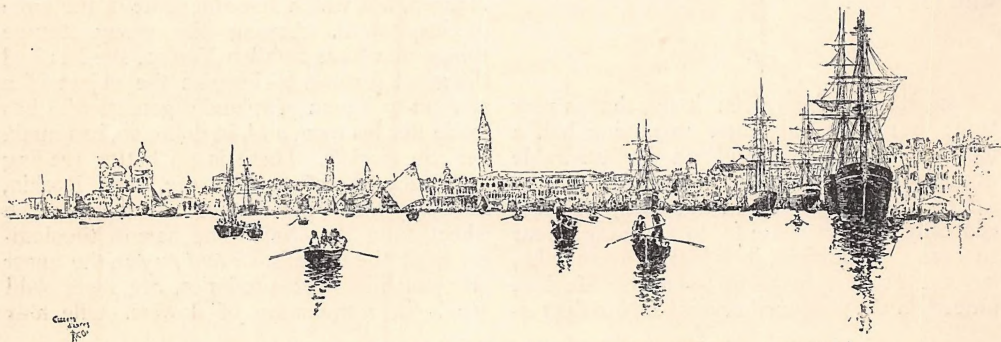


doubtless be very happy in Venice without reading at all,—without criticising or analyzing, or thinking a strenuous thought. It is a city in which, I suspect, there is very little strenuous thinking, and yet it is a city in which there must be almost as much happiness as misery. The misery of Venice stands there for all the world to see; it is part of the spectacle,—a thorough-going devotee of local color might consistently say it is part of the pleasure. The Venetian people have little to call their own,—little more than the bare privilege of leading their lives in the most beautiful of towns. Their habitations are decayed; their taxes heavy; their pockets light; their opportunities few. One receives an impression, however, that life presents itself to them with attractions not accounted for in this meager train of advantages, and that they are on better terms with it than many people who have made a better bargain. They lie in the sunshine; they dabble in the sea; they wear bright rags; they fall into attitudes and harmonies; they assist at an eternal *conversazione*. It is not easy to say that one would have them other than they are, and it certainly would make an immense difference should they be better fed. The number of persons in Venice who evidently never have enough to eat is painfully large; but it would be more painful if we did not equally perceive that the rich Venetian temperament may bloom upon a meager diet. Nature has been kind to it, and sunshine and leisure and conversation and beautiful views form the greater part of its sustenance. It takes a great deal to make a successful American; but to make a happy Venetian takes only a handful of quick sensibility. The Italian people have, at once, the good and evil fortune to be conscious of few wants; so that if the civilization of a society is measured by the number of its needs, as seems to be the common opinion to-day, it is to be feared that the children of the lagoon would make but a poor figure in a set of comparative tables. Not their

misery, doubtless, but the way they elude their misery, is what pleases the sentimental tourist, who is gratified by the sight of a beautiful race that lives by the aid of its imagination. The way to enjoy Venice is to follow the example of these people, and make the most of simple pleasures. Almost all the pleasures of the place are simple; this may be maintained even under the imputation of ingenious paradox. There is no simpler pleasure than looking at a fine Titian,—unless it be looking at a fine Tintoretto, or strolling into St. Mark's,—it is abominable, the way one falls into the habit,—and resting one's light-wearied eyes upon the windowless gloom; or than floating in a gondola, or hanging over a balcony, or taking one's coffee at Florian's. It is of these superficial pastimes that a Venetian day is composed, and the pleasure of the matter is in the emotions to which they minister. These, fortunately, are of the finest; otherwise, Venice would be insufferably dull. Reading Ruskin is good; reading the old records is, perhaps, better; but the best thing of all is simply staying on. The only way to care for Venice, as she deserves it, is to give her a chance to touch you often,—to linger and remain and return.

## II.

THE danger is that you will not linger enough,—a danger of which the author of these lines had known something. It is possible to dislike Venice, and to entertain the sentiment in a responsible and intelligent manner. There are travelers who think the place odious, and those who are not of this opinion often find themselves wishing that the others were only more numerous. The sentimental tourist's only quarrel with his Venice is that he has too many competitors there. He likes to be alone; to be original; to have (to himself, at least) the air of making discoveries. The Venice of



VENICE. (FROM THE PAINTING BY D. MARTIN RICO. BY PERMISSION OF A. J. DREXEL.)





A VENETIAN BALCONY.

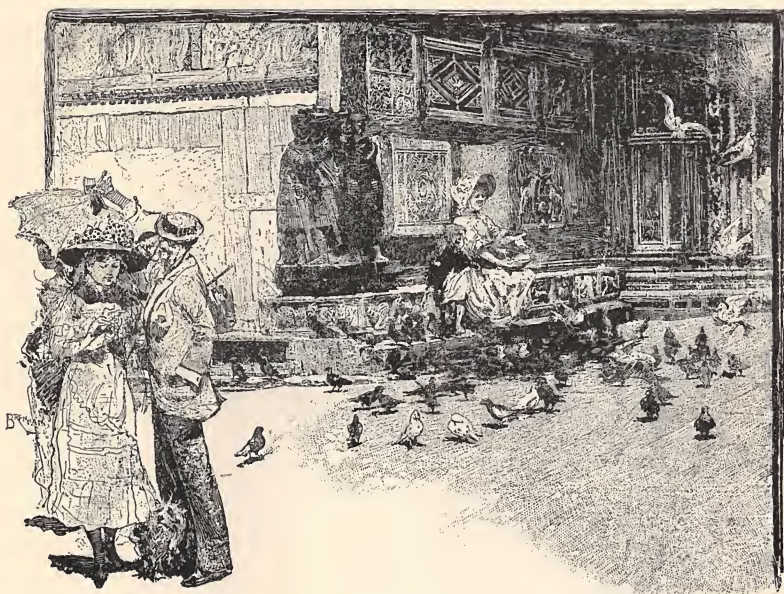
to-day is a vast museum where the little wicket that admits you is perpetually turning and creaking, and you march through the institution with a herd of fellow-gazers. There is nothing left to discover or describe, and originality of attitude is completely impossible. This is often very annoying; you can only turn your back on your impertinent playfellow and curse his want of delicacy. But this is not the fault of Venice: it is the fault of the rest of the world. The fault of Venice is that, though it is easy to admire it, it is not so easy to live in it. After you have been there a week, and the bloom of novelty has rubbed off, you wonder whether

you can accommodate yourself to the peculiar conditions. Your old habits become impracticable, and you find yourself obliged to form new ones of an undesirable and unprofitable character. You are tired of your gondola (or you think you are), and you have seen all the principal pictures and heard the names of the palaces announced a dozen times by your gondolier, who brings them out almost as impressively as if he were an English butler bawling titles into a drawing-room. You have walked several hundred times around the Piazza, and bought several bushels of photographs. You have visited the antiquity-mongers, whose horrible sign-boards dis-



honor some of the grandest vistas in the Grand Canal; you have tried the opera and found it very bad; you have bathed at the Lido and found the water flat. You have begun to have a shipboard-feeling,—to regard the Piazza as an enormous saloon and the Riva degli Schiavoni as a promenade-deck. You are obstructed and encaged; your desire for space is unsatisfied; you miss your usual exercise. You try to take a walk, and you fail, and meantime, as I say, you have come to regard your gondola as a sort of magnified baby's cradle. You have no desire to be rocked to sleep, though you are sufficiently kept awake by the irritation produced, as you gaze across the shallow lagoon, by the attitude of the perpetual gondolier, with his

ness. The loss is your own, moreover; it is not,—with all deference to your personal attractions,—that of your companions who remain behind; for though there are some disagreeable things in Venice, there is nothing so disagreeable as the visitors. The conditions are peculiar, but your intolerance of them evaporates before it has had time to become a prejudice. When you have called for the bill to go, pay it and remain, and you will find on the morrow that you are deeply attached to Venice. It is by living there from day to day that you feel the fullness of its charm; that you invite its exquisite influence to sink into your spirit. The place is as changeable as a nervous woman, and you know it only when you know all the



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

turned-out toes, his protruded chin, his absurdly unscientific stroke. The canals have a horrible smell, and the everlasting Piazza, where you have looked repeatedly at every article in every shop-window and found them all rubbish, where the young Venetians who sell bead-bracelets and "panoramas" are perpetually thrusting their wares at you, where the same tightly buttoned officers are forever sucking the same black weeds, at the same empty tables, in front of the same *caffès*,—the Piazza, as I say, has resolved itself into a sort of magnificent tread-mill. This is the state of mind of those shallow inquirers who find Venice all very well for a week; and if in such a state of mind you take your departure, you act with fatal rash-

aspects of its beauty. It has high spirits or low, it is pale or red, gray or pink, cold or warm, fresh or wan, according to the weather or the hour. It is always interesting and almost always sad; but it has a thousand occasional graces, and is always liable to happy accidents. You become extraordinarily fond of these things; you count upon them; they make part of your life. Tenderly fond you become; there is something indefinable in those depths of personal acquaintance that gradually establish themselves. The place seems to personify itself, to become human and sentient, and conscious of your affection. You desire to embrace it, to caress it, to possess it; and, finally, a soft sense of possession grows up, and your visit becomes a per-





THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

petual love-affair. It is very true that if you go there, like the author of these lines, about the middle of March, a certain amount of disappointment is possible. He had not been there for several years, and in the interval the beautiful and helpless city had suffered an increase of injury. The barbarians are in full possession, and you tremble for what they may do. You are reminded, from the moment of your arrival, that Venice scarcely exists any more as a city at all; that it exists only as a battered peep-show and bazaar. There

was a horde of savage Germans encamped in the Piazza, and they filled the Ducal Palace and the Academy with their uproar. The English and Americans came a little later. They came in good time, with a great many French, who were discreet enough to make very long repasts at the Caffè Quadri, during which they were out of the way. The months of April and May, of the year 1881, were not, as a general thing, a favorable season for visiting the Ducal Palace and the Academy. The valet-de-place had marked them for his own and held triumphant possession of them. He celebrates his triumphs in a terrible brassy voice, which re-sounds all over the place, and has, whatever

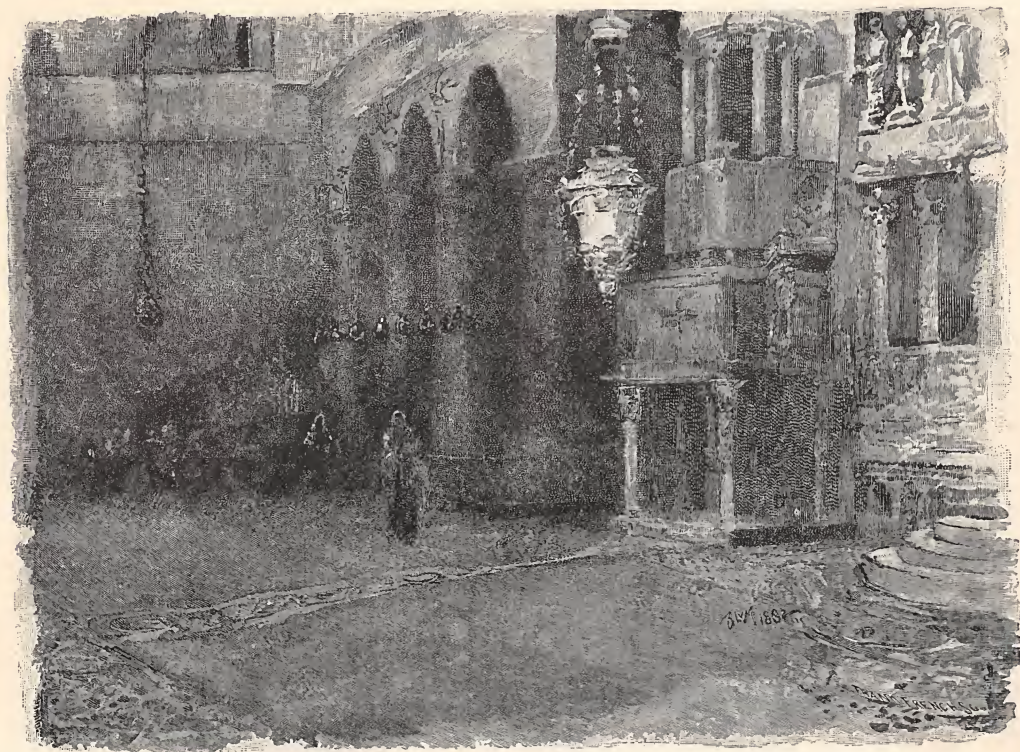


ST. MARK'S AND THE CAMPANILE.



language he be speaking, the accent of some other idiom. During all the spring months in Venice these gentry abound in the great resorts, and they lead their helpless captives through churches and galleries in dense, ir-

little warrant for regarding it as a religious affair. The restoration of the outer walls, which has lately been so much attacked and defended, is certainly a great shock. Of the necessity of the work only an expert is, I sup-



IN ST. MARK'S.

responsible groups. They infest the Piazza; they pursue you along the Riva; they hang about the bridges and the doors of the *caffès*. In saying just now that I was disappointed at first, I had chiefly in mind the impression that assails me to-day in the whole precinct of St. Mark's. The condition of this ancient sanctuary is surely a great scandal. The peddlers and commissioners ply their trade—often a very unclean one—at the very door of the temple; they follow you across the threshold, into the sacred dusk, and pull your sleeve, and hiss into your ear, scuffling with each other for customers. There is a great deal of dishonor about St. Mark's altogether, and if Venice, as I say, has become a great bazaar, this exquisite edifice is now the biggest booth.

### III.

It is treated as a booth in all ways, and if it had not, somehow, a great spirit of solemnity within it, the traveler would soon have

pose, in a position to judge; but there is no doubt that, if a necessity it be, it is a deeply regrettable one. To no more distressing necessity have people of taste lately had to resign themselves. Wherever the hand of the restorer has been laid, all semblance of beauty has vanished, which is a sad fact, considering that the external loveliness of St. Mark's has been for ages less impressive only than that of the still comparatively uninjured interior. I know not what is the measure of necessity in such a case, and it appears indeed to be a very delicate question. To-day, at any rate, that admirable harmony of faded mosaic and marble, which, to the eye of the traveler emerging from the narrow streets that lead to the Piazza, filled all the farther end of it with a sort of dazzling, silvery presence,—to-day this lovely vision is in a way to be completely reformed, and, indeed, well-nigh abolished. The old softness and mellowness of color,—the work of the quiet centuries and of the breath of the salt sea,—is giving way to large, crude patches of new material, which



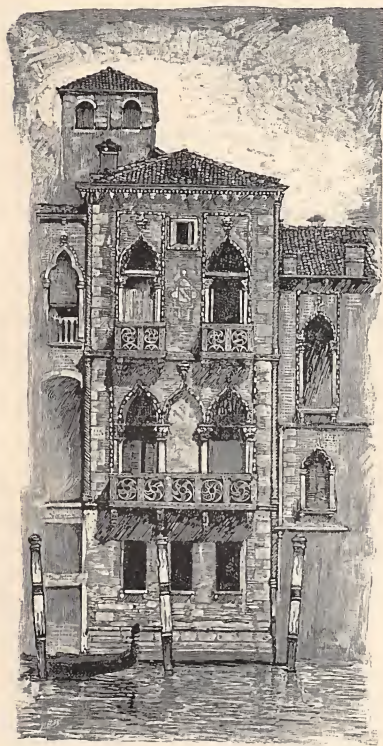
have the effect of a monstrous malady rather than of a restoration to health. They look like blotches of red and white paint and dishonorable smears of chalk on the cheeks of a noble matron. The face toward the Piazzetta is in especial the newest-looking thing conceivable,—as new as a new pair of boots, or as the morning's paper. We do not profess, however, to undertake a scientific quarrel with these changes, and admit that our complaint is a purely sentimental one. The march of industry in united Italy must doubtless be looked at as a whole, and one must endeavor to believe that it is through innumerable lapses of taste that this deeply interesting country is groping her way to her place among the nations. For the present, it is not to be denied, certain odd phases of the process are more visible than the result, to arrive at which it seems necessary that, as she was of old a passionate

votary of the beautiful, she should to-day burn everything that she has adored. It is, doubtless, too soon to

judge her, and there are moments when one is willing to forgive her even the restoration of St. Mark's. Inside, as well, there has been a considerable attempt to make the place more tidy; but the general effect, as yet, has not seriously suffered. What I chiefly remember is the straightening out of that dark and rugged old pavement,—those deep undulations of primitive mosaic, in which the wandering tourist was thought to perceive an intended resemblance to the waves of the ocean. Whether intended or not, the analogy was an image the more in a treasure-house of images; but from a considerable portion of the church it has now disappeared. Throughout the greater part, indeed, the pavement remains as recent generations have known it,—dark, rich, cracked, uneven, spotted with porphyry and time-blackened malachite, and polished by the knees of innumerable worshippers; but in other large sections the idea imitated by the restorers is that of the ocean in a dead calm, and the model they have taken, the floor of a London club-house or of a New York hotel. I think no Venetian and scarcely any Italian cares much for such differences; and when, a year ago, people in England were writing to the "Times" about



THE PIAZZETTA.



DESDEMONA'S HOUSE.





RIALTO BRIDGE, BUILT BY ANTONIO DA PONTE, 1588-91.

the whole business, and holding meetings to protest against it, the dear children of the lagoon (so far as they heard, or heeded, the rumor) thought them partly busy-bodies and partly asses. Busy-bodies they doubtless were, but they took a good deal of disinterested trouble. It never occurs to the Venetian mind of to-day that such trouble may be worth taking; the Venetian mind vainly endeavors to conceive a state of existence in which personal questions are so insipid that people have to look for grievances in the wrongs of brick and marble. I must not, however, speak of St. Mark's as if I had the pretension of giving a description of it, or as if the reader desired one. The reader has been too well served already. It is surely the best-described building in the world. Open the "Stones of Venice," open Théophile Gautier's "Italia," and you will see. These writers take it very seriously, and it is only because there is another way of taking it that I venture to speak of it: the way that offers itself after you have been in Venice a couple of months, and the light is not in the great Square, and you pass in under the pictured porticoes, with a feeling of habit and friendliness, and a desire for something cool and dark. There are moments, after all, when the church is comparatively quiet and empty, when you may

sit there with an easy consciousness of its beauty. From the moment, of course, that you go into an Italian church for any purpose but to say your prayers, or look at the ladies, you rank yourself among the trooping barbarians I just spoke of; you treat the place like an orifice in the peep-show. Still, it is almost a spiritual function,—or, at the worst, an amorous one,—to feed one's eyes on the mighty color that drops from the hollow vaults and thickens the air with its richness. It is all so quiet and sad and faded; and yet it is all so brilliant and living. The strange figures in the mosaic pictures, bending with the curve of niche and vault, stare down through the glowing dimness; and the burnished gold that stands behind them catches the light on its little, uneven cubes. St. Mark's owes nothing of its character to the beauty of proportion or perspective; there is nothing grandly balanced or far-arching; there are no long lines nor triumphs of the perpendicular. The church arches indeed; but it arches like a dusky cavern. Beauty of surface, of tone, of detail, of things near enough to touch and kneel upon and lean against,—it is from this the effect proceeds. In this sort of beauty the place is incredibly rich, and you may go there every day and find afresh some lurking pictorial nook. It is a treasury of bits, as



the painters say ; and there are usually three or four painters, with their easels set up in uncertain equilibrium, on the undulating floor. It is not easy to catch the real complexion of St. Mark's, and these laudable attempts at portraiture are apt to look either lurid or livid. But, if you cannot paint the old loose-looking marble slabs, the great panels of basalt and jasper, the crucifixes, of which the lonely anguish looks deeper in the vertical light, the tabernacles whose open doors disclose a dark Byzantine image, spotted with dull, crooked gems,—if you cannot paint these things, you can at least grow fond of them. You grow fond even of the old benches of red marble, partly worn away by the breeches of many generations, and attached to the base of those wide pilasters, of which the precious plating, delightful in its faded brownness, with a faint gray bloom upon it, bulges and yawns a little with honorable age.

## IV.

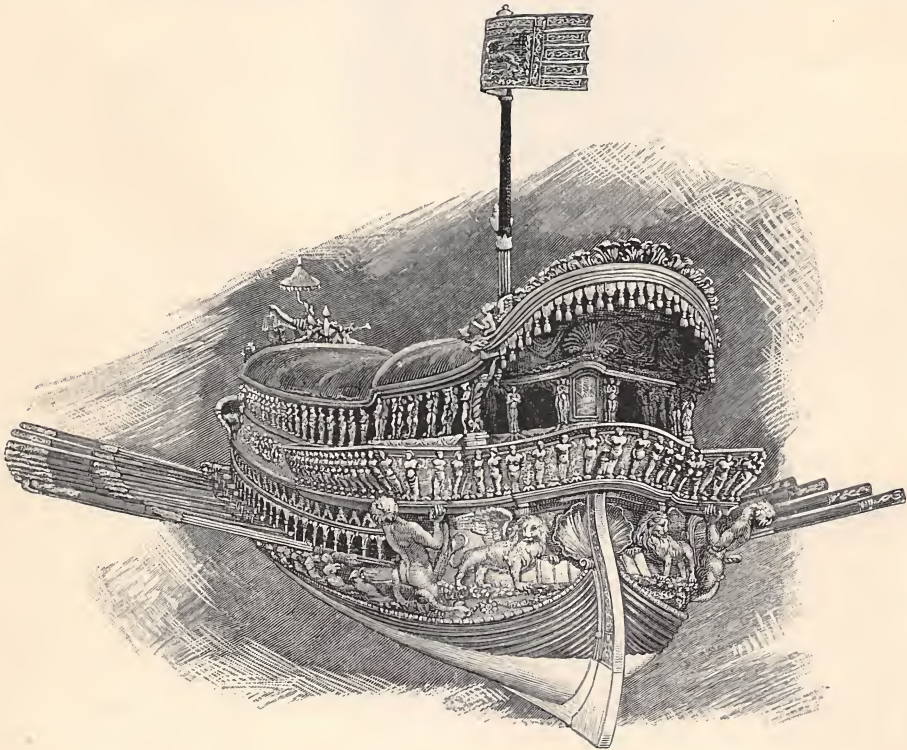
EVEN at first, when the vexatious sense of the city of the Doges having been reduced to earning its living as a curiosity-shop was in its keenness, there was a great deal of entertainment to be got from lodging on the Riva degli Schiavoni and looking out at the far-

shimmering lagoon. There was entertainment indeed in simply getting into the place and observing the queer incidents of a Venetian *aménagement*. A great many persons contribute, indirectly, to this undertaking, and it



SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE.

is surprising how they spring out at you during your novitiate, to remind you that they are bound up in some mysterious manner with the constitution of your little establishment. It was an interesting problem, for instance, to trace the subtle connection existing between the niece of the landlady and the occupancy of the fourth floor. Superficially,



BUCENTAUR, THE STATE BARGE OF VENICE.





A NARROW CANAL.

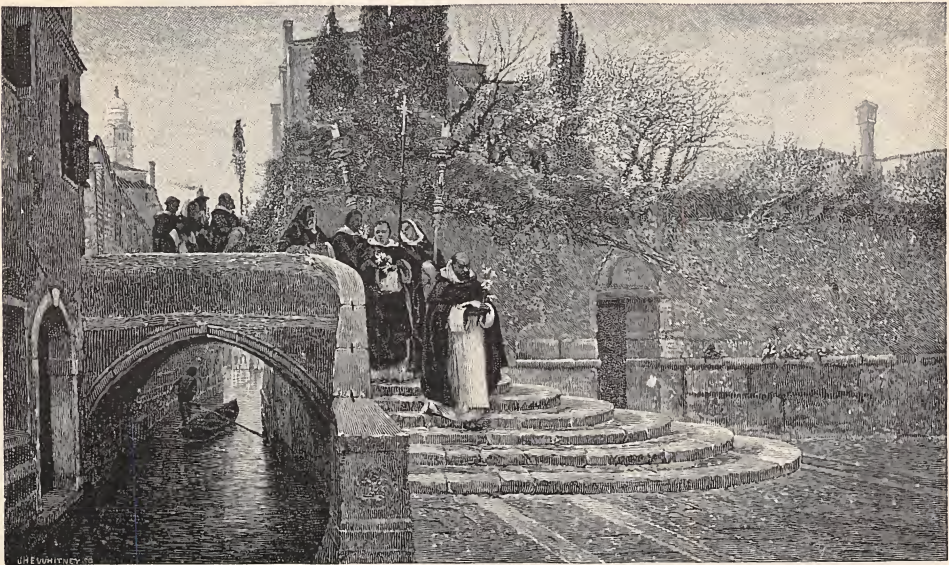
it was not easily visible, as the young lady in question was a dancer at the Fenice theater—or when that was closed, at the Rossini—and might have been supposed to be absorbed by her professional duties. It proved to be necessary, however, that she should hover about the premises in a velvet jacket and a pair of black kid gloves, with one little, white button; as, also, that she should apply a thick coating of powder to her face, which had a charming, oval, and a sweet, weak expression, like that of most of the Venetian young girls, who, as a general thing (it was not a peculiarity of the landlady's niece), are fond of besmearing themselves with flour. It soon became plain that it is not only the wavy-twinkling lagoon that you behold from a habitation on the Riva; you see a little of everything Venetian. Straight across, before my windows, rose the great pink mass of San Giorgio Maggiore, which, for an ugly

Palladian church, has a success beyond all reason. It is a success of position, of color, of the immense detached Campanile, tipped with a tall, gold angel. I know not whether it is because San Giorgio is so grandly conspicuous, and because it has a great deal of worn, faded-looking brick-work; but for many persons the whole place has a kind of suffusion of rosiness. If we were asked what is the leading color at Venice we should say pink, and yet after all we cannot remember that this elegant tint occurs very often. It is a faint, shimmering, airy, watery pink; the bright sea-light seems to flash with it, and the pale whitish-green of lagoon and canal to drink it in. There is, indeed, in Venice a great deal of very evident brick-work, which is never fresh nor loud in color, but always burnt out, as it were, always exquisitely mild. There are certain little mental pictures that rise before the sentimental tourist at the simple mention, written or



spoken, of the places he has loved. When I hear, when I see, the magical name I have written above these pages, it is not of the great Square that I think, with its strange basilica and its high arcades, nor of the wide mouth of the Grand Canal, with the stately steps and the well-poised dome of the Salute; it is not of the low lagoon, nor the sweet Piazzetta, nor the dark chambers of St. Mark's. I simply see a narrow canal in the heart of the city,—a patch of green water and a surface of pink wall. The gondola moves slowly; it gives a great, smooth swerve, passes under a bridge, and the gondolier's cry, carried over the quiet water, makes a kind of splash in the stillness. A girl is passing over the little bridge, which has an arch like a camel's back,

looking at it from his window, when he is not floating about with that delightful sense of being for the moment a part of it, which any gentleman in a gondola is free to entertain. Venetian windows and balconies are a dreadful lure, and while you rest your elbows on these cushioned ledges the precious hours fly away. But, in truth, Venice is not, in fair weather, a place for concentration of mind. The effort required for sitting down to a writing-table is heroic, and the brightest page of MS. looks dull beside the brilliancy of your *milieu*. All nature beckons you forth, and murmurs to you sophistically that such hours should be devoted to collecting impressions. Afterward, in ugly places, at unprivileged times, you can convert your



MONKS GOING TO THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, ON THE FÊTE OF SANTO ANTONIO.  
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.)

with an old shawl on her head, which makes her look charming; you see her against the sky as you float beneath. The pink of the old wall seems to fill the whole place; it sinks even into the opaque water. Over the wall is a garden, out of which the long arm of a white June rose—the roses of Venice are splendid—has flung itself by way of spontaneous ornament. On the other side of this small water-way is a great, shabby façade of gothic windows and balconies,—balconies on which dirty clothes are hung, and under which a cavernous-looking doorway opens from a low flight of slimy water-steps. It is very hot and still, the canal has a queer smell, and the whole place is enchanting. It is poor work, however, talking about the colors of things in Venice. The sentimental tourist is perpetually

impressions into prose. Fortunately for the present prosier, the weather was not always fine; the first month was wet and windy, and it was better to look at the lagoon from an open casement than to respond to the advances of persuasive gondoliers. Even then, however, there was a constant entertainment in the view. It was all cold color, and the steel-gray floor of the lagoon was streaked the wrong way by the wind. Then there were charming, cool intervals, when the churches, the houses, the anchored fishing-boats, the whole gently curving line of the Riva, seemed to be washed with a pearly white. Later, it all turned warm,—warm to the eye as well as to other senses. After the middle of May the whole place was in a glow. The sea took on a thousand shades, but they were



only infinite variations of blue, and those rosy walls I just spoke of began to flush in the thick sunshine. Every patch of color, every yard of weather-stained stucco, every glimpse of nestling garden or daub of sky above a *calle*, began to shine and sparkle,—began, as the painters say, to “compose.” The lagoon was streaked with odd currents, which played across it like huge, smooth finger-marks. The gondolas multiplied and

as you see this movement in profile, in a gondola that passes you,—see, as you recline on your own low cushions, the arching body of the gondolier lifted up against the sky,—it has a kind of nobleness which suggests an image on a Greek frieze. The gondolier at Venice is your very good friend,—if you choose him happily,—and on the quality of the personage depends a good deal that of your impressions. He is a part of your daily life,



HAY-BOATS—SMALL CANAL OFF “CANALE DELLA GIUDECCA.”

spotted it all over; every gondola and every gondolier looking, at a distance, precisely like every other. There is something strange and fascinating in this mysterious impersonality of the gondola. It has an identity when you are in it, but, thanks to their all being of the same size, shape, and color, and of the same deportment and gait, it has none, or as little as possible, as you see it pass before you. From my windows on the Riva there was always the same silhouette,—the long, black, slender skiff lifting its head and throwing it back a little, moving, yet seeming not to move, with the grotesquely graceful figure on the poop. This figure inclines, as may be, more to the graceful or to the grotesque,—standing in the “second position” of the dancing-master, but indulging, from the waist upward, in a freedom of movement which that functionary would deprecate. One may say, as a general thing, that there is something rather awkward in the movement of even the most graceful gondolier, and something graceful in the movement of the most awkward. In the graceful men of course the grace predominates, and nothing can be finer than the large, firm way in which, from their point of vantage, they throw themselves over their tremendous oar. It has the boldness of a plunging bird, and the regularity of a pendulum. Sometimes,

your double, your shadow, your complement. Most people, I think, either like their gondolier or hate him; and if they like him, like him very much. In this case they take an interest in him after his departure; wish him to be sure of employment, speak of him as the gem of gondoliers, and tell their friends to be certain to “secure” him. There is usually no difficulty in securing him; there is nothing elusive or reluctant about a gondolier. They are, for the most part, excellent fellows, and the sentimental tourist must always have a kindness for them. More than the rest of the population, of course, they are the children of Venice; they are associated with its idiosyncrasy, with its safest charm, with its silence, with its melancholy. When I say they are associated with its silence, I should immediately add that they are associated, also, with its sound. Among themselves they are an extraordinary talkative company. They chatter at the *traghetti*, where they always have some sharp point under discussion; they bawl across the canals; they bespeak your commands as you approach; they defy each other from afar. If you happen to have a *traghetto* under your window, you are well aware that they are a vocal race. I should go even further than I went just now, and say that the voice of the gondolier is, in fact,

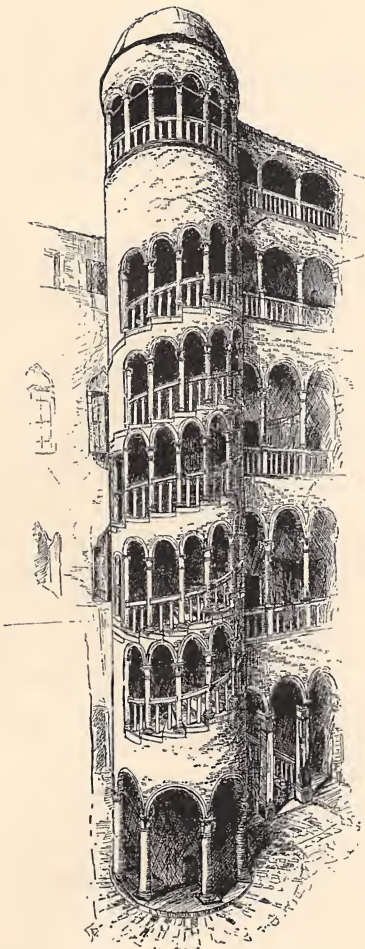


the sound of Venice. There is scarcely any other, and that, indeed, is part of the interest of the place. There is no noise there save distinctly human noise; no rumbling, no vague uproar, nor rattle of wheels and hoofs. It is all articulate, personal sound. One may say, indeed, that Venice is, emphatically, the city of conversation; people talk all over the place, because there is nothing to interfere with their being heard. Among the populace it is a kind of family party. The still water carries the voice, and good Venetians exchange confidences at a distance of half a mile. It saves a world of trouble, and they don't like trouble. Their delightful garrulous language helps them to make Venetian life an long *conversazione*. This language, with its soft elisions, its odd transpositions, its kindly contempt for consonants and other disagreeables, has in it something peculiarly human and accommodating. If your gondolier had no other merit, he would have the merit that he speaks Venetian. This may rank as a merit, even—some people perhaps would say especially—when you don't understand what he says. But he adds to it other graces which make him an agreeable feature in your life. The price he sets on his services is touchingly small, and he has a happy art of being obsequious, without being, or, at least, without seeming abject. For occasional liberalities he evinces an almost lyrical gratitude. In short, he has delightfully good manners, a merit which he shares, for the most part, with Venetians at large. One grows very fond of these people, and the reason of one's fondness is the frankness and sweetness of their address. That of the Italian people, in general, has much to recommend it; but in the Venetian manner there is something peculiarly ingratiating. One feels that the race is old, that it has a long and rich civilization in its blood, and that if it has not been blessed by fortune, it has, at least, been polished by time. It has not a genius for morality, and, indeed, makes few pretensions in that direction. It scruples not to represent the false as the true, and is liable to confusion in the assignation of property. It is peculiarly susceptible to the tender sentiment, which it cultivates with a graceful disregard of the more rigid formalities. I am not sure that it is very brave, and was not struck with its being very industrious. But it has an unflinching sense of the amenities of life; the poorest Venetian is a natural man of the world. He is better company than persons of his class are apt to be among the nations of industry and virtue—where people are also, sometimes, perceived to lie and steal. He has a great desire to please and to be pleased.

v.

IN this latter point the cold-blooded stranger begins at last to imitate him; he begins to lead a life that is, before all things, good-humored: unless, indeed, he allow himself, like Mr. Ruskin, to be put out of his good-humor by Titian and Tiepolo. The hours he spends among the pictures are his best hours in Venice, and I am ashamed of myself to have written so much of common things when I might have been making festoons of the names of the masters. But, when we have covered our page with such festoons, what more is left to say? When one has said Carpaccio and Bellini, Tintoretto and the Veronese, one has struck a note that must be left to resound at will. Everything has been said about the mighty painters, and it is of little importance to record that one traveler the more has found them to his taste. "Went this morning to the Academy; was very much pleased with Titian's 'Assumption.'" That honest phrase has doubtless been written in many a traveler's diary, and was not indiscreet on the part of its author. But it appeals little to the general reader, and we must, moreover, not expose our deepest feelings. Since I have mentioned Titian's "Assumption," I must say that there are some people who have been less pleased with it than the gentleman we have just imagined. It is one of the possible disappointments of Venice, and you may, if you like, take advantage of your privilege of not caring for it. It imparts a look of great richness to the side of the beautiful room of the Academy on which it hangs; but the same room contains two or three works less known to fame which are equally capable of inspiring a passion. "The 'Annunciation' struck me as coarse and superficial": that was once written in a simple-minded traveler's note-book. At Venice, strange to say, Titian is altogether a disappointment; the city of his adoption is far from containing the best of him. Madrid, Paris, London, Florence, Dresden, Munich,—these are the homes of his greatness. There are other painters who have but a single home, and the greatest of these is Tintoretto. Close beside him sit Carpaccio and Bellini, who make with him the dazzling Venetian trio. Paul Veronese may be seen and measured in other places; he is most splendid in Venice, but he shines in Paris and in Dresden. You may walk out of the noon-day dusk of Trafalgar Square in November, and in one of the chambers of the National Gallery see the family of Darius rustling and pleading and weeping at the feet of Alexander. Alexander is a beautiful young Venetian in crimson





SCALA ANTICA IN THE COURT OF GOLDONI'S HOUSE.

pantaloons, and the picture sends a glow into the cold London twilight. You may sit before it for an hour, and dream you are floating to the water-gate of the Ducal Palace, where a certain old beggar, with one of the handsomest heads in the world—he has sat to a hundred painters for Doges, and for personages more sacred—has a prescriptive right to pretend to pull your gondola to the steps and to hold out a greasy, immemorial cap. But you must go to Venice, in fact, to see the other masters, who form part of your life while you are there, and illuminate your view of the universe. It is difficult to express one's relation to them; for the whole Venetian art-world is so near, so familiar, so much an extension and adjunct of the actual world, that it seems almost invidious to say one owes more to one of them than to another. Nowhere (not even in Holland, where the correspondence between the real aspects and the little polished canvases is so constant and so exquisite) do art and life seem so inter-

fused and, as it were, so consanguineous. All the splendor of light and color, all the Venetian air and the Venetian history, are on the walls and ceilings of the palaces; and all the genius of the masters, all the images and visions they have left upon canvas, seem to tremble in the sunbeams and dance upon the waves. That is the perpetual interest of the place,—that you live in a certain sort of knowledge, as in a rosy cloud. You don't go into the churches and galleries by way of a change from the streets; you go into them because they offer you an exquisite reproduction of the things that surround you. All Venice was both model and painter, and life was so pictorial that art could not help becoming so. With all diminutions, life is pictorial still, and this fact gives an extraordinary freshness to one's perception of the great Venetian works. You judge of them not as a connoisseur, but as a man of the world, and you enjoy them because they are so social and so actual. Perhaps, of all works of art that are equally great, they demand least reflection on the part of the spectator,—they make least of a mystery of being enjoyed. Reflection only confirms your admiration, but it is almost ashamed to show its head. These things speak so frankly and benignantly to the sense that we feel there is reason as well in such an address. But it is hard, as I say, to express all this, and it is painful as well to attempt it—painful, because in the memory of vanished hours, so filled with beauty, the sense of present loss is overwhelming. Exquisite hours, enveloped in light and silence, to have known them once is to have always a terrible standard of enjoyment. Certain lovely mornings of May and June come back with an ineffaceable fairness. Venice is not smothered in flowers at this season, in the manner of Florence and Rome; but the sea and sky themselves seem to blossom and rustle. The gondola waits at the wave-washed steps, and if you are wise you will take your place beside a discriminating companion. Such a companion, in Venice, should, of course, be of the sex that discriminates most finely. An intelligent woman who knows her Venice seems doubly intelligent, and it makes no woman's perceptions less keen to be aware that she cannot help looking graceful as she glides over the waves. The handsome Pasquale, with uplifted oar, awaits your command, knowing, in a general way, from observation of your habits, that your intention is to go to see a picture or two. It perhaps does not immensely matter what picture you choose: the whole affair is so charming. It is charming to wander through the light and shade of intricate canals, with perpetual





STATUE OF COLLEONI, BY VERROCCHIO. (IN THE CAMPO DI S. ZANIPOLO.)



architecture above you and perpetual fluidity beneath. It is charming to disembark at the polished steps of a little empty *campo*—a sunny, shabby square, with an old well in the middle, an old church on one side, and tall Venetian windows looking down. Sometimes the windows are tenantless; sometimes a lady

Baptism of Christ, by Cima, which, I believe has been more or less repainted. You can make the thing out in spots; you can see that it has a fullness of perfection. But you turn away from it with a stiff neck, and promise yourself consolation in the Academy and at the Madonna dell' Orto, where two



VIEW FROM THE GARDEN ON THE ISLAND OF SAN LAZZARO.

in a faded dressing-gown is leaning vaguely on the sill. There is always an old man holding out his hat for coppers; there are always three or four small boys dodging possible umbrella-pokes while they precede you, in the manner of custodians, to the door of the church.

#### VI.

THE churches of Venice are rich in pictures, and many a masterpiece lurks in the unaccommodating gloom of side-chapels and sacristies. Many a noble work is perched behind the dusty candles and muslin roses of a scantily visited altar; some of them, indeed, are hidden behind the altar, in a darkness that can never be explored. The facilities offered you for approaching the picture, in such cases, are a kind of mockery of your irritated desire. You stand on tip-toe on a three-legged stool, you climb a rickety ladder, you almost mount upon the shoulders of the *custode*. You do everything but see the picture. You see just enough to perceive that it is beautiful. You catch a glimpse of a divine head, of a fig-tree against a mellow sky; but the rest is impenetrable mystery. You renounce all hope, for instance, of approaching the magnificent Cima le Conegliano in San Giovanni in Bragora; and bethinking yourself of the immaculate purity that dwells in the works of this master, you renounce it with chagrin and pain. Behind the high altar, in that church, there hangs a

noble picture, by the same hand,—pictures as clear as a summer twilight,—present themselves in better circumstances. It may be said, as a general thing, that you never see Tintoretto. You admire him, you adore him, you think him the greatest of painters, but, in the great majority of cases, you don't see him. This is partly his own fault: so many of his works have turned to blackness, and are positively rotting in their frames. At the Scuola di San Rocco, where there are acres of Tintoretto's, there is scarcely anything at all adequately visible, save the immense "Crucifixion" in the upper story. It is true that in looking at this huge composition you look at many pictures; it has not only a multitude of figures, but a wealth of episodes; and you pass from one of these to the other, as if you were "doing" a gallery. Surely, no single picture in the world contains more of human life; there is everything in it, including the most exquisite beauty. It is one of the greatest things of art; it is always interesting. There are pictures by Tintoretto which contain touches more exquisite, revelations of beauty more radiant, but there is no other such vision of an intense reality and a splendid execution. The interest, the impressiveness, of that whole corner of Venice, however melancholy the charm of these gorgeous and ill-lighted chambers, gives a strange importance to a visit to the Scuola. Nothing that all travelers go to see appears to suffer less from the incursions



of travelers. It is one of the loveliest booths of the bazaar, and the author of these lines has always had the good fortune, which he wishes to every other traveler, of having it to himself. I think most visitors find the place rather alarming and wicked-looking. They walk about a while among the fitful figures that gleam here and there out of the great tapestry (as it were) with which Tintoretto has hung all the walls, and then, depressed and bewildered by the portentous solemnity of these objects, by strange glimpses of unnatural scenes, by the echo of their lonely footsteps on the vast stone floors, they take a hasty departure, and find themselves again, with a sense of release from danger, and of the *genius loci* having been a sort of mad white-washer who worked with a bad mixture, in the bright light of the *campo*, among the beggars, the orange-venders, and the passing gondolas. Solemn, indeed, is the place, solemn and strangely suggestive, for the simple reason that we shall scarcely find four walls elsewhere that inclose within a like area an equal quantity of genius. The air is thick with it, and dense and difficult to breathe; for it was genius that was not happy, inasmuch as it lacked the art to fix itself for ever. It is not immortality that we breathe at the Scuola di San Rocco, but conscious, reluctant mortality. Fortunately, however, we have the Ducal Palace, where everything is so brilliant and splendid that poor, dusky Tintoretto is lifted in spite of himself into the concert. This deeply original building is, of course, the loveliest thing in Venice, and a morning's stroll there is a wonderful illumination. Cunningly select your hour—half the enjoyment of Venice is a question of dodging—and go at about one o'clock, when the tourists have gone to lunch and the echoes of the charming chambers have gone to sleep among the sunbeams; there is no brighter place in Venice, by which I mean that, on the whole, there is none half so bright. The reflected sunshine plays up through the great windows from the glittering lagoon, and shimmers and twinkles over gilded walls and ceilings. All the history of Venice, all its splendid, stately past, glows around you in a strong sea-light. Every one here is magnificent, but the great Veronese is the most magnificent of all. He swims before you in a silver cloud; he thrives in an eternal morning. The deep blue sky burns behind him, streaked across with milky bars; the white colonnades sustain the richest canopies, under which the first gentlemen and ladies in the world both render homage and receive it. Their glorious garments rustle in the air of the sea, and their sun-lighted faces are the very complexion of Venice. The mixture of

pride and piety, of politics and religion, of art and patriotism, gives a magnificent dignity to every scene. Never was a painter more nobly joyous, never did an artist take a greater delight in life, seeing it all as a kind of breezy festival and feeling it through the medium of perpetual success. He revels in the gold-framed ovals of the ceilings, with the fluttering movement of an embroidered banner that tosses itself into the blue. He was the happiest of painters, and he produced the happiest picture in the world. The "Rape of Europa" hardly deserves this title; it is impossible to look at it without aching with envy. Nowhere else in art is such a temperament revealed; never did inclination and opportunity combine to express such enjoyment. The mixture of flowers and gems and brocade, of blooming flesh and shining sea and waving groves, of youth, health, movement, desire,—all this is the brightest vision that ever descended upon the soul of a painter. Happy the artist who could entertain such a vision; happy the artist who could paint it as the "Rape of Europa" is painted. Tintoretto's visions were not so bright as that; but he had several that were radiant enough. In the room that contains the "Rape of Europa" are several smaller canvases by the greatly more complex genius of the Scuola di San Rocco, which are almost simple in their loveliness, almost happy in their simplicity. They have kept their brightness through the centuries, and they shine with their neighbors in those golden rooms. There is a piece of painting in one of them which is one of the sweetest things in Venice, and which reminds one afresh of those wild flowers of execution that bloom so profusely and so unheeded in the dark corners of all of Tintoretto's work. "Pallas chasing away Mars" is, I believe, the name that is given to the picture; and it represents in fact a young woman of noble appearance, administering a gentle push, to a fine young man in armor, as if to tell him to keep his distance. It is of the gentleness of this push that I speak, the charming way in which she puts out her arm, with a single bracelet on it, and rests her young hand, with its rosy fingers parted, upon his dark breast-plate. She bends her enchanting head with the effort,—a head which has all the strange fairness that Tintoretto always sees in women,—and the soft, living, flesh-like glow of all those members, over which the brush has scarcely paused in its course, is as pretty an example of genius as all Venice can show. But why speak of Tintoretto when I can say nothing of the great "Paradise," which unfolds its somewhat smoky splendor, and the won-





THE DUCAL PALACE.

der of its multitudinous circles, in one of the other chambers? If it were not one of the first pictures in the world, it would be about the biggest, and it must be confessed that at first the spectator gets from it chiefly an impression of quantity. Then he sees that this quantity is really wealth; that the dim confusion of faces is a magnificent composition, and that some of the details of this composition are supremely beautiful. It is impossible, however, in a retrospect of Venice, to specify one's happiest hours, though, as one looks backward, certain ineffaceable moments start here and there into vividness. How is it possible to forget one's visits to the sacristy of the Frari, however frequent they may have been, and the great work of John Bellini which forms the treasure of that apartment?

## VII.

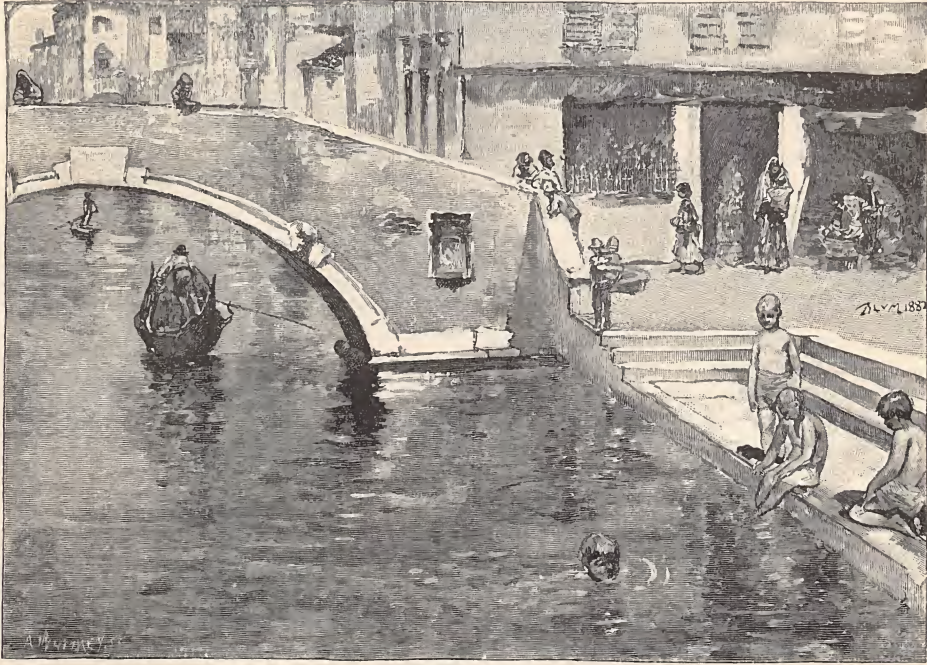
NOTHING in Venice is more perfect than this, and we know of no work of art more complete. The picture is in three compartments: the Virgin sits in the central division with her child; two venerable saints, standing close together, occupy each of the others. It is impossible to imagine anything more finished or more ripe. It is one of those things that sums up the genius of a painter, the experience of a life, the teaching of a school. It seems painted with molten gems, which have only been clarified by time, and it is as solemn as it is gorgeous, and as simple

as it is deep. John Bellini is, more or less, everywhere in Venice, and wherever he is, he is almost certain to be first—first, I mean, in his own line; he paints little else than the Madonna and the saints; he has not Carpaccio's care for human life at large, nor Tintoretto's, nor that of the Veronese. Some of his greater pictures, however, where several figures are clustered together, have a richness of sanctity that is almost profane. There is one of them on the dark side of the room at the Academy, containing Titian's "Assumption," which, if we could only see it,—its position is an inconceivable scandal,—would evidently be one of the mightiest of so-called sacred pictures. So, too, is the Madonna of San Zaccaria, hung in a cold, dim, dreary place, ever so much too high, but so mild and serene, and so grandly disposed and accompanied, that the proper attitude for even the most critical amateur, as he looks at it, seems to be the bended knee. There is another noble John Bellini, one of the very few in which there is no Virgin, at San Giovanni Crisostomo,—a St. Jerome, in a red dress, sitting aloft upon the rocks, with a landscape of extraordinary purity behind him. The absence of the peculiarly erect Madonna makes it an interesting surprise among the works of the painter, and gives it a somewhat less strenuous air. But it has brilliant beauty, and the St. Jerome is a delightful old personage. The same church contains another great picture, for which he must find a shrine apart in his



memory ; one of the most interesting things he will have seen, if not the most brilliant. Nothing appeals more to him than three figures of Venetian ladies which occupy the foreground of a smallish canvas of Sebastian del Piombo, placed above the high altar of San Giovanni Crisostomo. Sebastian was a Venetian by birth, but few of his productions are to be seen in his native place ; few, indeed, are to

cure that she is gentle, and so quiet that, in comparison, all minor assumptions of calmness suggest only a vulgar alarm. But, for all this, there are depths of possible disorder in her light-colored eye. I had meant, however, to say nothing about her, for it is not right to speak of Sebastian when one has not found room for Carpaccio. These visions come to one, and one can neither hold them nor brush

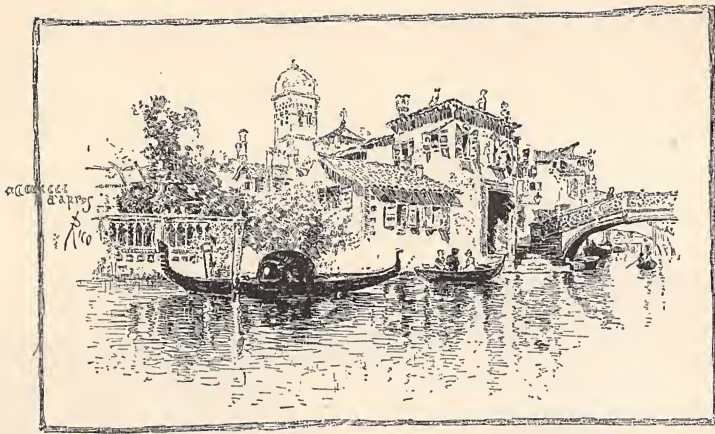


A MEMORY OF VENICE.

be seen anywhere. The picture represents the patron saint of the church, accompanied by other saints, and by the worldly votaries I have mentioned. These ladies stand together on the left, holding in their hands little white caskets ; two of them are in profile, but the foremost turns her face to the spectator. This face and figure are almost unique among the beautiful things of Venice, and they leave the susceptible observer with the impression of having made, or rather having missed, a strange, a dangerous, but a most valuable, acquaintance. The lady, who is superbly handsome, is the typical Venetian of the sixteenth century, and she remains in the mind as the perfect flower of that society. Never was there a greater air of breeding, a deeper expression of tranquil superiority. She walks like a goddess—as if she trod, without sinking, the waves of the Adriatic. It is impossible to conceive a more perfect expression of the aristocratic spirit, either in its pride or in its benignity. This magnificent creature is so strong and se-

them aside. Memories of Carpaccio, the magnificent, the delightful—it is not for want of such visitations, but only for want of space, that I have not said of him what I would. There is little enough need of it for Carpaccio's sake, his fame being brighter to-day—thanks to the generous lamp Mr. Ruskin has held up to it—than it has ever been. Yet there is something ridiculous in talking of Venice without making him, almost, the refrain. He and Tintoretto are the two great realists, and it is hard to say which is the more human, the more various. Tintoretto had the mightier temperament, but Carpaccio, who had the advantage of more newness and more responsibility, sailed nearer to perfection. Here and there he quite touches it, as in the enchanting picture, at the Academy, of St. Ursula asleep in her little white bed, in her high, clean room, where the angel visits her at dawn ; or in the noble St. Jerome in his study, at S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni. This latter work is a pearl of sentiment, and I may add, without being





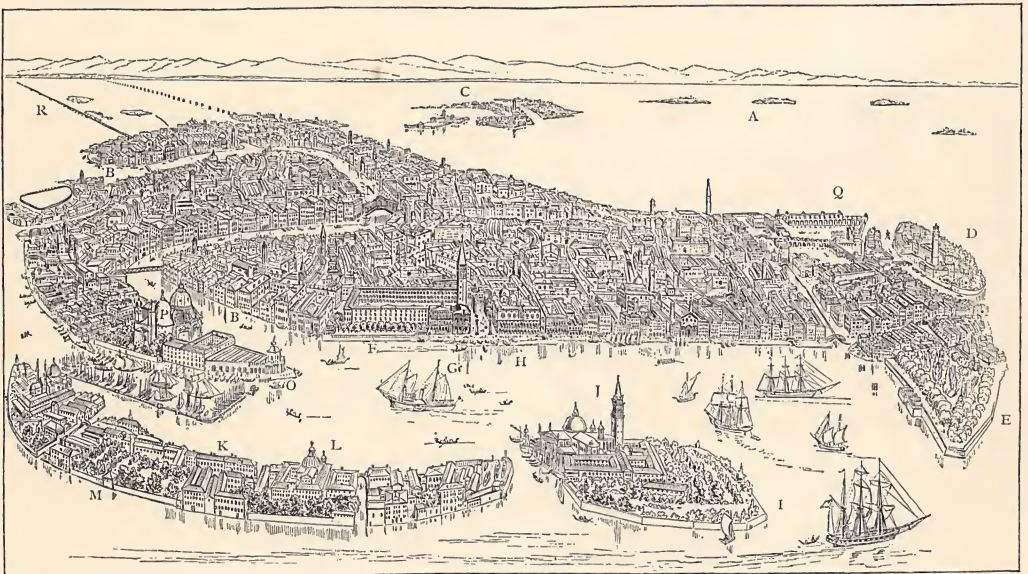
A CANAL IN VENICE. (FROM THE PAINTING BY D. MARTIN RICO. BY PERMISSION OF GEO. BARRIE, ESQ.)

fantastic, a ruby of color. It unites the most masterly finish with a kind of universal largeness of feeling, and he who has it well in his memory will never hear the name of Carpaccio without a throb of almost personal affection. This, indeed, is the feeling that descends upon you in that wonderful little chapel of St. George of the Slaves, where this most personal and sociable of artists has expressed all the sweetness of his imagination. The place is small and incommensurable, the pictures are out of sight and ill-lighted, the custodian is rapacious, the visitors are mutually intolerable, but the shabby little chapel is a palace of art. Mr. Ruskin has written a pamphlet about it which is a real

aid to enjoyment, though I cannot but think the generous artist, with his keen senses and his just feeling, would have suffered at hearing his eulogist declare that one of his other productions—in the Museo Civico in Palazzo Correr, a delightful portrait of two Venetian ladies, with pet animals—is the “finest picture in the world.” It has no need of that to be thought admirable; and what more can a painter desire?

#### VIII.

MAY in Venice is better than April, but June is best of all. Then the days are hot, but not too hot, and the nights are more



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VENICE.

A, Lagoon—B, Grand Canal—C, Murano—D, Island of S. Pietro—E, Public Gardens—F, Place of St. Mark—G, Campanile—H, Ducal Palace and St. Mark's—J, S. Giorgio Maggiore—K, Canal of the Guidecca—L, SS. Redentore—M, Island of the Guidecca—N, Bridge of the Rialto—O, Custom-house—P, S. Maria della Salute—Q, Arsenal—R, Railroad.



beautiful than the days. Then Venice is rosier than ever in the morning, and more golden than ever as the day descends. It seems to expand and evaporate, to multiply all its reflections and iridescences. Then the life of its people and the strangeness of its constitution becomes a perpetual comedy, or, at least, a perpetual drama. Then the gondola becomes your habitation, and you spend days between sea and sky. You go to the Lido, though the Lido has been spoiled. When I was first in Venice, in 1869, it was a very natural place, and there was only a rough lane across the little island, from the landing-place to the beach. There was a bathing-place in those days, and a restaurant, which was very bad, but where, in the warm evenings, your dinner did not much matter as you sat letting it cool upon the wooden terrace that stretched out into the sea. To-day the Lido is a part of United Italy, and has been made the victim of villainous improvements. A little cockney village has sprung up in its rural bosom, and a third-rate Boulevard leads from Santa Elisabetta to the Adriatic. There are bitumen walls and gas-lamps, lodging-houses, shops, and a day theater. The bathing establishment is bigger than before, and the restaurant as well; but it is a compensation, perhaps, that the cuisine is no better. Such as it is, however, you will not scorn occasionally to partake of it on the breezy platform under which bathers dart and splash, and which looks out to where the fishing-boats, with sails of orange and crimson, wander along the darkening horizon. The beach at the Lido is still lovely and beautiful, and you can easily walk away from the cockney village. The return to Venice in the sunset is classical and indispensable, and those who, at that glowing hour, have floated toward the towers that rise out of the lagoon, will not easily part with the impression. But you indulge in larger excursions—you go to Burano and Torcello, to Malamocco and Chioggia. Torcello, like the Lido, has been improved; the deeply interesting little cathedral of the eighth century, which stood there on the edge of the sea, as touching in its ruin, with its grassy threshold and its primitive mosaics, as the bleached bones of a human skeleton washed ashore by the tide, has now been restored and made cheerful, and the charm of the place, its strange and suggestive desolation, has well-nigh departed. It will still serve you as a pretext, however, for a day on the lagoon, especially as you will disembark at Burano and admire the wonderful fisher-folk, whose

good looks—and bad manners, I am sorry to say—can scarcely be exaggerated. Burano is celebrated for the beauty of its women and the rapacity of its children, and it is a fact that though some of the ladies are rather bold about it, every one of them shows you a handsome face. The children assail you for coppers, and, in their desire to be satisfied, pursue your gondola into the sea. Chioggia is a larger Burano, and you carry away from either place a half-sad, half-cynical, but altogether pictorial impression; the impression of bright-colored hovels, of bathing in stagnant canals, of young girls with faces of a delicate shape and a susceptible expression, with splendid heads of hair, and complexions smeared with powder, faded yellow shawls that hang like old Greek draperies, and little wooden shoes that click as they go up and down the steps of the convex bridges; of brown-cheeked matrons with lustrous tresses and high tempers, massive throats encased with gold beads, and eyes that meet your own with a certain traditional defiance. The men throughout the islands of Venice are almost as handsome as the women; I have never seen so many good-looking fellows. At Burano and Chioggia they sit mending their nets, or lounge at the street-corners, where conversation is always high-pitched, or clamor to you to take a boat; and everywhere they decorate the scene with their splendid color—cheeks and throats as richly brown as the sails of their fishing-smacks—their sea-faded tatters, which are always a “costume”—their soft Venetian jargon, and the gallantry with which they wear their hats—an article that nowhere sits so well as on a mass of dense Venetian curls. If you are happy, you will find yourself, after a June day in Venice (about ten o'clock), on a balcony that overhangs the Grand Canal, with your elbows on the broad ledge, a cigarette in your teeth, and a little good company beside you. The gondolas pass beneath, the watery surface gleams here and there from their lamps, some of which are colored lanterns that move mysteriously in the darkness. There are some evenings in June when there are too many gondolas, too many lanterns, too many serenades in front of the hotels. The serenading (in particular) is overdone; but on such a balcony as I speak of you needn't suffer from it, for in the apartment behind you,—an accessible refuge,—there is more good company, there are more cigarettes. If you are wise you will step back there presently.

*Henry James, Jr.*





*H. Smith*



## HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE events of Mr. James's life—as we agree to understand events—may be told in a very few words. His race is Irish on his father's side and Scotch on his mother's, to which mingled strains the generalizer may attribute, if he likes, that union of vivid expression and dispassionate analysis which has characterized his work from the first. There are none of those early struggles with poverty, which render the lives of so many distinguished Americans monotonous reading, to record in his case: the cabin hearth-fire did not light him to the youthful pursuit of literature; he had from the start all those advantages which, when they go too far, become limitations.

He was born in New York city in the year 1843, and his first lessons in life and letters were the best which the metropolis—so small in the perspective diminishing to that date—could afford. In his twelfth year his family went abroad, and after some stay in England made a long sojourn in France and Switzerland. They returned to America in 1860, placing themselves at Newport, and for a year or two Mr. James was at the Harvard Law School, where, perhaps, he did not study a great deal of law. His father removed from Newport to Cambridge in 1866, and there Mr. James remained till he went abroad, three years later, for the residence in England and Italy which, with infrequent visits home, has continued ever since.

It was during these three years of his Cambridge life that I became acquainted with his work. He had already printed a tale—"The Story of a Year"—in the "Atlantic Monthly," when I was asked to be Mr. Fields's assistant in the management, and it was my fortune to read Mr. James's second contribution in manuscript. "Would you take it?" asked my chief. "Yes, and all the stories you can get from the writer." One is much securer of one's judgment at twenty-nine than, say, at forty-five; but if this was a mistake of mine I am not yet old enough to regret it. The story was called "Poor Richard," and it dealt with the conscience of a man very much in love with a woman who loved his rival. He told this rival a lie, which sent him away to his death on the field,—in that day nearly every fictitious personage had something to do with the war,—but Poor Richard's lie did not win him his love. It still seems to me that the situation was strongly and finely felt. One's

pity went, as it should, with the liar; but the whole story had a pathos which lingers in my mind equally with a sense of the new literary qualities which gave me such delight in it. I admired, as we must in all that Mr. James has written, the finished workmanship in which there is no loss of vigor; the luminous and uncommon use of words, the originality of phrase, the whole clear and beautiful style, which I confess I weakly liked the better for the occasional gallicisms remaining from an inveterate habit of French. Those who know the writings of Mr. Henry James will recognize the inherited felicity of diction which is so striking in the writings of Mr. Henry James, Jr. The son's diction is not so racy as the father's; it lacks its daring, but it is as fortunate and graphic; and I cannot give it greater praise than this, though it has, when he will, a splendor and state which is wholly its own.

Mr. James is now so universally recognized that I shall seem to be making an unwarrantable claim when I express my belief that the popularity of his stories was once largely confined to Mr. Fields's assistant. They had characteristics which forbade any editor to refuse them; and there are no anecdotes of thrice-rejected manuscripts finally printed to tell of him; his work was at once successful with all the magazines. But with the readers of "The Atlantic," of "Harper's," of "Lippincott's," of "The Galaxy," of "The Century," it was another affair. The flavor was so strange, that, with rare exceptions, they had to "learn to like" it. Probably few writers have in the same degree compelled the liking of their readers. He was reluctantly accepted, partly through a mistake as to his attitude—through the confusion of his point of view with his private opinion—in the reader's mind. This confusion caused the tears of rage which bedewed our continent in behalf of the "average American girl" supposed to be satirized in Daisy Miller, and prevented the perception of the fact that, so far as the average American girl was studied at all in Daisy Miller, her indestructible innocence, her invulnerable new-worldliness, had never been so delicately appreciated. It was so plain that Mr. James disliked her vulgar conditions, that the very people to whom he revealed her essential sweetness and light were furious that he should have seemed not to see what existed through him. In other



words, they would have liked him better if he had been a worse artist—if he had been a little more confidential.

But that artistic impartiality which puzzled so many in the treatment of Daisy Miller is one of the qualities most valuable in the eyes of those who care how things are done, and I am not sure that it is not Mr. James's most characteristic quality. As "frost performs the effect of fire," this impartiality comes at last to the same result as sympathy. We may be quite sure that Mr. James does not like the peculiar phase of our civilization typified in Henrietta Stackpole; but he treats her with such exquisite justice that he lets *us* like her. It is an extreme case, but I confidently allege it in proof.

His impartiality is part of the reserve with which he works in most respects, and which at first glance makes us say that he is wanting in humor. But I feel pretty certain that Mr. James has not been able to disinherit himself to this degree. We Americans are terribly in earnest about making ourselves, individually and collectively; but I fancy that our prevailing mood in the face of all problems is that of an abiding faith which can afford to be funny. He has himself indicated that we have, as a nation, as a people, our joke, and every one of us is in the joke more or less. We may, some of us, dislike it extremely, disapprove it wholly, and even abhor it, but we are in the joke all the same, and no one of us is safe from becoming the great American humorist at any given moment. The danger is not apparent in Mr. James's case, and I confess that I read him with a relief in the comparative immunity that he affords from the national facetiousness. Many of his people are humorously imagined, or rather humorously *seen*, like Daisy Miller's mother, but these do not give a dominant color; the business in hand is commonly serious, and the droll people are subordinated. They abound, nevertheless, and many of them are perfectly new finds, like Mr. Tristram in "The American," the bill-paying father in the "Pension Beaurepas," the anxiously Europeanizing mother in the same story, the amusing little Madame de Belgarde, Henrietta Stackpole, and even Newman himself. But though Mr. James portrays the humorous in character, he is decidedly not on humorous terms with his reader; he ignores rather than recognizes the fact that they are both in the joke.

If we take him at all we must take him on his own ground, for clearly he will not come to ours. We must make concessions to him, not in this respect only, but in several others, chief among which is the motive for

reading fiction. By example, at least, he teaches that it is the pursuit and not the end which should give us pleasure; for he often prefers to leave us to our own conjectures in regard to the fate of the people in whom he has interested us. There is no question, of course, but he could tell the story of Isabel in "The Portrait of a Lady" to the end, yet he does not tell it. We must agree, then, to take what seems a fragment instead of a whole, and to find, when we can, a name for this new kind in fiction. Evidently it is the character, not the fate, of his people which occupies him; when he has fully developed their character he leaves them to what destiny the reader pleases.

The analytic tendency seems to have increased with him as his work has gone on. Some of the earlier tales were very dramatic: "A Passionate Pilgrim," which I should rank above all his other short stories, and for certain rich poetical qualities, above everything else that he has done, is eminently dramatic. But I do not find much that I should call dramatic in "The Portrait of a Lady," while I do find in it an amount of analysis which I should call superabundance if it were not all such good literature. The novelist's main business is to possess his reader with a due conception of his characters and the situations in which they find themselves. If he does more or less than this he equally fails. I have sometimes thought that Mr. James's danger was to do more, but when I have been ready to declare this excess an error of his method I have hesitated. Could anything be superfluous that had given me so much pleasure as I read? Certainly from only one point of view, and this a rather narrow, technical one. It seems to me that an enlightened criticism will recognize in Mr. James's fiction a metaphysical genius working to æsthetic results, and will not be disposed to deny it any method it chooses to employ. No other novelist, except George Eliot, has dealt so largely in analysis of motive, has so fully explained and commented upon the springs of action in the persons of the drama, both before and after the facts. These novelists are more alike than any others in their processes, but with George Eliot an ethical purpose is dominant, and with Mr. James an artistic purpose. I do not know just how it should be stated of two such noble and generous types of character as Dorothea and Isabel Archer, but I think that we sympathize with the former in grand aims that chiefly concern others, and with the latter in beautiful dreams that primarily concern herself. Both are unselfish and devoted women, sublimely true to a mistaken ideal in their marriages; but,



though they come to this common martyrdom, the original difference in them remains. Isabel has her great weaknesses, as Dorothea had, but these seem to me, on the whole, the most nobly imagined and the most nobly intentioned women in modern fiction; and I think Isabel is the more subtly divined of the two. If we speak of mere characterization, we must not fail to acknowledge the perfection of Gilbert Osmond. It was a profound stroke to make him an American by birth. No European could realize so fully in his own life the ideal of a European *dilettante* in all the meaning of that cheapened word; as no European could so deeply and tenderly feel the sweetness and loveliness of the English past as the sick American, Searle, in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

What is called the international novel is popularly dated from the publication of "Daisy Miller," though "Roderick Hudson" and "The American" had gone before; but it really began in the beautiful story which I have just named. Mr. James, who invented this species in fiction, first contrasted in the "Passionate Pilgrim" the New World and Old World moods, ideals, and prejudices, and he did it there with a richness of poetic effect which he has since never equalled. I own that I regret the loss of the poetry, but you cannot ask a man to keep on being a poet for you; it is hardly for him to choose; yet I compare rather discontentedly in my own mind such impassioned creations as Searle and the painter in "The Madonna of the Future" with "Daisy Miller," of whose slight, thin personality I also feel the indefinable charm, and of the tragedy of whose innocence I recognize the delicate pathos. Looking back to those early stories, where Mr. James stood at the dividing ways of the novel and the romance, I am sometimes sorry that he declared even superficially for the former. His best efforts seem to me those of romance; his best types have an ideal development, like Isabel and Claire Belgarde and Bessy Alden and poor Daisy and even Newman. But, doubtless, he has chosen wisely; perhaps the romance is an outworn form, and would not lend itself to the reproduction of even the ideality of modern life. I myself waver somewhat in my preference—if it is a preference—when I think of such people as Lord Warburton and the Touchetts, whom I take to be all decidedly of this world. The first of these especially interested me as a probable type of the English nobleman, who amiably accepts the existing situation with all its possibilities of political and social change, and insists not at all upon the surviving feudalities, but means to be a

manly and simple gentleman in any event. An American is not able to pronounce as to the verity of the type; I only know that it seems probable and that it is charming. It makes one wish that it were in Mr. James's way to paint in some story the present phase of change in England. A titled personage is still mainly an inconceivable being to us; he is like a goblin or a fairy in a story-book. How does he comport himself in the face of all the changes and modifications that have taken place and that still impend? We can hardly imagine a lord taking his nobility seriously; it is some hint of the conditional frame of Lord Warburton's mind that makes him imaginable and delightful to us.

It is not my purpose here to review any of Mr. James's books; I like better to speak of his people than of the conduct of his novels, and I wish to recognize the fineness with which he has touched-in the pretty primness of Osmond's daughter and the mild devotedness of Mr. Rosier. A masterly hand is as often manifest in the treatment of such subordinate figures as in that of the principal persons, and Mr. James does them unerringly. This is felt in the more important character of Valentin Belgarde, a fascinating character in spite of its defects,—perhaps on account of them—and a sort of French Lord Warburton, but wittier, and not so good. "These are my ideas," says his sister-in-law, at the end of a number of inanities. "Ah, you call them ideas!" he returns, which is delicious and makes you love him. He, too, has his moments of misgiving, apparently in regard to his nobility, and his acceptance of Newman on the basis of something like "manhood suffrage" is very charming. It is of course difficult for a remote plebeian to verify the pictures of legitimist society in "The American," but there is the probable suggestion in them of conditions and principles, and want of principles, of which we get glimpses in our travels abroad; at any rate, they reveal another and not impossible world, and it is fine to have Newman discover that the opinions and criticisms of our world are so absolutely valueless in that sphere that his knowledge of the infamous crime of the mother and brother of his betrothed will have no effect whatever upon them in their own circle if he explodes it there. This seems like aristocracy indeed! and one admires, almost respects, its survival in our day. But I always regretted that Newman's discovery seemed the precursor of his magnanimous resolution not to avenge himself; it weakened the effect of this, with which it had really nothing to do. Upon the whole, however, Newman is an adequate and satisfying representative of Americanism, with



his generous matrimonial ambition, his vast good-nature, and his thorough good sense and right feeling. We must be very hard to please if we are not pleased with him. He is not the "cultivated American" who redeems us from time to time in the eyes of Europe; but he is unquestionably more national, and it is observable that his unaffected fellow-countrymen and women fare very well at Mr. James's hands always; it is the Europeanizing sort like the critical little Bostonian in the "Bundle of Letters," the ladies shocked at Daisy Miller, the mother in the "Pension Beaurepas" who goes about trying to be of the "native" world everywhere, Madame Merle and Gilbert Osmond, Miss Light and her mother, who have reason to complain, if any one has. Doubtless Mr. James does not mean to satirize such Americans, but it is interesting to note how they strike such a keen observer. We are certainly not allowed to like them, and the other sort find somehow a place in our affections along with his good Europeans. It is a little odd, by the way, that in all the printed talk about Mr. James—and there has been no end of it—his power of engaging your preference for certain of his people has been so little commented on. Perhaps it is because he makes no obvious appeal for them; but one likes such men as Lord Warburton, Newman, Valentin, the artistic brother in "The Europeans," and Ralph Touchett, and such women as Isabel, Claire Belgarde, Mrs. Tristram, and certain others, with a thoroughness that is one of the best testimonies to their vitality. This comes about through their own qualities, and is not affected by insinuation or by downright *petting*, such as we find in Dickens nearly always and in Thackeray too often.

The art of fiction has, in fact, become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. We could not suffer the confidential attitude of the latter now, nor the mannerism of the former, any more than we could endure the prolixity of Richardson or the coarseness of Fielding. These great men are of the past—they and their methods and interests; even Trollope and Reade are not of the present. The new school derives from Hawthorne and George Eliot rather than any others; but it studies human nature much more in its wonted aspects, and finds its ethical and dramatic examples in the operation of lighter but not really less vital motives. The moving accident is certainly not its trade; and it prefers to avoid all manner of dire catastrophes. It is largely influenced by French fiction in form; but it is the realism of Daudet rather than the realism of Zola

that prevails with it, and it has a soul of its own which is above the business of recording the rather brutish pursuit of a woman by a man, which seems to be the chief end of the French novelist. This school, which is so largely of the future as well as the present, finds its chief exemplar in Mr. James; it is he who is shaping and directing American fiction, at least. It is the ambition of the younger contributors to write like him; he has his following more distinctly recognizable than that of any other English-writing novelist. Whether he will so far control this following as to decide the nature of the novel with us remains to be seen. Will the reader be content to accept a novel which is an analytic study rather than a story, which is apt to leave him arbiter of the destiny of the author's creations? Will he find his account in the unflagging interest of their development? Mr. James's growing popularity seems to suggest that this may be the case; but the work of Mr. James's imitators will have much to do with the final result.

In the meantime it is not surprising that he has his imitators. Whatever exceptions we take to his methods or his results, we cannot deny him a very great literary genius. To me there is a perpetual delight in his way of saying things, and I cannot wonder that younger men try to catch the trick of it. The disappointing thing for them is that it is not a trick, but an inherent virtue. His style is, upon the whole, better than that of any other novelist I know; it is always easy, without being trivial, and it is often stately, without being stiff; it gives a charm to everything he writes; and he has written so much and in such various directions, that we should be judging him very incompletely if we considered him only as a novelist. His book of European sketches must rank him with the most enlightened and agreeable travelers; and it might be fitly supplemented from his uncollected papers with a volume of American sketches. In his essays on modern French writers he indicates his critical range and grasp; but he scarcely does more, as his criticisms in "The Atlantic" and "The Nation" and elsewhere could abundantly testify.

There are indeed those who insist that criticism is his true vocation, and are impatient of his devotion to fiction; but I suspect that these admirers are mistaken. A novelist he is not, after the old fashion, or after any fashion but his own; yet since he has finally made his public in his own way of storytelling—or call it character-painting if you prefer,—it must be conceded that he has chosen best for himself and his readers in choosing the form of fiction for what he has to say. It is,



after all, what a writer has to say rather than what he has to tell that we care for nowadays. In one manner or other the stories were all told long ago; and now we want merely to know what the novelist thinks about persons and situations. Mr. James gratifies this philosophic desire. If he sometimes forbears to tell us what he thinks of the last state of his people, it is perhaps because that does not interest him, and a large-minded criticism might well insist that it was childish to demand that it must interest him.

I am not sure that my criticism is suf-

ficiently large-minded for this. I own that I like a finished story; but then also I like those which Mr. James seems not to finish. This is probably the position of most of his readers, who cannot very logically account for either preference. We can only make sure that we have here an annalist, or analyst, as we choose, who fascinates us from his first page to his last, whose narrative or whose comment may enter into any minuteness of detail without fatiguing us, and can only truly grieve us when it ceases.

*W. D. Howells.*

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### FAITH'S FORTITUDE.

WITH but a sail and bank of fragile oars,  
And only stars to guide their aimless aim,  
The ancient Northmen crossed the seas, and came  
Triumphant to our sunny unknown shores.

It was the legends of these dauntless rowers—  
Vague legends, giving no man place or name—  
Which kindled in Columbus' breast, like flame,  
His dream of western lands of boundless stores.  
Such ocean lies around our little life,  
Trackless, and deeper than our fathoms run;  
We, brave, launch out, and steer by sails or sun:  
Of fiercest storms we take the brunt and strife;  
To later voyagers our wrecks are rife  
With good, long after all our pain is done.

The ignorant Sepoy soldiers, when they saw  
The pontoon bridges tossing frail and light  
Upon deep waters rushing swift and white,  
Marched on them, tranquil, with no doubting awe:  
Their faith and fine obedience had no flaw.  
But, halting, terror-stricken at the sight,  
The elephants, immovable from fright,  
Refused to cross. By dull material law  
Their clumsy instinct reckoned and was bound.  
They would not trust what they had never tried.  
So faith, to calm obedience allied,  
Transports our souls triumphant over ground  
Where reason halts; across abysses wide  
And deep, which reason cannot span nor sound.

Our selfish hearts rebel and chafe at this,  
And take a specious refuge in pretense  
Of comprehending God's omnipotence.  
Our one sure safety we reject and miss,  
When once we make our good the test of His.  
His final ends surpass our feeble sense;  
His plan is greater than our preference;  
Who told us we had any right to bliss?  
Our tears are but our arrogant conceit.  
Two things that grow and yield the sweetest sweet,  
The lofty cocoa-palm, and sugar-cane,  
As well on waters salt as on fresh rain  
Will thrive, and in their sap and fruit complete,  
No lurking taste of bitter will remain.

*H. H.*



## VICTOR HUGO.\*

ALL of my generation—all who have reached the age of forty, have known Hugo from childhood. To Hugo I owe my first emotions. My family then lived at Lyons, which to people of the south of France is a place of exile. Black, foggy, comfortless, it is a dreary home for children who need gayety and sunshine. Our sun was Victor Hugo. My elder brother, having a little pocket-money to spend, invested it in the large illustrated *livraisons* of the poet's works,—the popular edition, with plates, by Beaucé,—and at night, lying in the same bed, we devoured the feast of poesy with the appetite natural to lads twelve years old. Many a time, wrapping the candle in thick paper lest the light should betray us, have we lain awake till dawn to read Victor Hugo. "Are you asleep, children?" Papa Daudet would cry from the next room, and we would be silent, pretending to sleep. When, by and by, we returned to the interrupted reading, our alarm gave zest to the banquet. He who thus charmed us was to us more than human. We murmured the cadence of his cradle-song; we caught the throb, the rhythmic beat of his ballad:

" Par saint Gille!  
Viens nous-en,  
Mon agile  
Alezan;  
Viens, écoute,  
Par la route,  
Voir la joûte  
Du roi Jean . . . "

—and with feverish hand we turned the pages of the "Feuilles d'Automne," the "Chants du Crépuscule," the "Orientales," and all those noble works in whose sonorous names I still feel the magic of old, though less in the words themselves than in the memory of my earliest sensations.

After those nights of poetic enthusiasm came my school days,—the period of formal and wearisome drilling in text-books, rules, and grammars. To understand what I suffered during that epoch one must recall the condition of our provincial schools in 1851. Hugo was still under the ban of the university. I can only remember one professor at Lyons who read us any of the poet's works, and I think of him gratefully still. All the rest considered Hugo's name a synonym for false taste and false style. A professor of rhetoric used to read and ridicule a few passages, a few detached phrases, as an example of

errors that we should avoid. He recited them with absurd emphasis and shook in his chair with laughter. My school-mates were servile enough to join in the merriment, applauding their teacher; for my part I was as sorely wounded by these sarcasms as though they had been directed at myself. Whatever was quoted as false, harsh, or trivial, seemed to me excellent. I heartily approved of it. I had the divine instinct of childhood, the freshness of impression which no university tutor could wrest from me.

In 1857, when I came to Paris, Hugo was in exile. I now had my second revelation of the poet. It was the hour when the "Châtiments" was in everybody's hands. Its sale was forbidden in France, but the Belgian editions passed from friend to friend. Hugo was no longer the poet only; he had become the great citizen—the mouth-piece of the outraged conscience of the nation. This book brought him into our modern life. All our young men, of whom Gambetta was one, knew the "Châtiments" by heart. I can recall Castagnary, who is to-day a Councilor of State, and was then an attorney's clerk,—I can recall him as he declaimed Hugo's verses in a café near the Tuileries, a meeting-place of the body-guard, the armed retainers of the castle. In his waistcoat, with large lappels, à la Robespierre,—made from the velvet of an old arm-chair,—I can see him still, standing on a table and reciting, in his soft and flute-like voice, the strophes of the "Manteau Impérial:"

" Chastes buveuses de rosée,  
Qui, pareilles à l'épousée,  
Visitez le lis du coteau,  
Ô sœurs des corolles vermeilles,  
Filles de la lumière, Abeilles,  
Envolez vous de ce manteau!

Ruez vous sur l'homme, guerrières!  
Ô généreuses ouvrières—  
Aveuglez l'immonde trompeur!  
Acharnez-vous sur lui, farouches.  
Et qu'il soit chassé par les mouches,  
Puisque les hommes en ont peur!"

Our pretorian guards understood little of the allegory, but they were charmed by the harmony of the language and the meter, and unwittingly applauded the ode of retribution.

From that moment all eyes in France turned to the exile's island. From time to time came master-works therefrom,—the "Contempla-

\* Translated from the original French, which was written expressly for the CENTURY MAGAZINE.



tions," the "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," the "Misérables," the "Travailleurs de la Mer," "L'Homme qui Rit," and the admirable "Légende des Siècles," which marked a forward step in the poet's life-labors. Each was received with unanimous acclamation. Admiration held us bound to the poet. We read with affectionate sorrow his noble and mournful dedications:

"Livre qu'un vent t'emporte  
En France où je suis né:  
L'arbre déraciné  
Donne sa feuille morte. . . ."

And below them the flaming initials: V. H.

The attitude of his friends, the romanticists, served as example to us of a younger generation. All were faithful to him; even those who accepted the Empire, like Théophile Gautier and Sainte-Beuve, refused to desert the veteran. In the closing days of the Empire, "Hernani" was represented at the Théâtre Français. Édouard Thierry, a romanticist, was the manager, and it was he who put the heroic drama on the stage. The audience received it very warmly. So, by his memory and by his books, during the entire reign of Napoleon III., Hugo lived in the midst of us.

All the poets of to-day, who are his sons, sent him their enthusiastic homage, for the imperial police could not close the mouth of the muse. Banville wrote his "Ballade à Victor Hugo, Père de tous les Rimeurs." Its sad refrain expressed the thought which dwelt in our hearts and presided at our gatherings:

"Gautier parmi ces joailliers  
Est prince, et Leconte de Lisle  
Forge l'or dans ses ateliers:  
Mais le Père est là-bas dans l'île."

We could imagine him, "le Père," seated on those rocks which he loves to describe, on the shore of the sounding sea, the coast-line of France traced dimly on the horizon. We could see his eyes follow the white sails, innocently cruel in their invitations to him who could not follow them to his fatherland. His banishment clothed him with a wild and sublime majesty. Guernsey was only a pedestal for his fame, an observatory from which he viewed and encouraged us.

"Islands," said a friend of mine the other day, "occupy a large place in the history of our time. Think of Corsica and Saint Helena, of Guernsey and Caprera! Things that exceed the common stature of humanity take place on the islands." The island where Hugo lived is no less glorious than that which saw the birth of Napoleon.

To visit our proscribed king the seas had to be crossed. From time to time pilgrimages

were made to Guernsey. The Empire was so confident of its stability that it ceased to trouble itself about these matters,—the lyre could be no serious rival to the sword. The doors of his country were opened, but Hugo would not come in. He continued his protest by submitting to voluntary exile; he was one of those whom the success of brute force could not tame.

"S'il n'en reste que dix, je serai le dixième,  
Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là."

Those eighteen years of banishment did much to keep his fame untarnished. He reigned without diminution of popularity. He would have been less great had he not suffered proscription. His terrible ordeal was of use to him; it not only added to his lyre a new and powerful chord, it also served, by keeping his life remote, to prevent his admirers from ever growing weary of him.

But at last the king came home again, and events combined to give him a welcome worthy of his renown. The prophecy of the poet was fulfilled. Improbable as they had sounded when foretold, in the early days of the victorious empire, all the predicted chastisements were turned to reality. Sedan was, indeed, a sorry counterpart of the First Empire,—the inglorious collapse of the edifice of December. France, alas! seemed to bend beneath the blow; defeat struck not the sovereign alone, but the nation. All was wreck and ruin. Prussia's iron band was closing around Paris. It was therefore a day full of emotion for us all when, amid the anguish of invasion, we learned that Victor Hugo was coming. He came at the very moment when the investment was complete, with the last train, the last breath of free air. On the way, he had seen the Bavarians; he had seen villages burnt with petroleum, and he came to imprison himself in Paris. On his arrival at the Saint-Lazare station, a memorable ovation was given him by the people,—a clamorous people, stirred by the revolutionary spirit, ready for great deeds, rejoicing in its reconquered liberty rather than frightened by the cannon which growled at its ramparts. I can see the carriage making its way down the Rue d'Amsterdam, Victor Hugo standing upright in it, borne by the mob, and weeping. Surely, this was the pinnacle of greatness: that a poet's destiny should thus be made part of occurrences so fateful.

On the morrow, the memory of this great reception was swept away in a wave of lamentable events. But at least the poet was among us; his poems were read in the theaters, in the guard-rooms, even in the forts,



while the shells were whistling through the air. It was during the siege that I saw him for the first time face to face. I was at the Théâtre Français, the vestibule of which had been turned into a hospital. Beds were laid in rows under the mirrors; Édouard Thierry, the manager, in the cap of the ambulance service, the red cross on the ground-work of white worked upon his sleeve, was directing the dressing of wounds; Madam Favart, Nathalie, and Madeleine Brohan, were tending the wounded; and the poet, with the *képi* of a national guard upon his head, was passing silent and sorrowful among the beds of the vanquished.

Hugo took up his abode in the Rue de Clichy. All Paris, which had suffered his absence so long, came there to visit him; there were dinners and parties every day at his house. I, among the rest, went to call on the master, and took my wife, who, being reared in a family of artists, knew Hugo's poetry as well as I, and held him in equal regard. Flaubert was to introduce us. In a troubled voice we asked the porter to tell us on which story Victor Hugo lived. The simple words seemed hard to pronounce. We were asking on which story lived Bug-Jargal, Hernani, Ruy-Blas. Could they inhabit a *bourgeois* lodging in the Rue de Clichy? The poet lived on the third story; his rooms were adorned with works of art; in the drawing-room were fine pieces of bronze and a large Venetian chandelier.

In meeting Victor Hugo, my preconceived ideas suffered no shock. His simple, peaceful dignity fascinated me. I contemplated at leisure that extraordinary forehead; those cheeks which had the tint of a rock embrowned by the sea-winds; the beard and hair short and bristling, shaded like old wood-moss; the eye deep and soft, generally motionless, fastened upon an image within itself. After my first visit, I could chat with him familiarly, and on these occasions the cold eyes would brighten, and Hugo would regard me with the expression of playful slyness which he sometimes assumes. Those who talk freely with the poet are few. His genius inspires too much respect.

I spent a delicious evening—for, to have heard Hugo talk, is one of the pleasantest recollections of my literary life. He has a prodigious memory which forgets nothing, grasps the entire century, links together twenty generations, and passes with all the freshness of youth from M. de Talleyrand to M. de Broglie, from the first Bonaparte to Napoleon III. We, like him, had seen the siege of Paris; but, unlike us, he had seen the War in Spain. His mode of address is

an original mixture of lofty politeness and easy good-nature, having something of the manner of an old French peer, who in antique style kisses the hand of a lady,—and combined with this something also of the affectionate familiarity of the exile.

Madame Drouët did the honors of Hugo's drawing-room. She was his companion in banishment, his invaluable friend, and, as she stood beside us smiling, her hair white as swan's down, she amply justified the reputation for beauty which she enjoyed in her day. The poet's grandchildren entered the room, all tumbled and disordered. Jeanne and Georges are the children of Charles Hugo, the poet's eldest son, who died in 1871, and was brought by his father from Bordeaux to Paris at the moment when the revolution of March 18 burst on us. The barricades of the Place de la Bastille opened respectfully before the mourning father, and let the hearse go by which held the body of his son. This son, whose death was so deeply lamented, left Victor Hugo two charming children, who love him and are worshiped by him. Their grace and dainty qualities he has sung in "l'Art d'être Grand-Père." Their mother, who accompanied them, is a very pretty young woman, with large, bright eyes, a person of elegance and fashion, who knows how to bring to the poet all that he needs of the bustle and gossip of Paris. Near her stood one who was to become her second husband,—Édouard Lockroy, who, in the last days of the Empire, founded the newspaper "Le Rappel," having for partners Meurice, Vacquerie, and the two sons of Victor Hugo. Lockroy's face is bright and lively, typical of Paris which has chosen him for its deputy,—a witty, saucy face, without fear or reproach, young, in spite of its prematurely whitened hair. I knew him as an art-student, when he was leaving the studio, a true *rapin*, fond of making caricatures. He might have become a painter, too, but his father, an author and actor, had played in Hugo's romantic dramas, and that achievement, it appears, marked out the son for a career of adventure. And, in truth, the jovial fellow, taking life broadly, asking no better than to laugh, met with adventures in abundance. He was sent to Syria by an illustrated paper to sketch the massacres of Christians by the Druses. He was found by M. Renan under some forlorn Mussulman roof, abandoned, robbed, shivering with fever. Still thirsting for travel and excitement, he donned a red shirt, and accompanied the cosmopolitan hero, whom Italy so loudly mourns to-day. He took part in nearly all the expeditions of Garibaldi. At present he is simply the wittiest of our deputies.



Vacquerie, a masterly writer, I also saw, and Meurice, his inseparable crony. Both were recruits, though now promoted, of the great wars of romanticism. One is tall, the other short: Auguste Vacquerie thin and long,—a Norman Don Quixote; Paul Meurice of Kal-muck build, with hair brushed straight and mustache hard and stiff. Both formed part of the family. Then came the intimate friends of the house,—Paul de Saint Victor, the author of "*Hommes et Dieux*," the most delicate worker in prose known to our literature since Gautier; Théodore de Banville, the latest, but not the least fervid of the romanticists; Leconte de Lisle, chief of the poetic school of the Parnassians; Emile de Girardin, Ivan Tourguéneff, Gustave Flaubert, Monselet, and others whom I forget. Of those whom I saw in Hugo's drawing-room, surrounding him under the chandelier, listening to him, hymning his glory, some are no more. Flaubert, Girardin, Saint-Victor,—the novelist, the journalist, the critic: these have passed out of the circle of the poet's friends. Death has taken them from us.

In the midst of the tributes paid by so many master-minds to Victor Hugo, as to a king who, after a long voyage, returns to take possession of his throne, I felt more than once a very singular emotion. One notices that, in spite of all, the poet retains evidences of his adventurous life, even in the short and easy jacket which he wears. One thinks involuntarily of the promiscuous society with which he must so long have mingled. Of the flood of visitors who thronged Hugo's drawing-room, many came and were received who had never been seen there before December. I often reflected on the life of exiled kings, as I stood in this throng and saw the purest diamond in Parisian society rubbed by the commonest pebble. Kings, as well as proscribed poets, must adopt the same tolerant mode of existence, make the same submission to social necessities, permit the same facility of intercourse. I will add, moreover, that the serious side of my book, "*Les Rois en Exil*," was studied in the drawing-room of Victor Hugo.

In those days, when the great poet talked more than to-day, he would install himself on a narrow, little sofa, where there was only room for two. Each of us, in turn, would there take seat beside him and chat for a few moments. Now, in later days, the evenings are less prolonged than of old, and come to an end about ten o'clock; but when I first used to go to the Rue de Clichy, we still indulged in those midnight cups of tea which Hugo would fortify with rum and transform to grog of formidable strength. One day

he served me himself, and emptied into both our cups about half a bottle of rum mixed with Spanish wine, thus concocting an old Guernsey sea-dog's "night-cap." I felt scorched for a week, but Hugo drank it without winking, and with Olympian serenity.

His health, in fact, is wonderfully robust. His eighty years are full of sap. At table, he is well worth watching. Sound in digestion, strong in appetite, between each dish he pours out huge draughts of sweet wine. He eats slowly, with majestic air, masticating his food like an old lion. You feel that he is a man always in good health; one who bathes every morning in cold water; who works with open windows; who, when he comes home in winter from the Senate, does not even close the carriage windows. He seems to grow no older. His voice alone has changed somewhat. There are longer pauses in his speech. His words seem to come from a distance.

His life has always been scrupulously exact. In the days of the Rue de Clichy, he rose at five and went out at eight, save in extraordinarily bad weather. Like Montaigne and Madame de Staël, he always loved the great city, even its gutters, even its evil spots. But since his return from exile this passion has grown stronger than ever. Who does not know the lines which he addressed to Paris at the moment of his return,—the lines which breathe so deep an affection:

"J'irai, je rentrerai dans ta muraille sainte,  
Ô Paris!  
Je te rapporterai l'âme jamais éteinte  
Des proscrits."

He had scarcely arrived in the beloved city before he was anxious to know its new districts, its latest passages, its broad avenues, now filled with the noise of the horns of the tramway conductors, the Seine covered with ferry-boats. All those innovations of late years, which give Paris a new physiognomy, rejoiced the heart of the poet. His greatest pleasure, at early morning, was to climb to the top of an omnibus, and so traverse the whole city, passing the sumptuous boulevards, the workmen's quarters, the districts of the poor, until he reached the gloomy streets of the suburbs, near the fortifications where, along the walls that skirt the yards of low, one-storied houses, grow in luxuriance the dandelion and the nettle. Every day, in the heart of Paris, which is undergoing so many changes, Victor Hugo would discover some picturesque, unknown corner; and it is in this manner, on the top of an omnibus, observing and dreaming, at the time when the streets awaken to their morning life,



that he has written most of his latest poems. Indeed, there can be no better observatory, none more propitious to the flashing glance of thought, the straying of the imagination, than this humble post on the public conveyance, which, going from one barrier to the other, making its easy journey in three-quarters of an hour, introduces you successively to all the quarters of Paris, revealing and anon concealing, as in a dream, the rich first floor, with its heavy, ornamented curtains half-opened, and with its creamy waves of muslin, and, farther on, the poorer suburbs, where the eye looks into basements sombre and bare, for which a tin reflector steals from the street a few rays of sunlight, or where, for the needs of work or of trade, the gas is lighted before noon. Victor Hugo was known to his neighbors on the omnibus. They had learnt the name of the fine-looking, strong, old man, in his short jacket, with a felt hat on his head, who took his place beside them and politely passed their change. Sometimes the conductor had to inform them, whispering in their ear, "It is Victor Hugo." But the poet's wish to be unrecognized was more gallantly respected than that of a queen on her travels. His desire was understood by all, and while they might glance at him aside, out of a corner of the eye, they pretended not to know him. In the south of France, at Marseilles for example, where everything is expressed, where the people are turbulent and enthusiastic, the carriage would have been unharnessed, the pavements lined with people, the drive interrupted. In Paris, the citizens are of finer instinct, their discretion is exquisitely delicate. At the time of François Victor Hugo's death—François, the last of his sons,—the poet, leaving the deserted home, the distracted household, and seeking solitude in the crowd, had contracted an almost daily habit of lunching on a cutlet or a couple of eggs, and of reading the papers at a tavern in the district of Saint Georges. It was a meeting-place of painters and men of letters. One of my friends, a poet, who took his meal at the same hour, would sometimes find himself seated at a table near the master. Often he would pass him the newspaper, the salt forgotten by the waiter, or the bottle of ice-water. He was sorely tempted to make himself known, for Hugo would have recalled his name. But he was discreet, and held his peace, and even now, his dream, his most ardent desire, is to be introduced to the poet.

When his morning ride is over, Victor Hugo comes home, takes lunch, and, if there be no session in the Senate, writes and works

till evening. In his wonderful organism, so healthy and well balanced, the production of literary work has never been for a moment arrested, either by sorrow or by exile. His capacity resembles a vast spring of water, a Vaucluse fountain fed perennially by the fall of snow and recent rain, drawing from unfathomable depths into the sunlight, with astonishing fullness, force, and regularity, its overflowing waters, bubbling and clear. What glorious verses, what waves of thought and imagery, still lie hidden beneath the soil! Victor Hugo will never check the supply; he can keep nothing back; he would give us all he has. It is admirable to hear him talk, with his placid smile, and the serene tranquility of a sage, concerning the few years which are left him to live, the grand schemes which he carries in his head, and which he would not leave unfinished. Happily, there is no limit at hand beyond which his green old age may not expand, and here, in these latest months, is a splendid work which the whole world reads with admiration,—"*Torquemada*," the dramatic epic of the Inquisition.

Hugo himself reads nothing, for he has no time to spare. No literary work of our day has ever passed under his eyes. He has never read one of my books. On one occasion, when he was about to pay me some compliment, I hastened to interrupt him. His almost paternal friendship for the man is more dear to me than would be his esteem for the writer. By way of exception, however, he read the articles which Emile Zola devoted to him in the "*Figaro*." In the midst of the great concert of admiration which France performed at the feet of the old poet, one discordant note, and one alone, was heard. The novelist attacked Hugo with zeal, often with harshness. He had no personal antipathy for the poet, but made the attack in accordance with his literary theories. In assailing the author of "*Notre Dame de Paris*" he meant to assail the chief of the romantic movement. For my own part, without being at all embarrassed by the recollection of those attacks, I told Hugo how sincerely I prized the abilities of Emile Zola. And Zola, on his side, knows perfectly well what I think of the criticisms showered by him on the patriarch of romanticism. Whatever may be said or done, Hugo's literary influence is unbounded, and we all are subject to it, Zola as well as the rest. Hugo has invented a language and has imposed it on his epoch. It is a violent language and a bold one; it is full of resonance and color; it is, in brief, the language of the nineteenth century, the only language that can express the passions and paint the aspects of our society, which a complex civil-



ization has thrown into disorder. We may regret the language of the seventeenth century, or that of Voltaire. But, whether we will or no, from the day we take a pen in hand, we must write the language of Victor Hugo. Verse-maker or prose-maker, none escapes him, not even Balzac: nay, Balzac less than others, for the keen steel of Balzac's tools was tempered in the master's forge. For this reason we should only speak of him and his work with a profound sentiment of gratitude and admiration. A dutiful son, though he be strong and tall, will not war with his grandfather, particularly if his weapons are borrowed from the elder's panoply.

Moreover, whatever inevitable signs of weakness may be shown by a genius which is too prolific to be always perfect, Victor Hugo performs in our country, at the present time, an office which is his alone, and the glory of which none can dispute. Without Hugo, I am fond of repeating, France, being devoted to prose, would have lost the habit of the great language of poetry. Save a few stage verses, which are the better received the more they resemble prose, I can say in sober earnest, that the poems of Victor Hugo are the only poems to which the French public lends ear to-day. The sisterhood which worshiped Lamartine, the lily-browed and fair-tressed maidens, have long since closed their dreamy eyes. Our young men have forgotten Musset, and care no more for wild orgies. Pierre Dupont is forgotten; Béranger, the great Béranger whom Châteaubriand admired, is sung no more, not even in the tap-rooms. Those admirable artists, Baudelaire and Gautier, who are dead, Banville and Leconte de Lisle, who live, have no fit renown outside the narrow circle of men of letters and men of taste. As for the young contemporary poets, with the possible exception of François Coppée, they know that their flasks, filled with refined essences, are not to the taste of the public. In this general disarray of our poets, Hugo alone covers the retreat: blowing the horn of Roncevaux, creating the din and doing the work of an army.

If fame so great as his brooks few contradictions, in practical life on the other hand it has its inconveniences. Unless he learns to keep his working-hours free from the trespass of the importunate, the life of a distinguished man of our time is no longer his own. The folks who scribble and rhyme have not always observed, in their relations with Victor Hugo, the discretion and reserve which we have applauded in his fellow-travelers of the omnibus. They deny the poet his free and peaceful enjoyment of his small fragment of life, some corner, some particle of which is being daily

worn away by the current of the century. Worthy people, thinking no harm, write to Victor Hugo, begging a reply and demanding his opinion of several stout volumes of five hundred pages each. Well, I really am not spiteful, but I cannot conceal the satisfaction with which I now shatter their illusions, the joy with which I say to them: "Write, good friends, send Victor Hugo your volumes; Victor Hugo will not read them. Victor Hugo will not even open your letters." He has two good watch-dogs, Mme. Drouët and Richard Lesclide, the latter an enthusiast from Bordeaux, whose admiration for the poet made him take the part of secretary. It is Mme. Drouët and Richard Lesclide who read and reply. While they are thus engaged, the poet is at leisure to write poetry. What would become of him, ye gods! if he had merely to open the mail which reaches him every morning from France and from abroad. What would he do with the particularly impertinent letters which sometimes find their way into his correspondence. Hugo once received a request from a country lawyer, quite unknown to him, who wanted one hundred thousand francs by return of post, or was else determined to blow out his brains. Nobody can imagine, indeed, what strange demands we literary people, who are somewhat before the public, are liable to receive. It is barely six weeks ago that a young Prussian countess, whose name I had never heard, took to sending me letters and notes of every size and shape. She said that she needed eighty thousand francs to unite her to the man of her choice, and make her life happy. She added that nothing could be easier for me than to obtain this sum among my Parisian friends. If I could obtain it, I confess I would put it to another use than that of joining this unknown Dorothea to her Hermann.

After his correspondence, the reception of visitors causes a considerable waste of the poet's time. Admiration is naturally as indiscreet as it is candid. All who go through Paris want to see Victor Hugo: from the Emperor of Brazil and the King of the Sandwich Islands to the English or American young ladies who, with a letter of introduction in their hand, and a guide-book under their arm, go to see the poet after they have paid their respects to the tomb of Napoleon, the treasure of Notre Dame, and the well of Grenelle. Victor Hugo's household undertakes to defend him from the enthusiasm of travelers and the attentions of foreigners. But, in the days when the poet lived in the Rue de Clichy, this defense was difficult. The easiest way to save him from vulgar impertinence was to remove him from the center of Paris.



He has been living for several years in one of the avenues which lead from the Arc de Triomphe to the fortifications. A recent decision of the Municipal Council of Paris has changed its name from the Avenue d'Eylau to the Avenue Victor Hugo. The district is in a state of transition, being not yet wholly Paris, and nevertheless being no longer the country. Its mansions, all of white, too high to stand solitary, seem unstable enough to cause alarm, and look like children's toy-houses, lost in the monotonous expanse of building-sites clotted with scanty grass and heaped with rubbish, enclosed by gray palings, with a cabbage-garden or a patch of artichokes kept in order by the janitor of the place, and here and there with a board marking the lots which are for sale and giving the address of the agent. Few go by in the day-time; a white-washer's cart may be seen, or a market-gardener's, or perhaps a couple of red-trousered soldiers strolling disconsolate through the neighborhood. At night there is complete solitude: gas-lamps stand at long distances apart, in a melancholy row, serving no other purpose than that of making the night more visible; and beyond, in the endless darkness of the avenue, shining like a light-house to the visitor who has lost his way, are the kitchens of two little solitary residences, always open and always gleaming, throwing their hospitable light over five or six yards of the pavement. Those two residences are the home of Victor Hugo. They are built in the English fashion, after the style now popular in the belt of houses which gird Paris,—commodious and private, having neither janitor nor neighbors, realizing the dream of being truly at home.

The poet occupies one of them. In the neighboring house, which has a door in its wall, live the grandchildren of Victor Hugo, with their mother and Édouard Lockroy, her second husband. I name the children first because they are the masters, and, in a degree, the tyrants of the two houses. The mode of life, indeed, has undergone no change in the new home. We occasionally go to dinner in the Avenue Victor Hugo, as we went in the Rue de Clichy, and we are still fascinated by the simple welcome that awaits us. The evening receptions are attended by the same friends as of old; but there is less crowding and more intimacy.

This dwelling, which to the stranger seems so modest, has had its day of epic grandeur; it is for ever memorable to those who, like myself, witnessed the rejoicings of February 25, 1881. On that day it became for an instant the center of the first city in the world: for the whole of Paris came to its doors to lay there a tribute of admiration. In 1879, when

"Ruy Blas" was revived at the Théâtre Français, Victor Hugo had already been acclaimed by those whom convention calls "All Paris." The emotion and cheers of this distinguished throng, which saw the old master-work revived after so many years, were very sweet to Victor Hugo. In 1880, at the fiftieth anniversary of "Hernani" he saw his bust crowned, amid the actors, by the hands of Sarah Bernhardt; and on that day he truly felt that, being still alive, he had passed into immortality. But there still was wanting the popular festival, more spontaneous, conceived on a grander scale, which should show the poet how deeply his work had penetrated France, how much he was loved even by those who could scarcely read,—by the poor, the artisans, the "misérables" for whom he had often written, whose sufferings he had told, whose cause he had championed. All were full of gratitude, and the seed sown in the shadow, in so many thousand hearts, was bound to bear at least one glorious harvest.

Such was the character of last year's festival. Springing from an instinctive and enthusiastic movement of public opinion, it took as its pretext the celebration of the eightieth birthday of the poet, who, in reality, was only seventy-nine. An immense crowd, such as Paris alone can gather, passed in surging waves, for hours together, beneath Hugo's windows. They came from all points of the city, and formed a procession in the Place de l'Étoile. The trumpeters went first, sounding their brazen melodies; the corporation followed after, bearing their ensigns as before a sovereign. Flowers were carried in the crowd, and crowns and flags. Banners floated in the wind, and on these standards of peace, inscribed, not with the names of bloody victories, but with the date of the greatest battles of thought, I could read "Hernani," "Les Feuilles d'Automne," "Les Orientales," and see all the dreams of my childhood passing before me in a worthy apotheosis.

I walked in the throng with my wife and children. We advanced with difficulty, so long was the procession. We were placed by chance amid a group of freemasons, who were marching behind their banner, each carrying his scarf in a shoulder-knot, as on a holiday. We marched behind a poorly dressed couple, a man and a woman, and when we came in sight of the house, covered already with tributary flowers, and observed the poet standing with his grand-children, while all Paris defiled before his window—

"Put on your scarf," cried the woman in front of us.

"I dare not," replied her husband, "it is too dirty."



"What does that matter?" cried she. "He will not see it."

So the old, soiled scarf was brought out, having done duty at all the ceremonies of the order; and as we passed the house our friend rolled it around him. In truth, the poet did not see the scarf,—this simple token of respect,—but I afterward related to him the little dialogue, and he smiled.

I did not go to see Hugo on the day of the festival. I remained in the street with the crowd, and shouted like the rest—like a hundred thousand other Parisians. But I did go the next day. The house wore a new aspect. The crowns were heaped up in the

conservatory; in the drawing-room hung banners and garlands, grouped with excellent taste amid palms and bouquets; the furniture was hidden beneath the flower-offerings. The children were there, wearied with standing so long at the window and replying with their little hands to the acclamations of the crowd. Alone, unwearied, amid the gifts of our City of Light, which, in one day, had paid its debt of gratitude to him who adds so much to its splendor, appeared Victor Hugo, still calm, serious, majestic, his serenity unbroken by the most glorious homage which has ever been received by man living among men.

*Alphonse Daudet.*



## THE POET YEARS.

(1807 TO 1812.)

(Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Browning, Dr. Holmes, Tennyson, Poe, and Robert Browning were born during these years.)

DROP those six pages from the century's story,  
And how much of its radiance were gone;  
Drop from the day its crowning sunset glory,  
The calm light of its dawn!

From that glad spring-time broke a full-voiced bevy,  
With singing every heart and house to fill—  
Perennial, though bound and stark and heavy  
The wintry earth lies still.

The robin, caroling so cheer, so docile;  
The shy wood-thrush's chiming vesper-bell;  
New England's bobolink, old England's throistle,  
With blithe or plaintive swell;

The British blackbird's musical elations  
America's wide vales and corn-fields thrill;  
Far Britain hears the nightly iterations  
Of mourning whip-poor-will.

And both lands catch the wild-bird notes obscurer  
That yet rise ever and again so strong,  
So high and clear—his flight than petrel surer,—  
Imperial his song.

O choral jubilant! O years of healing,  
Of joy and light and solace, hope and peace!  
Long, long ere shall be hushed your anthem pealing,  
Your consolation cease!

*James T. McKay.*



## A COAL FRAGMENT.

AMID the fields of snow and ice  
Which block the passage to the pole,  
Mysterious lands which still entice  
The adventurous modern soul,

This fragment of a softer clime,  
Of some dead summer-world, was found,  
The unburied relic of a time  
That slumbers in its mound:

A black coal fragment marked with ferns,  
No thing of beauty—yet to me  
A dream of life that darkly burns  
Beneath the arctic sea.

*G. E. Montgomery.*

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## A NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

THE stranger in New York who may chance to visit the east side of the city in the neighborhood of Twenty-sixth street will have his attention called to a long, grayish, four-story prison-like structure, with a wing, situated in a block which extends to the East River, and inclosed by a high, forbidding stone wall. This is Bellevue Hospital, the chief free public institution of the kind in New York. For many years it has been famous for the high medical and surgical skill of which it is the theater, its faculty embracing many leading members of the profession in the city. For many years to come it is likely to be popularly associated with another high development of the curative arts,—the results of the founding, in 1873, of the Bellevue Training-school for Nurses, and of a new profession for women in America.

Not long ago, a lady living in the suburbs of one of our eastern cities, whose daughter was ill with fever, was urged by her physician to employ a professional nurse. She was loth to do this, but, as the malady increased in virulence, she finally yielded. The following morning the servant announced "the nurse." To the mother's imagination—overwrought as it was by lack of rest and by unrelenting watching—the words called up the most disagreeable anticipations of a careless and disorderly person, and perhaps even a dark reminiscence of Sairey Gamp scolding trembling invalids, removing their pillows, or drinking copiously from black bottles, while grim-visaged Betsey Prig looked on with unconcern. With these pictures of the professional nurse before her, she descended to the hall. There, to her surprise, she found a young woman of intelligent face, neat apparel, and quiet demeanor.

"You are ——"

"The nurse, madam."

Saying which, the stranger exhibited a badge inscribed with the words "Bellevue Hospital Training-school for Nurses," and decorated with a stork, the emblem of watchfulness.

The physician now appearing, the nurse listened attentively to his instructions. Her movements, while preparing for duty, inspired with confidence both mother and patient. Her skillful hand prepared the food, her watchful eye anticipated every want. She was calm, patient, and sympathizing; but, though eager to please and cheer the invalid, she did not stoop to simulate an affection she did not feel, nor to express hopes of recovery that could not be realized. The exaction, the impatience incident to illness, seemed but to incite her to renewed effort in behalf of her charge. She met every emergency with knowledge and unruffled spirit. To the physician she proved an invaluable assistant, executing his orders intelligently, and recording accurately the various symptoms as they were developed. She watched the temperature of the room as closely as she did that of the patient, and, while always polite and obliging, was never obsequious. The mother had doubtless heard indirectly of the school of which her efficient nurse was a graduate, but she was, as many others are, unfamiliar with its work and aims.

To understand the almost revolutionary progress that, through the instrumentality of this school, has been made in the system of nursing the sick, let us look for a moment at the previous condition of this great hospital. The present building was constructed about



sixty years ago, by the poor-house authorities; for thirty years it was an almshouse, and since then it has been used exclusively for hospital purposes. So unenlightened was the general view of the obligations of a city toward its sick and injured in those days, that for years the only nursing was done by convicts of the Female Penitentiary. The profanity, drunkenness, theft, and profligacy of these attendants were soon too scandalous to be ignored, and in 1848 this system was abolished, and "hired nurses, selected from among poor women of reputable character and decent habits," were employed in all the wards.\* The advance from no nursing to poor nursing told sensibly on the death-rate, which, however, owing to poor hospital supplies, bad ventilation and beds, defects of heating and cleanliness, and the general indifference to the welfare of the patients, still continued large; the best medical skill was useless against incompetence and neglect.

So matters continued until the year 1872, when the attention of the Local Visiting Committee of the New York State Charities Aid Association† was called to Bellevue. This committee was composed of sixty members, chiefly ladies of high social position and intelligence, two visitors being assigned to each ward. Their duties were to visit the hospital weekly, and to report its actual condition to the Association. They found in the building nine hundred patients, most of them in want, many in positive distress. The men's wards were so crowded that three patients would have to sleep on two beds and five on three. Others were forced to sleep on the floor without blankets or pillows, as there was no supply of extra clothing, except what could be obtained from the stock belonging to deceased patients. A few of the "hired nurses" were still there, and they seemed to have learned nothing by experience, save indifference to suffering. There were no night nurses, and only three night watchmen for six hundred patients. They sometimes drugged the patients with morphine to keep them quiet, and drank the stimulants that had been prescribed. In the kitchen it was ascertained that tea and soup were frequently made in the same boiler; the coffee was nauseous, and the beef dry and hard. "Special diet" existed only in name, and, even if ordered and provided, it had little chance of reaching the patients or even the nurses, being confiscated on the way up from the kitchen by the work-house women, who had been committed for drunkenness or dis-

orderly conduct, and had been transferred to Bellevue as "helpers."

Judging from these inspections, the committee became convinced that no improvement could be hoped for in the management of the hospital until a complete reform of the nursing should be effected; and, inspired by the example and success of similar work in England by Florence Nightingale, the founder of the modern system of nursing, they set themselves to this task with resolution, tact, and intelligence. At first they met with little encouragement from the medical profession, but now their staunchest supporters are found within it. One distinguished physician said, "I do not believe in the success of a training-school for nurses at Bellevue. The patients are of a class so difficult to deal with, and the service is so laborious, that the conscientious, intelligent women you are looking for will lose heart and hope long before the two years of training are over."\* A clergyman well acquainted with the hospital echoed this opinion, and thought it was "not a proper place for ladies to visit." One or two physicians thought the lives of such people not worth saving. Other grades of opposition or indifference presented themselves—political, social and professional. The experiment was a new one, and the theory on which it was undertaken ran counter to the traditions of those employed in the hospital. Before such obstacles, stout hearts might well have hesitated, but the courageous and intelligent managers were only thereby the more firmly convinced of the necessity of patient and persistent effort.

The first step was to learn how to organize the school in the best way, and for this end Dr. W. Gill Wylie, of New York, volunteered to go to Europe at his own expense, to study the foreign systems. Upon his return he brought a cordial letter from Miss Nightingale, in which she set forth the principles upon which the management of the school has been based. Chief of these is the entire subordination of the nursing corps to the medical staff, the nurses being under the discipline of a superintendent, or matron, whose duty it is to see that the work is performed to the satisfaction of the physicians. To her report the head-nurses, who have a surveillance of both the day and night nurses. The position assigned to the matron, by which she is made solely responsible for the effi-

\* Exceptions to the general attitude were found in the cordial coöperation of the late Dr. James R. Wood, Dr. Austin Flint, and Dr. Stephen Smith, who were fast friends of the enterprise from the start, and have been of the greatest aid as advisers to the Board of Management.

\*Address of Dr. Reese.

† See "A Great Charity Reform," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July, 1882.



ciency of the nursing corps, is one of the most important features. The tact and judgment displayed by the training-school managers in the practical application of these sensible ideas of the function of nursing, have saved a vast amount of friction, and won for the school the friendship of many physicians who were naturally prejudiced against it, and might easily have been forced into opposition by any encroachment upon their rights.

The boundaries of the nurses' duties having been laid down with circumspection, voluntary subscriptions were called for and made to the amount of \$23,000, and a house was rented near the hospital, in which the nurses should lodge and board.

To find a person capable of taking charge of such an institution proved a difficult task. Miss Bowden, otherwise known as "Sister Helen, of All Saints," then of Baltimore, but formerly of the well-known school at University College, London, was finally selected. Equal difficulty was experienced in procuring assistants for her. Advertisements were inserted in the journals, and physicians were applied to; but such was the scarcity of educated nurses in this country at that time, that, after a search of many months, and after the most liberal offers, only four were found who were in any wise capable, one of whom proved inefficient. Later on, Sister Helen, compelled to return to England, was succeeded by Miss Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., under whose management the school has continued to increase in numbers and usefulness. At first but six pupils were obtained. The scheme adopted—that developed by Miss Nightingale—demanded in the applicant a combination of requisites the mere enumeration of which appalled many who had been encouraged to seek admission to the school. These are: Good education, strong constitution, freedom from physical defects, including those of sight and hearing, and unexceptionable references. The course of training consists in dressing wounds, applying fomentations, bathing and care of helpless patients, making beds, and managing positions. Then follow the preparation and application of bandages, making rollers and linings of splints. The nurse must also learn how to prepare, cook, and serve delicacies for the invalid. Instruction is given in the best practical methods of supplying fresh air, and of warming and ventilating the sick-room. In order to remain through the two years' course and obtain a diploma, still more is required, viz.: Exemplary deportment, patience, industry, and obedience. The first year's experience was far from satisfactory. Among seventy-three applicants, hailing from the various States, only twenty-nine were found

that gave promise of ability to fulfill the conditions. Of these, ten were dismissed for various causes before the expiration of the first nine months. To serve medicine to the patients in the wards of a great public hospital smacks not a little of novelty and of romance, and goes far, at first, to compensate for a hospital's unpleasant surroundings and its odor of disinfectants; but a short period of wound-dressing and night-watching is sufficient to dispel such illusions. Every year, young women whose abilities warranted their admittance at the commencement of the course have been permitted to depart before its completion, owing to an evident distaste on their part for the duties imposed upon them. But the managers, though surprised at the result of their first efforts, were not discouraged. As time went by, the number of applicants increased, and, though the high standard first established was not departed from, the proportion of those capable of fulfilling the requirements multiplied. Some applicants, who did not seem especially adapted to the work, proved most efficient, and on this topic the managers say that, after their long experience, they have found that the fitness of an applicant can be determined only by absolute trial.

The nurses at the Bellevue school may be divided into two classes: those who study the art of nursing with a view to gaining a livelihood or supporting their families, and those who look forward to a life of usefulness among the poor sick. All are lodged and boarded free of charge during the two years' course, and are paid a small sum monthly, while in the school, to defray their actual necessary expenses, and, in order to avoid all distinction between rich and poor, every nurse is expected to receive this pay.

The "Nurses' Home," the head-quarters of the school, is No. 426 East Twenty-sixth street, a large and handsome building, erected for the purpose and given to the school by Mrs. W. H. Osborn. From the outside of this building the tastefully arranged curtains and polished panes of its several chambers present a striking contrast to the somber, frowning walls of the great charity hospital opposite. Besides studying from text-books, and attending a systematic course of lectures, the pupils are occupied by the care of the patients in the hospital, and in the general management of the wards. The nurses are taught how to make accurate observations and reports of symptoms for the physicians' use, such as state of pulse, temperature, appetite, intelligence, delirium or stupor, breathing, sleep, condition of wounds, effect of diet, medicine, or stimulant. This instruction is given by the visiting and resident physicians and surgeons of Bellevue, at the bedside



of the patients, and by the superintendent and head-nurse. At first, only the female wards were supplied; but, as illness makes no distinction of sex, it was found impossible to complete the nurse's education without practice among sick men, and early in the career of the institution some of the male wards were included, until now 14 wards of from 16 to 20 beds each are under the supervision of the new system. There is no reason,

after a *mêlée* in which he was shot through the chest. His face wears a puzzled expression as the nurse quietly and skillfully dresses the wound; such kind attention is a revelation to him. In the next cot is a man who has been run over, while intoxicated, by a truck. His injuries are serious, and require the almost undivided attention of a skilled nurse; if she had not been at hand, the surgeon would be obliged to amputate the leg that now swings



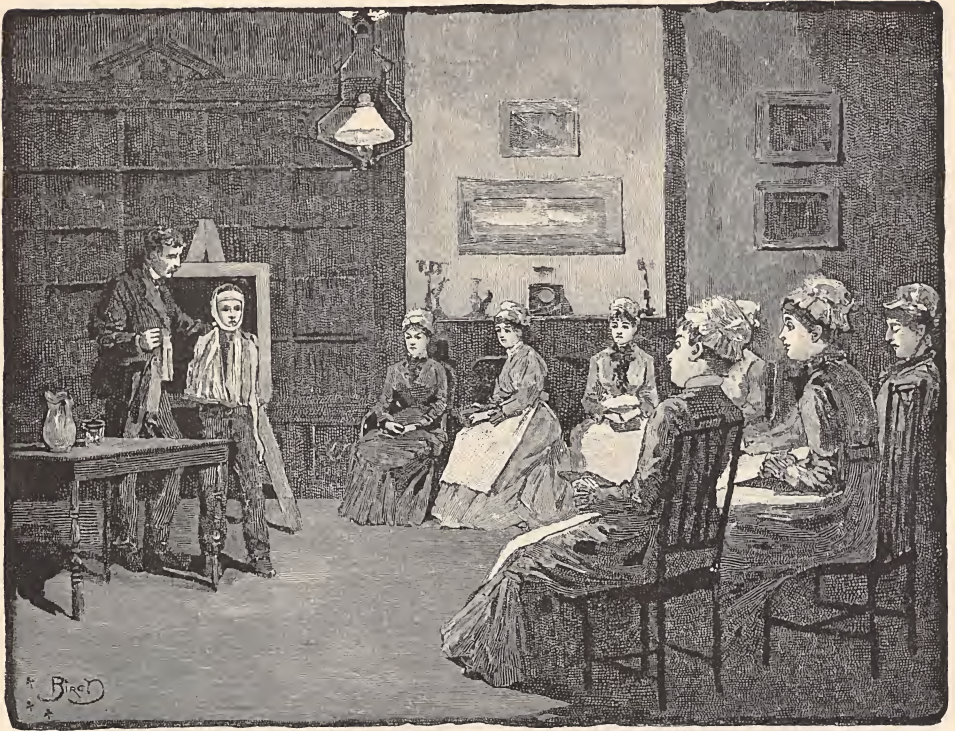
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL AND GROUNDS.

except the want of money, why this system should not be extended to the entire hospital.

Look in at the male surgical ward. These young women in white caps and aprons and blue-and-white striped seersucker dresses seem to have had something of the training of the soldier added to that of the nurse. There is little talking and no laughing. When they do speak, it is in subdued tones. Each seems to understand her duties. One of the house physicians enters, and, beckoning to a nurse, gives her directions regarding a particular patient recently visited. She listens attentively makes no reply, and turns at once to obey. A soldier, pausing in his rounds, presenting arms to his superior officer and listening respectfully for orders, would not have exhibited a more perfect discipline. On either hand the patients lie on their cots, in the various stages of relapse or recovery. As a rule, these are hard-featured, ill-favored men. Some are only waiting here until the healing of their wounds to be tried for felonious assault, house-breaking, or murder. One is a bar-keeper, brought in the previous night in an ambulance,

easily upon the strap-support. On the opposite side of the ward, stretched upon a cot near the door, is a workman who has been injured by falling from a scaffold. He has a careworn, anxious expression, that proceeds not from physical, but mental troubles. He has just told the nurse that his wife is very ill, and that there is no one to look after her and the children. He does not know, but will soon learn, that another young woman with even more experience than the one sitting near him, is already on her way to his wife, the number of his house having been ascertained from the hospital entry-book on the ground floor. In another division of this ward are gathered the most complicated cases. The labors of the nurse must here be unremitting; yet little medicine is required. Some of these poor fellows who lie in rows are, doubtless, beyond the influence of that, but the world is still sweet to them, and the spark of life that fitfully lights up their wan, colorless faces may, if carefully tended, still be kept aglow. One patient is undergoing an operation, though not a dangerous one. The nurse stands by,





A DEMONSTRATION IN BANDAGING.

supporting his head and shoulders. Ether is not required, but the man has been already broken down with his malady; his face twitches with pain, his hands open and shut convulsively, and a groan escapes him, deep, prolonged, and expressive not only of present pain, but of the weary months of suffering that he has experienced. Now the surgeon's work is done, and the poor fellow, before sinking back again upon his pillow, murmurs a stuttering apology to the nurse for having shown what he takes to be weakness while under the lancet.

In the female wards the work of the trained nurses is employed to better purpose probably than elsewhere within the walls of the institution. The old and the young hobble about on crutches, or lie on their cots with blanched, careworn faces, and deep-sunken eyes. A kindly faced nurse is feeding an old woman from a bowl. Whatever it contains, it causes a smile to light up what before had been sullen and frigid features. Another is carefully bandaging a wounded arm, striving, meanwhile, to argue away from the sufferer the specter that haunts her. The most uninviting and wretched tenement-houses do not reveal a class more in need of help and sympathy than the patients in the female wards of Bellevue.

The bell of an ambulance which has just arrived strikes three startling strokes, the signal for the medical division. A few minutes pass, and two men bring in a stretcher, on which rests the form of a woman clad in genteel but much-worn apparel. Two nurses lift the motionless form upon a bed, and examine the card made out for each patient upon her arrival. It is superscribed "No Friends," and a careful examination of the small leather bag tightly clasped in her hand fails to furnish additional intelligence. She was found lying insensible upon the pavement, and, though she regained consciousness for a few minutes previous to the arrival of the ambulance, she stubbornly refused to answer questions, to give her name, or tell what ailed her. But the nurses soon discovered this trouble. The woman was starving—had been starving herself purposely. She had had some misfortune, of which she refused to speak. Her first words upon recovering consciousness were of regret that she had not been permitted to die. Later on, however, she was encouraged to partake of nourishing food. With this and good nursing, her spirits to a certain extent revived, until, upon her departure, she had, to all appearance, ceased to reflect upon that which had caused her distress.

Upon the completion of their labors in the



Training-School, and after passing a satisfactory examination, the nurses, furnished with diplomas, signed by the managers and the examining board of the hospital, begin their several careers. Some are called to superintend state and city hospitals, a continually increasing number seek private practice, or rather are sought by it, while not a few, as has already been said, devote themselves to the sick among the poor.

The value of the service performed by these noble women cannot be adequately estimated

tages of a nurse's training, would fail signally where she would succeed. For the mere attendance on the invalid is not the whole of the service performed by the visiting nurse. She sweeps and cleans the rooms, cooks the food, does the washing, if necessary, goes upon errands—in short, takes the place of the mother, if she be ill. All this has been learned at the training-school. Neither illness nor death itself can appall her: she has served a long novitiate in nursing the one, and the other has long since lost its terrors.



TENEMENT-HOUSE WORK.

without visiting the tenement-house district wherein it is performed. They lodge in a house provided for the purpose by the Woman's Branch of the City Missions, by which they are supported, and are to New York what the "District Nurses" are to London. From early morning until evening they endure fatigue, heat, cold, and storm, in their efforts to relieve the distressed. Neither the gruff responses, nor the ingratitude of those for whom they toil, have, in a single known instance, forced them to cease their work. An equally zealous person, without the advan-

Here is the substance of an account given by one of these charitable women, of a typical day's work.

"I heard that a young man was dying of consumption in a tenement-house on the east side. After searching for some time, I found the house, squeezed in between two larger and equally dilapidated structures, in the rear of those facing the street. It had no door, and, like such houses generally, was so dark, even in broad daylight, that I had to grope my way to the upper chambers by aid of the stair-rail. A woman in the yard told me that the





THE PATIENT.

man I wished to see lodged, she thought, on the top floor. Upon my arrival I knocked for some time at the doors of the front chambers, but no one answered. Then I tried the back hall-room. 'Who's there?' a man's voice roughly demanded. 'I want to speak with you,' I answered. 'Well, who are you?' I said that I would explain my business, if he would open the door, and, after a few moments, it was opened just a few inches. The face of a little, weazened old man appeared. 'What do you want?' he demanded, scowlingly. 'I heard there was an invalid here, and I want to try and do something for him.' 'Well, he doesn't want anything.' 'But,' I persisted, 'can't I see him for a moment?' 'No, you can't.' He would have slammed the door in my face, but I had caught sight of the poor fellow, his son, who was crouched in one corner. I beckoned to him, and he unwillingly came toward the door in time to prevent its being closed. 'Don't you like beef-tea?'

I asked. 'No, I don't,' he returned. 'But I have some here that you will like. I'm sure it's different from what you've seen. Let me make some for you. You needn't take it, if you don't like it.' 'I don't know,' he said. 'I might.' And, despite the scowls of the father, who was opposed to my entrance, I sat down by the stove, gathered some pieces of wood from a pile in the corner, and made a fire warm enough to heat the beef-tea. The young man was in the last stages of consumption, and said he had not eaten anything for some time, though I saw some bits of dry bread and pork upon an adjoining shelf. He had no sooner tasted the tea I made for him than he smacked his lips with evident surprise and pleasure, and declared it very good. It seemed to warm him up mentally as well as physically, seeing which, I plied him with questions regarding his illness and means of support,—questions which, notwithstanding the evident displeasure of his father, he an-





THE NURSE.



swered courteously and intelligently. Before my departure I put the room in order, and brought to the invalid and his father sufficient good food for a few days, and showed them how to prepare it.

"My next visit was to a little boy who had been run over while playing in the street. He was dead when I reached him, and his mother, worn out alike by mental and physical exhaustion, for she had not slept at all, and had eaten but little for several days, was lying moaning upon a bed. Another child lay in an adjoining room, quite ill with malarial fever. This is so prevalent among tenement-house children in warm weather, that we usually carry with us something to relieve them. So I did what I could for her, and then began to arrange the rooms and prepare the dinner. The mother appeared indifferent to what was taking place; but the father, a truck-driver by profession, who sat silent at the window, seemed much pleased with my efforts. The rooms were close and the atmosphere was permeated with bad air coming from the lower halls. The back windows looked into those of ill-kept, tumble-down structures across a court, the odors of which were alike offensive. The family clothes were suspended upon some of the ropes that formed a sort of cobweb between the adjoining buildings. They had remained hanging there for nearly a week, and after serving the dinner, I set about taking them in. This was no easy matter. While tugging upon the lines, they caught upon those belonging to the inmates of the other houses, and clogged up the pulley, and, before I had completed my labors, I had been roundly scolded for my awkwardness by the stout, red-faced occupants of the windows in the quadrangle. The cartman had been compelled to remain home and neglect his work for several days, in order to assist his wife. His money was almost gone in consequence,—at a time, too, when an unusual outlay was necessary. So I returned early the following day, and remained until the affairs of the household were again in smooth-running order.

"The most unsatisfactory visits we make are to those addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor. It was upon one of these I next called. In a little, dingy apartment in the wing of an old house which seemed to lean for support upon its neighbor, equally unsteady, I found a woman whose children I had nursed for weeks at a time. I had before seen her when under the influence of liquor, but now she seemed to be almost crazed with it. The children, ragged and dirty, were lying upon the floor, and, when I offered to look after them during her absence—for she was putting

on her bonnet—she almost flew at me, with taunts that I had abandoned her when she was starving. As a matter of fact, I had been with her upon the previous day."

Such is the work, such the experience of those of the training-school graduates who elect to exchange the comforts (often the luxuries) of home, and the society of friends, for the exposures and dangers incident to a life among the poor sick.

When the managers of the training-school announced, some years since, that they would send nurses to private families in cases of illness, the applications were so few that they were led to fear that this branch of the school would be unsupported, and that the nurses would find themselves deceived regarding their future prospects. But the value of the trained nurse, little known at that time in America, soon began to be recognized, and the demand for such services increased, until, at the present time, there is a greater call for nurses than can be supplied. Many who formerly refused to consider a suggestion to call in a nurse, now eagerly apply for them; and surgeons, in certain instances, have refused to perform operations without the subsequent assistance of a trained nurse.

Before going to a private house, the nurse is carefully instructed by the superintendent. She must not leave it without communicating with her, nor return from her duties without a certificate of conduct and efficiency from the family of the patient or the physician attending. She is expected and urged to bear in mind the importance of the situation, and to show, at all times, self-denial and forbearance. She must take upon herself the entire charge of the sick-room. Above all, she is charged to hold sacred any knowledge of its private affairs which she may acquire through her temporary connection with the household. She receives a stipulated sum for her services, but this will not always compensate her for the annoyances with which the position is occasionally beset.

In addition to this field in New York city and vicinity, there is an increasing demand throughout the country for experienced nurses to take charge of hospitals and schools. Graduates of the Bellevue school have been called to be superintendents of the nursing departments of the following institutions: Massachusetts General Hospital; Boston City Hospital; New Haven City Hospital; New York Hospital; Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City; Brooklyn City Hospital; Cook County Hospital, Chicago; St. Luke's Hospital, Denver; Charity Hospital, New Orleans, and the Minneapolis (Minn.) Hospital. Others are matrons of Roosevelt Hospi-



New York City; Charleston (S. C.) Hospital; Lawrence (Mass.) Hospital, and the Seaman's Hospital, Savannah, Ga.

Thus has the great work set afoot by a few noble women of New York developed, little by little, amid difficulties of which it would be useless to complain, since all have been surmounted. The results have amply justified their conviction that a demand for efficient nurses would speedily follow their supply, and that American women could be found willing to nurse the pauper sick, provided they were at the same time assured of a competence. That the profession of trained nurse will rise in estimation as the value of her services becomes better known, there is little doubt. Other occupations than hers have successfully met and overcome prejudice. Less than two centuries ago, the English clergy were entertained in the servants' hall, were sent upon errands, and were expected to marry my lady's waiting-maid. It was later yet when the surgeon was separated from the barber, as that by no means ancient pile, the Barber-Surgeons' hall, still standing in London—may remind us. Against any such lingering prejudice the moral and professional character of the school will prove an ample defense. Founded in the belief that the value of a nurse is in proportion to her intelligence, capacity, and refinement, it has proved an important step forward in our civilization, and its standard is not likely to be lowered in order to make a show of graduates. During the nine years of its existence one hundred and forty-nine pupils have received diplomas, seventy-eight of whom are now practicing in New York city. Perhaps twice as many capable women have been

turned away because the school cannot be further enlarged until the financial support of the enterprise is more considerable than at present.

In conclusion it must be said that, while Miss Nightingale's theories are the basis of the Training-School, its managers have found it necessary to depart from the English system in some important particulars. For instance, Miss Nightingale regards it as indispensable that the superintendent and the nurses should live within the hospital. "Our experience is the reverse of this," say the committee. "American women, being of a sensitive, nervous organization, are at first depressed by the painful aspects of hospital life, and when they become interested in the work they take it greatly to heart. Hence it is of importance to have a cheerful, comfortable home where they can each day throw off the cares of their profession." To the restfulness of the Home is attributed the exceptional health of the nurses, among whom but one death and very few dangerous illnesses have occurred since the opening of the school, almost ten years ago. Another necessity in an American training-school is the abolition of caste. In England the "ward sister" (who has received thorough training) is expected to be a lady, superior in social position and intelligence to the nurses, who are drawn from the class of domestic servants. At Bellevue, the preliminary examination, and the high standard subsequently exacted, exclude, and are meant to exclude them. But among those who enter there is no distinction. All submit to the same discipline and perform the same duties, none of which, being connected with the sick, is considered menial.\*

*Franklin H. North.*

\* The introduction of trained nurses into county poor-houses is a natural sequence of their successful introduction into this hospital department of a city almshouse. In many poor-houses but little or no care is taken of the sick, one of the least disabled paupers usually being put in charge of those more seriously ill. Not in vain has the State Charities Aid Association called public attention to this state of things. The old barbarisms are passing away, and a new era is at hand. New York city wears the proud laurel of having first introduced trained nursing into a city almshouse, as Rensselaer County (Troy) leads the van of its introduction into a county poor-house. The authorities of this poor-house have recently engaged a graduate of the Bellevue School to take charge of the nursing department, and it is hoped that other counties of the State of New York may follow this humane example.



NURSE'S BADGE.





VIEW IN NEW ENGLAND WOODS. (ENGRAVED DIRECT FROM NATURE, BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.)



## WOOD-ENGRAVING DIRECT FROM NATURE.

[At the request of the Editor, Mr. Kingsley has prepared the following brief account of his method of engraving the block on the opposite page, an experiment which is likely to lead to good results.]

IN Thomas Bewick the artist and engraver were combined. He selected the scenes he loved best, and wrought them out on the block in a manner individual to himself. That the engraver nowadays has no time for training and study as an artist may be the fault of no one but himself, and yet there are certain circumstances that force him to keep his position as an interpreter of other men's thoughts. But, if the engraver should wish to interpret his own thoughts, must he leave the profession in which he has been trained and turn to etching or painting? We believe not. His material is capable of expressing everything; every stroke of his graver will answer back from the smooth surface exactly as the hand impresses it, and the nerve-power flowing from the brain to the hand determines its quality. Wood, under the graver, is capable of the finest artistic expression.

During the last few years many methods of wood-engraving have been practiced, and many beautiful effects produced, in seeming defiance of the old methods, until the conclusion is forced upon the mind that the real vitality of any work does not consist in its method, but rather in the hiding of its construction altogether. The artist should forget his hand and his graver entirely, and give his mind fully to the thought to be expressed. Every kind of art-study has already been reproduced on wood. The mind and the hand that can produce quality, can express it with a piece of chalk on a cliff, or with a stick in the sand.

A description of how the engraving on the opposite page was produced involves, to some extent, its history. Camping alone in a New England wood, from the window of a car fitted up with every convenience for painting in oils, engraving on wood, and photographing whatever appealed to the fancy, I overlooked the scene before me and wrought it on my block. This was my first attempt to engrave direct from nature. The subject was photographed on the block in the beginning, but the photographic copy was of no assistance in getting the true values of tone and color. Most engravers use

a strong magnifying-glass, resting the block upon a sand-bag, and also using many gravers,—one kind for tints, one kind for figures, and another for ground, foliage, etc. This engraving was produced almost entirely with one graver, the block being held in the hand. For a part of the time I left the car, and, going out upon the scene itself, worked with the sunlight upon the block. This tends to force the mind away from finish in the mere execution; but there is sure to be a compensation in the greater breadth of the masses by the keeping of the whole under the eye at once, and, by a careful study of the refined portions of the scene at hand, a greater delicacy can be reached than can be found in a shining line under a magnifying-glass. There was necessarily much preparatory material belonging to the work, but nothing as a whole was photographed, nothing that would be recognized as such, and much was cut away of that which was traced at the outset, and other forms were drawn in with the graver as the work progressed. The leading thought was, to be faithful to the great masses and values, simplifying the form as much as possible. To hold the mind up to its first impressions required constant effort, and all the ordinary means employed in getting form and material were of no use whatever. It was a matter of simple feeling and nerve-power held up to their best level till the work was completed.

Hamerton, in his "Graphic Arts," while noticing favorably the work of American engravers, advances the idea that it is too difficult an undertaking to work direct from nature, because of the patience required. This is true only in part. More patience is required to plod away on a drawing that the engraver cares little for, and that he knows has not the life and power that it should have. Nerve-power and speed increase fourfold when the feelings are engaged and one is working on what he loves. It is useless for artists or engravers to copy one another. Let them study and train themselves as much as possible, and they will realize that in neither brush nor graver, but in themselves, in their personality, lies the power.

*Elbridge Kingsley.*



## THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

### I.

THE first of the many snow-storms that made memorable the winter of eighteen hundred and seventy-five had just fallen on the smooth roads of New Albion; a slight thaw with a following frost had polished up the sleighing, and two hearty-looking gentlemen, behind a powerful gray horse that needed no urging, were taking their first taste of the winter pastime. They seemed to be enjoying it, for, as they flew past the pedestrians toiling along the sidewalk, their faces shone, and their laughter rang merrily. The one who held the reins was a man of forty, smooth-shaven, but for a narrow, brown side-whisker; with a clear and fair skin, into which the stinging winter air was bringing a healthy crimson tint; a strong chin, a well-chiseled nose and brow, a blue eye, and a kindly smile. You would have guessed that he was a clergyman, and would have missed: he was the cashier and manager of the First National Bank of New Albion. The other was perhaps a little younger, with dark skin, full beard, and bright, black eye; his figure was slight, but well made, and he wore a gray ulster, and a seal-skin cap without a visor: a journalist, you would have said, or perhaps an artist, and would have been wrong again; for he was the Rev. Theodore Strong, pastor of the Second Congregational Church in the same thriving town. The cashier, Mr. Franklin, was his parishioner, and had been his college classmate; the old friendship had been the cause of the minister's location in his present pastorate, and was now one of its strong supports. Old Major, the good gray horse, had learned well the way to the parsonage, before which he used often to halt after banking hours; whence the parson, if he was to be had, was whirled away for a breezy hour or two on the country roads. These drives with his old friend were unadulterated recreation. It was a distinct understanding between them that the cares of the bank and the parish were always to be left behind.

"No shop, now, old fellow!" Franklin had said when he came for his friend the first time; "religion and business ought to be mixed sometimes, no doubt; but, for you and me, just now, rest is both business and religion."

To such a respite the hard-worked parson

was nothing loth, and the hours thus spent were full of the keenest delight. All anxieties being resolutely left behind, the minds of both friends were free to take in every fresh phase of roadside beauty, every new glory of sky or river or meadow. Other common pleasures they had in books and studies beyond the range of their work, of which they communed with much invigorating conversation; while, as each was a good story-teller, and sure to pick up a budget of mirthful anecdote, their discourse was plentifully spiced with fun.

It must not be inferred that the banker always refused to consult with the pastor about the parish work; on the contrary, he was his most trusted and judicious counselor; it was only that these hours of recreation were sacredly guarded from the intrusion of professional anxieties.

On this December afternoon the talk had ranged widely as usual, and had kept clear, as usual, of all work-day topics, when, suddenly, Mr. Strong, in a tone half apologetic, broke out:

"Ware, Walt! I'm coming perilously near to the Second Parish in my next remark—as near as Bradford."

"Twenty miles! Rather dangerous! Well, go ahead; but see that you keep your distance."

"The matter is this: Johns, of the East Church, in that metropolis, is trying to start a Congregational club, into which he wants to gather all of that ilk in this region,—representatives, at any rate, of all the principal churches; he has written me to come up to help him incubate the project. Shall I go?"

"Yes, go, and 'sit on it' hard."

"You are explicit, as usual. Now, tell me why. Don't you like Congregational clubs?"

"Never tried one. But clubs are generally wooden things. What is it proposed to do with this one?"

"Oh, there is to be a supper, of course, once a month; and a paper read by somebody after supper, and a discussion of the paper, and a general powwow after the discussion."

"Just so. Stuff, talk,—that's a club. But what special topics do you think this one will be most apt to light on?"

"Denominational topics, largely, of course: how to consolidate our churches; how to increase the *esprit du corps*; how to promote our various benevolent enterprises."



"Certainly. It is part of a movement to stiffen the last syllable of that sesquipedalian sectarian substantive, 'Congregationalism.' I do not like the name at all, and the sting in its tail, which it is now proposed to sharpen and harden, is the part I like least."

"There you go again," laughed the parson. "It's a downright insult when a man with such a horse as Major insists on riding a hobby."

"Oh, well," continued the banker, "there's nothing particularly sinful in this indulgence that the Bradford Congregationalists propose, doubtless the fellows who like to run things will enjoy it much, but I doubt if the outcome is valuable. There will be some increase of good-fellowship, and much burning of incense under the nose of the idol of the tribe. The more perfect the success of the club shall be, the further off will be the practical coöperation to which we must come at last."

"There is truth in what you say," answered the parson; "and I own that I am coming more and more to your way of thinking about such matters. But, when two ride a hobby, one must ride behind, and I am not yet quite so fierce a foe of the sects as you are."

For a few moments there was silence, broken only by the click of Major's hoofs upon the icy road, and the sigh of the wind through the pine-forest by the side of which they were driving.

"Look here, Theo," the banker at length continued, "couldn't we do a better thing?"

"Several things, no doubt. But what, for instance?"

"Couldn't we organize a Christian League Club here in New Albion?"

"Softly, softly, sir; you are breaking over bounds."

"I know I am; but you began it."

"And what was said, a few minutes ago, about clubs?"

"I remember; but there are clubs and clubs. This need not be a wooden one—indeed, it couldn't be; it would have to be made on a very pliable pattern."

"Show us how."

"The thing has no shape in my own mind yet; but why shouldn't we strike for a little practical Christian union in this town? We have enough of the sentimental sort, and bad enough it is. The union meetings of the week of prayer always bring out the prayer-meeting rounders,—men who have no standing in their own churches nor among their fellow-citizens; men like old Bill Snodgrass, who can reel off cant by the fathom, and whose word, in any business transaction, is as good as his bond only because neither of them is worth a row of pins. There never is a union

meeting in which Bill doesn't exalt his horn at least twice. Then there is young Cyrus Smiley, the effusive and irrepressible, and Tom Trafton, the censorious sputterer, whose prayers are mainly digs at the ministers."

"I know it," broke in Mr. Strong, greatly amused at the vivid characterization of his friend. "But have you heard Trafton's last on his own pastor?"

"No; what was it?"

"Dr. Sampson told me the story himself. You know that Tom has taken a special dislike to the Doctor, and betrays it in all his prayers. The other night, in the prayer-meeting, he said in his jerky way: 'O Lord, grant that our temp'r'l food may not be so skerse and poor as the spiritooal food provided for us; for ef it is, we sh'll all be in the poor-house within six months.'"

Franklin laughed.

"Tom outdid himself that time. Think of letting such a creature loose in a prayer-meeting! But that is the sort of person that revels in union meetings. At home he can be suppressed, at least in part; but a joint service of the churches gives him vent. So that, practically, our attempt at Christian union consists mainly in meeting together a few times a year, to be rasped and disgusted by these persons who put themselves forward as the representatives of our common Protestantism. Now, I wonder whether some plan could not be devised by which the real people in our churches could be brought into working union, and the flood-trash kept out."

"Yes, that's the question. But you don't seem to get ahead very fast in answering it."

"Patience, patience, young man! We'll work this thing out, but it will take time. The fact is, New Albion is an excellent place to start such an experiment. The relations between the churches are amicable; there has been no unnecessary multiplication of religious societies as yet; there are no churches here that ought to be killed, except one or two colored churches; the population is intelligent, the ministers are all good friends; the thing can be done."

"Undoubtedly, my eloquent friend; but, what thing?"

"We can have a meeting, from time to time, of the ministers and certain representative men of the various churches, to consult about the interests of morality and religion in this community. That's the dry bones of it."

"The next question is how to make these dry bones live."

"Yes, and you must help me solve that. Your practical tact and skill in managing people come in play just here."



"Thank you! I wish devoutly that something of the sort could be brought about, and I will do my best to devise a feasible way of accomplishing it. But it must be managed cautiously. Don't flush your game!"

Old Major had arrived at the parsonage, and the parson dismounted, with a promise to give the matter of which they had been talking early and full attention.

## II.

THE problem which we have seen the banker and the parson getting ready to attack is a knotty and an urgent one. How to bring the Christian churches of our country into practical unity: this is a question round about which a great deal of talk has been going on, but to the careful consideration of which but few minds have been turned. All the discussion has vibrated between two points: the desirableness of a spiritual fellowship among denominations, and the feasibility of an organic union of the denominations. A great multitude agree in saying that the sects ought to dwell together in unity,—that is to say, that the ministers ought to exchange pulpits, and that members ought to pass freely by letter from one church to another, and that Christians ought to meet now and then in union meetings, and say pleasant things in their prayers and speeches about one another, and sing together,

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

and so on. So much of Christian union as this nearly everybody believes in. The more strenuous sectarians stick at some of these points, but not very persistently; to refuse this much involves some measure of opprobrium. But there are many who insist that, while Christian union may have this extent, it can have no more; that it is vain, and, indeed, rather sacrilegious to ask for anything beyond this. Others declare that this sentimental union is of no value; that what we want and must have is organic union, a consolidation of all the sects into one church, so that Protestantism shall stand over against Romanism, compact and united, all under one central government, moving with well-ordered and harmonious march to the conquest of the world. These two conceptions have divided between them the debaters about Christian unity; and it must be owned that each side brings against the other arguments that are well-nigh unanswerable. The believers in what is called spiritual unity insist that the organic unity asked for is impossible;

the believers in organic unity declare that spiritual unity, as it now exists, is of very little consequence.

Some abatement of these extreme views must, indeed, be made on both sides. The measure of unity to which the churches have already attained is by no means to be despised: their relations are vastly better than they were forty years ago, when Presbyterians or Congregationalists had no more dealings with Methodists or Baptists than the Jews once had with the Samaritans, when keen contempt and bitter abuse were common currency among the sects. It is not a slight, but an important gain, that Christians of all names are able now to meet together on friendly terms in social worship. On the other side, it is too much to say that the dream of the church existing as one compact body can never be realized. Stranger things than that have come to pass. The truth lies about midway between these disputants. The spiritual unity to which we have attained, though not worthless, is ridiculously inadequate to the present needs of the Church; and the organic unity for which we are exhorted to labor, though it may not be impossible, is yet a long way off. Is there not, somewhere between the emotional fellowship of the present and the organized ecclesiasticism of the future, a measure of coöperation that is both desirable and attainable? This was the problem to which the practical mind of Mr. Walter Franklin had turned. He was a man, as his pastor well knew, who had a way of bringing things to pass; and Mr. Strong was not therefore surprised, at the close of the next Sunday evening's service, to be joined at the church-door by his friend, with an ominous gleam of speculation in his eyes.

"Pretty well used up to-night, Theo?" he queried. The Romans knew how to convey more delicately the hope of a negative answer.

"Not at all," said the minister, who never knew on Sunday night how tired he was. "Fresh as a lark. Come home with me, and we'll have it out."

"Have what out?"

"That matter that you're eager to talk about. You have done bravely in keeping away till the Sunday work was over, and I haven't the heart to put you off any longer. Come on."

"Seems to me I have detected a few delicate allusions to it in sermons and prayers to-day. Your mind's as full of it as mine is, dissembler! And I am only going over with you to find out your plans."

"Well," said the parson, as he let his friend in at the door of the parsonage, "it has been



on my mind now and then, I own. And the place to begin is Jerusalem. I saw Dr. Phelps last week, and, in talking about church sociables and so forth, I asked him why the Old Church did not sometimes invite their neighbors to their festivities? He took me up at once, of course, and told me very cordially to come over to their sociable on Tuesday evening, and to bring along a good delegation of the Second Church people. I replied that it was rather hard to be obliged to beg an invitation; but that I should pocket my humiliation and go, which seemed to please the old gentleman mightily. So I want you and your wife, and Deacon Hunter and his wife, and Shaw and his mother, and the Burnham girls, and a few others—a dozen or fifteen of our wide-awake people—to meet here on Tuesday night, and we will go over in a body and take 'em by storm."

"Capital!" exclaimed Franklin. "The church sociable is one of the strongholds of sectarian exclusiveness; if we can capture that and turn its guns upon the enemy, one great point will be gained."

"There is no need of despising the church sociable," replied the minister. "It serves a good purpose, and is no more accountable than the Church itself for 'sectarian exclusiveness.' Human nature is to blame for that, not the Church, nor the sociable."

"But I am not talking about remote causes," persisted the banker. "What I see is this: the church sociables in most of our villages and large towns cut up society into cliques. Active and zealous church-members find but little time for the cultivation of social relations beyond the bounds of their own parishes. I have heard it said, more than once, by intelligent citizens, that there is not much general social intercourse among the best people of this town, and that the fault lies at the doors of the churches. The First Church people are a set by themselves, and so are the Second Church people, and the Episcopalians, and the Baptists, and all the rest. The devotion of the church-members to their own societies hinders the development of a broad social life."

"That is true," answered Strong, "and there is something here to regret, beyond question. Nevertheless, there are compensations, which you, Walter Franklin, must not overlook. If the churches have somewhat hindered the cultivated classes outside of the large cities from consorting together, they have also helped to bring together the cultivated and the uncultivated classes, and that is one of the things that most need to be done. They have substituted vertical lines of division in society for horizontal ones. Bad as the church cliques are, they are not so bad

as the stratifications of social æstheticism. But I am not defending social exclusiveness in the churches; I am trying to overcome it, as a step toward something higher."

"You are perfectly right, and you may count on me. We will be on hand Tuesday evening. Good-night!"

It was a merry company that followed Mr. Strong into the parlors of the First Church; and though they were received at first with polite bewilderment, it was not long before hospitality and good-fellowship asserted themselves in the heartiest fashion. The hosts exerted themselves to entertain their guests, voted the innovation a delightful one, and promised to return the visit. This was the beginning of a series of fraternizations among the churches of New Albion; none were neglected; the Adventists, who worshipped in Central Hall, and the two colored churches, were surprised in their turn by visiting delegations from the other churches that dropped in at their prayer-meetings, and stopped afterward to shake hands, and to say a few pleasant words. So far as it could be done socially, the ecclesiastical *entente cordiale* was fairly established in this prosperous town.

All this was so much of the nature of a recreation, that the banker and his friend excepted it from the list of forbidden subjects, and often chanted the praises of Christian fraternity to the music of Major's sleigh-bells.

"It is all excellent, so far as it goes," said the banker one day in January; "but I want to see the thing put on a business basis. The improvement in the social relations of the churches is a great gain; it signifies vastly more to have the people meet in this friendly way, and show each other neighborly courtesies, than to have them talk the cant of Christian union now and then in a prayer-meeting—but it is not enough. We want some method by which this fraternity shall have a distinct and influential expression."

"Exactly," answered the parson; "we have been getting up steam; now we want to utilize our power. How shall we do it?"

"I thought you were managing the business," replied Franklin; "but, since you ask the question, I'll give you my idea. Let us have a little party at my house some evening, including the ministers and about three of the best members of each church, and see what comes of it."

"How shall the three best members of each church be chosen?"

"We must choose them ourselves. We know this community well enough to pick our men."

The preparation of this list was not, however, an easy matter, as the banker and his



pastor found. Mr. Franklin's knowledge of the business standing of the "leading members" served to thin out Mr. Strong's ample catalogue of nominees.

"Rodney Merrill? Yes; he's a good talker, but his word doesn't stand for much. Better put young Porter, the carpenter, in his place. Stevenson? H'm! He's a customer of mine; but I don't like his way of doing business. Montgomery? I've got some memoranda on Montgomery. He failed not long ago; and not ten days before the collapse he borrowed a thousand dollars at our bank, solemnly assuring me that he had not less than twenty thousand dollars in available assets, and not more than five thousand dollars of debts. The inventory showed that his figures were exactly right, only the debts were twenty thousand, and the assets five. It was a mere slip of the tongue, no doubt; but we'll pass Montgomery. This company must be a clean one, and there is no lack of sound and reputable men in our churches."

"How about the colored brethren?" queried Mr. Strong.

"The colored brethren must be left out," was the answer; "not for social, but for ecclesiastical reasons. One of the first duties of this league of ours, if it ever gets into operation, will be the suppression of these colored churches. When the colored people abandon their own organizations, and join the other churches, they may come in as representatives from them. We will have no color-line in the Christianity for which this club stands. I'll go as far as any other man in fraternizing with colored men; but, with colored churches, never. The sectarianism whose only basis is the color of the skin is the meanest kind of sectarianism."

### III.

OUT of the thirty-two persons invited, thirty, representing all of the eight churches of New Albion, gathered in Mr. Franklin's parlors on the sixteenth of January. The clergymen were all present, and the absentees were not conspicuous. Tea was served in the parlors, and Mr. Franklin was amused to see how completely sectarian lines were blotted out in the grouping of the guests about the small tables. To the eye of the social devotee it would have seemed, no doubt, a mixed multitude—people of all grades of society were here; but the hospitality was so frank and hearty, and the entertainment of such a simple sort, that the humblest people were at their ease. And what was of more consequence, these people were all known to one another as being engaged in various

kinds of benevolent work in the community; the *cameraderie* of Christian service was a stronger bond than that by which most social circles are drawn together. Dr. Emmons Hopkins Phelps, the venerable and well-beloved pastor of the "First Church of Christ in New Albion," was *tête-à-tête* with the Rev. Murray Henderson, the young pastor of the Universalists; Dr. Thomas Sampson, the stalwart wit and excellent scholar, who adorned the pulpit of the Baptist Church, was cheek by jowl with the genial Dr. Philip Strickland, of St. Mark's Episcopal Church; and here and there Congregational deacons were sandwiched between Episcopal vestrymen and Methodist stewards.

"What are you going to do with your happy family when you get them trained?" asked the Rev. John Wesley Thorpe, Methodist, of the beaming host.

"Travel with 'em," was the prompt answer. "Take 'em up to Hardscrabble, and West Northfield, and over to Hockset, and show 'em to the natives for ten cents admission, the proceeds to be divided equally among the home missionary societies of the several denominations."

"Such a show would be a great curiosity in those parts, no doubt," said the clergyman. "But, my friend Peters, here, thinks that the saints in Hardscrabble would be horrified to see Dr. Phelps eating and drinking with a Universalist."

"It is somewhat bewildering, I own," replied the banker. "But I think that, when they looked into Henderson's face, they could say nothing against it. Look at him now! It's a face for Raphael."

"Solar radiance, is n't it?" responded Peters. "And the man is as saintly as he looks. His church is growing in all the graces a great deal faster than mine is. I wish the Free Baptists had half as good a minister."

"What do you imagine that your bishop would do, if he were to look in upon this company?" asked Dr. Sampson of Dr. Strickland.

"I imagine," was the answer, "that he would go straight to Dr. Buck, the editor of your *Inquisitor*, and tell him all about it."

"Very likely," laughed the Baptist. "And probably the two would sit down and have a pleasant chat over it. Each one would try to make out that the people of his communion were a little nearer ready for fellowship than those of the other."

"Oh, of course! But I should like to know what Franklin has got in his head. He has not invited this carefully selected company for merely social purposes, you may depend. He means business."



"Well," answered Dr. Sampson, glancing about the room, "he will not be able to carry this company into any very wild scheme. It is a pretty solid set of men, Mr. Strickland—about as good as New Albion contains, that's a fact. A set of men," the Doctor went on, after a pause, "who, if they should put their heads and hands together, could give the old Adversary a great deal of trouble."

The company was not left long in doubt as to the plans of the host. Half an hour after supper, Mr. Franklin rose, and there was silence.

"I have called you together this evening, gentlemen," he said, "to consult about a matter of importance. The unity of feeling now existing among the religious societies of this town is gratifying, and it has occurred to me that out of it something might grow that should be for the permanent good of the community. We have learned to treat each other courteously in social intercourse; can we not work together? The Christian work of this town is imperfectly done, because what is everybody's business is nobody's. The churchless classes are not reached; the poor are neglected; pauperism thrives upon our careless and indiscriminate charity. Could we not, by meeting occasionally for consultation about this work, secure a much more thorough performance of it? There is much flagrant vice in our streets; hundreds of our young people are being led into temptation and destroyed. Could we not, by combining our efforts, secure a more vigorous enforcement of the laws for the suppression of vice, and set on foot some effective movement for the rescue and reclamation of these young men and women. Furthermore, the good feeling now existing among us is likely to be disturbed at no distant day. The town is growing rapidly; other religious organizations will be needed; strife may arise among the denominations for the occupancy of new fields. Is it not possible for a band of Christian men, representing all the churches, to exert an influence which shall lead to the amicable adjustment of all such questions? I am sure that there is not a man in this company who would not at once put the interests of religion and morality in this community above the interests of the sect to which he belongs. If this is true, then we can, if we choose, make it the rule in New Albion that all Christian work shall be prosecuted, not on the worldly principle of competition, but on the Christian principle of coöperation. Is not this worth attempting? In order to bring the matter to a point at once, I will read you a draft of a plan of operation prepared by my friend, Dr. Strong, and myself:

#### "CONSTITUTION.

"1. This organization shall be known as The Christian League Club of New Albion. It shall consist of the minister and three laymen from each of the following churches of this town: Adventist, Baptist, First and Second Congregational, Free Baptist, Methodist Episcopal, Protestant Episcopal, and Universalist; delegations from other churches hereafter formed may be admitted by unanimous consent.

"2. The object of this organization shall be to hold stated meetings for consultation respecting the Christian work to be done in New Albion and its suburbs, and the best methods of accomplishing this work. The visitation and evangelization of the churchless classes, the distribution of Bibles and of good literature, the establishment of new missions when needed, the care of the poor, the prevention of vice and crime by the enforcement of the laws, the opening of coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, and other safe places of resort, the furnishing of cheap and wholesome diversion for the young—these subjects and such as these will be matter of consultation at the meetings of this club.

"3. The members of this club shall never be required to assent to any creed or confession of faith, nor shall doctrinal or theological discussions of any kind ever be allowed in its meetings. The club shall assume no authority over its members or over the churches, and, to guard against any such encroachments, it shall never vote on any question. Committees may be appointed by the chairman, at any meeting, to carry out the views of the club; but no such committee shall be appointed without unanimous consent of the members of the club.

"4. Meetings shall be held on the first Monday evening of every month, at the houses of the members, by invitation. The member at whose house the meeting is held shall preside. No records shall be kept, and the club shall have no permanent officers.

"5. When a vacancy occurs in the lay delegation of any church, it shall be filled on nomination by the pastors of the other churches, who shall constitute a committee for that purpose. No pastor shall have any voice in the nomination of delegates from his own church; and no name shall be reported by the committee of pastors on which they are not unanimous. If no objection is made to the name thus reported, the nominee shall be notified of his election."

"This sketch of a plan of organization," continued Mr. Franklin, as he folded the paper, "brings before you, as distinctly as I am able to do it, the thought in my own mind. I will not make any further remarks about it. I hope that, in the free conversation that may follow, the wisdom of the scheme will be freely canvassed, and its defects, if defects there be, will be pointed out."

The company had listened with an absorbed and rather anxious attention to the banker's speech. At its close the only response was a rather ostentatious sigh of relief by Mr. Strickland, whereupon the whole assembly broke out laughing.



"Not quite so bad as you feared, eh?" said Dr. Sampson.

"N-no," replied the other, meditatively; "I don't yet see how such an institution could do any particular mischief."

"Its hands would be so effectually tied," said Mr. Thorpe, "that it could do no mischief; but are they not so effectually tied that it could not do much good?"

"How so?" asked Mr. Strong.

"Well, the provisions about voting and keeping records, for instance; I don't see how an association forbidden to vote can effect much."

"But we do not vote in prayer-meetings or sociables," responded Mr. Strong; "are not they of some service? Would not frank and frequent conferences about the state of religion and morals in this town be instructive and stimulating, even if we took no votes?"

"Perhaps so," answered the Methodist pastor.

"The truth is," said Dr. Sampson, with much energy, "that this voting business is more often a snare than a help in all sorts of organizations. A vote is simply an expression of will, and the tendency to put will in the place of reason and love is the bane of all ecclesiasticism."

"But you believe in the rule of the majority, do you not?" queried Deacon Squires, of the First Church.

"No, I don't. I submit to it, because it is practically the best thing to do, and sometimes the only thing that can be done. But the principle that the majority shall *rule* implies a division of sentiment that ought always, in religious work, to be avoided, if possible. The less we have in our Christian assemblies of ruling and of being ruled, the better."

"But the minority ought to be expected to coöperate," suggested Mr. Peters.

"Certainly," answered Dr. Sampson, "and they ought to coöperate. But, if half the energy that is expended in voting people down were expended in conciliating and persuading them, we should have fewer church quarrels and fewer disaffected and sullen minorities. It is a favorite superstition of this age that nothing can be done without a vote, whereas very little that is of permanent value is ever done by voting."

"It is clear," said Dr. Phelps, quietly, "that such a body of men as this would be must jealously guard itself against the assumption of ecclesiastical power. Perhaps the denial of a vote is none too stringent a safeguard against this danger."

"Well, I don't object to it," answered Mr. Thorpe. "I can see that such a club might do

some good work without voting, and it would surely avoid some dangers."

"But why not let the minister have some voice in selecting the delegates from his own church?" asked the Baptist Deacon Jones.

"That," answered Mr. Franklin, "simply relieves the minister of a delicate responsibility, in the exercise of which he might cause disaffection in his own church."

"But why not let the church choose its own representatives?" asked Elder Bates, of the Adventists.

"Because," answered Mr. Strong, "that would give to this body an official and representative character, which we do not wish to have it possess. By and by the churches of this city may be ready to delegate to a body representing them some supervisory powers; they are not yet ready to do any such thing, and we want nothing, therefore, that looks like it."

"I have a little misgiving," suggested Mr. Henderson, "as to the wisdom of a select and exclusive organization like this? Why not have an open meeting once a month for such purposes—a meeting called from all the pulpits, and open to all?"

"Don't!" cried Dr. Sampson, amid the laughter of the company. "The cranks and blatherskites of all the churches would be there in force, and the knowledge that they would be there would keep all the sensible folks away."

"I surrender!" said the Universalist pastor, good-naturedly. "You know, brethren, that my experience in union meetings is somewhat limited."

"Well," said the Methodist minister, after a short pause, "the plan seems to meet with general favor, and, in order to test the sense of this meeting, I move you, sir,—no, I beg pardon—I take it all back; go ahead, Mr. Franklin!"

And the parson sat down, laughing with the rest at his own blunder.

"The shape in which the matter lies," said the banker, "is just this: Here are the pastors of the eight churches named in the constitution, and three laymen from each of them, with one vacancy in the lay delegation from the Baptist Church, and one from the Episcopal Church. I propose that, if there is no objection, the persons here present constitute The Christian League Club of New Albion. There will be two vacancies, and these may be filled according to the constitution. I will wait a few moments for objections."

No voices were heard, and Mr. Franklin proceeded: "The consent is complete, and we may regard the club as organized. It is, gentlemen, a most gratifying result. What



will be accomplished we will not venture to predict; but I have faith enough in the common sense and Christian spirit of this body of men to believe that they can talk frankly and earnestly about Christian work in this town without getting into any disputes, and that they will be ready to put the interests of virtue and religion above their private preferences or their sectarian prejudices. If such a temper and purpose shall rule in all our meetings, I am sure that public opinion will be wisely directed and that substantial results will follow."

All formalities were now at an end, and promiscuous conversation followed. Mr. Franklin was too wise to introduce any questions for discussion at this meeting; he preferred to let the members of the club work up their own questions.

The talk that ensued was full of suggestions: these energetic, clear-headed business men took hold of the problem put into their hands with the grip of their trained faculty, and it did not take them long to find out that the business of doing good in their community had been carried on in a negligent, perverse, and wasteful fashion, and that there was plenty of room for the introduction of better methods. One thing and another were spoken of as possible and desirable, by the various groups that were exercising their wits upon the problem, and difference of opinion began to be developed at once; but these differences engendered no heat. The need of perfect good nature was evident, at once, to all who had any points to carry. Inasmuch as nothing could be done in this club without unanimous consent, it would never do to irritate anybody. Fair consideration, and entire recognition of the right of others to hold contrary opinions, must be the basis of all these conferences. This was a warfare in which nothing but sweet reasonableness could win.

At ten o'clock the company dispersed, having accepted Doctor Sampson's invitation to hold the next meeting at his house, on the first Monday evening in February.

#### IV.

How to reach and help the churchless classes was the question that received the most attention in the free talk of the members of the Christian League Club at their first meeting; the topic had been upon the minds of many of them during the interval, and it was sure to be prominent among the themes of the second conference.

"It is plain," said Deacon Squires, after

the company had settled down to business in the cozy parlors of Doctor Sampson, "that there are large numbers of persons in this community wholly outside of all religious influences. Those who attend our churches every Sunday constitute a small part of our population. Sunday before last was a beautiful winter's day, and the congregations were, as I have been told, unusually large in all the churches. On that day, to satisfy myself, I had a careful count made of all the congregations, and here are the figures. I will not read them, but the total number of persons present on that Sunday morning was two thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine. Out of a population of twelve thousand, this is not a good showing. Something must be done, or we shall lapse into heathenism."

"That showing," replied the chairman, "is rather discouraging on the face of it; but let us see if it will not look better after a little examination. Out of the twelve thousand people living in this town, at least three thousand are Roman Catholics. The great majority of these attend church. This leaves nine thousand to divide among the Protestant churches. Will Deacon Squires kindly tell us how many there were in the congregation at the Baptist Church, Sunday before last? I do not care to number my neighbors, but I am willing to have my own flock counted."

"Five hundred and seventy-six," answered the Deacon.

"That is about what I had supposed," said the chairman. "Now, our Sunday-school in the afternoon numbers fully four hundred, and at least half of these were not at the morning service. At the evening meeting I am sure that we often have at least a hundred who have not attended either of the other services. During that Sunday we must, therefore, have had in our church nearly nine hundred different persons belonging to our parish, besides strangers and sojourners. You would need to add fifty, and, I think, in many cases, sixty per cent. to the morning congregation, to get the number of persons reached by the churches on any given Sunday."

"And that," said Mr. Franklin, "would bring the figures up to between four and five thousand actually present in our Protestant churches on a pleasant Sunday."

"Yes, that is about what I calculated—nearly half of all the Protestants in town get to church at least once on a fair day."

"But that," said Deacon Jones, "is not a good story to tell. More than half of all the Protestants in town *stay away* from church every fair Sunday. Put it that way, and how does it sound?"



"But that," continued Doctor Sampson, "needs further explanation. A large share of all these Protestants are unable to attend church on any given Sunday. Add together all the children under four years old, the aged and infirm, the sick, and all those who must stay at home to attend upon these, and you will have, according to some careful English estimates, about forty per cent. of the population. Suppose, now, that forty-five per cent. of the people actually attend church, and that forty per cent. are providentially kept away: you have not more than fifteen per cent. of the population who are, both by choice and by habit, neglecters; and the careful canvass that our church has made, of a section of the town that is fairly representative of the whole, leads me to the same conclusion. I do not believe that more than fifteen or twenty per cent. of our people can be counted among those who are outside of all the churches. I happen to know, for example, how many souls are in my parish. I have tried to get the names of all, old and young, who are under my pastoral care—all the members of all the households connected with my church and Sunday-school, and not connected with any other church, and the list numbers about fourteen hundred names. Many of these are persons who do not often attend Sunday service—they are semi-attached parishioners; but, if you should ask them where they go to church, they would mention the Baptist Church. They consider me their pastor, and would send for me if they needed the services of a clergyman. So that the actual members of my parish who are cared for, in some sort, by my church, number considerably more than twice as many as my congregation number on a pleasant Sunday morning. If this is true of all the other churches, and it undoubtedly is, then there must be in the neighborhood of seven thousand persons connected more or less closely with our Protestant parishes. At the outside, I do not think there can be more than two thousand persons in this town who are not, in some imperfect way, cared for by our churches, either Catholic or Protestant."

"That puts a different face upon the question," said Deacon Squires, "and I am glad to have the subject so carefully analyzed. But two thousand heathen are too many."

"Most true," cried Dr. Sampson, "and it is a shame to our churches that there are so many. It is well to have distinct ideas of the work we are trying to do, and not to exaggerate its magnitude, lest we be discouraged. This whole subject has been greatly obscured by a number of shallow alarmists, who have been croaking about the desertion of the

churches, and who have wholly failed to comprehend the real facts. But, if the real facts are not half so black as they have been painted, they are somber enough, and it is high time that we were grappling with the problem they present."

"What to do about it is the question," said Mr. Franklin.

"Why not send for an evangelist?" modestly queried Elder Bates, of the Advent Church. "Brother Moody is not to be had this winter; but we might get Brother Weeks. He is said to be a powerful preacher—abler even than Moody; and he might succeed in drawing in some of these neglecters."

"Drawing them into what?" asked Mr. Franklin.

"Why, into his meetings. I suppose that they would be held in the Town Hall, and many would be drawn in who do not attend the churches."

"Doubtless; and they would attend the churches no more after Mr. Weeks had gone away than they did before. A few would join the churches, but the proclamation thus made of the inadequacy of the churches to supply the religious wants of the community would do these outsiders, as a class, an amount of harm for which these small gains would poorly compensate. Building a fire in the Town Hall is a poor way of warming the churches."

Mr. Franklin spoke very quietly, but with the earnestness of strong conviction, and the only response was a fervent "Amen" from Doctor Phelps. It was plain that the project was not popular, and good Elder Bates forbore to press it.

"Couldn't we do something with mission Sunday-schools?" suggested one of the Methodist laymen.

"Where would you put them?" asked Mr. Strong.

"Oh, I don't know; good places might be found, I should think."

"Down on the corner of King and Patterson streets is a good location," said Mr. Thorpe.

"That is about fifty rods from the Free Baptist Church," answered Mr. Strong. "Do you want any help down that way, Peters?"

"I fear," said the genial parson, "that we are not doing all the work we ought to do; but there is still a little room left in our vestry for new scholars."

"Beg your pardon, Peters," cried the Methodist. "I didn't intend to poach on your preserves; I was only thinking of doing good on general principles."

"We must be careful to make our general principles fit the special cases with which we have to deal," said Doctor Sampson.



"I am unable," said Mr. Strong, "to think of any neighborhood in which a mission school could be started that is not now within reach of some existing church. Round the new brass-works now building, in the south part of the town, a settlement is likely to spring up that will soon need to be provided for; at present every locality is well furnished with churches."

"But," said Deacon Squires, "people will often attend mission chapels who would not attend churches."

"The first thing to do in such a case," replied Mr. Strong with emphasis, "is to convert or kill the churches of which this is true. A church into which poor people cannot be induced to go ought to be born again or blotted out. The church whose methods of administration and whose social atmosphere are such as to discourage the attendance of the poor, is driving Christ from its door. Is not this his own word, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me'? It is entirely possible to create and maintain in our churches a spirit and a way of working that shall make the poorest people feel perfectly at home in them. The church in which these are not found needs a missionary as much as the Patagonians do. It has not yet learned the alphabet of Christianity."

"You wax warm, Brother Strong," cried Doctor Sampson. "Haven't you got a missionary or two up at the Second Church, that you can send to some of your neighbors?"

"Not one. We need them all," answered the parson, laughing. "But I suspect that I have already scattered abroad a few, to whom my doctrine on this subject was too hot, and who have gone forth preaching quite another gospel. Whatever help you can get out of them you are welcome to. Good riddance to them, I say. One or two of them have taken refuge with you, Strickland. I hope you will convert them."

"I'll do my best to convict them, at any rate," said the rector, warmly. "If they expected to hear a softer doctrine on this subject at St. Mark's, they have probably found out their mistake by this time. Our practice is not quite up to our theories, but I am happy to say that the spirit of a genuine Christian democracy is growing among our ecclesiastical aristocrats. The churches are not few in which the poor are coddled or patronized; those in which they are respected and frankly put upon the same level of consideration and responsibility with the rich and well-to-do are not yet a multitude. This is our standard, and, although we have not reached it, we shall not lower it, please God, under the present administration."

"This discourse is edifying," said Mr. Peters. "Go right on, brethren. It is good to hear such testimony from the pastors of such churches."

"We sometimes hear of 'a saying hard to shape in act,'" said Doctor Phelps, "and this is one of them. The theory is sound; but, whenever thought is wedded to fact, there will be a bridal dawn of grumbling, if nothing worse, in some of our congregations."

"The more shame to us," cried Mr. Strong, "if we have suffered our people to forget the true function of the Christian Church, and have allowed the fellowship of the Spirit to degenerate into a chartered snobbery."

"But," said Mr. Thorpe, "is it not wiser to recognize existing facts, and adapt our methods to them? It is certainly a fact that the poor people generally think they are not wanted in the churches. They greatly exaggerate this inhospitality; in many of our churches they would find a cordial welcome; but they think that the place where the rich and the stylish people worship is not the place for them. Many of those who stay away from the churches could be gathered into mission chapels. Is it not better to reach them in this way than fail altogether to reach them?"

"I think not," was the answer. "The one injurious and fatal fact of our present church-work is the barrier between the churches and the poorest classes. The first thing for us to do is to demolish this barrier. The impression is abroad among the poor that they are not wanted in the churches. This impression is either correct or incorrect. If it is correct, then there is no missionary work, for us who are pastors, half so urgent as the conversion of our congregations to Christianity. If it is incorrect, we are still guilty before God in that we have allowed such an impression to go abroad; and we are bound to address ourselves, at once and with all diligence, to the business of convincing the poor people that they are wanted, and will be made welcome, in the churches. But every mission chapel planted in the neighborhood of a church, and intended for the poor, is an ostentatious proclamation to the poor that they are right in their impression; that we freely consent to the separation of the rich from the poor in worship; that we approve of the religion that is founded upon caste. To that proclamation I will never put my signature. The time has come when judgment should begin at the house of God, and when the paganism that masquerades in our stylish churches, in the guise of Christianity, should be stripped of its disguises and banished from our altars."

Mr. Strong had risen from his seat, and his



black eyes were blazing with the intensity of his convictions, as he finished his speech. A round of applause greeted his peroration. It was clear that no progress could be made by the club in the erection of mission chapels until some population not accessible to the churches could be found.

"Well, gentlemen," said the genial chairman, "the question is before you. What will you do for the churchless classes,—be they few or many, rich or poor?"

"Would it not be wise," asked Mr. Henderson, "to have the town divided into geographical districts, as many as there are churches, each of which should be assigned to a church for its special field? It would not be possible to have each church stand in the center of its field, for some of our churches are too near neighbors; but we might come as near to that as possible. If every part of the town was thus under the care of some church responsible for its evangelization, our work would be well begun. Each church could do the work in its own district in its own way."

"That is a sensible suggestion," said Mr. Franklin. "I move"—

"Order!" cried the Methodist parson. "Physician, heal thyself!"

"Peccavi!" exclaimed the banker. "The forensic habit survives, as you see, in the millennium of the Christian League. But we have one resource. A committee can be appointed by unanimous consent. I trust that such consent will be given to the appointment by our chairman of a committee of three, who shall carefully divide the town into districts, assigning one to each church; and that this committee may report at the next meeting."

To this proposition no objection was made, and the chairman at once named as the committee Mr. Franklin, Mr. Henderson, and Deacon Squires.

The work of the committee was done before the next meeting. The population of New Albion was distributed, as it is in most similar towns, in such a way that it was possible, in the words of Deacon Squires, to give each church "a streak of lean and a streak of fat,"—to assign to each a district in which there were sections inhabited by the poor, as well as those inhabited by the well-to-do. When the assignment was made, it was at once reported by the pastors to the churches. The knowledge that a systematic and concerted effort was to be made to reach

all classes in the community stimulated each church to do its own part of the work promptly and thoroughly. So it came about that, before the winter was over, the whole town had been covered by the canvassers, and no household was left in ignorance of the fact that a place and a welcome were waiting for it in one of the churches.

Some of the canvassers carried with them cards on which were printed the hours of their various services. The spirit of goodwill and coöperation was such that the visitors generally sought to gratify the denominational preferences of those on whom they called. If a Congregational visitor found a family with Baptist proclivities, he sent the address of this family to the nearest Baptist visitor. In this way the poor people obtained a strong impression of the unity of the churches. It became evident that this enterprise was not undertaken for the aggrandizement of any sect or of any local church, but rather for the sake of carrying the gospel greeting and invitation to all the destitute. Many cases of sickness and want were also discovered by the visitors, and the practical charities of the churches began to be developed in an effective way. A colporter of the Bible Society appeared upon the scene as the work was beginning, himself proposing to canvass the town in the interest of his society; but he was easily persuaded to relinquish the work into the hands of the local visitors.

"Well," said the parson to the banker, as they drove slowly along a forest road, on a bright May afternoon, drinking in the aromatic breath of the newly opened leaves, "the weather has considerably moderated since that day last January, when we were passing this spot, and when you suggested the formation of our club."

"Yes, and I think the ecclesiastical climate has softened a little."

"Not a little. The outcome has been wonderful. The results are far greater than I ever dreamed of. There is really a great deal of good-will among men, if it can only get a chance to express itself."

"We will give it plenty of chances. This work is only fairly begun. There is abundance of work to do better than any we yet have done. And we shall do it. The Christians of New Albion have got a taste of the luxury of Christian coöperation, and they will never go back to the beggarly elements of a selfish ecclesiasticism."

(To be continued.)



## THE BEGINNING OF A NATION.\*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

### ENGLISH NOTIONS OF AMERICA AT THE \* TIME OF SETTLEMENT.

THE age of Elizabeth and James was a new point of beginning in the history of the people who speak English. The revival of learning, the invention of printing, and the reformation of religion, had awakened the men of that time to unprecedented intellectual activity, while the discovery of America by Columbus, and the dazzling adventures of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, had profoundly stimulated their imaginations. At this period of renaissance, English literature found the glory of a magnificent spring-time in Shakspeare and the group about him; the principles of modern scientific investigation were first formulated in the writings of Lord Chancellor Bacon, while men of action were everywhere set upon deeds of adventure and discovery. The world had regained the vigor and spontaneity of its youth. Much, also, of youthful credulity and curiosity it had at the same time, delighting in marvelous stories the more in proportion to their incredibility. Books of travel suited the prevailing taste; the great black-letter folios of Hakluyt's *Voyages* and "Purchas His Pilgrims," were favorite literature with those who could afford to buy them, and the popular taste was gratified by little fly-leaf publications and pamphlets, describing remarkable voyages and remote countries, with the strange peoples and animals inhabiting them. After the austerities and other-world speculations of the middle age, the jocund earth had been newly discovered by its inhabitants, and men were as full of knightly fervor in efforts to redeem the remote parts of the world from the oblivion of human ignorance as they had been before to recover Jerusalem from the infidel.

America was discovered in the first instance because it lay between Europe and India by the westward route, and Columbus, seeking the less, found the greater by stumbling upon it in the dark. Most of the succeeding explorers of the American coast regarded the continent chiefly as an obstruction. Purchas suggests that it might rather be called Cabotia than America, since Cabot, the famous pilot, under the patronage of Henry VII. of England, visited North America in 1497, before Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci saw the main-land of South America. But Cabot meant to find no other land but China, and thence to turn toward India, and he sailed along the American coast, not exulting in that he was first finder of a great and fertile continent, the future home of nations, but "ever with the intent to find said passage to India."

For a century the notion of a passage to the Pacific by means of some undiscovered strait severing the continent of America possessed the minds of navigators and geographers, and promoted discovery; though the hope of finding such a passage, and of coming thus into a new and rich commerce, blinded the adventurers to the real value of America, and retarded colonization. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this South Sea theory had become a superstition, probably from the belief that in 1524, Verrazano, in sailing down the eastern coast of America, in the employ of Francis II. had seen in latitude 40° a narrow isthmus about five miles wide, with the ocean beyond it. This isthmus was incorporated into some of the maps of the sixteenth century, and Verrazano's sea, as a part of the Pacific, is shown upon charts published long after the discoveries on both coasts of America had rendered it impossible. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who spent and lost his life in the exploration of the American

\* This paper is one of several intended to form together "A History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies." These papers will appear in this magazine, though not of necessity in consecutive numbers, since each will be upon a different topic and of independent interest. It is not advisable to cumber a magazine page with multitudinous references to authorities. I regret that the exigency of the present form prevents me from giving credit in all the cases in which I happen to be indebted to living writers, and particularly where my obligation is to the industrious special student. For the most part, however, I have drawn direct from books, tracts, letters, documents, and records the writers of which were contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the events narrated, and I have not intentionally neglected any authority within my reach in the endeavor to make the work accurate as to fact and truthful in generalization. It is not possible that I have wholly escaped error, and I will be grateful to any one who will point out, in public print or by private communication, any slip in matter of fact or detail.—E. E.



coast, wrote a treatise to prove "that there is a passage on the north side of America to go to Cataia, China, and to the East Indies," and this he demonstrated elaborately, first, by authority; secondly, by reason; thirdly, by experience of sundry men's travels; and fourthly, by circumstance. But, though the argument was so exhaustive, devout Sir Humphrey sailed in vain through the cold Newfoundland seas to find a way to China, as others did about the same time,—Sir Martin Frobisher, for instance, who was so possessed with this one thought that he believed the discovery of the north-west passage to be "the only thing of the world that was yet left undone, by which a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

The failure—often disastrous—of the many explorers of the sixteenth century to find a quick passage through America to China, did not lessen the hopes of the English. No matter how difficult the voyage to China by the north-west, "it will become as plausible as any other journey if our passenger may return with plenty of silver, silkes and pearle," jauntily writes Richard Willes in 1577. But the most remarkable setting forth of the general faith of learned cosmographers on the subject is found in the "Discourse on Western Planting," written in 1584, by that great advocate of American colonization, the Reverend Richard Hakluyt, apparently for the express purpose of persuading the miserly Queen Elizabeth to aid in sending forth colonies. He tells his readers that a man of St. Malo had, that very year, according to report, discovered the sea "on the backside of Hochelaga,"—the island on which Montreal now stands,—and quotes the report which Jacques Cartier heard from the Indians at Montreal, of a river navigable three months to the southward, by which we clearly recognize the Mississippi. But Hakluyt thinks that this report confirms not a little the existence of the South Sea in that vicinity. Not only is the Mississippi transmuted into a tributary of the Pacific in this argument, but the great Laurentian lakes suffer a sea-change as well, for the Indians, he says, had told Cartier of a sea of fresh water beyond Montreal, "the head and end of which was never man found that had searched." Hakluyt also has recourse to old maps, and thus reveals to us the geographical ignorance of his time. The King of Portugal had shown him "a great olde round carde," that had the north-west strait plainly set down in latitude 57°. He had also seen "a mightie large old map in parchment," traced all along the coast with Italian names, which map showed in latitude 40° a little neck of land "much like the streyte neck or isthmus of Darienna." On an old globe in the Queen's

privy gallery at Westminster, he had seen the same isthmus, "with the sea joynninge hard on both sides, as it doth on Panama," and adds: "which were a matter of singular importance, if it should be true, as is not unlikely." In another paper, Hakluyt mentions, under his breath, the proximity of the South Sea to Florida, and says that it is not good that the report be made too common!

Nor did the South Sea delusion vanish when the period of colonization was reached. Ralph Lane, the governor of Raleigh's first plantation on the Island of Roanoke, having probably inquired of the savages for some trace of that sea which Hakluyt had seen so plainly laid down "on the mightie olde mappe in parchment," was told by the inventive savages that the Roanoke River sprang from a rock so near to a westward sea, that the waves in time of storm often dashed into this fountain, making the river brackish for some distance below. They mentioned at the same time that there was gold there, and that the walls of a town in that land were made of pearls. Nothing dispirited by the extravagance of these tales, Lane and some of his men, like boys seeking the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, set out to immortalize and enrich themselves by ascending the Roanoke to find the Pacific Ocean, the Indians meantime plotting the destruction of the colonists left behind. Lane and his followers pursued their quest until they were obliged to eat their dogs, and then returned fasting, just in time to rescue the colony from destruction. But Lane went back to England believing that the Roanoke rose near to the Bay of Mexico "that openeth out into the South Sea," and the map of the country which the colony brought back shows a strait leading into the Pacific from Port Royal.

The Jamestown colonists were gravely instructed to explore that branch of any river that lay toward the north-west—perhaps because the charmed latitude of 40° might be reached in this way. The colonists were especially to ascend any river running out of a lake, in hope of finding another river having its head in the same lake and "running the contrary way toward the East India Sea." Even John Smith could not but hope that his second exploration of the Chesapeake might lead him into the Pacific. This notion of a passage into the South Sea in latitude 40°, just north of the limit of his own explorations, Captain Smith communicated to his friend Henry Hudson, who was so moved by the information that he sailed to America in direct violation of his orders, and it was in seeking the passage to the Pacific that he penetrated the solitudes of the beautiful river that bears



his name, and perished the next year in the great northern war which is a second memorial to his courage.

In a time of such ignorance of geography on the part of learned men, when America was not so well known as the antarctic continent is to-day, popular notions of the lands to be colonized were yet more strange. New England was long believed to be an island and the same notion prevailed regarding Virginia. Ten years after Jamestown was settled we find Captain Smith assuring his readers that "Virginia is no Ile (as many doe imagine), but part of the continent adjoining to Florida." Official ignorance was probably the last to yield, for almost a century after the beginning at Jamestown, and when almost the whole eastern margin of America had been planted with prosperous English colonies, an order of the Privy Council appointed Dudley Digges a member of the council of the "island of Virginia."

As the mistake made by Columbus, through the common misapprehension in his time of the size of the earth, had left behind an almost ineradicable passion for a way to Japan and China through the American continent, so the vast treasures of gold and silver, which the avaricious Spaniards had drawn from Mexico and Peru, produced a belief in the English mind that a colony planted anywhere in America would find gold. Here, too, the geographer Hakluyt, and many others were ready with ingenious and learned deductions from very slender premises. If an Indian had been seen wearing a head-piece of copper which "bowed easily," this flexibility proved it to be tarnished gold. If a savage told a voyager that the copper of a certain country was too soft for use, was somewhat yellow, or was of a good luster, it was enough to demonstrate that the country was rich in the precious mineral. The geographer Purchas even expounds the divine purpose in thus endowing a heathen land with gold,—that the Indian race might, "as a rich bride, but withered and deformed, \* \* \* find many suitors for love of her portion," and thus the pagans be converted. Again and again ships were laden with shining earth or worthless stones, believed to contain gold even by the clumsy goldsmiths who were sent with the explorers as assayers or experts. The seekers after South Sea passages brought home ship-loads of glittering earth from arctic islands,—"fool's gold," as the mineral is now called. Captain Newport well-nigh ruined the Jamestown plantation by consuming its supplies while he took a lading of the "dust-mica," so abundant in the Virginia sands. One of the earliest of the documents relating to the planting of colo-

nies, in the English State Paper Office, is the fragment of a report about America, made in 1580, the extravagance of which puts burlesque out of countenance. The American women are spoken of as "wearing great plates of gold covering their whole bodies like armour." "In every cottage" pearls were to be found, "and in some houses a peck. About the bar of St. Maries"—perhaps the Chesapeake, so called at that time—are to be seen fire-dragons, "which make the air very red as they fly." In these we recognize the fire-fly, while the buffalo is no doubt intended by an animal "as big as two of our oxen." But these faint resemblances to truth vanish quickly when we learn that the streets in this region are broader than the London streets, that there are banqueting-houses built of crystal, with pillars of massive silver and some of gold. "Pieces of clean gold as big as a man's fist are found in the heads of some of the rivers; there are also iron and silk-worms in abundance, and one mountain, thirty leagues farther northward, is very rich in mines."

The proposed conversion of the natives to Christianity was often a cloak to more selfish enterprises, but religious zeal was also an active motive at the time of the first planting of North America. Europeans regarded the Indians sometimes as sun-worshippers, but more commonly as worshippers of Satan himself, who, through the conjuring of the pow-wow, gave them knowledge of distant and future events, and frequently appeared to them visibly, either as a calf, or in some other beastly form.

The early explorers, from the time of Cabot, had a habit of kidnapping Indians without scruple, and transporting them to England, where the sight of such barbarians served to quicken greatly the interest in American adventures and colonization, and particularly to awaken a philanthropic desire to civilize and Christianize a people who were so benighted as not to wear trousers. The Indian man and woman taken over by Frobenius excited great attention, and pictures of them were made for the queen and others. When Weymouth, on his return from the coast of Maine, in 1605, brought into Plymouth five kidnapped Indians, with "all their bows and arrows," and with two beautiful birch canoes, Sir Ferdinando Gorges took them into his own custody, and joyfully declared that "this accident had been the means of putting life into all our plantations." In our age of great commercial activity and extended geographical knowledge one can form but a weak conception of the excitement caused by Weymouth's reports, and



especially by the appearance of these outlandish creatures of another world. Other savages were brought, and some of these were exhibited for money. One of them was, perhaps, shown after he had died, if we may guess the fact from Shakspeare's contemptuous sneer at the idle curiosity and far-away philanthropy of the crowd, in Trinculo's assertion that, in England, "any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." Out of this interest in savages, no doubt, the fertile invention of the poet evoked the monster Caliban. One Indian thus brought away to England from Cape Cod, by a curious fate, "went a soldier to the wars of Bohemia"; another, from Martha's Vineyard, invented a gold mine, and, on going back to show the way to it, jumped off the ship and escaped.

The animals of America excited equally the wonder of the people in England, and no stories were so easily credited as extravagant ones. It was reported that the progress of Cabot's ships had been retarded by the multitude of codfish he had encountered off the American coast, and that the Newfoundland bears caught these fish "with their claws," and drew them to shore to eat them. King James's favor was won by a present of two living young alligators and a wild boar, and he was childishly eager to possess some of the flying-squirrels that had been introduced into English parks from Virginia. The flying-squirrel, the opossum, and the humming-bird were long considered the great wonders of America, and there was no end to the marvelous stories about them. It is hard to recognize the opossum, in one of the earliest descriptions, of "a monstrous deformed beast, whose forepart resembled a fox, the hinder part an ape, excepting the feet, which were like a man's; beneath her belly she hath a receptacle like a purse, wherein she bestows her young until they can shift for themselves." The humming-bird, on the highest authority, is declared to be a cross between a fly and a bird; the Dutch on the North River called it simply "the West India bee." They were prepared for exportation to Europe, in the New Netherlands by drying, and in Barbadoes by stuffing with fine sand and perfumery. They were considered in Europe "pretty delicacies for the ladies, who wore them at their breasts and girdles." The dogs of the Indians were said to be snouted like foxes, and were supposed to be quite unable to bark, though they could howl. The muskrat was expected to furnish musk, and the mathematician Hariot believed that the civet-cat would become a source of profit

to planters in America, but his description of the animal points to the skunk, whose perfume has never yet come into request. Some of the earliest authors speak of the raccoon as an ape. But the wild hogs of America were the strangest of all, for they "have their navels upon the ridge of their backs," says Purchas. So great was the number of new creatures revealed by the discovery of America, that European scholars were worried to get them all into the limits of Noah's ark.

The glimpses we have given here of the state of knowledge about America existing in England at the period of colonization, not only give an insight into some of the motives that prompted the planting of English communities in the New World, but also enable us to form a notion of some traits of English character at the time, and throw a light forward upon the early history of the American colonists. Out of an England stirred by the new-born intellectual life of modern times, and producing great poets, philosophers, statesmen, and adventurers, but still clinging tenaciously to the childish romances and superstitions of the middle ages, came the beginners of the new nation, such as the pleasure-seeking planters of Virginia, the rigorists of New England, and the philanthropic enthusiasts of Pennsylvania. Under every guise of sect and opinion there was present the wonder-loving, credulous, and aggressive Englishman of that age of seething religious and intellectual reaction. The mutually repellant Churchmen, Puritans, Papists, and Quakers, who spread themselves into separate communities along the wilderness coast of North America in the seventeenth century, had really more in common than they had of difference.

## II.

### RALEGH AND THE ROANOKE COLONIES.

IF one might believe the doubtful anecdote in which Walter Raleigh wins the favor of the queen by spreading his cloak to enable her to cross dry-shod the mud of the Strand, he might be said in that act to have made a bridge for English colonists to traverse the Atlantic; for, without the help of Raleigh's bold imagination, adventurous spirit, and statesmanlike foresight, there would hardly have been an English settlement in North America. In that time the difficulty of planting colonies was greater than we can well conceive. The elements of success were not yet understood; there was no recorded experience for a guide; gentlemen, soldiers, ecclesiastics,



and gold-seekers, were sent out in most of the early European colonies, instead of farmers and laborers. Then, too, England was not yet the great commercial nation and dominant maritime power she has since become, but was a small and backward state, whose resources were undeveloped, and whose little ships were ill-adapted to make the perilous voyage across the Atlantic; moreover, all her sea-ventures must run the gauntlet of danger from the hostility of Spain, whose powerful armaments bullied English commerce and preyed upon English shipping. The people of that time, overcrowded as they were, did not understand the true benefits of colonization, and Englishmen were loth to move from home, except when they had a prospect of immediate wealth from mines or conquests. The lucky fortunes amassed by the piratical warfare carried on against Spanish commerce turned men's heads, and Raleigh's schemes were more than once overthrown by the avidity of his agents to engage in the plundering of Spanish ships. John Smith, in allusion to the difficulty he had in inducing men to undertake agricultural settlements in New England, says that his task would have been easy had his design been to persuade them to a gold mine or new invention, to reach the South Sea, to despoil a monastery, capture rich caracks, or rob some poor fishermen. People who engage in privateering, he adds, "do not seek the common good, but the common goods." Unluckily, the habit of seeking the common goods had demoralized many of the bravest spirits in England.

The character of the queen was an almost insuperable obstacle to American enterprises. Her policy was admirably adapted to check and wear out her enemies in Europe, by delays, intrigues, threats, promises, deceptions, and a steady avoidance of all ambitious projects beyond the bounds of England. But this politic evasion of risks and ventures, and the invincible stinginess of Elizabeth, were main hinderances to success in colonization. She was willing enough that her adventurous and patriotic subjects should consume their estates in plantations beyond the seas; she was lavish in cheap encouragement; she even sent to Sir Humphrey Gilbert "an anchor guided by a lady," whatever that may have been, when he sailed on his fatal voyage; but Gilbert died in the vain hope that the Queen might be induced to contribute a paltry ten thousand pounds toward founding a colony, an enterprise which "required a prince's purse to have thoroughly carried out." She graciously accepted the adroit flattery of Raleigh in naming the American coast Virginia for her as a "virgin queen," but the godmother of

Virginia "contributed nothing to its education," as was wittily said at the time.

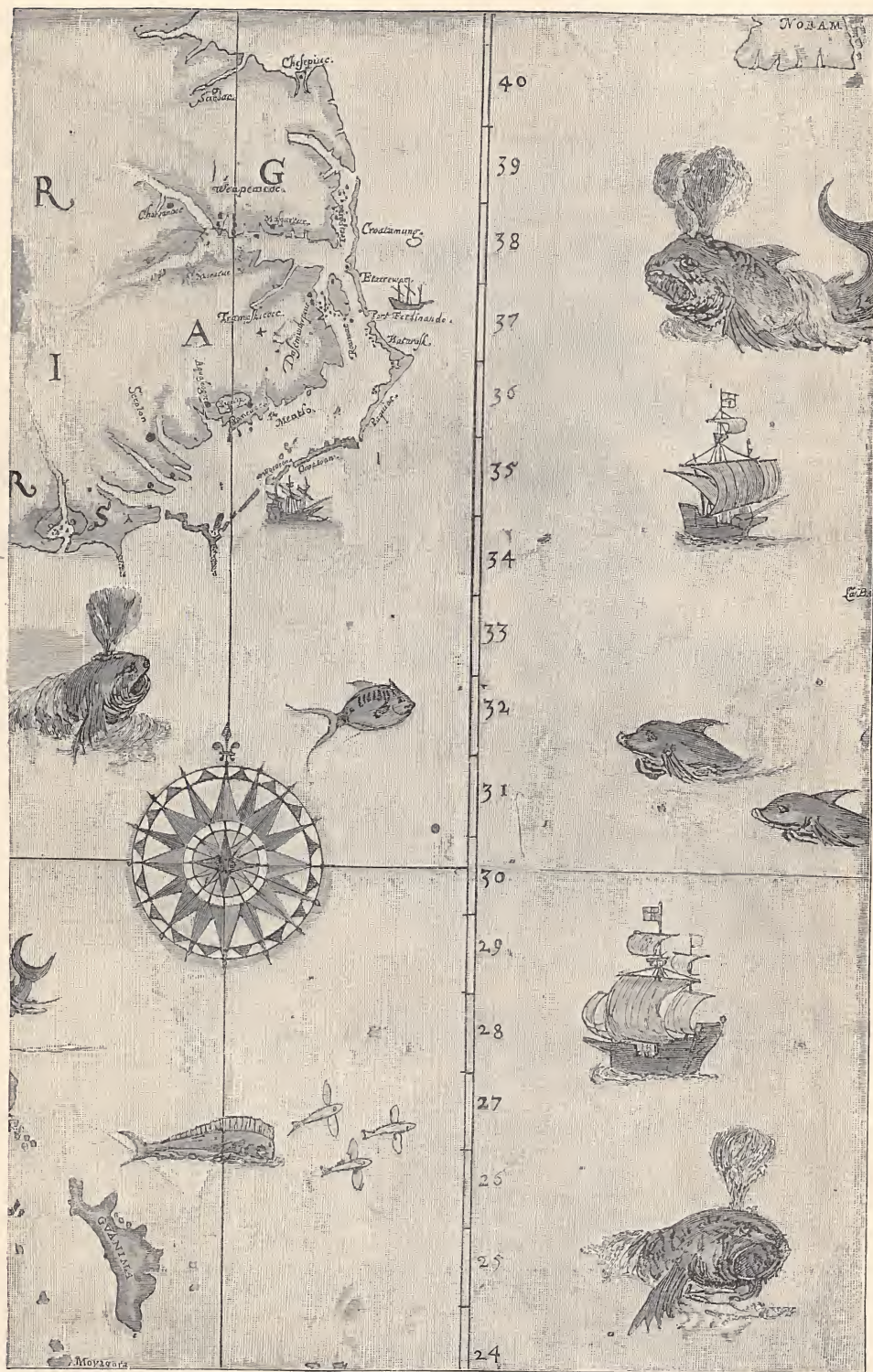
When a young man, Raleigh served in the French civil wars, on the side of the Huguenots, as one of a body of gentlemen volunteers, led by a kinsman of his own. He had opportunity, at that time, to hear of the charms of Florida from those who had escaped destruction in the ill-fated Huguenot colony at Fort Caroline. He brought to London with him, and maintained at his own expense, Le Moyne, the artist, who had fled out of that fort into the wilderness the night of the Spanish massacre, and whose curious sketches of the tattooed Florida Indians are now to be seen in the Grenville Collection in the British Museum, some of these we shall reproduce in future papers of this series. It was, perhaps, by the accounts that he had heard from the Huguenots that Raleigh was led to seek a location for his own colonies far to the south of the region explored by Frobisher and Gilbert, and certainly the change from Newfoundland to the coast of North Carolina and Virginia was a long step toward success.

In 1585, explorations having been made in the preceding year, Sir Walter sent out his first plantation under Ralph Lane. This colony deserved success far more than the ill-contrived expedition to Jamestown. It was in every way well-appointed, and contained many men of sagacity and courage. Raleigh instituted a healthy private interest from the start, in granting five hundred acres of land, at the least, to every man in the colony "only for the adventure of his person." Notwithstanding the unfortunate location on the Island of Roanoke, the wild-goose chase after the South Sea, and the imprudent attack made on the Indians, the colony had actually taken root, having, in despair of supplies from England, sowed corn on the island. In two weeks more the people would have eaten of an abundant American harvest, had not that valiant sea-rover, discoverer, and free-booter, Sir Francis Drake, on his way back from a prosperous sacking of Spanish towns in the West Indies, bethought him to visit his countrymen, the English colony in Virginia, in obedience to orders given him by the queen. Upon Drake's coming, and after the misadventure of a storm, which drove some of his vessels to sea, among which was one that he had allotted to the colony, the whole company were seized with a panic, or a frenzy of homesickness. They prevailed upon Drake to carry them to England again, and thus missed of seeing the ship sent by Raleigh, which arrived fifteen days later with supplies. Thus ended the first attempted settlement, in which were engaged such men as Thomas









SEA. (DRAWN IN 1685 BY JOHN WHITE, ARTIST TO RALEGH COLONY, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



Hariot, the distinguished mathematician, Thomas Cavendish, afterward renowned as a circumnavigator of the globe, and John White, a clever artist. Hariot wrote an account of the country and its products, on his return.



AN INDIAN CONJURER. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

In this he describes at length the virtues of a plant which the Indians called *uppowoc*, but which took in Europe the Spanish name tobacco. He expatiates particularly on the esteem in which it was held by the natives, tells how it was sprinkled in their fish-weirs for good luck, and how it was considered an offering worthy of the acceptance of their gods in times of danger or thanksgiving;—"they think their gods marvellously delighted therewith," he says. He describes the manner in which the Indians were accustomed to take "the fume or smoke thereof, by sucking it through pipes made of clay into their stomach and head, from whence it purgeth superfluous steam and other gross humors, and openeth all the pores and passages of the body"\*\*\* whereby their bodies are notably

preserved in health." The colonists, he says, "learned to suck it after their manner," and they kept up this habit upon their return to England, "having found many virtues in it." Not only many men, but also "women of great calling," and learned physicians, had adopted it at the time of his writing.

John White, the artist of the expedition, who became governor of the second colony, made some admirable drawings of the Indians, which give us the first graphic representations of American savages made from life, and the only true pictures of the Indians of the coast between Pennsylvania and Florida. Some of these were reproduced on copper, with only moderate accuracy, in De Bry's famous *Voyages*, published in 1590, and have been thence copied into innumerable later works. In 1865, the very striking original drawings were discovered and they are now safely housed in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, through the courtesy of whose officers we are able to reproduce a portion of them from photographs, as illustrations to the present series of papers.

Sir Richard Grenville, who arrived later than the supply-ship, was disappointed to find the colony deserted by those who had been transported thither with so much expense and trouble. He left fifteen men, with provisions for two years, to hold the country. But when Grenville came back the next year with more than a hundred settlers, these fifteen, having been attacked by a superior force of Indians, who killed one of them and burned their supplies, had fled away by boat, to meet a fate unknown.

The new colony also ended in darkness. Raleigh perceived that an island without a harbor, on a coast so stormy as that near Cape Hatteras, was not a suitable place, had ordered them to establish the "city of Raleigh in Virginia," at Chesapeake,\* but these orders were disobeyed, the seamen being very hungry for Spanish booty, and unwilling to carry them farther than Roanoke Island. Here was born, soon after their landing, Virginia Dare, the first English native of America. The governor, John White, on the entreaty of the colonists, went back to England for supplies, where he found the whole nation in a panic and uproar on account of the threatened Spanish invasion, so that his ships, with all others of force, were detained in har-

\* The map drawn by White, which we reproduce on another page from the original, shows that Chesapeake, or *Chesepieuc*, was an Indian village just inside Cape Henry.



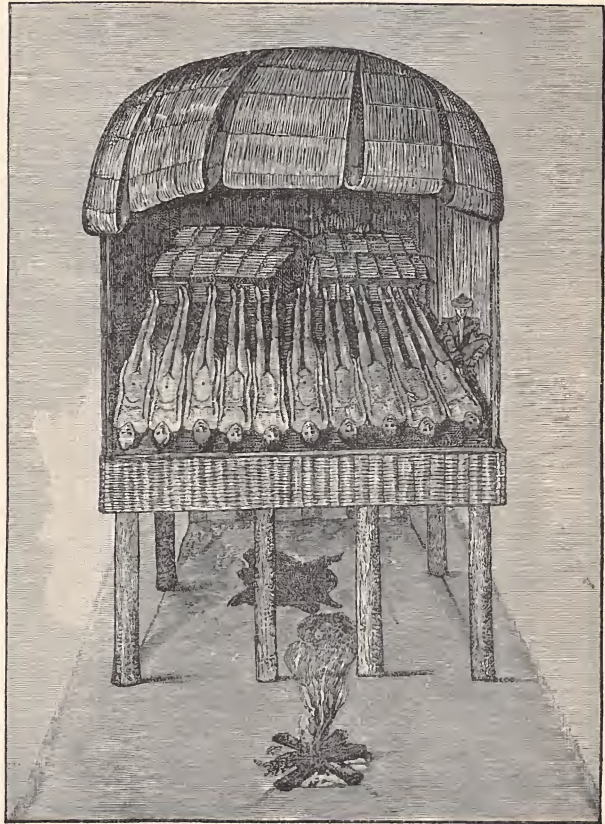
bor by the queen's order; and when at last two small barks were allowed to depart, they ran after prizes and came back stripped by French war-ships which they had encountered. At this point Raleigh found his means impaired. He had spent forty thousand pounds in American experiments, and vast sums in colonizing estates which the queen had granted him in Ireland. He therefore transferred his patent to a company of "merchants and adventurers," who undertook to care for and carry on the Roanoke colony, while he gave himself with his usual energy and daring to the defence of England against Spain. When the famous armada entered the Channel he hung upon its rear, harassing the cumbrous Spanish great galleons in an agile English man-of-war whose alert movements were compared to "a morrice dance upon the sea."

The ships of John White departed a year later, and for awhile, as a matter of course, gave themselves to profitable privateering, after which, being eager to seek yet other rich prizes in the West Indies, and having lost a boat-load of men in landing on the stormy coast, they made but a feeble search for the colonists, of whom no very definite trace was ever found, though vague rumors reached Jamestown, many years later, of a few living captives among the savages, and even these were said to have been murdered by Powhatan more than twenty years after their landing. As late as 1602, Raleigh sent an expedition at his own charge, to search for the unfortunates, if, perchance, any of them might yet be alive; but, with that infidelity so common in all expeditions of that mercenary time, the leaders of this one, neglecting the search, put forth their energies in buying sassafras, which valueless root was then so highly esteemed as a medicine, that it brought three shillings a pound in England. It was the prospective profit of a cargo of sassafras that defeated Gosnold's New England colony in the same year.

Raleigh was haughty, fond of magnificent display, and consequently unpopular. He was a favorite of the queen, doubtless, in a sense not at all honorable to that passionate daughter of Henry VIII.; but, by whatever

means he attained or held his power, he exercised it as a large-minded and patriotic statesman. Like many other pioneers in great undertakings, he gained only defeat and disgrace. But it was he who first broke ground in American colonization: his immense energy

*The Tombs of their Cherokees or these personages, their flesh being taken off from the bones save the skyn and heare of their heads w<sup>ch</sup> flesh is dried and enfolded in matts laide at their feete. their bones also being made dry, or covered w<sup>th</sup> deare skyns not altering their forme or proportion. With their Kywash, which is an Image of woode keeping the dead. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~*



TOMB OF THE CHIEFS. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING.)

and perseverance opened the door to the dark continent of America, and showed that a colony was desirable and practicable. Yet he reaped nothing from all his sowing but the fatal animosity of a king suspicious of all transcendent merit.

### III.

#### JOHN SMITH AND JAMESTOWN.

IN December, 1606, there lay at Blackwall, below London, three vessels: the *Susan Constant*, of one hundred tons: the *God-speed*,



*One of their Religious men*

PORTRAIT FROM LIFE, OF A MEDICINE-MAN ON THE COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA. (FROM A DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY JOHN WHITE.)

of forty, and the little pinnace *Discovery*, of but twenty tons. These three puny ships were to carry the germ of a new English nation across the Atlantic. There was much excitement in London, and public prayers were offered for the success of the expedition. We may imagine that Richard Hakluyt, who had waited long for the fulfillment of his hopes, was among those most interested. Raleigh, in confinement for years in a gloomy cell of the Tower, from which he was only allowed to go out for a promenade in the twilight of the corridor, may have intermitted for a time his labors on the "History of the World," when he heard of this new beginning of the enterprise to which he had given his best endeavors in vain for so many years. And it is probable that nobody in all the English metropolis was more busy and excited over these preparations than the fussy and pedantic king, who had done his best to mar the enterprise which he believed himself to be furthering. On the 19th of that stormy December, the vessels weighed anchor

and ran out on an ebb tide, no doubt,—as one can nowadays see the ships go swiftly down the Thames, past Blackwall to the sea. But, once in the channel, their troubles began, and for three weeks they lay off the Downs, tossed by contrary winds, and tormented with their own discords. It was six weeks before they lost sight of the coast of England.

The misfortunes of the colony were foreordained; that it finally succeeded seems miraculous, for those who shaped its destinies left nothing undone that inventive stupidity could suggest to assure its failure. In particular had the frivolous monarch set himself to make laws or orders which carefully guarded the supremacy of the sovereign and the dominance of the Church, but which were quite inadequate to the protection of life and liberty in the colony. The private interest of the colonist, the most available of all motives to industry, was sunk in that of the company: all trade and profit were to be put into a common stock for five years, and the emigrants, men without families, were thrown into a semi-monastic community, like a Hanseatic trading agency with its better traits omitted; and thus, indolence and the natural proneness to dissension of men in hard circumstances were much increased. The people sent over were utterly unfit. In the first hundred there were four carpenters, one blacksmith, one tailor, one barber, one bricklayer, one mason, one drummer, and four boys.

Fifty-five ranked as gentlemen, and but twelve as laborers. "Those we write as laborers," says one of the colonists, "were for the most part footmen." "Poor gentlemen, tradesmen, serving-men, libertines, and such like, ten times more fit to spoil a commonwealth than either to begin one, or but help to maintain one," is the description given by a member of the colony. In the second supply the proportion was much the same, except that this time six tailors came, besides a jeweller, two "refiners" of metal, a goldsmith, a perfumer, and a tobacco-pipe maker. There were sent, at some time, lapidaries, stonecutters, embroiderers, and silkmen, "with all their appurtenances except materials," as Captain Smith sarcastically says. "A hundred good laborers," he cries out, "were better than a thousand such gallants as they sent me." For the most part they appear to have been unthrifty young men, or broken-down older men, incorrigibly idle and discontented. "Much they blamed me," says Smith, "for not converting the savages, when





CORRIDOR IN THE TOWER, SHOWING DOOR OF RALEGH'S CELL AT THE LEFT.

those they sent us were little better, if not worse."

If this company, so unfit for any good purpose, had had a sagacious governor at the outset from England, there would still have been hope of accomplishing something by strict discipline and strong leadership. But the king, with the ingenious folly of a petty tyrant, bent on retaining a sort of power in his own hands as long as possible, sealed up the names of the councilors in a box, not to be opened until after the arrival in America. Thus was the disorderly crew left without a head during the long voyage. For, with adverse winds and the circuitous route taken to reach America by the Canaries and West Indies, whereby they doubled the distance, and with their foolish loitering at divers places to "refresh themselves" and quarrel, they did not reach the coast until the month of April, when, by the good luck of their bad reckoning and a fortunate storm, they missed the fatal Roanoke Island, their original destination, and were carried into Hampton Roads, and so sailed up the wide mouth of the river, which they named the James, as in duty bound. At this season of the year the banks were magnificently covered, then as now, no doubt, by an endless profusion of the large white flowers of the dogwood, alternated with vast masses of the rich, pink-purple blossoms of the redbud, set against a dark background of pines and other trees, so that the sea-weary voyagers thought that "heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation."

On the first landing of a small party, they were attacked by five Indians creeping in the grass like bears, who fled in dismay at the discharge of muskets. At their second landing they came upon a deserted fire, roasting in the ashes of which they found and ate for the first time the luscious oyster of the Chesapeake region, which they pronounced "large and delicate." At another place they were kindly received by the chief of the Rapahannas, who came piping on a reed flute, at the head of his train. His face was fantastically painted and besprinkled with what, to the greedy eyes of the English, seemed to be silver ore, and they surmised that his copper ornaments might be gold.

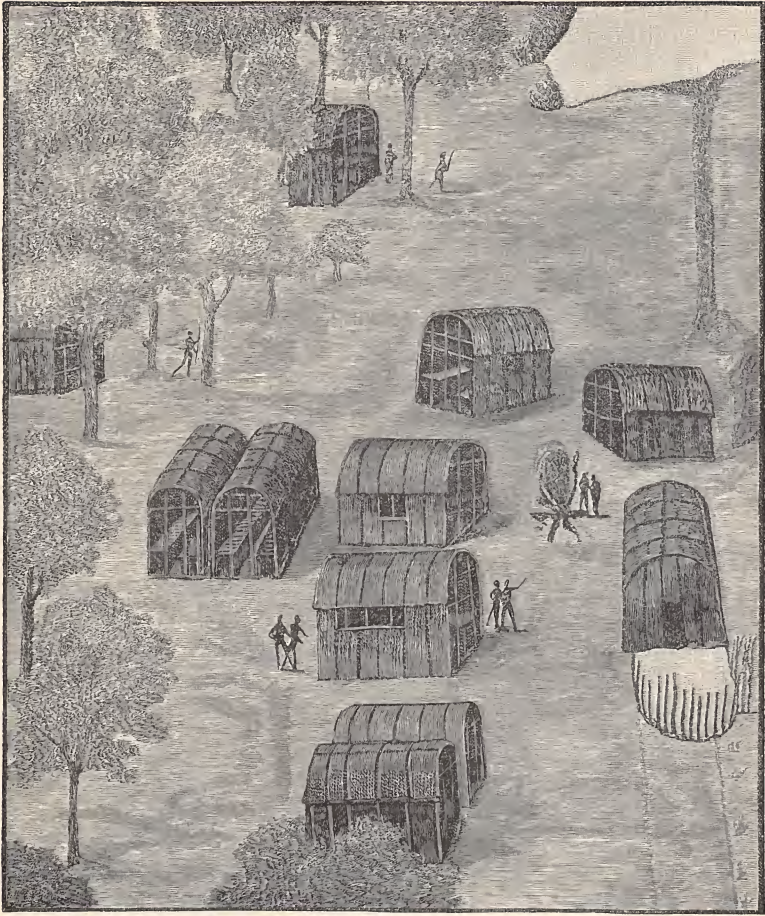
After seventeen days of voyaging in the river, they selected, in spite of the opposing judgment of Captain Gosnold, the first projector of the colony, a low-lying peninsula, upon which they founded their new city, calling it Jamestown. This unfortunate location brought them malarial disease; the neglect of the London company and the long loitering of the sea-

*One of the wyuces of Wyngyno.*



A CHIEF'S WIFE. (FROM THE DRAWING BY JOHN WHITE, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)





INDIAN HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF SECOTAN. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

men had left the newly landed colonists, at the outset of their enterprise, on the very verge of famine. Seed-time had passed, while they were "refreshing themselves" in the West Indies and exploring the river; there was now no opportunity of planting until the following year. "There never were Englishmen left in any country in such misery as we were, in this new-discovered Virginia," says George Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and one of the most brave and trustworthy of the men at Jamestown. A pint of worm-eaten barley or wheat was the allowance of each man for a day. "Had we been as free from all other sins as [from] gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for saints," says Smith. "Our drink was water, our lodgings castles in the air."

To increase their misery, they lived in mortal terror of an attack from the Indians. During Captain Newport's stay in the country, he had taken a strong force and gone to explore the James River as far as the present site

of Richmond, in hope of finding the Pacific Ocean thereabout. The colonists left behind, with thoughtful imprudence deposited their awkward matchlock guns in dry vats for security, and were surprised by Indians, who wounded seventeen men and killed one boy. The savages were driven off by a cross-bar shot from a ship lying in the river, which cut down a bough of one of the trees over their heads and gave them a wholesome fright. But, now the ships were gone, the fear of the Indians made it necessary for each man to watch every third night, "lying on the cold, bare ground," and then to remain on guard the day following. This, with the small allowance of bad food and the necessity for drinking of the river-water, which was brackish at flood and slimy and filthy at low tide, brought on swellings, dysenteries, and burning fevers. Sometimes there were not five able-bodied men to defend the place in case of attack, and the sufferers were night and day groaning pitifully from famine



and sickness in every corner of the fort. "If there were any conscience in men it would make their hearts bleed," says Percy, "to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries of our sick men, without relief, every night and day, for the space of about six weeks." Some times as many as three or four died in a single night; in the morning their bodies were "trailed out of their cabins like dogs, to be buried," and sometimes the living miserable wretches were scarcely able to bury the dead. The "tents were rotten and the cabins worse than nought." Some of the famished men and boys fled in despair to the Indians, who, not wishing to incur the displeasure of men of powers so supernatural as the English seemed, treated them well and sent them back again. Those who survived the first famine lived on sturgeon and crabs caught in the river. But one-half of the hundred colonists died, and, among the rest, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, the first navigator who had the courage to cross the Atlantic by sailing directly west without seeking the trade-winds of the tropics, and the founder of the first, ineffectual New England colony on Elizabeth Island, in 1602, as well as the earliest advocate of the enterprise in which he lost his life. When the sturgeon had left the river, and the worm-eaten grain was spent, the Indians began to bring in supplies of corn, game, persimmons, and other food, to exchange for the trinkets of the settlers.

Adversity and peril bring the hero to the front. As the period of hunger and death drew to a close, and the reviving colonists set to work to build better shelter

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MAP OF THE REGION OCCUPIED AND EXPLORED BY RALEGH'S COLONY. (FROM  
JOHN WHITE'S DRAWING, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)





JOHN SMITH. (FROM THE ENGRAVING ON SMITH'S MAP OF VIRGINIA.)

than their rotten tents and earth-covered cabins, the speculating president, Wingfield, who had appropriated stores to his own use, was deposed, and Captain Ratcliffe, a man no better, took his place. But the actual leadership passed by natural gravitation into the hands of the strongest man, who fills so large a space in the history of Jamestown for the next two years that it seems to become an epic. The hero of the story was John Smith, whom the council, on landing and opening King James's mysterious ark, had solemnly expelled from their body, of which he had been named a member in the king's orders. During the five months' voyage, the emigrants had naturally fixed their eyes on Captain Smith, a young man, twenty-eight years of age, who had been, next to Gosnold, the earliest promoter of the present colony, and the fame of whose adventures in foreign travel and exploits in battle with the Turks had already brought him into notoriety.

Engaged while yet a mere lad in the wars in the Low Countries, he was afterward shipwrecked, and again, according to his own account, was robbed at sea; he became a wanderer in France, and was near to perishing; he was thrown overboard by Catholic pilgrims, who believed the heretic passenger to be the Jonah that caused the storm, but he escaped to the shore; he was in a sea-fight between a French ship and a rich Venetian argosy; and at length he distinguished himself in the war against the Turks under the Duc de Mercœur. Here he displayed skill in engineering, and fought and killed three Turks successively in single combat, receiving from Sigismund II., of

Transylvania, a patent of nobility, with a coat of arms bearing three Turks' heads in a shield. In a later battle he was wounded and made prisoner by the Turks, who sold him with others into slavery. Smith prided himself as highly upon winning the favor of ladies as he did on his skill in taking Turks' heads, and he tells how his young Mohammedan mistress, Charatza Tragabigzanda, who could speak some Italian, fell in love with her slave. Her relatives persecuted him, and Smith, degraded and abused, with a collar of iron about his neck, at length, in a fit of desperation, slew Tragabigzanda's brother, the Pasha of Nalbritz, with a flail, concealed his body in the straw, clothed himself in the pasha's garments, filled a knapsack with grain, mounted the dead pasha's horse, and made off into the uninhabited plain. After sixteen days of wandering he reached the Russian frontier, where his iron collar was removed, and where another kind lady, the good Calamata, took an interest in his welfare and liberally supplied his wants. Covered with honors on his return into Transylvania, he was now eager to get back into his "own native land." After some adventures in Morocco, and a sea-fight by the way, he returned at length to England, like a veritable hero of romance. This last of the knights-errant, on his arrival in his own country, enlisted of course in the most difficult and



THOMAS, LORD DE LA WARE. (FROM A COPY MADE AT THE BOURNE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, FROM THE ORIGINAL, FOR THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, NOW IN THE STATE LIBRARY, RICHMOND.)



dangerous enterprise he could find, which happened to be the colonizing of America, to which object his best endeavors were devoted for the rest of his life.

The fame of Smith, his manifest ability and winning address, as well as his military and sea-faring experience, made him a natural rallying-point for the allegiance of the colony, the names of whose lawful governors were sealed up in the well-filled box of Pandora. His popularity excited the jealousy of the other ambitious spirits of the expedition, and, as he was a high-spirited man, yet young, and at no time remarkable for modesty, it is probable that he did not conciliate his rivals by soft speeches or reticent manners. He seems to have been put under a sort of arrest during the voyage, and there was talk of hanging him on a charge of conspiring to make himself a king. When Newport with the ships was about to return, it was proposed to send him back to England to be mildly reprimanded, rather than subject his life to peril by trying him in the colony, the real object being to get rid of so influential and so clever a man with as little trouble as possible. With characteristic courage and tact, Smith demanded a trial, proved his innocence and exposed the conspiracy by the mouths of the witnesses who had been suborned against him; so that Wingfield, the president, was sentenced to pay him two hundred pounds damages, which Smith generously turned into the common store of the colony. The effect of this was to compel Captain Smith's admission to the council.

At the close of the period of suffering, he carried forward the building of Jamestown, and all had thatched houses to dwell in before he made provision for himself. Having suppressed a mutiny, he now set out on the first of his trading and exploring expeditions, buying corn, or getting it by craft or force, at all hazards. But after awhile the council complained that he had not yet gone up the Chickahominy River, which came from the north-west, and at the head of which might be found—according to the directions taken from the box—the Pacific Ocean. It was in the expedition set on foot in consequence of these complaints that Smith, while exploring with an Indian guide the “slashes” toward the head of that river, was set upon and captured by the Pamunkey Indians, who had just before surprised and slain three of his men. Never did his dexterous management of slender resources stand him in better stead than in escaping the dangers of this captivity, as, for example, by showing a pocket-compass, and, if one may credit the story, attempting to expound the mysteries of the universe



GEORGE PERCY. (FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S ROOMS, RICHMOND, VA.)

to the curious savages, who, perhaps, estimating his wisdom by his incomprehensibility, took him to be a man of supernatural gifts. They afterward subjected him to some mysterious pow-wow to discover his intentions. When he had been led from village to village, according to the Indian custom, he was brought before Powhatan, a chief whose prowess had awed the neighboring tribes into a sort of subjection to his leadership. Smith secured the favor of the chieftain and the affection of his little daughter, Pocahontas, who became the friend and frequent benefactor of Smith and the colonists. In the later narratives of his captivity, Smith says that she rescued him by laying her head on his when the warriors were about to beat out his brains. As the story does not occur in the earlier accounts, it has been doubted by some investigators and defended by others. It seems probable that Captain Smith gives an exaggerated account of a real interference on his behalf by this young girl.

Smith so managed the Indians, that they released him and sent him back to the fort. Every four or five days, for some time thereafter, the chief's daughter came with provisions; presents for Smith and articles for barter were brought in, for which the captain exchanged trinkets at such prices as he pleased. Smith's rivals became jealous even of his influence with the Indians, and spoiled the trade from which they lived, by paying more liberally than he for what was bought. Then arrived a second time Cap-





*Matoaka als Rebecca daughter to the mighty Prince  
Powhatan Emperour of tatanoughemouck als virginia  
converted and baptizd in the Christian faith, and  
wife to the Wor.<sup>d</sup> M.<sup>r</sup> Joh. Rolfe.* Comprom Holland excudit

POCAHONTAS. (FROM THE ENGRAVING IN THE FIRST EDITION OF JOHN SMITH'S GENERAL HISTORY.)

tain Newport, who was as helpless on dry land as a sea-turtle.

The marplot council in London sent over by Newport a crown, a bedstead, a robe, and an ewer for the unwashed chief, who kindly gave in exchange only his cast-off garments and moccasins, while he played so sharp a trick in trade that Newport secured only eight bushels of corn in exchange for all he had brought. But Captain Smith dangled before the eyes of the childish savage some blue beads, at first refusing to sell them, saying they were made of a substance like the sky, and were intended only for the greatest kings and chiefs to wear. By this ruse he secured enough corn to load his vessels for two pounds of glass beads, which were always kept sacred to chiefs and their families. Thus, with unflinching tact, now by bravado, now by cajolery, and again by judicious severity, did Smith keep the colony alive from the trade or the tribute of the savages, whose arrows were almost harmless against the armor of the English. When

an Indian tried to take his sword, Smith imprisoned and then forgave him. Finding his trade with the Indians destroyed by the non-intercourse order of Powhatan, he was compelled to get food by force, and, in a last extremity of want, he chose the boldest course, and essayed to capture Powhatan himself; but the wily chief, by corrupting the foreigners sent over to make glass and potash, discovered the plot and avoided it. Powhatan's brother, Opechancanough, having stationed about a wigwam, in which he was parleying with Smith and his handful of men, hundreds of warriors whose arrows were "nocked" ready to shoot, Smith seized the chief by the hair, put a pistol to his breast, and dragged him out before them all, and so made peace at the muzzle of a loaded firearm. When, later, Opechancanough sent him poisoned meat, which sickened, but did not kill the white men, the captain contented himself with kicking and beating the Indian who brought the poison. Smith was adroit in avoiding blood-



shed while spreading the terror of his name among the tribes about him. He was like a stout champion in the days of the Hebrew anarchy: a great fear of him fell on all the heathen round about.

Next to the preservation of the Jamestown colony, the most permanent benefit conferred on the world by Captain Smith's exertions was the exploration of Chesapeake Bay and its tributary rivers, which he made in two voyages in an open boat,—sailing, if one might trust his own estimate, three thousand miles. He sent to the company in London a map of this region marvelously correct, if we consider his facilities and circumstances,—a map that was the starting-point for all charts and surveys of this coast. In these two voyages of exploration, the little company endured many hardships, sleeping in the boat, eating damaged food, stripping off their very shirts to renew their sails after a storm, and suffering such thirst that, eager as they were to find gold, they would have refused "two barricoes of gold for one of puddle-water." In winter trips it was their habit to remove the fire two or three times in a night, to get warm ground to lie on. They were sometimes forced to fight with ten times their number of savages. It is a curious picture we get, in the compiled writings of Smith and his companions, of their life along the coast, in the rivers, and among the savages, exercising themselves in psalm-singing, praying, fighting, trading, maneuvering, lying, or evangelizing, as occasion required, like good Englishmen of the seventeenth century. Whenever Smith could win the Indians to friendliness by kind treatment, he did so. Often, by a mere display of force, he avoided bloodshed; but, when betrayed or attacked, he fought with so much address as not to lose a single man in battle, and to leave a profound respect for the English in every tribe with which he came into contact. His unflinching vigilance prevented surprise; he exacted that every company of Indians trading with the English should deposit their arms, or exchange hostages with him. He was full of expedients: knew how to hang hats on sticks to increase the apparent number of his men, and knew how to deceive the savages by politic devices or point-blank lies of great ingenuity and unblushing boldness. He showed the highest generalship in the conduct of a petty force of twelve or fourteen men; he evinced rare diplomatic tact in bringing the most hostile tribes to parley and trade; he won the affection and allegiance of his men, whose comfort he always preferred to his own; and in the broils at Jamestown, the gentlemen and soldiers who had explored

or campaigned with him after corn were his loving friends and staunch partisans.

A historian of Virginia aptly applies to Smith the words of Dean Swift: "When a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy against him." Three times he crushed plots, on the part of members of the council and others, to flee to England with the pinnacle, and thus abandon the colony to perish. When he came back from his seven weeks' captivity the conspirators fully intended to hang him for the death of two of the three men slain by the Indians in that expedition,—twisting some provision of the Levitical law to accomplish this murder. Newport's arrival the day before the execution was all that saved him. His hand was heavy when discipline required it; but when he found his enemies subject to his power, he treated them with magnanimity. He dealt hard blows in battle, fighting lustily and with a soldierly relish; he knew how indispensable is sternness in managing savages; but he always avoided putting to death the Indians whom he had occasion to punish; he left no blood account to be settled with neighbors, though he sometimes made the savages believe for awhile that he had executed an offender. When at last Smith had "beaten the path" for a successful settlement, had awed the Indians and made friends with them, had set the colonists to planting, and fortified and built up Jamestown, digging a well of good water, had seized for his hungry colonists the supplies brought in an illicit trading-ship by the rascally Captain Argall, had established a new settlement and sent some of the colonists to live with the Indians, there came from London the "third supply." The company, having secured a new charter and new subscriptions, now sent out five hundred men and women, of whom some were worthy people, others of the same class of scrapethrift gentlemen and bankrupts of which Virginia had already too many, with "decayed tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and long peace." The officers under the new commission, jealous of one another, had all sailed in the same ship with their three commissions, lest one should get advantage by a first arrival, and had all together gone ashore, in a hurricane, on the Bermudas. The unruly crew that got safely to Jamestown had with them, as ship-captains, Smith's old enemies, the corrupt Ratcliffe and Archer, the very couple who had essayed to hang him under the Levitical law, because the Indians had killed his men. Having neither head nor authority, these hundreds were landed like an avalanche upon the little, poverty-stricken, but now experienced and weather-hardened colony. All the old disor-



ders were set a-going again by the resolution of the newly arrived not to submit to Captain Smith's authority. With much labor he essayed to bring to subjection this mob, refusing to resign his presidency until the commissions should arrive, until, at length, he was injured by the accidental explosion of a bag of powder. As he was now no longer able to awe the mutinous by his presence, the other party gained the ascendancy; an attempt was even made to assassinate him in his bed. He probably saw the danger and uselessness of remaining longer to wrangle with the newcomers, for, under color of seeking surgical aid, he consented to go to England, and the ship was detained until charges of various misdemeanors could be made out and sent with him.

The best evidence of the importance of Captain Smith's services at Jamestown is the melancholy fact that the four hundred and ninety who were in the colony at his leaving were reduced in eight months to sixty "miserable, poor wretches," by Indian war and by desertion, but chiefly by sheer famine. When the strong hand was withdrawn, the colony quickly fell to ruin.

In his aggressive temper, ceaseless conflicts and sturdy achievements, Captain Smith reminds one of the Greek heroes; but in magnanimity and rude justice he was more modern than they. In answer to all assaults upon his fame, it is sufficient to say that his character and services commanded the homage of Percy, Strachey, and all the best and most judicious in the colony; and even his enemy, Wingfield, reluctantly paid a tribute to his diligence. He had the ardent friendship of many of the best men in England. He was a good hater, it must be confessed, though not implacable. Like most ambitious men, he had a sensitive vanity; like many travelers of his time, he shows an unpleasant tendency to exaggeration and self-laudation in his writings. His private life was pure and honorable, free from "dice debts and oaths," as one testifies; his official life was ambitious, but with a certain lofty, public spirit, and an entire freedom from the faintest blot of covetousness. He is the first of the heroes of our national history. Though it was said by a contemporary that he "loved actions better than words," yet his words are often pregnant with a keen wit, and there is a vast fund of practical wisdom in his terse and sententious writings. His views on public affairs have the breadth and good sense of statesmanship. He foresaw the importance of the coming colonial trade, and especially of the fisheries, in "breeding mariners," and thus promoting the greatness of England;

and he urged that the colonies should not annoy those who come to trade "with pilotage and such like dues." Low customs, he says, enrich a people. He was a remarkable man who could so clearly understand great economical principles in an age when almost everybody else misconceived them. In mental and physical hardihood and shiftiness, as well perhaps as in his proneness to overstatement of fact, he was in some sense a typical American,—the forerunner of the daring and ready-witted men who have subdued a savage continent, of which subjugation John Smith, of Jamestown, was the true beginner.

## IV.

## EARLY LIFE AT JAMESTOWN.

WITH the first company that came to Jamestown was a clergyman, Robert Hunt, to whom, if to any man, might be applied the words, "a light shining in a dark place." He had been a vicar in Kent, and during all the weeks that the storm-tossed and discontented emigrants lay in their little vessels in the English Channel, off the Downs, he was almost in sight of his home, and so sick that recovery seemed impossible; but he uttered no word about returning. As soon as he was able, he devoted himself to soothing the discords of the leaders and heartening the discontented. It was he who, after their landing, persuaded Captain Smith and the hostile councilors to make peace, solemnly administering the communion to them the next day, in pledge of mutual forbearance and forgiveness. In all the famine and suffering that came upon the badly provided colony immediately after their landing, he was with them; and when the wretched habitations of Jamestown were burned up, in the middle of the first winter, he lost all his books, whose companionship must have been his solace in such a wilderness and among such men. "Yet none ever heard him complain." He was as ready to bear arms in defense as any, and cheerfully shared the dangers and hardships of the colonists until he died, at some time during the first two years.

The first church of the colonists was an old sail hung upon neighboring trees to keep off the sun; for walls there were wooden rails, the pews were unhewn logs, the pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees. "In foul weather," says Captain Smith, "we shifted into an old, rotten tent, for we had few better, and this came by way of adventure for a new one." After awhile they built a church, "a homely little



thing, like a barn," the roof of it set upon crotches covered with rafters, sedge, and earth. Their houses were made after the fashion of the church, but were worse,—too poorly built to keep out either wind or rain.

The rotten tent, "that came by way of adventure for a new one," is a reminder that the poor little colony was continually swindled by the merchants and tradesmen who were subscribers to the company,—“such juggling there was betwixt them, that all the trash they could get in London was sent to Virginia.” The treasurer, Sir Thomas Smith, was suspected of peculation, the mariners who brought supplies plundered the stores, the men in power at Jamestown often appropriated the best to themselves, so that the colony was a skeleton that had been picked by more than one flock of vultures. Besides these, there were renegades—foreigners sent over to make potash and glass, and some of the lower sort among the English—who had run away to Powhatan, flying from the deadly misery of Jamestown; and, tempted by the liberal bribes which the chief offered, of wigwams, food, and women, these men, by the aid of accomplices in the fort, succeeded in stealing a great many swords and other arms from Jamestown; while the Dutchmen whom Smith sent to build a house for Powhatan, the capacious Dutch chimney of which is still standing, betrayed to him the weakness and plans of the colonists.

When Smith went home,—or was sent home, whichever it was,—Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers having been wrecked on the Bermudas, the government fell into the hands of Percy, a good man in feeble health and deficient in will; with West (who was brother to Lord De la Warre), Ratcliffe, and Martin in the council. West ran away with the best ship to England. Ratcliffe went in one of the vessels, with thirty men, to trade in Powhatan's country, where, from lack of vigilance, he was killed with his whole party.

And now set in “the starving time,” as it was always afterward called. There was nothing to eat but roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, and berries, with sometimes a little fish. As the distress increased, all the animals brought for breeding were eaten,—even the skins of the horses were consumed. Those who had starch ate that. An Indian, who had been killed in an attack on the fort, was dug up and eaten by the poorer sort, and some ate even their own dead. The perishing settlers bartered away arms to the savages, who soon grew boldly hostile, so that the English could not move abroad without being shot down. The shiftless and despairing people burned for fire-wood the

houses of the dead and the palisades that defended the town, sparing only the block-house for refuge, so that Jamestown looked like the ruins of “some ancient fortification.”

Of nearly five hundred colonists in October, but sixty famine-smitten wretches were found in Jamestown in the following June, and of these not one could have survived ten days longer, had not succor arrived. In three years of suffering and death since the first planting, the colony had gained only a foot-hold with much valuable experience. Unfitted for their environment, the earlier immigrants perished by that pitiless law which works ever to abolish from the earth the improvident, the idle, and the vicious. But, indeed, it would have wrought evil beyond remedy, to have planted a new land with so vile a seed.

Help came to the little remnant from an unexpected quarter. Gates and Somers, cast on the Bermudas, built for themselves two cedar vessels, rigging them with what they had taken from their wrecked ship, and thus reached Jamestown, only to find the gaunt skeleton of a colony, clamoring in the bitterest despair to be taken away from the site of so many misfortunes and horrible miseries. With such formality as the Englishmen of that time never omitted, even when they were perishing, the new chaplain, Mr. Buck, made a zealous and sorrowful prayer in the little church. Percy delivered up his authority to Sir Thomas Gates, who found himself installed a governor of death, famine, and desperation. There was not food for three weeks, the Indians were bitterly hostile, the badgered and homesick colonists had neglected to plant, and there was nothing for it but to be off as soon as possible in the forlorn hope of finding some English vessels fishing on the coast of Newfoundland. The settlers hated even the sight of Jamestown, and they would have burned its shabby remains to the ground, had not Sir Thomas Gates himself stood guard over the place, embarking last of all.

But, before the colonists, carrying the destiny of the English race in America in their retreating boats, could get out of the mouth of the river, they were encountered by Lord De la Warre—or Delaware, as it is written now—sailing in with a new batch of immigrants, abundant supplies for a year, and a commission as governor. He turned Gates' party about, and landed with them at Jamestown. Again they all repaired to the little church, where there was a new formality,—first a sermon, and then the reading of his lordship's commission, and an address from the new governor. Under De la Warre's gov-



ernment the state and ceremony were very amusing, and the witty Captain Smith, who sought his ends in a direct way, without flummery, does not fail to laugh at the many well-paid dignitaries in so slender a colony,—“as many great and stately officers and offices as doth belong to a great kingdom.” Such strutting of lieutenant-generals and admirals over a hamlet of log-cabins in a wilderness is ludicrous, and one can hardly help suspecting that the king had a hand in these pompous devices. There were also privileges for cities, charters, corporations, universities, free schools, glebe-land,—“putting all these in practice before there were either people, students, or scholars, to build or use them, or provision or victual for them that were there.”

Lord De la Warre took immediate precaution against future want. Gates was dispatched to England for supplies, whence he returned with one hundred cattle and other provisions; the aged but indomitable Somers, in his own cedar vessel, set sail for the Bermudas to seek provision, and died there. Argall traded successfully in the Potomac, where an English lad, who had been saved from death by Pocahontas, acted as interpreter; and Percy was sent to chastise the neighboring Paspeheghs. These fled at his approach, so that he captured only the chief's wife and children, who were afterward put to death in cold blood, to punish the husband and father,—an act of barbarous inhumanity that could not have occurred under the ruler, but juster government of Smith, “who never shed one drop of Indian blood by way of punishment,” says Stith.

But if De la Warre sometimes forgot justice and mercy in dealing with the savages, he nevertheless paid much attention to religion. He almost rebuilt the little church, so that it was sixty feet long, with chancel and pews of fragrant cedar, and a wooden font, hewed out like a canoe. The governor had the church kept constantly adorned with the lovely wild flowers of Virginia, which were renewed every day. His lordship must have impressed the imaginations of his few subjects, as, on Sundays, he walked to the little church, attended by the councilors, officers, and gentlemen, and guarded by fifty men with halberds, wearing his lordship's livery of showy red cloaks. His seat in church was a chair covered with green velvet; a red velvet kneeling-cushion was before him to enable him to worship the Maker in a manner becoming the dignity of a great lord over a howling wilderness. More than one-fourth of all the able-bodied men in Jamestown were required to get the governor to church, and back again to his cabin, with propriety.

But Lord De la Warre's dignity seems to have served a good purpose in stilling the voice of faction, and during his brief rule there was quiet. He appointed certain hours for labor, which were light enough for men beset with enemies and in danger of famine. From six to ten in the forenoon, and from two to four in the afternoon, were spent in work. At the close of the morning's task all assembled in the church for prayer, and again, at four in the afternoon, prayers were read. The remainder of the day was spent in recreation. The one hundred and fifty men whom his lordship had brought over were mostly laborers, and he wrote to the company, on his arrival, that “a hundred or two debauched hands, dropt forth by year after year, ill-provided for before they come, and worse governed when they are here,” were not fit to be “carpenters and workers in this so glorious a building.” Jamestown in De la Warre's time was surrounded with a palisade of posts and plank, having a gate at every bulwark, and a main gate toward the water; at every gate was a demi-culverin—a long gun carrying a nine-pound shot. The cabins were roofed with bark, after the manner of wigwams; they had large fire-places, which in that boundless forest were kept well filled in winter time. All that could be done in the way of elegance was to hang about the interiors the Indian mats, brightly colored with the blood-red juice of the puccoon root.

The settlers early learned to like the native food. Strachey, who was secretary to the colony under De la Warre, boasts of seeing oysters in Virginia thirteen inches long, and adds: “The wild turkey, I may well say, is an excellent fowl.” The colonists ate the land-turtle daily, and had learned to eat the green snake, as the savages did. The raccoon or “arrachoune” was esteemed an excellent meat. They cooked the maize after the Indian methods, in ash-cakes, mush, and pones, and the sugary persimmon in their “baked and sodden puddings.” The colony sent out shoots in the way of new plantations, when the number of immigrants increased. All the earlier settlements were inclosed with pales—made probably of plank and logs—except on sides where they were protected by the river. The malarial Jamestown was destined never to become the center of trade and influence its projectors intended it to be. In 1614 it had three rows of framed houses; to-day it has long been a ruin.

The coming of Sir Thomas Dale to the governorship, after the brief rule of De la Warre, marks the beginning of the permanent establishment of the plantation. For, though he was a harsh governor and put in force a



martial law, yet his practical wisdom and energy, and even his harshness, brought about an order and a prosperous expansion, that the scoundrelism of Argall, his successor, could not overthrow. When Dale arrived on the 10th of May, 1611, the colonists, with their usual improvidence, had planted no seed, trusting to the three months' store of corn, and to such luck as might happen when that should be exhausted. At Jamestown he found most of the company "at their daily and usual work, bowling in the streets." But the firm hand had come at last, and, late in the season as it was, he set all to planting and building defenses.

The five years of common stock prescribed by the king's order had now expired, and Dale took advantage of it to bring in private interest, though at first in a niggardly way. The old colonists were allowed three acres, on which they might work one month in the year for their own support; the other eleven months they must serve the company, from whose common store they received only two barrels of corn. But the new immigrants in Dale's own settlement at Bermuda Hundred were allowed to reverse this arrangement, giving the common store one month, and spending eleven on their own land, from which they paid a tribute of two barrels and a half of corn yearly to the store. Even this introduction of individual interest, restricted and mean as it was, drove away the fear of famine from the colony.

But the danger of want came presently from an unlooked-for prosperity. In the year after Sir Thomas Dale's arrival, John Rolfe planted some tobacco, thinking Virginia might compete with the Spanish colonies in the growing of a commodity which had at this time come into demand in Europe. The foolish law-makers and councilors, imagining that they could with advantage bind trade by artificial restrictions, fixed the price of corn, as an article of necessity, at two shillings sixpence the quarter, about a fourth of the cost of grain brought from England. Tobacco having been found far more profitable than corn at so low a price, the latter was neglected, and the prosperous tobacco-growing colony was obliged to depend on the Indians for food. As is always the case where such an arbitrary interference with the law of demand and supply is attempted, a new one had to be devised to remedy the evil of this; so that it was enacted, in Sir Thomas Dale's time, that every farmer should plant a certain amount of land to corn, or suffer the confiscation of all his tobacco. But, when Argall arrived in 1617, he found Jamestown falling to ruins, the very streets planted with tobacco,

and the dispersed people engaged in the culture of the profitable plant. Thus early was shown the tendency of tobacco-planting to check the growth of cities and villages.

The same Rolfe who, of the English settlers, ventured first to plant tobacco, was also the first Englishman to take an Indian wife in legal wedlock. Whether Pocahontas really took Captain Smith's head in her arms, and begged his life when he was about to be slain, or whether she intervened in his behalf in some less dramatic way, or not at all, it is certain that a friendly relation grew up between Smith and this extraordinary Indian child, during his stay with Powhatan, for soon afterward, the great chief, wishing to persuade Smith to release certain Indians whom he had detained for some offenses, sent Pocahontas, with others, to secure their liberation, which Smith granted, affecting that it was only the great love he bore to Pocahontas that induced him to let them go. And, indeed, he seems sincerely to have admired her, for he says, in his earliest account, that "not only for feature, countenance, and proportion," she "much exceeded any of the rest of Powhatan's people; but, for wit and spirit," she is "the only nonpareil of his country."

From her first meeting with Smith she became devotedly attached to the English, and rendered the settlers many services. She often secured supplies for them, and indeed seems to have haunted the fort, utterly naked as she was, after the manner of little girls among her people, who wore no clothes and showed no modesty until they were twelve or thirteen years of age, at which time they put on a deerskin apron, and were very careful not to be seen without it. The agile little barbarian would persuade the English lads to make wheels of themselves by turning upon their hands and feet, whereupon she would follow them, wheeling as they did, all through the fort.

Her real name was Matoax; but, by order of Powhatan, this was carefully concealed from the whites, lest by their supernatural enchantments they should work her some harm. When Richard Wyffin was sent from Jamestown to apprise the endangered Captain Smith, environed by foes among Powhatan's people, of the death of his deputy, Mr. Scrivener, and his ten companions by drowning, Pocahontas hid him, misdirected those who sought him, and, by extraordinary bribes and maneuvers, brought him safely to Smith, after three days' travel in the midst of extreme peril. So, also, when Ratcliffe was cut off with thirty men, she saved the lad Spilman, who was then living with Powhatan, and sent him to the Potomacs. But the most touching story



of all precedes in order of time the other two. In the same difficult adventure among Powhatan's people, in which Captain Smith was engaged when Scrivener was drowned, the treacherous chief had arranged to surprise Smith at supper, and cut off the whole party, when Pocahontas, the "dearest jewel and daughter" of the aged chief, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods" to warn the captain of Powhatan's design. Captain Smith offered to repay her kindness with such trinkets as the heart of an Indian maiden delights in; "but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for, if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

In 1613 Pocahontas was among the Potomac Indians. Captain Argall, a man of much shrewdness and executive force, but infamous for his dishonest practices, happened to be trading in the river at that time. He quickly saw the advantage the English would gain in negotiations with Powhatan for the return of the white prisoners held by him, if he could secure so valuable a hostage as the chief's daughter. With a copper kettle he bribed Japazaws, the chief with whom she was staying, to entice her on board the vessel, where he detained her, much to the sorrow of the daughter of the wilderness, whose life hitherto had been as free as that of the wild creatures of the woods. To Jamestown, where she had frolicked as a child, and whither she had so often come as a friend with food, she was now carried as an enemy and a prisoner. She had refused to enter the town since the departure of Captain Smith.

This transaction, not very creditable to the gratitude of the English, accomplished its purpose in causing Powhatan to return the white men held in slavery by him, with the least useful of the stolen arms. But he still contrived to evade some of the demands of the English, who therefore retained his daughter until the affair took a new turn. John Rolfe, who seems to have been a widower, became enamored of Pocahontas, now growing to womanhood, and wrote a formal letter to Sir Thomas Dale, proposing to convert her to Christianity and marry her, which pleased the governor, as tending to promote peace with the Indians, and was likewise acceptable to Powhatan. The chief sent an old uncle of Pocahontas and two of her brothers to witness the marriage.

This marriage brought about peace during the life of Powhatan, who, on one occasion at least, sent a present of buckskins to his daughter and her husband. A free intermingling of the two races took place, and Englishmen

were accustomed to hire Indians to live in their houses and hunt for them. This amity lasted eight years.

In 1616, more than two years after their marriage, Rolfe and Pocahontas went to England with Sir Thomas Dale. Powhatan sent some Indians with his daughter, one of whom was commissioned to count the number of the English. The arrival of the Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called after her baptism, produced a great sensation. She was received by the king and many distinguished people, went to see a play, and, by help of her naturally quick wit, bore herself very well. But it became necessary to desist from calling her the wife of John Rolfe, for the king was very jealous, and it was seriously debated in the privy council whether, by marrying the daughter of a foreign potentate without the king's consent, Rolfe had not committed treason.

The climate of London, and perhaps also the uncongenial habits of civilization, affected Pocahontas very unfavorably, and she was taken to Brentford, where Smith, then busy with his preparations to sail for New England, visited her. In the successful efforts of Rolfe and others to win her to the Christian faith and to marriage, they had not scrupled to deceive her, by telling her that Captain Smith was dead, probably because they knew she would not marry another white man while she believed that great warrior alive. When, therefore, she saw the "brave" who had been the object of her maidenly admiration, she turned her face away and refused to speak for the space of two or three hours. When she did, it was to claim the privilege of calling him father, which Smith granted only after importunity, afraid, perhaps, of incurring the king's displeasure. Pocahontas went to Gravesend to take ship for her return to America, much against her will, for she had become weaned from her savage life and greatly attached to the English. At Gravesend she died of small-pox three years after her marriage, leaving one son, from whom some of the most prominent Virginia families trace their descent.

The peace ensuing upon the marriage of Pocahontas, with the prosperity that followed the establishment of individual interest in land and the raising of so profitable a commodity as tobacco, did not do more to promote the welfare and stability of the colony than the sending out of young women for wives to the colonists, which began in 1619, during which year ninety were sent over. Again, in 1621, one widow and eleven maids, carefully selected, were sent out to be married, it having been remembered, at a late day, "that the plantation can never flourish till



families be planted, and the respect of wives and children fix the people in the soil." The price charged in 1621 for each of this dozen, to be paid by the men whom they should freely accept, was one hundred and twenty pounds of the best leaf tobacco. If any of them died, the price of the remainder was to be raised, so as to protect the company from loss. For the next invoice of thirty-eight "maids and young women," the price demanded of settlers seeking wives was a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. According to the cruel and arbitrary spirit of the times, some, at least, of these maids were "pressed,"—that is, torn from their homes by force, and a great

terror spread through parts of England, and many young girls concealed themselves. But this cruel violence, like the rape of the Sabine women in the Roman story, provided wives for the beginners of a great empire. When once there were house-mothers in the cabins of the colonists, and English children born in the country, the settlers no longer dreamed of returning to England. The new land became a home, Virginia was securely planted, and other settlements were probable. But the significance to the world of this little plantation on the margin of an unexplored continent could not be understood even by the most hopeful men of that time.

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### THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

In the very olden time there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing, and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but, whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheater, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king,

public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena, a structure which well deserved its name, for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the inclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased; he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him and tore him to pieces as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other



door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects, and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection; the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side, and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady; he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty, and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan, for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsur-

passed in all this kingdom, and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion, and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of the king. In after years such things became commonplace enough, but then they were in no slight degree novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else, thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of, and the king would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena, and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors,—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king, but he did not think at all of that royal



personage. His eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature it is probable that lady would not have been there, but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done,—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them. But gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived, and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there, paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would

never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen



them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and

nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door, —the lady, or the tiger?

*Frank R. Stockton.*

### THE GRAVE-YARD AT SIPPICAN.

COME to this spot among the rocks and pines,—  
This hidden acre thou hadst ne'er beheld  
Unless persuaded by a poet's lines,  
Or by the circumstance of death compelled.

The summer suns pour down their fervid heat  
On stunted herbage and a sterile soil:  
The storms of winter hurl their stinging sleet,  
And the hurt trees in agony recoil.

These modest monuments no great names bear;  
Thou tread'st not, traveler, on a hero here;  
Yet these were strong to do and brave to dare,  
And filled their places on the busy sphere.

They and the sea were surely kith and kin,  
And o'er these graves, although they never stop,  
Marauding sea-fogs that come driving in,  
A tribute from their salty plunder drop.

Near this lone nook their labor was not done:  
Through calms and storms, from port to port they ran:  
Or from the tropic to the frozen zone  
They sought and slaughtered the leviathan.

Their virtues or their vices who shall tell,  
Or what their harbor since life's sails are furled!  
Remote from strife and tumult they sleep well  
"Here at the quiet limit of the world."

Such simple histories deep lessons teach,—  
Who seeketh wisdom let him pause and learn,—  
That in His plan God hath remembered each,  
And each He satisfieth in his turn:

That death, relentless, still is not unkind,  
The vexed and weary to compel to rest;  
Nor mother earth in her affection blind  
To call her crying children to her breast.

*Edward N. Pomeroy.*





## THE BABY SORCERESS.

My baby sits beneath the tall elm-trees,  
A wreath of tangled ribbons in her hands;  
She twines and twists the many-colored strands,—  
A little sorceress, weaving destinies.  
Now the pure white she grasps; now naught can please  
But strips of crimson, lurid as the brands  
From passion's fires; or yellow, like the sands  
That lend soft setting to the azure seas.  
And so with sweet, incessant toil she fills  
A summer hour, still following fancies new,  
Till through my heart a sudden terror thrills  
Lest, as she weaves, her aimless choice prove true.  
Thank God! our fates proceed not from our wills:  
The Power that spins the thread shall blend the hue.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

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## SCULPTURES OF THE GREAT PERGAMON ALTAR.

"And to the angel of the church in Pergamum write: These things saith he that hath the sharp two-edged sword: I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's throne is."

*The Revelation of John, ii: 12-13, Revised Version.*

THE recently discovered sculptures of the Pergamon Altar, the fragments of which are now being set up in the Berlin Museum, constituted, so far as we know, the last great plastic work of the Greek genius, and are to the Hellenistic Age\* what the monumental marbles of the Parthenon are to the age of Pericles. They consist of a colossal marble frieze representing the fierce conflicts of gods with giants, smaller reliefs picturing quiet mythic scenes, and imposing fragments of cornice, column, and ceiling, and, with other portions not yet found or wholly destroyed, composed the Great Altar, which was in antiquity the glory of the summit of Pergamon (or Bergama, as the Turks call it),—one of the seven cities of the Apocalypse.

The history of these important discoveries is as follows: In 1861, Carl Humann, a young German engineer, who had been ordered south for his health, came, in his wan-

derings, to the summit of Pergamon. Here he found the natives engaged in excavating marble, which they were feeding to lime-kilns and breaking up for building purposes. On closer inspection he discovered that what they were so ruthlessly destroying were fragments of a great ruin, and of its noble decorative sculptures. Indignant at such vandalism, he succeeded in stopping the destructive work of the kilns. His further investigations impressed him still more with the archæological and artistic value of the discovery, and he determined to devote himself to organizing an expedition for the purpose of excavating. Five long years elapsed before he was able again to visit Pergamon, when, to his dismay, he found that the lime-kilns had resumed their work. So energetic, however, were his measures during this visit, that the wholesale destruction of ancient sculptures was stopped by the direct influence of the Grand Vizier. Three years

\* By an inadvertence, for which the author was not responsible, the title of Mrs. Mitchell's last article (see THE CENTURY for May, 1882) was printed as "The Hellenic Age of Sculpture," when the sculpture of the "Hellenistic Age," which followed the Hellenic, was the subject treated. The significance of the word "Hellenistic," as it is now employed by historians and archæologists, is too useful to be lost sight of. The Hellenic Age, or the "Golden Age," ends properly with the conquest of the world by Alexander, after which the Greeks became cosmopolites, and foreign elements mingled with the population. The civilization resulting from these political changes showed a decline from the pure Greek or "Hellenic" model, and is called "Hellenistic."—EDITOR.



later, having contracted to build several roads in the neighborhood, he was able to make Pergamon his head-quarters, and to watch with jealous eye the attempts at destruction. One day, in wandering over the Acropolis, he came upon the glorious full figure of a god in high relief, just exhumed; returning, shortly after, to conceal this new treasure, he found, alas, that it had been ruthlessly hacked up to make a step in a flight of stairs. How much more of surpassing strength and beauty perished at the hands of ignorant natives can never be told. In 1871, Humann took from the long Byzantine fortification wall two grand fragments of relief, and presented them to the Berlin Museum. Although seized with a consuming desire, which never left him, to excavate on this summit, in the conviction that very much more was to be found, he succeeded in obtaining no assistance until 1878, the German Government, up to that time, having been too busy in subsidizing the thorough and extensive excavations at Olympia. After waiting for seven years Humann finally gained the ear of Professor Couze, the new director of the sculpture galleries at Berlin, and found a liberal patron in the Crown Prince of Germany. A nearly forgotten passage in an obscure author, Ampelius, which speaks of a great marble altar at Pergamon, forty feet in height, with colossal sculptures (*cum maximis sculpturis*), relating to the combats of gods and giants (a gigantomachie), suggested an object to the learned professor, and he advised Humann to search for this very altar, as he believed the reliefs already found to belong to those described by Ampelius. A Turkish firman was secured, workmen were engaged, and a ship of war was put at Humann's disposition; but all was done so secretly that when, at the end of two years, a multitude of cases suddenly appeared unheralded and unwelcomed in front of the Berlin Museum, the questions flew from mouth to mouth: "Where do they come from?" "What is in them?" "Who has sent them?" Once they were safe under the protecting care of the German eagle, it was announced that, in thanks for aid given the poor Mohammedan refugees from Circassia, Turkey had granted the Germans the privilege of digging at Pergamon, and that these four hundred and sixty-two boxes had cost in all but one hundred and fifty thousand marks or thirty-five thousand dollars. Humann is still at work with his skilled band of excavators, and new cases are continually arriving.

The Great Altar belongs almost incontrovertibly to the long and glorious reign of Eumenes II. (197-159 B. C.), under whom

Pergamon reached its highest level. On a lofty terrace of the city's southern slope, there long stood a simple, almost rude, structure, the ancient shrine and temple of Athene Polias. To this sacred spot the devout brought their offerings, and here they lifted up their prayers. But, when Attalus, king of Pergamon, having compelled submission from powerful foes and accumulated great wealth, had raised his city from obscurity to be the capital of a mighty kingdom, such primitive shrines no longer sufficed. A great open-air altar, imposing in size and glorious in significant decorations, was raised at the foot of the older and humbler temple, where its smoke should rise as grateful incense before this ancient shrine. This site confirms the belief, already gathered from inscriptions, that the altar was built in honor of "Athene Nikephoros," the victory-bringing daughter of Zeus (or Jupiter). Strabo informs us, in a tantalizingly short sentence, that Eumenes II. adorned his capital with magnificent structures. The recent discovery, by the French, at Delphi, of a decree, made by the Ætolians for Eumenes, has, happily, thrown further light on the great activity of this prince. From this, it appears that, after success in war and the extension and consolidation of his dominion, Eumenes II. celebrated competitive games, and made offerings to Athene Nikephoros, thus rendering more glorious the old rites, or establishing new ones. Sending three ambassadors to the Ætolians, he craved a recognition of all these pious services; and the decree, set up in sacred Delphi, and now brought to light, testifies that his request was granted. Thus, at the zenith of his power, Eumenes II. appears occupied with erecting thank-offerings for his successes. That the Great Altar itself was one of these memorials of thanks is most probable, and this idea receives confirmation from the forms of the letters inscribed on it, which are identical with those of other inscriptions discovered at Pergamon commemorative of Eumenes' wars, but very different from the letters in inscriptions of either earlier or later kings.

Eumenes' brother and successor, Attalus II., also erected thank-offerings for victory to the gods. His Stoa, decorated with all the paraphernalia of battle, in terrible and speaking confusion, is a revelation of the ability of the Greek sculptor of that time to make attractive even trophies of war. Inscriptions commemorative of public victory, side by side with others erected to the memory of private individuals, have also been discovered on Pergamon's summit, witnessing to the existence of other monuments.

This great art activity was, however, con-



fined to the time of Pergamon's kings. The glory of the Greek dominion soon paled before the rising sun of Rome. Scarcely thirty years after the Romans had aided the royal house of Attalus in extending its conquests far into the heart of Asia Minor, Pergamon passed into the possession of Rome. This was done by the testament of Attalus III. With this new rule artistic life began to wane; an occasional statue was erected in honor of a priestess of the goddess, or of some high Roman official. To Augustus a new temple was built on the very summit of the Acropolis, above the ancient shrine of Athene; and on the square in front of her temple a large monument to him was erected. After Hadrian, even the erection of honorary statues to members of the royal family seems to have ceased. Poverty soon usurped the seat of former grandeur. The Athene temple was in ruins when upon a part of its substructure was raised the last monument of peace,—a Christian church. From the ruins of still another, and a more spacious basilica, in the lower town, it would appear that the Christian community of Pergamon was large. Christians settled on the Acropolis itself, and to obtain building material for their huts tore out whole slabs from the Great Altar. The fortifications must, in time, have become too extensive for their scanty forces to defend; they broke down the altar and raised from the material a wall five to six meters thick, running across the summit, thus greatly contracting the line of defense. Although the Mohammedans, when occupying the citadel as a fortress, may occasionally have repaired the fortifications, the Christians seem mainly to have been instrumental in the destruction there carried on. No sign of a mosque, or even a Turkish grave, has been found; but the testimony of Byzantine buildings is confirmed by oral tradition that Christian families dwelt there, sustaining a precarious existence, till within a few generations. The fact that most of the heads of the gods from the frieze are gone seems to find a natural explanation in the zeal of the early Christians for establishing the new religion on the ruins of the old. Since they regarded the whole Greek Pantheon represented on the altar as remnants of a hated idolatry, it is not improbable that they mutilated their statues. A passage in the Revelation of St. John, addressed to the angel of the church at Pergamos, seems to hint at this spirit of animosity: "I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat (throne) is." That this colossal open altar to the heathen gods should be called the throne of Satan is most probable, when we remember the size and form of the altar, the

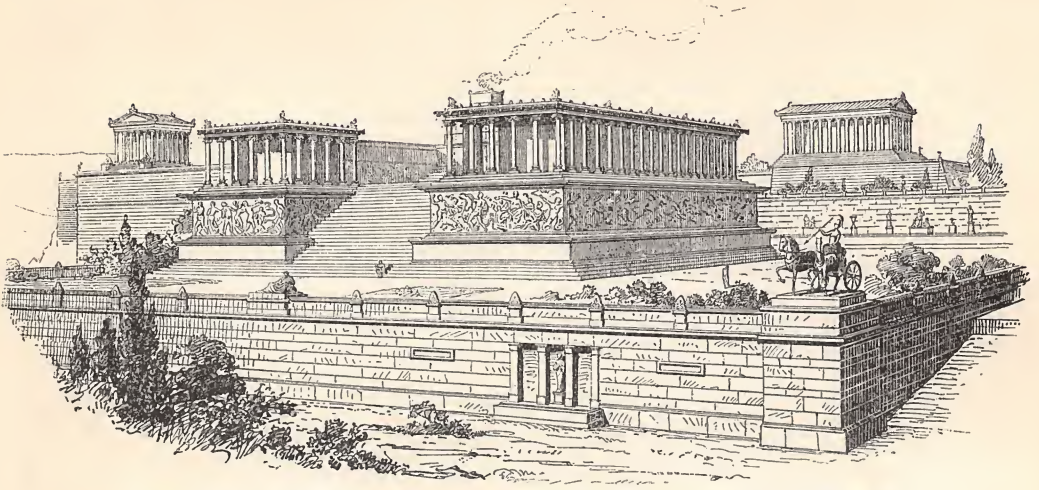
presence of so many false gods in its sculptures, and, finally, the numerous serpents' coils carved upon its base.

Fortunately for us, many of the sculptures, rudely torn from their places by the Byzantine Christians, were with soft mortar built into their new structures (the principal of which was a long wall eighteen feet thick), in such a manner as to preserve many of the lines and surfaces in excellent condition. Sadder far has been the fate of much else, which could not be used directly as building material, but was thrown into the kilns, and long since reduced to shapeless lime.

Before attempting to study the varied scenes and groups of these wonderful reliefs, and in order better to gain an idea of their significance, as well as artistic merit, let us cast a glance at the structure of the Great Altar and the place these slabs occupied upon it.

On the terraced slopes of the Acropolis, at the foot of the ancient temple of Athene Polias, and looking far off over the plain and away even to the sea beyond, stood the sacred altar. Its foundation was laid on a platform built upon older structures, in which are still traces of ancient paintings. About the center of this large platform arose the main structure of the altar, as is proved by its foundations, measuring 34.60 by 37.70 meters. By a careful study of the numerous fragments and of the site, Richard Bohn has succeeded in making a most skillful restoration of the whole, reproducing for us the magnificent architectural forms of old. As the Greek temple, the dwelling of the gods was always slightly raised above that of mortals, so the structure supporting this altar proper was raised above the profane level by three steps. Around this substructure, broken only on one side by the grand stairway leading up to the altar, and lining the sides of the stairway itself, ran the great frieze on which was to be seen the battle of the gods with the giants. Above and below the frieze were powerful cornices, measuring 14.4 meters long and 2.30 meters high, and combining the fineness of architectural detail peculiar to the works of the Phidian Age with a grandeur and boldness of composition leading over into the massive forms of Roman architecture. Thus, by these strongly pronounced and regular cornices, solidity and repose were given to the surging lines of this sea of sculpture. In the upper cornice, we should see the names of the gods, in the lower those of the giants, and still below them those of the artists modestly added in very small letters, but these letters are unfortunately gone, excepting a very few fragments. One of these, however,





RESTORATION OF THE GREAT ALTAR AND OTHER BUILDINGS AT PERGAMON, BY RICHARD BOHN.

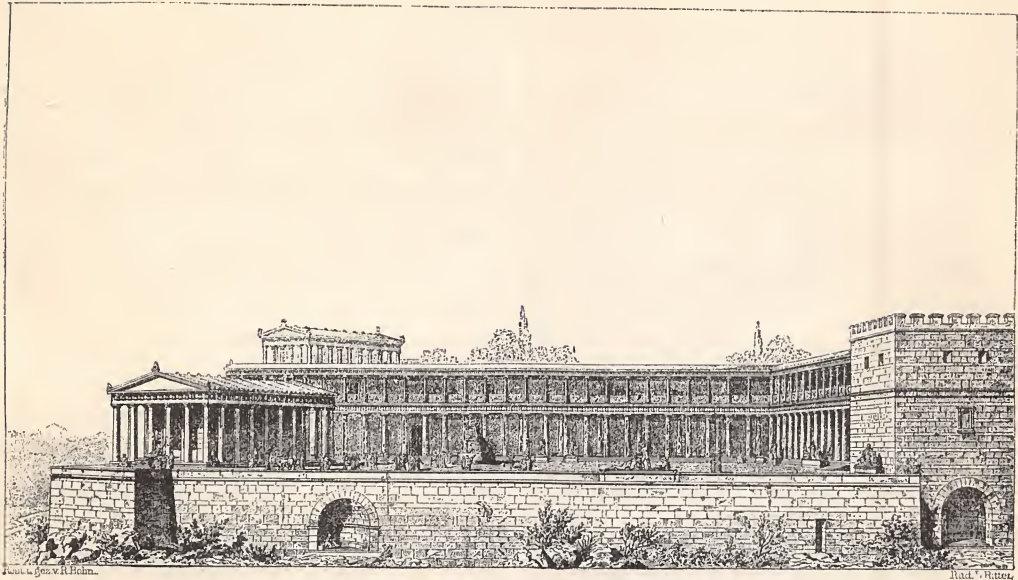
inscribed NEKPATO, is thought to throw some light upon the question. It is probably a fragmentary part of the genitive of the name Menecrates, a master mentioned by Pliny in close relationship with Apollonius and Tauriscus, two sculptors from Tralles, near Ephesus, who seem to have been the sons by adoption of Menecrates, and who executed for Rhodes that well-known group, called the Farnese Bull, now in the Naples Museum. This shattered word NEKPATO points to a connection between the art activity in these several places, and we may imagine the sculptors of Tralles wandering about, serving, now republican Rhodes, now the art-loving sovereigns of Pergamon.

Crowning the imposing substructure of the altar, was a graceful portico of Ionic columns, its inner wall surrounding the open platform in the center of which, it is supposed, was once the burning altar itself. As worshipers walked about this platform they doubtless saw, lining the wall surrounding it, those smaller reliefs 1.57 meters high, which now fill the workshop of the Berlin Museum, and read, from their elegant forms, the idyllic stories of mythic heroes. On one, in the midst of a rocky landscape, Hercules (in form and pose very like the colossal Farnese Hercules at Naples) stands under the broad-spreading branches of a palm tree and watches his child, the babe Telephus, at his feet, playing with the udder of its feline nurse. On another relief are depicted wedding scenes; on still others people engaged in unloading or in building ships; they partake of festive meals, join in processions, sit in quiet converse, or engage in conflicts of arms. These chatty sculptures are all composed without the reserve of older relief. The sculptor ren-

ders *genre* scenes of every-day life with a disregard of the limits of his medium not before met with in Greek art, but in a spirit which gains the ascendancy in the reliefs of the coming age. Although the composition is thus deficient, the story told is intensely interesting, and the single figures are beautiful.

In the ruins of the Great Altar were also found a number of statues, which perhaps once occupied the colonnade, or the platform about the place of sacrifice. Some of these doubtless represented priestesses of Athene, as is indicated by inscriptions found on the spot; others seem to represent deities. One head, a pearl of beauty, is, both in features and expression, so like the Venus of Melos as to strike the most hasty observer. The drapery on the right side of another, a semi-nude statue, also suggests the Venus by the identical arrangement of the folds. In fact the general features of some of these Pergamon statues are so like the whole treatment of the Venus of Melos that it would seem as though the riddle of her age were approaching a solution. Of these statues, four finely executed figures of stately women, as well as eight standing ones, each a treasure in itself, are all still inaccessible to the public, the disposable space in the Berlin Museum being inadequate for the complete exhibition of these new treasures. It is an interesting sight to watch the white-robed sculptor, Freres, with marble bits, stepping around among the colossal forms, trying to adjust a hand, an arm, or a stray lock in its fit place. Indeed, the tourist or student who allows himself time in the German capital, may see this frieze, under Freres's skillful hand, grow little by little toward perfect-





RESTORED VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF ATHENE (PERGAMON).\*

tion. New motives, startling combinations not dreamed of, are so constantly revealing themselves, that much may be expected from the fragments still packed away, or laid out on shelves in the workshop. Unfortunately, far more hands and feet are preserved than figures, and the mind recurs with a terrible sense of loss to the smoking lime-kilns, and the busy barbarians pounding up glorious sculptures to feed the hungry fires.

As the figures of the giants play such an important part in the Pergamon reliefs, we are interested to know their story. To Homer they were a race of the far-off, unknown West, who, in the remote ages, by their wantonness and presumption, called down upon themselves the destroying vengeance of the gods, which proved their complete annihilation. Hesiod likewise describes them as lawless spirits, born of the Earth (Ge), who fought the Olympic gods in armor like that of the Greek heroes. It was Pindar, however, who sang more fully the deeds of this wild, earth-born race, and he was followed by many others who gave the giants semi-human, semi-dragon shapes. So vehement was the insolence and violence of this brood born of Ge,

that the dwelling of the gods itself trembled, and all the powers of Olympus were called to the defense. Zeus's lightnings, Apollo's arrows, Hephæstus's fire, and Athene's bravery, as well as the strength of the human hero Hercules, were required to overpower this heaven-daring host; and in spite of the might and cunning of their mother Ge, who sought to make harmless the terrible weapons of the gods, the latter were at last triumphant, destroying the power of evil which had threatened to overturn their beneficent rule. Doubtless, to others besides Pindar, this meant that fruitless was the opposition of any power to the divine rule of the gods, who wrought order out of chaos. In the later poetic myths, other monsters are drawn into the battle. Titans, Hecatoncheires and Typhon as well as the presumptuous pair, the Aloidæ, who piled Ossa on woody Pelion to scale the dwelling of the Eternals. Indeed, so imminent was the danger that even gentle Aphrodite and love-inspiring Eros join in the tumult.

Such a universal conception of the mythic contest must have filled the sculptor's mind as he executed the tremendous frieze around

\* Restored view of the beautiful ancient square about the temple of Athene on the Acropolis of Pergamon. (It was excavated in the summer of 1881, and the results of the discoveries are very rich.) On the left rises the temple of Athene at one end of this ancient *piazza*. Behind this temple is the Stoa of Attalus II., a most beautiful colonnade, with sculptures of trophies taken in war, forming the balustrade of the upper story. In the remote background is the temple of Augustus, a much later addition, and in the foreground the pedestals on which stood bronze statues, which we may now believe to have been originals of such great works as the "Dying Gladiator." Mr. Bohn, who made this drawing and directed the excavations, has placed the "Dying Gladiator," as will be seen, on the long pedestal by the front wall of the square. At the right is the gate which led up to the top of the Acropolis.





SELENE. FROM THE GREAT PERGAMON FRIEZE. (BERLIN.)

the altar at Pergamon. The names of fifteen gods inscribed on the cornice are preserved: Aphrodite and her mother Dione, Athene, Hercules, Amphitrite, are among them, likewise Oceanus and Triton, the gods of the sea, Ares, Themis, Leto and her sister Asteria, the mother of Hecate, and probably the name of Enyo. Among the numerous gods and goddesses preserved in these marbles, only Athene's name finds its undoubted figure, known by her warlike accouterments, ægis, helmet, and shield. But the characteristics of a few of the other gods are rendered with such clearness that they may also be recognized. That regal form about which the robes flow in lines of power is, doubtless, the mighty Zeus, symbolizing the superiority of spiritual over brute force, which is embodied in that bearded, shaggy-haired giant with bestial pointed ears and threatening gesture, who, rising up on his snaky legs, violently attacks the highest himself. With left arm raised and wrapped in a shaggy skin, the giant strives to shield himself from Zeus's thunder-bolt and death-striking ægis. One beautiful giant in the prime of youth, paralyzed by the sight of this ægis, has sunk already, powerless in his agony. Physicians see in this figure all the symptoms of convulsions and not wounds; the muscles of the right arm conglobate, the groins contract, the head falls back, and the

legs give way in writhing such as is seen in actual convulsions. Besides his terrible ægis, Zeus wields forked lightnings. One is ready to be hurled from his broken left hand, another has already pierced the quivering thigh of a youthful giant; its flames glide up over the outstretched, vainly pleading arm. This power of evil is surely doomed, and must be crushed, in spite of its attractive form. Above, to make the victory more complete, Zeus's sacred bird, the eagle, fights with the snaky part of the oldest giant. Indeed, in these reliefs the eagle is often repeated, as the emblem of the general of this battle-field. They appear five times in the fragments preserved, sometimes bringing the thunder-bolt to Zeus, or again plunging their pitiless talons into the opened jaws of their serpent foe. As of yore, these powerful birds still sweep in majestic flight over Pergamon's summit.

In the great frieze, many gods of light are easily recognized, while others still remain an enigma. That figure with youthfully slender but glorious form, having a quiver-strap across the superb chest, must be Apollo. His swift-footed sister, Artemis, we recognize in a beautiful figure with flowing drapery girt about the waist so as least to impede motion, and feet delicately shod. That triple-headed, six-armed figure, before which every one pauses, must be Hecate, and the strong charioteer with fluttering robes, cautiously but surely guiding his four fiery steeds while swinging a flaming torch at the enemy, is, doubtless, Helios, god of day. Before him, heralding his approach, is perhaps Eos, goddess of the early morning, and the broken figure that once rode in advance of this stately group is supposed to be the gentle moon goddess, Selene. (Notice, in the representation of this figure, the generous folds of her fluttering mantle, as well as the exquisite imitation of fur in the skin thrown over the beast she rides.) All there is left to remind us of giants in this gently riding figure, is the indicated motion of her right arm, and the signs of colossal wings in the background of the slab.

Strange as it may seem, the form of pleasure-loving Dionysus is also to be seen in this turmoil of battle, in a corner slab of the altar. With the ivy wreath in his long curling hair, the nebris bound above his thin *chiton* and fastened to the right arm, the god rushes forward, accompanied by his panther. A fragment of his face, showing us long, oval, dreamy eyes, and a band across the low forehead, has recently been identified among the fragments. These eyes are strikingly different from those upon another fragment,—a helmeted head, doubtless belonging to Ares,





IDEAL BRONZE HEAD. (BRITISH MUSEUM.) See page 96.

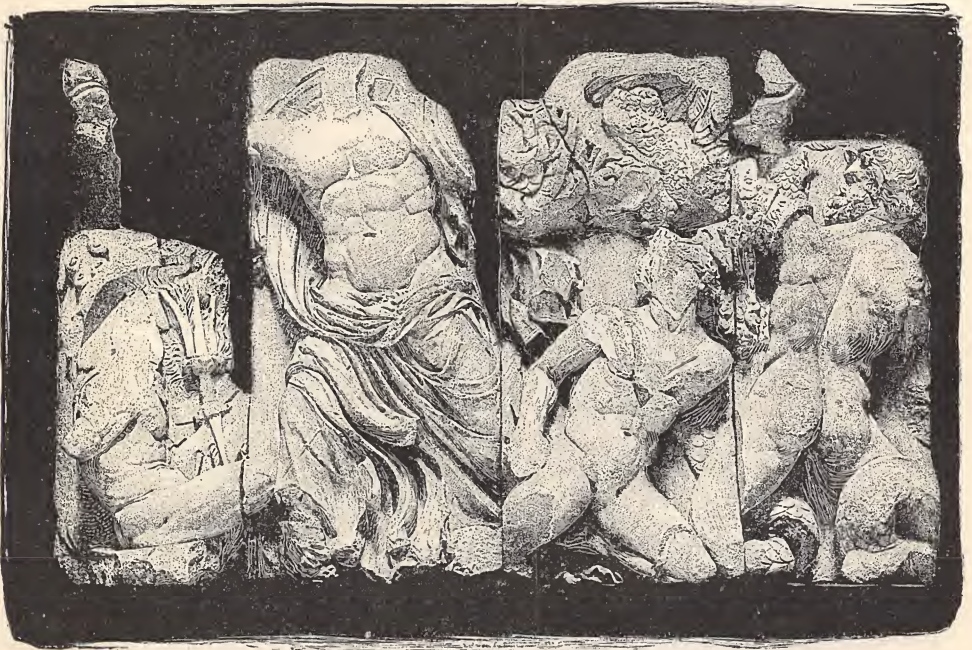


god of war,—which are almost round, and, while deeply set, seem ready to start from their sockets in their eager, intense life. Turning from the gods to their enemies the giants, we find their names, carved in smaller letters, on the cornice below the great frieze. Sixteen such names have been preserved, either wholly or in fragments, only one of which is familiar,—a noticeable fact, which hints at unknown fields in mythology.

How rich the imagination that gave these monsters form! Sometimes they are so noble and beautiful that we can scarcely believe them to be enemies of the gods, and again so bestial that we feel they merit utter annihilation. Thus we find one whose body is human, his legs serpents' coils ending in venomous heads, his neck and ears those of a buffalo, and his

colossal wings have a finny and feathery texture strangely mingled, and about his bearded face appear a finny growth, pointed ears and horns. But what a contrast to his still unbroken force is the pathos of that youthful giant behind him who has fallen vanquished to the ground. The agony of his face haunts us as the left hand feebly seeks the arrow which has pierced the manly chest, but fails to draw it out. Death, as in the face of the so-called Dying Gladiator, is already written on his youthful brow, furrowed now like that of age. In strong contrast to these fallen forms are those of the contending giants, perfect human shapes, clad in full armor, and represented in vigorous action.

So hopeless is the feeling of wild disorder received from these groups of the great frieze,



ZEUS GROUP, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

face, although human in feature, fully in keeping with the beastly neck. Another bears on snaky coils a human body, which, in turn, carries a lion's colossal head, the arms ending in lions' claws. Among the giants we sometimes find grand, bearded faces, so similar in type to the traditional head of Zeus that we might readily believe them akin, were it not for their look of passionate suffering or rage, so foreign to the benignant faces of the King of Olympus. One of these monsters, a colossal human form, springing back from the flaming torch of his beautiful female antagonist, suggests the Beelzebub of Milton; his

especially in their present shattered state, that we may ask, Is there here any of that symmetry so characteristic of earlier Greek composition? Going back to the *Æginetans* we find there a monotonous correspondence of part to part. In the Parthenon, likewise, this balance, although most gracefully veiled, is always present. But can we bring order out of this entanglement of serpent coils, human bodies, triumphant gods with their attendant lions, dogs, winged horses, and eagles? Are not all the limitations and traditions of the sculptor's art hopelessly lost in this confusion? Even in these fragments, however, close observation



discovers in the midst of apparent disorder and contrast of detail, a harmony directing the whole. If this is true of these broken fragments how much more must it have been true in the originally perfect composition. Thus the Zeus and Athene groups, the ones on which depended the whole contrast, correspond in the number of figures, and the tremendous sweep of Zeus to the left seems to offset the swaying of Athene to the right. These two groups probably occupied the east side of the building, which faced the main approach, and, as recent discovery shows, stood beside each other. The fragments remaining from both sides of the grand stairway show how skillfully the sculptor used even that irregular space, bringing its sculpture into harmony with the rest of the frieze. Happily, parts of all the figures on the left side of the stairway, from the corner of the frieze at the bottom, to the very top, are preserved, and have been placed in their proper relation by Mr. Bohn in his drawing. To the worshiper ascending the stairs would have been visible the struggling giants, hard pressed in battle from below by the group of gods and goddesses, and, from above, by one of Zeus's powerful eagles, thus assuring him of the ultimate triumph of the heavenly powers.

How magically the spirit of beauty has been thrown over all this fierce combat! Not even the revolting, oft-repeated lines of serpents' coils break the spell. And, could we see these weird forms once more raised on the wall they adorned, there can be no question that their writhing, struggling motion, set off against the intenser upright action of the gods, would produce an infinitely more powerful impression than they now do, arranged in sundered groups in the Berlin Museum.

There is, moreover, but little here to remind us of earlier groups: this frieze abounds in new and bolder motives. Where, in the range of ancient art, has the sculptor been so prodigal or successful in representing the back? Where has he expressed such variety in falling, and displayed such fantasy in combining human and animal forms? The Pergamon sculptors seem to have had the human shape, with all its possibilities of plastic representation, as much at their command as the man of letters has his vocabulary. We find nothing, indeed, in the range of ancient art, with which to compare it, except the Parthenon marbles of well-nigh three hundred years before.

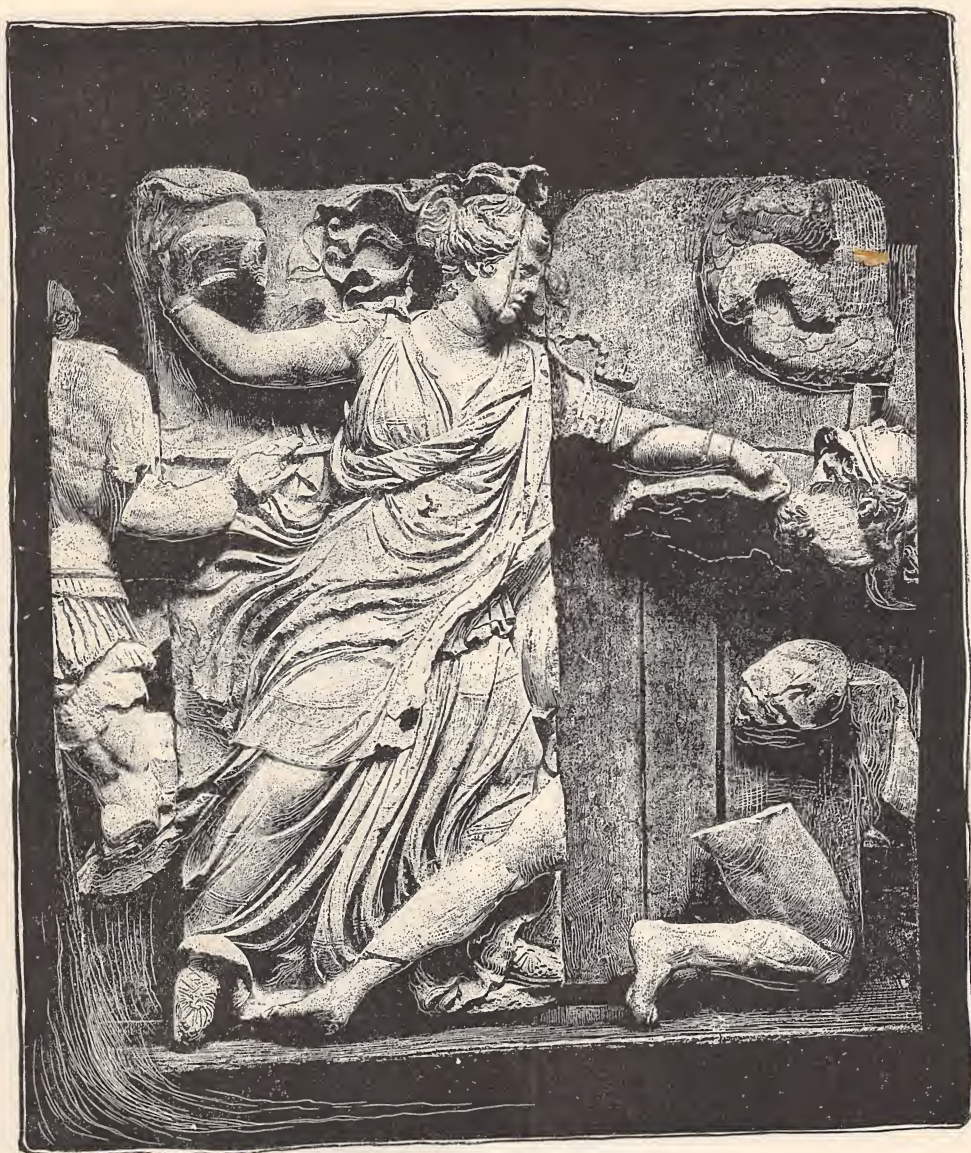
We have in these reliefs a very different class of Pergamon works from that to which belongs the Dying Galatian (the so-called Dying Gladiator), with its strongly pronounced individuality. The forms and features of these gods and giants have nothing of this portrait-like realism about them. While the



FIGURE OF GODDESS, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

variety is infinite, they all follow several great ideal types. The same is true of the goddesses, who seem one great sisterhood. That the fundamental type of their faces,





VEILED GODDESS HURLING SNAKE-BOUND VASE AT THE ENEMY. FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

moreover, is different from that of the centuries before, but equally beautiful, will appear on studying the face of that superb nameless goddess, who hurls a vase, coiled about with a snake, at her falling enemy. Observing her beautiful face closely, we find that it is a short oval, pointed toward the chin, and quite unlike the full round ovals of the Parthenon frieze, or the long narrow faces of the gentle mourners on the tombstones of the age of Praxiteles; besides, the forehead is much lower than that of the Demeter, a type of the female figures of Praxiteles, and more pointed than the fore-

heads of the Parthenon maidens; the lips are fuller, the small, proud mouth is more open, and the coiffure is much more elaborate. The hair rolls back more boldly from the forehead, the roots showing in fine contrast to the smooth skin; in front of the ears nestle two beauty curls, likewise unknown to the works of earlier times, as a glance at existing monuments shows.

This grand type of female beauty, a delight in itself, will also throw light on that rare bronze head, purchased a few years ago by the British Museum, it is said for £10,000. This head is more than life size and still has interesting signs



on the neck of the simple way in which the ancient workers in bronze patched up defective places. Deep mystery hangs around the place of its discovery, and the story of Mr. Newton's fruitless search for the site of its provenience is an illustration of the mystification thrown in the way of archaeologists by ignorant but crafty Orientals. Comparison of this bronze head with the goddesses of the Pergamon frieze may, at least, aid in assigning to it a date. In both faces we find the same short pointed oval contour, low forehead, full but small mouth and chin, and the same arrangement and treatment of the hair.

Not only was the skill of the Pergamon sculptors shown in their treatment of the human form, but the horse represented in the Parthenon marbles is here no less powerful in his frame-work, and equally far removed from anything ordinary or prosaic. Look but at those two steeds, plunging high over a fallen giant. A piece of a shield appears above their proud necks, the charioteer, perhaps Ares, the god of war, stretching forward in the eagerness of battle. Place alongside of these a photograph of the horses of the Parthenon frieze, and, making all allowance for the difference in the height of the relief, mark the glorious similarity in conception. Finally, notice in the Pergamon fragment the subtle lines of the skin and the excited motion of the hair, more true to nature; and, although it may sound heretical, we ask, Does not this Pergamon span appeal to us moderns more than do the severer and more schematic Parthenon steeds?

While grand ideal types underlie all the work of these later sculptors, we see close observation and conscientious rendering of naturalistic detail. Above the deep undertone of ideal form, they sound a myriad of lighter, more fleeting notes, all caught from nature and blended in one harmonious whole. The hair, eyebrows, ever-changing folds of skin, and varied texture of garments or fur, are astonishingly real, giving life-likeness to these idealized forms on a scale unknown to us before in plastic art. The silken garments of one torch-bearing goddess, the thin *chiton* or thick leathery *nebris* worn by Dionysus, the wonderful surface of Zeus's mantle, whether flowing or lying in horizontal folds, show the master's skill in imitating stuffs. But these particulars are always secondary to the grandeur and beauty of the lines in which the drapery follows the forms, or answers to its motion. Hence it always remains powerful and dignified, never descending to mere display of technical skill,—the details seeming like the delicate surface play over profounder depths.



PLUNGING HORSES, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

These slabs of the great Pergamon frieze—of coarse-grained marble—seem to have been affixed to the building before they were sculptured; and there, away from the comfortable studio, the chisel and the borer did their



work. Moreover, if they were executed like the smaller Telephus frieze from the same altar, then these masters used no convenient points for measurement, but carved direct into the obdurate marble with the freedom that a painter shows in the use of his brush. It caused no little amazement to the Italian sculptors, in cleaning the small frieze, to find that even on the parts which were left only roughly blocked out, there were no signs of the points, so indispensable to the modern workman. May not this freedom of hand have contributed to the pictorial effect of these marbles, banishing anything that might be too severely statuesque in their treatment?

This pictorial character appears not only in tremendous foreshortening,—as, for instance, in the right leg of Athene's fallen enemy,—the freedom in rendering the bodies in most varied postures, and the great depth of the relief (sometimes thirty-one centimeters), but also in the rich surface already referred to. It seems almost as though the master were working in colors with their power of expressing perspective, texture, etc., and not in hard, monotoned marble. Going back to the Parthenon, we see in its exquisite drapery and gently varied surface of skin, the beginnings of this same pictorial conception and rendering, which are thrown over the earlier, sternly statuesque forms, like a transfiguring veil.

But let us pause here, for these Pergamon reliefs of the great frieze, like those of the Parthenon, are not pictures. They do not attempt the minute and intricate composition of a painting, as seen in modern reliefs like that on the doors of the Florentine Baptistry, or that less familiar one in the Pavia Cathedral. In keeping with the character of true relief, the one surface plane is always kept emphatic, not being broken up and made unquiet by attempts at distant groups and accessories of landscape, etc., crowded into the background.

The Laocoon group of the Vatican has some features of strong resemblance to the dying giant of this Athene group. But, in the Laocoon, we see only the writhings and contortions attendant upon physical suffering, and become so distressed by the sight, that the eye, repelled, wanders away, seeking relief. In this group, however, although physical pain is expressed, yet, like the discords in music, it seems introduced only to make more powerful the harmonies in this great symphony in marble. We are fascinated by the beauty of the giant, moved by the anguish of his mother, and taken altogether captive by Athene's noble form and Nike's swift grace, as well as by the glorious thoughts expressed in the whole.

But, even while fancy and chisel were

molding at Pergamon this last great plastic creation of the Greek genius, there were premonitions of a change which should come over the ancient world.

Rome was now striding on, with giant steps, to universal empire, and its machinations were soon to prove fatal to the Pergamon dynasty. Roman power had extended the borders of these kings in order to humble Macedon. This accomplished, they no longer needed Eumenes, and decided to humiliate the very power they had built up. Scandal began to whisper reports about treacherous dealing with their faithful ally, Eumenes. The Roman senate, winking at the renewed invasions of the terrible Galatians into his kingdom, even proclaimed the independence of these wild neighbors of the Pergamon state, and refused to listen to Eumenes' remonstrances. Although this prince succeeded in leaving his kingdom unbroken to his brother, Attalus II., yet, slowly and surely, Pergamon was coming under the iron rule of Rome. With the decline of political power there came also a cessation of creative life in the art of Pergamon, and, in fact, much which had been produced was now, doubtless, transported to Italy, to grace a Roman holiday.

Roman generals were now in Greece, with their formidable legions. With their triumphs in view, they commenced the wholesale transportation of artists and works of art to their capital on the Tiber. In one short year, 189 B. C., two such great triumphs were celebrated: the one drawing on Greece, the other on Asia Minor, for its decorations. Fulvius Nobilior, after conquering the Ætolians, entered Rome in that year with two hundred and eighty-five bronze, and two hundred and thirty marble statues, taken principally from Ambracia and Cnidus; he brought with him many Greek artists, who were to make more showy the festivities connected with his triumph, by the works of their genius. In the same year Cornelius Scipio, after his victory over Antiochus, at Magnesia, near Smyrna, celebrated his triumphal entry into Rome with works, which, it is said by the ancients, first awakened in the Romans a taste for Greek art. How vast the treasure brought to Rome by Paulus Æmilius after his victory over Perseus of Macedon, at Pydna, about twenty years later (168 B. C.) appears from the statement that three whole days were required for the passage of his procession into Rome, and that one day did not suffice for the entry of his two hundred and fifty wagons, laden with statues and paintings.

These few instances, out of many others





ATHENE GROUP, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

which might be given, are enough to show what the Roman generals did toward tearing Greek art away from the lands where it had blossomed. Governors of provinces and emperors did not fall behind their predecessors in this work. The fame of Verres is too closely linked with such work, by Cicero's attacks upon him, to need mention. Augustus, who, finding Rome a city of brick left it one of marble, required many Greek works to give his extensive architectural undertakings their proper finish. His example was followed by many others, among whom was his friend Asinius Pollio. As an additional fact of interest, it may be mentioned that, while under Augustus many archaic works, as well as those of the age of Praxiteles, were brought to Rome, almost none of the Phidian or of the later Hellenistic Age are mentioned.

The owning of these statues, as well as the prevalent fashion of visiting the Hellenistic world, and seeing the rich cities there adorned with decorated temples and palaces, aroused among the Romans an emulation of the Greeks, and the amount of art activity, thus created and stimulated, can scarcely be overestimated although this was clearly from no genuine love of art, but from a mere fondness for display. Wherever a public building arose,—and the number of these public buildings was countless,—the chisel of the sculptor was employed. Statues, singly and in groups,

adorned the niches, intercolumniations, and roofs, filled the pediments and lined the steps of the temples, theaters, amphitheaters, basilicas, baths, gate-ways for bridges, balustrades and arches of all kinds. One theater, built by Scaurus, was decorated with three thousand bronze statues and the fountains erected by Agrippa in the year 33 B. C. at Rome were adorned with three hundred bronze and marble statues besides four hundred marble columns, and public squares were filled with statues of the emperors and gods.

But private buildings employed the sculptor even more than public. Pictures and statues were regarded, as early as Sulla's time, as being as necessary a part of a rich man's furniture as his carpets and silver. Even Cicero, who boasted of having little interest in art, spent a large sum of money in buying statuary and reliefs to decorate the academy he had laid out in his Tusculum villa. When the house of a rich man burned down, we are told that his friends sought to make good his loss by giving him "marble statues and fine bronzes by celebrated masters." Often, however, they were cheated as to the master, it having been not uncommon then, as now, to increase the money value of a statue by attributing it to some celebrated master.

Greek works were, of course, used as far as they went, but they could not suffice to



meet the growing demand, which the frequent great fires in Rome, consuming countless treasure, only increased. The extensive multiplication of the same statue,—as, for instance, the so-called Faun of the Capitol, which exists in twenty-nine copies at least,—as well as the numerous duplicates of the Doryphorus, and other statues, show that celebrated originals were copied, often, doubtless, to satisfy the demands of those who could not obtain Greek originals. According to Josephus, Agrippa adorned the whole Phœnician city Berytus (modern Beirut) with statues and copies of old works. Moreover, not only the rich, but also the middle, and even poorer, classes, came in for their share in this beautifying process, using often cheaper materials. In the libraries of those for whom marble and bronze were too costly, as Juvenal tells us, plaster casts were used; representing ancient philosophers and poets.

Besides the accurate copies, there were many variations made in older works, a striking feature of the time of Roman dominion, when little or no creative power seems to have existed. So, clearly, the Venus of Medici is a variation on Praxiteles's Cnidian Aphrodite; the disk-throwers in London, Munich, and Rome, variations on Myron's Discobolus, and the statues of Athene, in the villa Ludovisi, and elsewhere, repetitions of Phidias's Athene Parthenos. Until within a few years we have been able to read only through these feeble Roman imitations, up to the thoughts and inspirations of the older masters; but with the discoveries in the ancient Greek world these Roman works sink back into their proper rank in relation to the originals of the earlier time. Who, after seeing the noble form of the Apollo of the Pergamon frieze, throbbing with life and natural in every line, can look with the admiration of old upon the cold theatrical form of the Apollo Belvedere; or who, after becoming familiar with the beautiful surface-play in the drapery of the statues found at Pergamon, can regard with unmingled pleasure the barren folds worn by the Muses found in Roman villas?

Many of the masters of the Roman time copied even archaic originals, giving them, however, a surface-rendering freer, but less attractive, than that of the genuine unaffected older works. This tendency seems to have prevailed in the school of Pasiteles, who flourished in the first century B. C. Statues with the inscriptions of his scholars exist in the villas Albani and Ludovisi at Rome.

Alongside of this imitation of older works in Rome, this grasping back into the old

store-house of form and subject, there went also a tendency to portraiture and historic relief, representing exactly the men and rulers of Rome, and the battles of their legions. So the triumphal arches and columns appear carved with the chronicle of actual march, siege, or war. The numerous sites where these portraits, statues, and busts of emperors and privates have been found, the galleries where they are collected, and the passages in ancient authors which describe them, give approximately an idea of how prolific was this age in such works. But these works lack that fineness of feeling and careful modeling seen in the portrait heads of the Hellenistic age. The realistic tendency of the former time is carried out, but with more coarseness. The most casual peculiarities of face and form even are given, the very warts in the cheek are imitated; but, too often, the fine perception and rendering of character is lost in unpleasant detail.

Looking over this vast number of monuments from the time of the Roman dominion, we are struck by their similarity wherever found. So the statues found in the widely scattered provinces of Rome, whether England, France, Spain, or those of Asia and Africa, and even Greece itself, are all alike. The subjects, treatment, and even *technique* are the same, and invariably draw from us remarks deprecatory of an art so servilely imitative in character, and so inferior in execution to the great works preserved to us from older times.

Unfortunately, nearly all the statues discovered in Italy, at some time or other, have fallen into the hands of merciless restorers. The passion of discoverers and collectors, in the sixteenth century, to piece out and polish up, to the great injury of the work of art, seems to have been as strong as it is to-day; hence much that in its original freshness might have been agreeable and of use in study is now utterly ruined for scholar or artist.

For about one hundred and fifty years after the commencement of our era this reproductive, imitative, and portrait art maintained itself, holding fast to the technique and traditions handed down to them. But with the Antonines the descent becomes rapid, until by the time of Constantine the capabilities of the ancient sculptors are at so low an ebb that we gladly bid them farewell, and, with freshened joy, we turn to admire that which has been rescued from those elder days of departed glory, and drink in inspiration and strength from the scattered rays streaming into our own lives and thoughts.

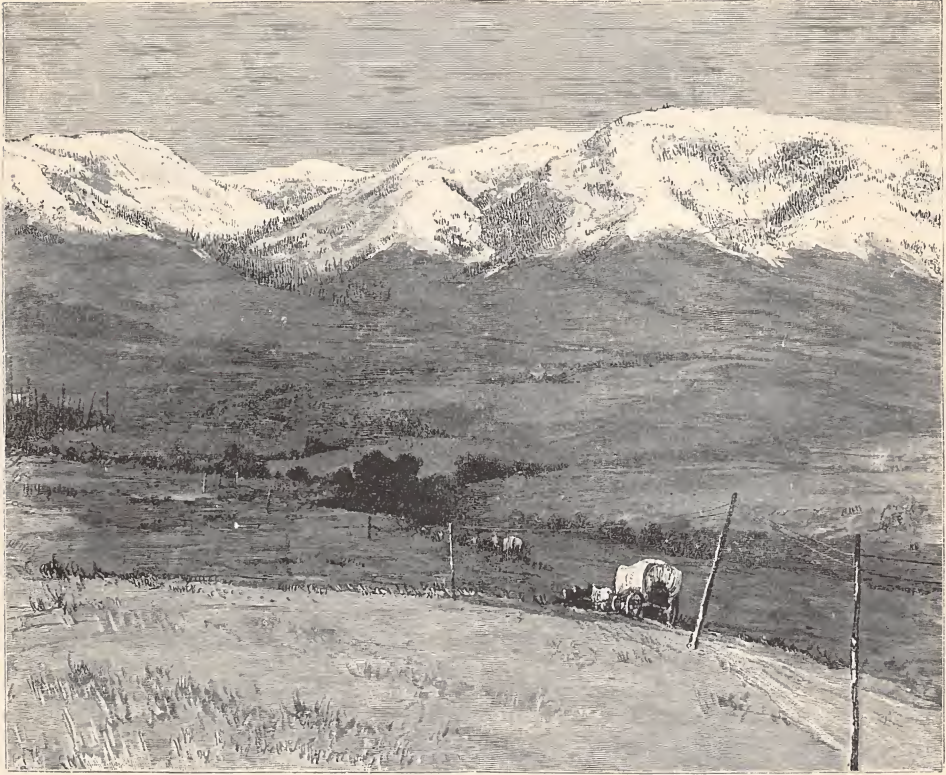


## THE LED-HORSE CLAIM.

A ROMANCE OF THE SILVER MINES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "Friend Barton's Concern," "A Story of the Dry Season," etc.



AT THE FOOT OF THE PASS.

### I.

#### THE NEW MINING-CAMP.

THE ark of the mining interests, which had drifted about unsteadily after the break in bonanza stocks in the summer of '77, had rested, a year or two later, in a lofty valley of Colorado, not far from that great "divide" which parts the waters of the Continent. It rested doubtfully, awaiting the olive-leaf of Eastern capital. By no stretch of metaphor could either the promoter of mining schemes or the investor in the same, be presented in the character of Noah's dove, but through

their agency the olive-leaf returned, before the snows had blocked the mountain-passes, and the gay, storm-beleaguered camp, in the words of its exhibitory press, began to "boom."

The snows of that bleak altitude give their first warning while the September sun is still strong; by November they may be said to prevail; but no disheartening combination of bad weather, worse roads, and worst accommodations at the journey's end, could deter the pioneers from bearing a city into the unfriendliest spot where such exotic growth ever flourished. Their movement had the absolute conviction, the devotedness, of a crusade. They pressed onward, across the Great South



Park, following its white wagon trails which rise and sink with the long swells of that archæan sea; pausing in the dreary valley at the foot of the pass, which shelters the caravansary-like town of Fairplay; struggling upward, in the cold light of early morning, along the mountain sides; resting again at the last stage-station above the timber-line, where the tough fir forests bend, and fail, and finally give up altogether the ascent of those bare slopes, ever whitening, to the pitiless region of lasting snow; on again into the strenuous air of the summits, following the pass as it staggers through the wild cañons; dizzily winding, by weary grades, down to the desolate land of promise.

Foremost in the strange procession were seen those wandering Ishmaelite families whose sun-darkened faces peer from the curtains of their tents on wheels along every road which projects the frontier farther into the wilderness.

The discontent and the despair of older mining-camps in their decadence hastened to mingle their bitterness in the baptismal cup of the new one. It exhibited in its earliest youth every symptom of humanity in its decline. The restless elements of the eastern cities; the disappointed, the reckless, the men with failures to wipe out, with losses to retrieve or to forget, the men of whom one knows not what to expect, were there; but, as its practical needs increased and multiplied, and its ability to pay for what it required became manifest, the new settlement began to attract a safer population.

Even the hopes of the gold-seeker must be fed and clothed at an altitude which acts like the law of natural selection on those who aspire to breathe its thin air, sparing only the sound of heart and lung, and fanning the nerve-fires into breathless, wasteful energy. The producer answered the call of the consumer. Men of all trades followed the miner. The professions followed the trades, and were represented, generally, by men in their youth.

It was, perhaps, this immense, though undisciplined force of sanguine youth which saved the city. The dangerous elements of the camp,—the mud, the weeds and the drift-wood which would have choked a more sluggish current,—were floated and swept onward by its strong tide. The new board sidewalks resounded to the clean step of many an indomitable, bright-faced boy, cadet of some good eastern family, and neophyte in the business of earning a living, with a joyous belief in his own abilities and a clean record to imperil in proving them. The older men, who had come with a slightly shaken faith in themselves, looked half compassion-

ately, half enviously, at these knights of the virgin shield.

It is said that the first woman of the camp crossed the range on foot with her husband, a German miner, and helped him set up the "poor Lar" of their pine-board shanty during the early snows of the first autumn. But those accumulated snows were wasting under the May sun, and the pass, where they still lay deep, could be traced from a long way off—a line of white crossing the purple summit of the range—before the steady migration of wives and children began.

It was a grim sort of nest-building that went on, with discordant chorus of hammer and saw, through the spring and summer and late into the fall of the second year; but, whatever its subsequent troubles may have been, there was a great show of domestic felicity in the camp at this period. Every incoming stage renewed the bridal of some long-separated couple. Each man who could not send for his own wife, sympathized, with boyish gayety, in the regeneration of his more fortunate comrade. The shop-windows moderated their display of velvet riding-habits, embroidered silk stockings, and pink silk *peignoirs* trimmed with cascades of imitation lace,—their temptations to feminine purchasers taking the more domestic form of babies' knitted hoods and sacques, crash toweling, and the newest patterns in cretonne. Every house over which a woman presided practiced a hospitality out of all proportion, in its scope, to the capacities of the rude tabernacle. Every young wife, in her access of happiness, felt a supreme pity for the great army of the unmarried that nightly walked the turbulent streets, between flashes of light from Terpsichorean retreats, and cold glimpses out of the raw city through the open spaces of un-built blocks, toward the snow-lit peaks. Many an unshaven bachelor would have smiled with cheerful scorn at this missionary spirit in his neighbor's wife; a few would have misunderstood it; many profited by it; and many, especially the very young men, went their way, too watchfully absorbed in the keen-edged life of the place to be conscious of any spiritual or social need.

Each night, as the constellations mounted guard above the pass, a redder galaxy lit the dark encampment of hills, where lonely campfires, outposts of the settlement, far up on the wooded slopes, signaled the lights from the active mines, or the flaring beacons of smelting-furnaces in the gulch. Two of these distant human lights, burning on the opposite slopes of a fir-lined cañon, like a river of darkness flowing between them, had a neighborly look of sympathy in their isolation.



The fir-darkened cañon was called Led-Horse Gulch. The lights which beckoned to each other across it shone from the shaft-houses of the Led-Horse and Shoshone mines, between whom, it was said, there was open suspicion on the one side, and bad faith on the other.

## II.

## THE TURNING OF A WINDLASS.

ONE August morning of the cool, autumnal summer, a lady, younger than the youngest of the youthful wives of the camp, whose pure, unsunned complexion proved her but lately arrived, rode down into Led-Horse Gulch from the Shoshone side, and, following the trail upward among the aspens, drew rein at the mouth of a small shaft where two men were working a windlass.

She wore no habit; the plaited skirt of her cloth walking-dress permitted her stirrup-foot to show, and a wide-brimmed straw hat shaded the heightened bloom in her cheek. There was a happy unpremeditation in her dress, and in the vagrant gait of her pony, which might have accounted for this aimless halt at the top of the shaft.

She watched, with idle interest, the taut, wavering rope, as it coiled on the windlass. The men were hoisting a loaded bucket. She appeared indifferent to their respectfully curious glances; they were classified in her mind as part of the novel human machinery of the place. She had a dimly appreciative eye for the fine curves of their powerful backs as they leaned and recovered with the circling cranks that creaked with their weight; otherwise they were not present to her consciousness. From her saddle she could not look far down into the dark hole and see the bucket, just visible one moment, then enlarging rapidly with the shortening rope; nor could she perceive that it was loaded, not with precious ores, but with a bulk of that common human clay of which we are all but metamorphic variations. She was, in fact, less interested in the thing coming up than in the curiously fatalistic manner of its coming. The wavering rope described a shorter and shorter circle; its vibrations ended with a sharp shudder; a few more, slower turns of the crank, and the man had arrived at the surface.

Swinging himself, with a practiced motion, from the bucket to a seat on the collar of the shaft, he looked across at the young girl with undisguised admiration. The look recalled her at once from the vague, impersonal mood of her ride.

The men at the cranks let the bucket down

with a run, straightened their backs and wiped their damp foreheads and necks.

The unembarrassed youth who rose to his feet, taking off his hat with a bright, interrogative smile, was also a part of the human machinery of the place, but his part in relation to the miners at the cranks was that of the throttle-valve rather than the driving-wheels.

The girl acknowledged his salute by a hot blush and the slightest of bows, as she turned her horse's head sharply away from the shaft. Her position in the face of this new element had become untenable, and she abandoned it frankly, making no attempt to explain the unexplainable. It was not her custom (so she indignantly apostrophized her girl's wounded dignity) to be riding about the camp alone, and waiting at prospect-holes for handsome young men to be hoisted out of them! It was an incongruous accident of that incongruous place!

She had, even with her small knowledge of young men, perceived this one's quality in his face and manner; but she suffered from the youthful conviction that her own personality must remain inevitably at the mercy of the moment's accidental disguise.

Guiding her horse confusedly over the broken ground, she was startled by a peremptory shout from behind her.

"Look out there, Abrams! The old shaft!"

A miner coming up the hill, warned by the shout, promptly caught her horse's bridle, and forced him back from a sunken space of fresh earth and stones.

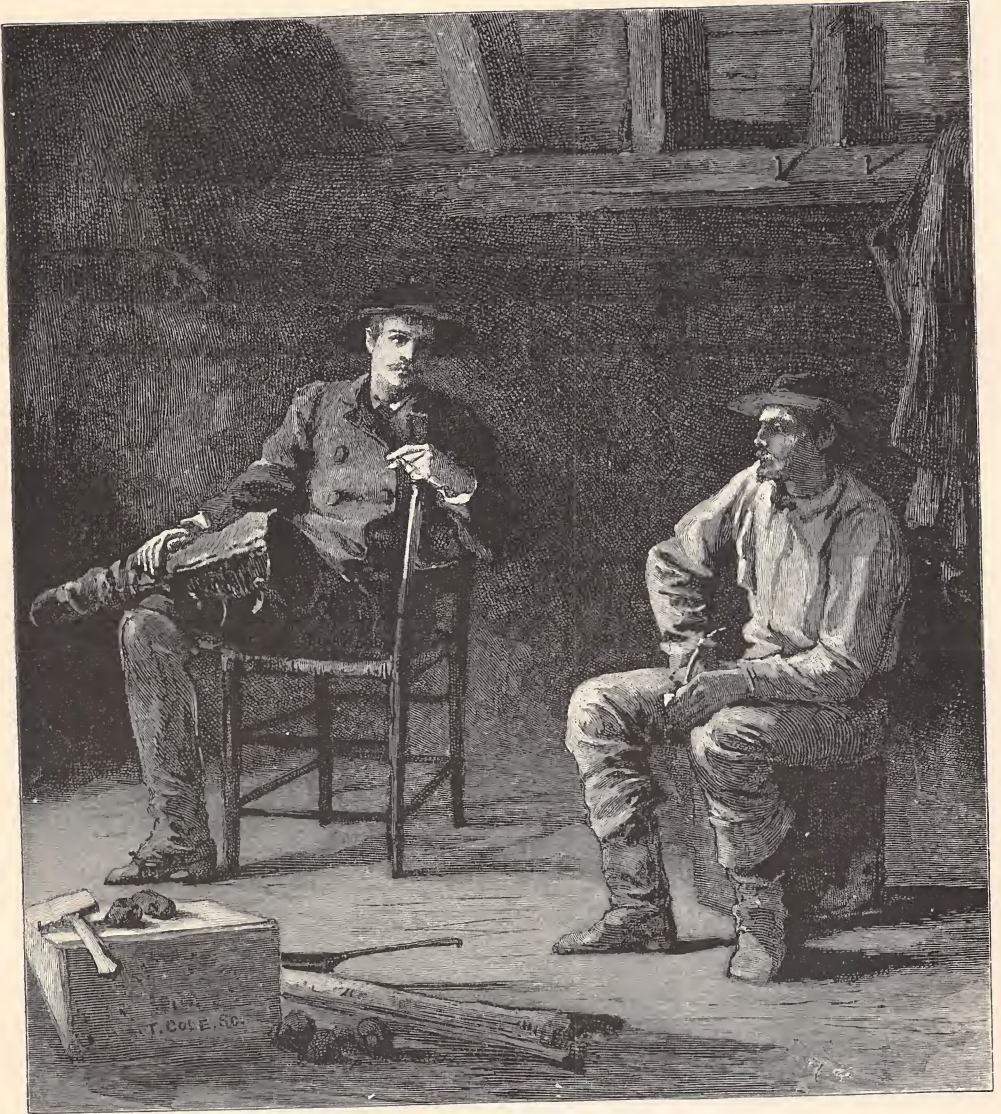
The young man who had given the timely order was now at her side. He picked up her whip. The hat he lifted as he offered it was a very bad one, but the head it did its best to disfigure might have been modeled for the head of a young Jason at the time his personal appearance did him such good service at the court of King Æetes.

"In another second you would have been thrown. This is an old prospect-hole filled with loose earth. Your horse would have sunk in it to his knees," he protested, in answer to her look of vexed surprise.

"I wonder my brother permits such a trap to be uncovered," the girl said, with the emphasis of one who finds unexpected relief in another's responsibility for an awkward situation.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing your brother—but the Led-Horse, I believe, has only one superintendent,"—he took off his hat again with a gayly ironical bow,—“who begs to explain that this hole was filled up to make it safe for foot-passengers, and that the horse-back trail is below. Will you permit me to show it to you?”





THE LED-HORSE IN COUNCIL.

"Am I not on Shoshone ground?" The question was half an assertion.

"I think not. The location stakes follow the gulch, a little on this side of it. You are now about fifty feet within the Led-Horse lines."

The young girl could not help smiling at her own discomfiture, when it had reached this point. She hoped the superintendent of the Led-Horse would pardon her for trespassing and for criticising his management.

The superintendent of the Led-Horse gallantly replied that he could not allow her to call her visit a trespass, and if she liked to ride over his prospect-holes, he would have them all boarded over in that hope.

She made no reply to this somewhat derisive suggestion, and her host of the Led-Horse kept the silence penitently, as he walked at her side through the flickering aspens.

When they had crossed the gulch, he assured her that she was now unmistakably on Shoshone ground, and they parted, with a slightly exaggerated gravity on both sides.

He watched her climbing the hill among the pine trunks that rose rigidly above the fringe of "quaking aspens." Her light figure bent and swayed with her horse's strong upward strides. On the hill-top it was outlined a moment against the fervent blue of the mid-day sky, and then sank out of sight on the other side.



The young superintendent now turned his attention, with a reflected interest, on himself. He looked himself over, in his close-buttoned pea-jacket, and leggings, buckled to his knees, with the cheerful unconcern of a man who is well aware that no tailor's measurements can altogether frustrate those of nature, at her best.

Had Hilgard been born ten or fifteen years sooner, he might have won more honor than he was likely to gain in frontier mining-camps, in the camps and fields of the civil war. He would have been the idol of his men, the life of his mess,—a leader of forlorn hopes and desperate charges. His rich-blooded beauty would have wrung the hearts of susceptible maidens, marking him in the ranks of those about to die, when the regiments for the front marched by in farewell pomp. Like the plume of Navarre, it would have blazed in the thickest of the fight, and would have been quenched, perhaps, on one of those reefs of the dead, which showed, after the battle, where the wildest shocks of assault had met the sternest resistance. It would have marked him a victim without blemish, fit for the sacrifice.

But in the less heroic time in which his lot was cast, and in a crude community of transplanted lives, adjusting themselves to new conditions, Hilgard's excess of good looks was a positive inconvenience. The camp, at that period of its existence, took more thought for its roots than its blossoms. Hilgard's splendid efflorescence was looked upon with a certain suspicion by the sturdy, masculine growths around him. Ugly men, who relied upon their fruits, and felt that nature had disguised them, were not likely to enjoy it. Men with a small personal vanity of their own resented it, as a form of insolence, in their fellow-man. It attracted all the baleful types of womanhood, while many of the feminine bulwarks of respectability in the camp regarded it askance as an apotheosis of the physical life. Not a few of these ladies, especially those whose own personal attractions were not conspicuous, honestly doubted if the virtues of faithfulness and self-denial could be found in conjunction with a lively eye-beam, a short upper lip, a head easily erect above a pair of powerful shoulders, and an exuberance of color and movement expressive of much unused vitality. Whatever general foundation there may be for such a prejudice, the picturesque theories current in the camp reconciling it, in Hilgard's case, with his isolated life and obvious indifference to the social allurements around him, were far from the prosaic truth.

Hilgard's life was as simple and severe in its routine as if nature had clothed his soul in sackcloth instead of purple. It had one im-

mediate object,—the prosperity of the Led-Horse,—to which he considered himself pledged. There was another object, more remote, but more vital and permanent: the education of his two half-brothers,—young lads left to his sole care by the death of both father and mother. Hilgard's own education had been at the mercy of the sad breaks in the lives of those who had watched over it. He was often lonely, as the captain of a bark on a long cruise is lonely in mid-ocean,—but he was in no doubt about his course. He was not restless from uncertainty of purpose. He had a fine, youthful scorn of sudden love, or any sentiment bordering on it. It was his lonely life, perhaps, which gave such prominence in his thoughts to the small incident of the morning. He would hardly have admitted that it was anything in the girl herself. Yet her face and her slender figure, undulating upward to the sunny hill-top, were still vividly before his eyes. He had the keen instinct about women which men lose when they care for them too much. All his latent reverence and idealism had responded to the look in her eyes as they had rested a moment on his. She had blushed, but with a proud, shy girl's disgust at a false position; not helplessly, like a fool, he said to himself. Then he grew hot, thinking of his own careless manner to her, which so ill expressed his sense of her difference from the ordinary pretty girl. If he ever saw her again—of course he would see her again! She was his neighbor, the fair Shoshone—Conrath's sister, whose arrival from the east he had heard of in the camp. Surely she had "snatched a grace" beyond the rules of kinship!

A fragment of a Scotch song, long silent in his memory, woke suddenly, like the first bluebird's note in spring. All the songs and scraps of poetry in which his vagrant moods had been wont to find expression, had been locked in the frosty constriction of his new and perplexing responsibilities:

"O lassie ayont the hill,  
Come ower the tap o' the hill!  
Come ower the tap, wi' the breeze o' the hill,"

—he hummed to himself, as he strode through the aspens that shivered in the sunshine. The smooth-stemmed aspens themselves were not more daintily, slenderly rounded, or more unobtrusive in their clear, cool colors. Hilgard did not like showy girls. He held, with most young men, very positive opinions as to the kind of girl he liked, when in reality it was quality, not kind, that interested him.

"Con, my boy!" he recklessly apostrophized his troublesome neighbor, "you've got



my ore in your ore-bins, but if it came to a settlement for damages, there is metal of yours that is more attractive!"

The next instant he rebuked himself for his profanity. His spirits were rising into rebellious gayety, animated by the dramatic implacability of the circumstances that hedged in his lovely foewoman. He laughed aloud, thinking of the innocent audacity with which she had crossed the contested line, and waited for him at the top of his own shaft.

But the mood did not long abide with him. The first bluebird's note is an uncertain harbinger of spring.

As he climbed the trail to his own side of the gulch and looked across to the Shoshone's shaft-houses, its new ore-sheds, the procession of ore-teams loading at the dumps, and all its encroaching activities in full play, and then reviewed his own empty bins and barren underground pastures, the color of romance died out of the prospect.

He walked back to his office, and took up a package of letters from his desk. The one from the president of his company he opened first. It was an order to shut down!

### III.

#### THE SITUATION.

THE Led-Horse had a somewhat dubious reputation in mining circles. The generally unsatisfactory condition of its affairs might have been described in the words of a clever man's impromptu abstract of life,—“Too poor to pay, too rich to quit.”

It had opened brilliantly, on a promising vein which had been “stoped out” to a considerable depth, and then had become suddenly barren. The ore-bearing rock was there, precisely similar in character to that which had yielded two hundred ounces of silver to the ton, but the silver was not there.

The expenses of the mine rapidly turned its balance the wrong way. There were calls from the home office for retrenchment, and appeals for money from the mine. Its condition was that of a young man who has spent a small patrimony without having fitted himself for earning his own living. It was altogether probable that the capacity for earning a living was there, but it had become necessary that no time should be lost in developing it.

There was a change in the management, even as the young man, in his altered circumstances, turns from the counselors of his days of extravagance, to others, better acquainted with hard work and economy. At this junct-

ure, Hilgard had been sent out with a few thousands to expend in enabling the Led-Horse to support himself, and, if possible, to lay up money in dividends; but the dividends were, as yet, a long way in the future.

Hilgard had had four years' practical experience in mines, but this was his first essay in management. He was well aware that he was making it under great disadvantages. He could not put ore into a barren vein, and a prolonged period of unproductive expenditure in prospecting for ore would, in the event of not finding any, count heavily against him in his opening career. It was inevitable that the manager of a mine should be considered successful according to his fulfillment of the hopes of the owners; especially when the owners were half the width of the continent away, and generally ignorant of the conditions which affect success in the management of mines.

The Shoshone had been in barren rock for many months. It had small capital and less credit, when, a short time after Hilgard's management began, a sudden change took place in the aspect of its affairs. At the change of shifts, a daily increasing number of men were seen around its shaft-houses; new ore-sheds were put up; its long unused wagon-roads became deeply rutted by the heavy ore-teams going and returning from the smelters, and a rumor pervaded the camp that the lucky Shoshones had “struck it away up in the hundreds,” and were shipping ore at the rate of fifty tons a day.

Soon after the Shoshone's prosperity became evident, West, the mining-captain of the Led-Horse, communicated to his chief his suspicion that the Shoshone strike had been made on Led-Horse ground. From the lower drifts, the sounds which came, through the intervening rock, from the new Shoshone workings, indicated, to an experienced ear, that they had crossed the boundary line between the claims.

Hilgard had proposed to Conrath, the superintendent of the Shoshone, that a survey should be made through the Shoshone drifts, but at the expense of the Led-Horse, to prove that the boundary line was intact. He put the whole matter lightly, as a possible mistake which either party might have made. Conrath took it by no means lightly. He even appeared to seize upon it as an occasion for giving expression to a latent feeling of antagonism toward Hilgard, which the latter had not been entirely unconscious of. Conrath refused to admit the possibility of his having crossed the line, or to permit any one to explore the Shoshone workings for any purpose whatever. This unexpected irritability



on the subject could but increase Hilgard's suspicions. The sounds through the rock, which had been at first very faint, having become, day by day, more distinct, Hilgard had started his defensive drift in the direction of these sounds.

The Led-Horse had not as yet achieved its independence of Eastern capital. The few thousands which had been subscribed at the beginning of Hilgard's management had been spent in "prospecting," with no result as yet, except a little low-grade ore and "favorable indications." The small working force of the mine had been concentrated upon the defensive drift, which was in barren rock.

At this juncture, while the mine was dependent on its monthly drafts from the East, the last of these drafts came back dishonored.

It was a time of bitter excitement to Hilgard. Already the unfortunate Led-Horse, with its hopes and its reverses, had become to him almost like some living thing in his care. It was more than a feeling of pride in his work—it was a passionate personification of it,—more especially since he had been beset by treachery without, as well as by poverty within. Hilgard was experiencing the well-known effect of isolation and responsibility upon a concentrated nature cut off from those varied outlets for its energy which the life of cities and large communities affords. The Led-Horse was his ship, on a lee-shore; his fort, cut off, with the sappers at work under its walls; his commander's dispatches in his breast, with the enemies' scouts in hot pursuit, and what succor would be to these, money from the East was to him;—and then came the order to "shut down"! Shut down! Let go the helm, with the breakers under the lee; abandon his countermining, and let the walls fall in; turn back and meet his pursuers, with the precious dispatches in his hands; sit with folded arms in his neighbor's house, while the burglars gutted it!

He wrote long, passionate letters on the situation to the home office, where they awoke trouble and perplexity in the mind of the anxious president, but failed materially to alter the situation.

It was during the sultry weather of early September when these vehement appeals from the desperate executive in the West, poured in on the worried administration in the East.

The Led-Horse proudly boasted in its prospectuses that its stock was "non-assessable." The men who held it were engaged in larger schemes, which made the fate of the Led-Horse of comparatively little consequence. They were scattered far and wide; on board

yachts, at remote fishing and hunting grounds, at watering-places, at home and abroad. To hold a timely meeting of stockholders under these circumstances would have puzzled the most active administration.

It was undeniable that, beyond the office which bore its name, the crisis in the affairs of the Led-Horse made not even a ripple on the "street."

"A draft for two thousand, promptly, will save us!" Hilgard wrote. "Another week will drive the drift through to the Shoshone workings, then we can put up a barricade—shut down—and go into court with a clear case."

The president trusted, in his reply, that the "barricade" would be unnecessary. He deprecated any manifestation in the direction of expected or intended violence. The law alone could decide these points, and with this ultimate decision in view he advised that an injunction be got out against the suspected parties, and evidence collected to support it, while he, in the East would do his best to provide money for conducting the subsequent suit for damages. For the payment of the running expenses, Hilgard must absolutely rely on his own resources, or else shut down. The president concluded by adjuring him to satisfy himself that his suspicion was correct before taking any steps in regard to an injunction.

Hilgard leaned back in his chair. He was mentally replying to the letter he held in his hand.

"The 'resources' I am to depend on are in the hands of the Shoshones,—the proof of my 'suspicion' is there—the evidence for the injunction is there—the question is how am I to get there!" He pushed his chair back impatiently. "Can't they understand that it's impossible to shut down with a gang of men unpaid!"

It had taken a week for his first protest against the order to reach the office; two weeks for repeated letters to make, so it seemed, any impression on that far-off East to which he looked for succor. After three weeks of waiting the reply had come, and it had brought him only into closer contact with a growing dread—a dread of the final resort to those wild counsels of primitive justice, from which he felt the strong recoil which marks the passage from irresponsible boyhood to manhood.

The first overt act was before him which would bring him into sharp personal contact with Conrath. The act was now become inevitable, and whether the truth of his suspicion were proved by it or not, the hostility on Conrath's part would follow with certainty.



He went out into the cool starlight and walked about on the bare space of trodden earth outside his office-door.

At sunset the restless winds, whirling in a dervish-like dance along the highways of the camp, scattering straws and chips and scraps of paper, and sinking as suddenly as they rose, in abject heaps of dust by the road-side, had fainted and died away, as if their souls had departed in the soft breeze that wandered, sighing, up the gulch.

Sounds of music floated up from the camp, where it sparkled like a restless reflection of the night sky in the dark valley below. The lights in the two shaft-houses burned warily, eye to eye, across the gulch.

"O lassie ayont the hill!"—the words which had fitfully recurred in his mind through its late preoccupations, came back now with a wistful note. The sweet lassie had kept on her own side of the hill, and he had never gone over to find her. He had never seen her since she had vanished below the sun-illuminated hill-top.

Where was she to-night?—dancing at the ball of the Younger Sons, perhaps, to that music which came faintly to his ear,—or alone, in the hostile Shoshone camp? Conrath had gone over the range two days ago. He liked better to think of her alone, though it could be no part of his to comfort her. Somehow he did not find the dramatic nature of the situation quite so exhilarating as it had seemed the day of her innocent invasion.

He went down the hill to a little cabin built against its steepest side, where West sat by his fire, moodily smoking and communing with himself after the manner of lonely men.

He was a slenderly built, wiry man, of about thirty, with a nervous mouth and a quiet blue eye, which could kindle quickly, as it did now at the sound of Hilgard's step, and his bright, authoritative voice. He got up and gave his only chair to his young chief, drawing forward an empty powder-keg and seating himself on its inverted bottom. Hilgard lit a cigarette and sat down astride of the chair with his arms across the back. Both men glowered at the fire in silence.

"A letter came from the 'Old Man' to-day," Hilgard presently said. "It's no use, West. The thing is narrowing down to just this—We've got to get into the Shoshone workings."

West looked up quickly.

"If Conrath wont go over the ground with us, we must go over it alone, and take the risk of his catching us in there."

West smoked hard for a minute.

"I could have got in there long ago, sir, if you'd said the word."

"I didn't want to say the word! It's an ugly thing to do—creeping about another man's mine to find out if he's a thief and a liar!"

"Gash can lie; he's an old hand at this game. He made his boast in Deadwood that he could always find plenty of ore as long as his neighbors had any. It's like as not he's fooled Conrath all through. When he struck that streak of ore he couldn't keep from followin' it, any more'n you kin keep a hound off a bear-track. When shall I get in there, sir?"

"You're not going in, West. I'll have a surveyor up from the camp to run the end line across, and get the distance to the Shoshone shaft; then I'll get underground, somehow, with a pocket compass."

"You'd better let me go down, sir."

"It can't be done that way, West. I've got to give my affidavit to get out the injunction. Then we'll drive that drift through, till we can swear what ground we're on!"

"It's a good time to go in now, sir. Conrath's over the range, and Gash has been on a spree. He wont be underground to-morrow, anyhow. How much time would you want?"

"I shall not go in until Conrath is back." Hilgard had risen and stood before the fire, his head well lifted, his cigarette burning out in his fingers.

"I think you might's well take your chance, sir. He'd do it with you, quick enough. It's no fool of a job you're undertakin', Mr. Hilgard."

"I know it, West; but, if I do it at all, I've got to do it my own way—not Conrath's way, or Gashwiler's. I'll take my chances with Conrath on the ground."

#### IV.

#### THE "PRELUDE SOFT."

THE "Younger Sons" celebrated their fortnightly ball that evening in the dining-room of the Colonnade House; the only suggestion of a colonnade in connection with the house being the row of hitching-posts imbedded in the mud of the street before it.

The "Younger Sons" was a select bachelor club, of the highest social aspirations. The sons were not all in their first youth. Some of them, it is to be feared, had known moments which were not those of aspiration; but, as sons go, they represented a tolerable filial average. There might have been something



deprecatory in the modest title they had chosen; at all events, they had found favor with the indulgent mothers of the camp, who accepted their invitations, and danced with them at the fortnightly ball, with the assumed approbation of the fathers.

Hilgard could have been a "Younger Son" had he desired. He had complimentary tickets sent him for the dances, for which unusual attention he was indebted to feminine, if not to maternal, influence. Men were at a discount on these occasions. They stood about in one another's way, and trod on one another's toes, against the wall, in a dreary, superfluous manner, which would have touched the sympathies of women not already overburdened with masculine claimants for them. Hilgard, having been gratuitously chosen as an object of feminine sympathy, would doubtless not have been sent to the wall; but heretofore he had been an unresponsive and ungrateful object. He had given away his ball-tickets, and his dress-suit had remained folded in the bottom of his trunk. To-night, however, at half-past nine o'clock, a visitor who stepped in out of the fresh night air found him sitting at his office-desk, in full evening costume, writing telegrams.

It was a young lawyer of Hilgard's acquaintance, who, after a careless greeting, regarding him critically from a comfortable vantage in front of the fire, remarked:

"Rather more style than the occasion calls for, but you will do very well."

"What occasion?" Hilgard inquired, folding his telegrams.

"A snug little supper at Archer's. It's rather late to ask you; fact is, you weren't included in the first deal. I asked Pitt to meet two Chicago men, just in, but he's gone back on me at the last minute. Have you got something else on hand?"

"I'm going to the Prodigals'." This was the painful perversion which the title of "Younger Sons" had suffered, in unfraternal circles of the camp. "I'm getting rather sick of this crawling about underground. It's a comfort to stretch one's legs, and get on a suit of clothes that isn't decorated in relief with candle-grease."

"Come and stretch your legs under Archer's hospitable board; you won't find any use for them at the Prodigals! You can't get a partner at this hour. Every card in the room is full."

"I may not dance, but I'm going. Shall I send you a substitute?"

"If you can find me a good one; but you'd much better come yourself and eat some trout. The Chicago men will think from your

get-up that Led-Horse stock is booming. I won't tell them your ore is chiefly in the Shoshone bins."

As the legal counsel for the Led-Horse, intimately acquainted with its difficulties, Wilkinson might have been pardoned this jest; but Hilgard flushed, as he replied:

"My get-up is a relic of the past, Wilke. There is not much of the boy left in me, but I'm going to give what there is a chance to-night. To-morrow, to-morrow" — He repented, apparently, of having begun the sentence, and left it frankly unfinished, lifting his head and following with his eyes a ring of smoke that floated upward to the ceiling.

"To-morrow, you'll bid good-by to youth forevermore, eh?" Wilkinson remarked, eyeing the young superintendent with some amusement. "You're expecting your gray hairs by the next stage?"

"I'm expecting Conrath by the next stage. He is doing his best to promote my gray hairs."

"How are you getting on with your testimony?" Wilkinson inquired.

"I'm going to hunt up some to-morrow. Confound it all, it's the worst mess you ever saw. We may have to appeal to the unwritten law after all!"

"That's what you are doing to-night, isn't it,—with the Prodigals' ball for a tribunal? Conrath, I take it, isn't the defendant in this case!"

"I hadn't thought of retaining you for counsel, Wilke," Hilgard retorted. "What time is your supper?"

"Eleven, sharp. The Chicago men want to take in the town a little before they eat."

The two young men rode back to the camp together, and separated at the telegraph office. Hilgard did not enter the ball-room at once, but reconnoitered the scene from the office of the hotel, which communicated with it. Those who were not called to the feast were apt to congregate here, and pick up a few festal crumbs on the threshold.

Hilgard felt roused without being particularly happy. He was not analyzing his mood, or his right to dedicate these few hours, on the eve of an arduous struggle, to his personal claims. He was simply satisfying himself as to whether his fair neighbor of the Shoshone persuasion was among the dancers. Failing to discover her, he stepped within the doorway for a better view, and found himself just behind a lady of his acquaintance, who was participating in the old-fashioned quadrille, then in progress. He was about to change his position when she saw him and began to talk to him in the pauses of her facile performance.

She was a lively little matron, whose six



months' residence in the camp made her a veteran in its society. In spite of a childish face, and light, inconsequent manner, she looked no longer young. The subtle change was like a premature blight on a still full-veined flower. Her youthfully rounded cheek had a slightly crumpled texture, and her eyes, of the blue of childhood, were too widely, restlessly expanded.

"What has brought you here at last, you incorrigible hermit? Or rather, *who* has brought you? You have not deigned to come and dance with us married ladies,—but no sooner——" She was "balancing" to one of the peripatetic partners in "Gentlemen to the left!" and now she was whirled by the tips of her fingers, and finished the sentence, looking at Hilgard over her shoulder as she received the advances of the next—"no sooner do we boast of a lovely young girl from the East, but you are here."

She whirled with Number Two, and continued, with her eyes still on Hilgard, as she turned to Number Three.

"But you are too late for anything but an introduction. It serves you quite right."

Her partner now seized her by both hands and she was swept away in the final "promenade all!"

Hilgard moved on among the ranks of black-coated wall-flowers, but encountered her again as the quadrille broke up. She slipped easily from her late partner's arm to his, and addressed him with the utmost animation, which yet missed, somehow, the full accent of gayety.

"Why don't you ask me to introduce you?"

"To whom, if you please?"

"Ah, what a fraud you are! I can see your eyes wandering about everywhere in search of her. You needn't pretend that you don't know who I mean!"

"I suppose you are talking of your lovely young girl from the East,—but how am I to tell her from the married ladies?" said Hilgard, gazing around in mock bewilderment.

"That's very pretty of you, Mr. Hilgard. I see you are trying to make your peace with me. You know very well that you are talking to her chaperone."

"Am I, indeed?" Hilgard exclaimed, looking down into the upturned face of this guardian of inexperienced youth. "What a fearful responsibility! You look quite worn with it already! Could I possibly be of any assistance to you in your duties?"

"Not the very least, I thank you; I have been enthusiastically assisted already. She's having a perfect 'ovation.' I must say she keeps her head very well for a girl who has been out so little."

"Do you suppose a young girl from the East would call this being 'out'?" Hilgard asked, indifferently. He was quite sure that Mrs. Denny could not possibly be the chaperone of the young girl he had come to see, and was very little moved by this picture of her as a successful candidate for the social honors of the camp.

"Well, I don't know what you would call being 'out,' if this isn't! A perfect wealth of partners, and so cosmopolitan! Why, a girl could dance with a man from every State in the Union!"

Hilgard had never felt a greater distaste for the society of the little person who had so freely bestowed herself upon him, than to-night. He wondered why he did not escape from her. There was a fatality about women of this kind, he had observed, and vaguely questioned whether, as related to social brutality in man, they represented cause or effect.

Mrs. Denny at this moment leaned from his arm with a smile of recognition to a young lady who passed them with the circling promenaders. Her complexion exhibited a rather weather-beaten fairness; her dry, lifeless yellow hair covered her forehead to her eyebrows; the sleeves of her black satin dress were cut very high on the shoulders, giving her the appearance of a perpetual shrug. Her throat and wrists were painfully small, and the hand which fluttered a passing greeting with her fan, had a meager, attenuated expression in pathetic contrast to its gay gesture.

"Is that your young girl from the East?" Hilgard asked, carelessly.

"Mercy, no! Lou Palmer came from the East ten years ago! Lou has had a beautiful time, but she begins to show it a little."

"Is a 'beautiful time' so disastrous in its effects?"

"Well, perhaps Lou has had rather too good a time," said Mrs. Denny, with a reflective air.

"Here is the cynosure!" Hilgard began, then stopped, lifting his head with a quick, characteristic movement, and nervously touching his mustache. In the presence of the girl who stood before him, the light comment died on his lips.

The little crowd of "Younger Sons," which had indicated the force of some central attraction, had parted suddenly, allowing the undoubted object of their homage to pass. She had apparently distinguished none of them with her favor, and her eyes had rather a dazed absence of expression, as she came toward Mrs. Denny.

It was Conrath's sister,—the fair Shoshone, in the white shimmer of her maiden bravery;



her freshness undimmed by the warm, dusty air of the ball, or its miscellaneous homage!

She glanced at Hilgard with doubtful recognition. Then, perceiving the identity of this splendid youth with the clay-covered knight of the prospect-hole, she gave him a slight, cold recognition; too cold for the blush that flamed, like a danger-signal, in her cheek. She proudly repudiated the traitorous color, however, and met his brilliant gaze a moment, quietly, as a lady may.

"I need not introduce you, I see," observed the astute chaperone. "You know Mr. Hilgard, Miss Conrath. He has not honored our poor little dances until to-night. You must help to insure his coming again."

The next dance was forming on the floor. Hilgard, leaning against the whitewashed wall, reckless of his black coat, found himself forgetting all the incongruities of the meeting in the satisfaction it gave him. It was inconceivable that she should be there, in her flower-like brightness, among all these warped or stale humanities. Conrath's admiration of Mrs. Denny was no secret in the camp, but that he should expect his young sister to share it seemed incredible. It was more probable that he had sacrificed his sister's tastes to his own.

However, there she was, and she would be there but a moment! Already, her partner for the dance was industriously searching for her among the promenaders and the groups along the wall. Hilgard made use of his height and breadth of shoulder to defeat this search in an unobtrusive way. He was looking down on the circle of lamp-light which rested on the top of the young girl's head; crossed by a soft line of shadow where the maidenly parting sank out of sight. The drooping, rosy face, turned a little away from him, was in shadow, too, and the small ear, innocent of jewels, glowed as pink as a baby's, warm from the pressure of the pillow.

Her petulance of their first meeting, when she had lost her equanimity as well as her way, was quite gone; the shy alarm of her late greeting had also changed to a soft, surprised air of doubtful confidence, as if among the many alien faces around her she had found in his, so lately repelled, an unexpected, bewildering sympathy. She looked at him again and again, with the brief, wondering glance of a child lost in a crowd, whom some unknown friend has taken by the hand.

Hilgard felt suddenly, deeply sobered. The excitement in his blood, which had been gathering with the thickening plot of his troubles—which had driven him here to-night—climaxed suddenly in her presence. It strung his rich, young voice to the lyric pitch,

controlled by the effort not to meet too eagerly her hesitating preference.

"I wonder if you like a triumph of this kind as much as most girls?" he asked; and felt at once that the question was half an insult.

"Is this a triumph?"

"Oh, no, not this," Hilgard went on desperately, with too keen a perception of the briefness of the passing moment, "but what I have just deprived you of."

"Do you imagine that I liked *that*?" looking at him reproachfully.

"You cannot have anything better than the best the place affords. May I see your card a moment? I shall not even go through the form of asking you for a dance. I only want to satisfy myself that you really have the best." He detached the pendent tassel from her bracelet where it had caught. "Yes," he said, after a moment's grave perusal, "it is a proud record! The flower of the camp have hastened to enroll themselves. I should have been too late an hour ago!"

The inevitable partner was now very warm, indeed, on his quest, and it was no longer possible to frustrate his claims.

Skirting along the wall, fanned by the circling wings of the waltz, Hilgard joined an acquaintance seated in a quiet corner, near the door,—a well-preserved Younger Son, with a fresh-colored face and a humorous, uncertain, exaggerated expression, as if the facial muscles had become weakened in their action, like the keys of a long-used piano. His very respectable name of Thomas Godfrey had been for many years ignored generally by his friends, in favor of the gratuitous title of Doctor. When applied to him, it became, somehow, a familiar and affectionate, rather than a dignified, *nom de plume*.

"Doctor," said Hilgard, "do you want to be an instrument of fate to-night?"

"Of whose fate, George? I've been an instrument of my own fate for fifty odd years;—the result doesn't encourage me to meddle with anybody else's."

"You haven't been passive enough, Doctor. To-night there is a chance for you to be perfectly passive. You've only to change places with me for a few hours,—or let me change with you."

"Heaven forbid!" Godfrey interrupted. "Do you call that being passive?"

"Wait till you hear me. It's a better bargain than you think. I'm too late for a dance, but you can have my supper at Archer's for one of yours, if you'll give me my choice of your partners."

The Doctor fixed Hilgard sternly with his heroi-comic gaze. "I understand your little



theory. Passivity for other folks, while you keep rustling! How many men have you made this offer to before you fell upon me?"

"Doctor, it is only open to you," said Hilgard, with a magnanimous air.

"Perhaps you're in collusion with some young lady in the room—I wouldn't be surprised! You've been studying her card and picked me out, between you, as the most gullible man on her list. George, I'm amazed at your impudence!" The Doctor meditated mournfully upon this quality in Hilgard, who appeared to be a favorite with him.

"Doctor, upon my soul, it's no conspiracy. I happened to see your name on a young lady's card, for a waltz—I know you can't waltz—you must have been out of your mind when you asked her—at this altitude! A good supper never comes amiss to a philosopher like you. I'm considering your interests as well as my own in this proposition."

"Thank you, boy. I'm capable of looking after my own interests, as yet. Out of my mind! At this altitude! Pray, have *you* tried waltzing at this altitude?"

"I've been waltzing up five hundred feet of pump-ladders, three days out of the week for the last six months, at this altitude."

"That's not to the point. I want to know why I shouldn't propose to waltz with a nice girl as well as a thin-waisted young peas-cod like yourself! Do you suppose a man loses his gallantry as he gains in girth? George, I wish you had more stability of character!"

"I've got too much;—that's the trouble with me. I'm getting positively rigid. I came here to-night to limber myself up a little."

"Yes, you need limbering! Come—what is it you do want?"

"I want your waltz, Doctor, and you want my supper: you're hankering for it this minute—I can see it in your eye!"

"What, the supper? I can see it in *your* eye! I don't believe it exists anywhere else."

"Well—not at present, but it will exist at eleven o'clock. A three-handed spread with a dummy,—that is the way it stands now. Wilkinson asked me to take the place of dummy, in default of Pitt, delinquent."

"What was the matter with Pitt? What's the matter with you,—letting a good supper go begging round the camp? There must be something wrong about that supper. Trout, did you say?"

"Oh, yes. There's nothing the matter with Wilkinson's suppers, except the place where he has to give them!"

"Do you mean Archer's?"

"I mean the *place*! How can a man give anything in a place like this?"

"It's a good enough place, if you know

how to take it. You're taking it too hard, my boy,—you're looking thin. Go and eat your own supper! You ought to be a valiant trencher-man at your age!"

"I'm a better waltzer than I am a trencher-man."

"I don't believe you, George. You may be to-night, perhaps. A man's eye don't need to be as bright as yours to enjoy a good supper. It should grow a little tender—soften a little, as his spirit grows compassionate. What's the matter with you, boy? You look as I used to at your age, when I was getting into some awful scrape?"

"Then you'd better keep me out of temptation and go to that supper in my place."

"Look here, George. It *was* a daring thing for me to do!—a man who hasn't waltzed for seven years."

"Seventeen, you mean, Doctor."

The Doctor placidly waved away the interruption.

"I'll tell you how I came to do it. Another man was just going to ask her,—a friend of her brother's. Con ought to be a little more circumspect in his friendships if he's going to turn them all loose upon his sister."

"Well!" Hilgard interrupted impatiently.

"Well! I cut him out! Wasn't it well done, at any risk, eh?"

"It was like you, Doctor."

"No, it wasn't at all like me. It might have been like me at your age—but now, look how I'm weakening! I'm rather inclined to take you up in that offer!"

"Of course you are! It's a perfect arrangement: you defeat Conrath's friend, and reward yourself with a good supper."

"I'm afraid you're too anxious about my reward; however, there's a time for all things. You're in the green tree and I'm in the dry. At your age you wouldn't have got such a bargain out of me, though!"

"Come, don't moralize, Doctor. Eleven, sharp, is your hour. It will take you five minutes to put on your overcoat and ten to find your hat."

"Well, good-night, boy. You're making a foolish bargain, but you'll be twenty years finding it out."

"I shall call it a very good bargain if it wears as long as that."

"You'll make my apologies to the young lady, George?"

"Trust me, Doctor! I'll do it as well as you could—at my age."

It is to be feared that Thomas Godfrey's apologies did not long dwell with those two fateful young souls, drifting so near to each other in the smooth involutions of the dance. Nor could the counter-charm of their bald



and boisterous surroundings avail to reverse the spell, when its rhythmic circles were ended.

The candles in tin sconces against the wall burned dim, with long winding-sheets clinging to them. The lamps smoked in the draughts from the windows, let down to renew the morbid air of the room. As the waltz died, with a piercing bravura of the violins, the stage, belated on the pass, drove noisily up to the hotel entrance. Half the people in the room rushed into the office, or crowded around the doors, to witness the disinterment of a file of bewildered passengers from the damp, close interior of the coach.

The cold night air, tainted with a strong smell of spirits, swept into the room with the current of excitement. There were boisterous masculine greetings, loud laughter, and the tramping of feet on the uncarpeted staircase.

Hilgard and Cecil Conrath were together in a corner of the half-deserted room. The violins were tuning, and the heated trumpeters, with their instruments under their arms, were leaning from their chairs on the platform to accept glasses of refreshment handed up to them from below. The young girl's fair hair was slightly disheveled, and the clear, maidenly parting was blurred by the crossing of innumerable shining filaments, catching the light, and making a dim, wavering crest above her head. A jewel fastened in the folds of her dress rose and fell in the light, as the tide of the dance music ebbed in her breast.

"Are these from the aspens that grow in our gulch?" Hilgard asked, looking down at the pale, yellow leaves that trembled at her belt.

"Yes," she said, speaking with little breathless pauses, "I like them better than the homesick-looking flowers the florists sell. Do you enjoy things that seem to find it so hard to live?"

"No, but I respect them," Hilgard replied.

"But we don't wear flowers out of respect for them; and when there are so many painful things in the world,—to have to sympathize with flowers——"

She looked up for encouragement in her generalization.

Hilgard's encouragement took the form of a silent, unsmiling, downward look, and she referred to her aspens again, rather hastily.

"These little leaves keep shivering in their tough coats, but I believe it is a little affection; they are really quite warm." She shivered herself as she spoke.

"Is that a little affectation too?" Hilgard asked.

"No, it is only somebody walking over the place where my grave will be."

"Suppose you were destined to a sailor's grave—in the bottom of the sea."

"Then it might be a mermaid's step, you know, or a soft-footed seal." Again she gave a little quick shudder.

"It might be; but it is the wind, from that door. Let me fend it, so, with my shoulder."

She rested a moment against the wall in the shelter of the defensive shoulder.

"What is it the boys say when they play marbles. 'Fend' something?" she asked, with nervous gayety.

"Fend dubs?" Hilgard suggested.

"Is it that? I thought it was something prettier!"

"Marbles was not a euphonious game when I played it."

"What does 'fend dubs' mean?" she persisted.

"I will teach you to play marbles, some time, if you wish to learn," Hilgard said, with a deep, impatient inspiration, "but I think you fend very well."

They both laughed and then were silent, seeming to listen to a mental echo of the laugh, and of their light words. The young girl blushed despairingly at her own childish allusion. It sounded rough and slangy to her, in the reproachful silence. The room filled again, suddenly, and the open door was shut. Hilgard resigned his protective attitude, and moved farther away from her. He felt impatient of the people crowding about them; they were helping to confuse those brief moments that lacked so little of perfection. It was like trying to follow the faint thread of a retreating melody through a maze of distracting sounds.

"I will never permit another aspen to be cut on my side of the gulch." It was all he could think of to say. "They shall be sacred to you, from this evening."

"I wish you would let me tell you," she began with a desperate courage, "how it was I came—how I happened to be at the shaft that morning."

"There was no reason why you shouldn't be there."

"Yes, there was. A mine is private property. I know it was altogether queer. I saw that you thought it was, then."

"I was perfectly delighted."

"But I was not there to delight anybody. I simply thought I was on my brother's ground. I was trying a new horse, and just wandering about anywhere."

"I'm afraid I was rather impertinent. I was surprised, I confess, but it was the most charming surprise a man ever had in his life. Forgive me! What did I say to you that morning? Was I very offensive?"



"You were not quite—not as you are to-night."

"Not quite so offensive as I am to-night?"

"You are making fun of me!" she said, with a grieved upward look.

"I could not possibly make fun of you! But what *can* I say? You would not listen a moment to the things I *want* to say!"

She had been nervously fingering the cluster of aspen leaves at her waist, and now one floated from its broken stem softly to the floor. He stooped for it, and held it as if it were a mutual confidence.

"I wish you would forget that morning," she said. "Make believe it did not happen!"

"If you choose to forget it—especially my part of it—I must not complain. But I'm afraid I cannot spare it, unless you will promise me other mornings or evenings—better ones—to make up for it."

He was unconsciously proving a new range of looks and tones which had been silent, heretofore, in the valiant procession of his years. It was the opening of the *vox humana* in his soul. The young girl listened to the "prelude soft"; she sighed, moving her head back restlessly, and with one hand crushing the limp plaitings of lace closer around her throat.

"There will be no more mornings or evenings," she said. "Everything I do here seems to be a mistake. This evening has been the worst mistake of all."

"I know what you mean. We are none of us living our real lives. But there might be perfect things, here—perfect rides and walks and talks—if one were not always alone, or worse than alone."

"But one always is!"

"But *need* one be? We are neighbors"—

"Yes," she interrupted, "but *what* neighbors! Oh, here is Mrs. Denny! I wondered if we were never going home!"

Mrs. Denny came toward them, between two gentlemen, laughing and shivering in a white cloak. Hilgard felt that the hovering joy of the moment had vanished. His account for the evening was closed, with the memory of her last words clouding his spirit. "What neighbors" they were, indeed!

"Didn't you hear the stage drive up, Cecil? Your brother is in at last. He says I may take you home with me to-night, and he will sleep at the hotel. He is completely done up—hasn't even strength enough left to wonder how you got on without him to-night."

"Where is he?" Miss Conrath asked.

"Can't I go to him?"

"He is in bed by this time, my dear. He could scarcely stand on his feet."

"Is he ill?" the girl inquired, anxiously.

"Of course he isn't ill!" Mrs. Denny smiled meaningly at Hilgard behind the young girl's back, and made a little wavering gesture back and forth with her small, wise forefinger. "Can't you imagine what twenty hours in that coach must be?" she added.

"I don't need to imagine—I know!" Cecil said.

"Well then! you cannot wonder he is fit for nothing but his bed!"

At the ladies' entrance—a recent addition to the Colonnade which could not be regarded as a triumph of privacy—Mr. Denny met them, and silently offered his arm to Miss Conrath, as if he had come for that purpose alone. He had spent the evening in a semi-detached state of attendance on his wife, varied by brief distractions of his own. Mrs. Denny gave him a quick, hard glance, when he first presented himself, perhaps to ascertain the nature of these distractions from their effects, but without altering her vivacity of manner.

(To be continued.)

## "DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH."

THE speech that day doth utter, and the night,  
Full oft to mortal ears it hath no sound.

Dull are our eyes to read, upon the ground,  
What's written there: and stars are hid by light.  
So, when the dark doth fall, awhile our sight

Kens the unwonted orbs that circle round,

Then quick in sleep our human sense is bound,—  
Speechless for us the starry heavens and bright.  
But, when the day doth close, there is one word

That's writ amid the sunset's golden embers,

And one at morn; by them our minds are stirred:

Splendor of Dawn—and Evening that remembers,—

These are the rhymes of God; thus, line on line,

Our hearts are moved to thoughts that are divine.

R. W. G.



## THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.\*

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### CHAPTER XXII.

It was generally conceded that nothing could be more agreeable than Mrs. Sylvestre's position and surroundings. Those of her acquaintance who had known her before her marriage, seeking her out, pronounced her more full of charm than ever; those who saw her for the first time could scarcely express with too much warmth their pleasure in her grace, gentleness, and beauty. Her house was only less admired than herself, and Mrs. Merriam, promptly gathering a coterie of old friends about her, established herself most enviably at once. It became known to the world, through the medium of the social columns of the dailies, that Mrs. Sylvestre was at home on Tuesday afternoons, and that she also received her friends each Wednesday evening. On these occasions her parlors were always well filled, and with society so agreeable that it was not long before they were counted among the most attractive social features of the week. Professor Herrick himself appeared on several Wednesdays, and it was gradually remarked that Colonel Tredennis presented himself upon the scene more frequently than their own previous knowledge of his habits would have led the observers to expect. On seeing Mrs. Sylvestre in the midst of her guests and admirers, Miss Jessup was reminded of Madame Récamier and the *salons* of Paris, and wrote almost an entire letter on the subject, which was printed by the "Wabash Times," under the heading of "A Recent Récamier," and described Mrs. Sylvestre's violet eyes, soft voice, and willowy figure, with nothing short of enthusiasm.

Under these honors Mrs. Sylvestre bore herself very calmly. If she had a fault, an impetuous acquaintance once remarked, it was that she was too calm. She found her life even more interesting than she had hoped it would be; there was pleasure in the renewal of old friendships and habits and the formation of new ones, and in time it became less difficult to hold regrets and memories in check with a steady hand. She neither gave herself to retrospection nor to feverish

gayety; she felt she had outlived her need of the latter and her inclination for the former. Without filling her life with excitement, she enjoyed the recreations of each day as they came, and felt no resulting fatigue. When Professor Herrick came to spend an evening hour with her and sat by the fire gently admiring her as he was led on to talk, and also gently admiring Mrs. Merriam, who was in a bright, shrewd humor, she herself was filled with pleasure in them both. She liked their ripeness of thought and their impartial judgment of the life whose prejudices they had outlived. And as genuinely as she liked this she enjoyed Colonel Tredennis, who now and then came too. In the first place, he came because he was asked, but afterward because, at the end of his first visit, he left the house with a sense of being in some vague way the better for it. Agnes's manner toward him had been very kind. She had shown an interest in himself and his pursuits which had somehow beguiled him out of his usual reticence and brought the best of his gifts to the surface, though nothing could have been more unstrained and quiet than the tone of their conversation. He was at no disadvantage when they talked together; he could keep pace with her and understand her gentle thoughts; she did not bewilder him or place him on the defensive. Once, as he looked at her sweet, reposeful face, he remembered what Bertha had said of his ideal woman and the thought rose in his mind that this was she—fair, feminine, full of all tender sympathy and kindly thought; not ignorant of the world nor bitter against it, only bearing no stain of it upon her. "All women should be so," he thought, sadly. And Agnes saw the shadow fall upon his face, and wondered what he was thinking of.

She began to speak to him of Bertha soon afterward, and, perhaps, if the whole truth were told, it was while she so spoke that he felt her grace and sweetness most movingly. The figure her words brought before him was the innocent one he loved, the one he only saw in memory and dreams, and whose eyes followed him with an appeal which was sad

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truth itself. At first Agnes spoke of the time when they had been girls together, making their *entrée* into society, with others as young and untried as themselves—Bertha the happiest and brightest of them all.

"She was always a success," she said. "She had that quality. One don't know how to analyze it. People remembered her and were attracted, and she never made them angry or envious. Men who had been in love with her remained her friends. It was because she was so true to them. She was always a true friend."

She remembered so many incidents of those early days, and in her relation of them Bertha appeared again and again the same graceful, touching young presence, always generous and impetuous, ready of wit, bright of spirit, and tender of heart.

"We all loved her," said Agnes. "She was worth loving; and she is not changed."

"Not changed," said Tredennis, involuntarily.

"Did you think her so?" she asked gently.

"Sometimes," he answered, looking down. "I am not sure that I know her very well."

But he knew that he took comfort with him when he went away, and that he was full of heartfelt gratitude to the woman who had defended him against himself. When he sat among his books that night his mind was calmer than it had been for many a day, and he felt his loneliness less. What wonder that he went to the house again and again, and oftener to spend a quiet hour than when others were there. When his burdens weighed most heavily upon him, and his skies looked darkest, Agnes Sylvestre rarely failed to give him help. When he noted her thoughtfulness for others, he did not know what method there was in her thoughtfulness for himself, and with what skillful tact and delicate care she chose the words in which she spoke to him of Bertha; he only felt that, after she had talked to him, the shadow which was his companion was less a shadow, and more a fair truth to be believed in and to draw faith and courage from.

The Professor, who met him once or twice during his informal calls, spoke of the fact to Arbuthnot with evident pleasure.

"He was at his best," he said, "and I have noticed that it is always so when he is there. The truth is, it would be impossible to resist the influence of that beautiful young woman."

His acquaintance with Mr. Arbuthnot had taken upon itself something of the character of an intimacy. They saw each other almost daily. The Professor had indeed made many

discoveries concerning the younger man, but none which caused him to like him less. He had got over his first inclination toward surprise at finding they had many things in common, having early composed himself to meet with calmness any source of momentary wonder which might present itself, deciding at length that he himself was either younger or his new acquaintance older than he had imagined, without making the matter an affair of years. The two fell into a comfortable habit of discussing the problems of the day, and, though their methods were entirely different, and Arbuthnot was, at the outset, much given to a light treatment of argument, they always understood each other in the end, and were drawn a trifle nearer by the debate. It was actually discovered that Laurence had gone so far as to initiate the unwary Professor into the evil practice of smoking, having gradually seduced him by the insidious temptings of the most delicate cigars. The discussions, it was observed, were always more enjoyable when the Professor, having his easy-chair placed in exactly the right position with regard to light and fire, found himself with his cigar in hand, carefully smoking it and making the most of its aroma. His tranquil enjoyment of and respect for the rite were agreeable things to see.

"It soothes me," he would say to Arbuthnot. "It even inspires and elevates me. I feel as if I had discovered a new sense. I am really quite grateful."

It was Arbuthnot who generally arranged his easy-chair, showing a remarkable instinct in the matter of knowing exactly what was necessary to comfort. Among his discoveries concerning him the Professor counted this one that he had in such things the silent quickness of perception and deft-handedness of a woman, and perhaps it had at first surprised him more than all else.

It may have been for some private reason of his own that the Professor occasionally gave to the conversation a lighter tone, even giving a friendly and discursive attention to social topics, and showing an interest in the doings of pleasure-lovers and the butterfly of fashion. At such times Arbuthnot noticed that, beginning with a reception at the British Embassy, they not unfrequently ended with Bertha; or, opening with the last dinner at the White House, closed with Richard and the weekly "evenings" adorned by the presence of Senator Planefteld and his colleague. So it was perfectly natural that they should not neglect Mrs. Sylvestre, to whom the Professor had taken a great fancy, and whose progress he watched with much interest. He frequently spoke of her to Arbuth-



not, dwelling upon the charm which made her what she was, and analyzing it and its influence upon others. It appeared to have specially impressed itself upon him on the occasion of his seeing Tredennis, and, having said that it would be impossible to resist this "beautiful young woman,"—as he had fallen into the unconscious habit of calling her—he went on to discourse further.

"She is too tranquil to make any apparent effort," he said. "And yet the coldest and most reserved person must be warmed and moved by her. You have seen that—though you are neither the most reserved nor the coldest."

Arbuthnot was smoking the most perfectly flavored of cigars, and giving a good deal of delicate attention to it. At this he took it from his mouth, looked at the end, and removed the ash with a touch of his finger, in doing which he naturally kept his eyes upon the cigar and not upon the Professor.

"Yes," he said, "I have recognized it, of course."

"You see her rather often, I think?" said the Professor.

"I am happy to be permitted that privilege," was the answer; "though I am aware I am indebted for it far more to Mrs. Amory than to my own fascinations—numberless and powerful though they may be."

"It is a privilege," said the Professor, "but it is more of one to Philip than to you—even more of one than he knows. He needs what such a woman might give him."

"Does he?" said Arbuthnot. "Might I ask what that is?"

And he was angry with himself because he did not say it with more ease and less of a sense of unreasonable irritation. The Professor seemed to forget his cigar, he held it in the hand which rested on his chair-arm, and neglected it while he gave himself up to thought.

"He has changed very much during the past year," he said. "In the last few months I have noticed it specially. I miss something from his manner, and he looks fagged and worn. It has struck me that he rather needs an interest, and feels his loneliness without being conscious that he does so. After all, it is only natural. A man who leads an isolated life inevitably reaches a period when his isolation wearies him, and he broods over it a little."

"And you think," said Arbuthnot, "that Mrs. Sylvestre might supply the interest?"

"Don't you think so yourself?" suggested the Professor, mildly.

"Oh," said Laurence, "I think the man would be hard to please who did not find she

could supply him with anything and everything."

And he laughed and made a few rings of smoke, watching them float upward toward the ceiling.

"He would have a great deal to bring her," said the Professor, speaking for the moment rather as if to himself than to any audience. "And she would have a great deal in return for what she could bestow. He has always been what he is to-day, and only such a man is worthy of her. No man who had trifled with himself and his past could offer what is due to her."

"That is true," said Laurence.

He made more rings of smoke and blew them away.

"As for Tredennis," he said with a deliberateness he felt necessary to his outward composure, "his advantage is that he does not exactly belong to the nineteenth century. He has no place in parlors; when he enters one without the least pretension or consciousness of himself, he towers over the rest of us with a gigantic modesty it is useless to endeavor to bear up against. He ought to wear a red cross, and carry a battle-ax, and go on a crusade, or right the wrongs of the weak by unhorsing the oppressor in single combat. He might found a Round Table. His crush hat should be a helmet, and he should appear in armor."

The Professor smiled.

"That is a very nice figure," he said, "though you don't treat it respectfully. It pleases my fancy."

Arbuthnot laughed again, not the gayest laugh possible.

"It is he who is a nice figure," he returned. "And though he little suspects it, he is the one most admired of women. He could win anything he wanted and would deserve all he won. Oh, I'm respectful enough. I'm obliged to be. There's the rub!"

"Is it a rub?" asked the Professor, a little disturbed by an illogical fancy which at the moment presented itself without a shadow of warning.

"You don't want the kind of thing he might care for."

This time Laurence's laugh had recovered its usual delightful tone. He got up and went to the mantel for a match to light a new cigar.

"I!" he said. "I want nothing but the assurance that I shall be permitted to retain my position in the Treasury until I don't need it. It is a modest ambition, isn't it? and yet I am afraid it will be thwarted. And then—in the next administration, perhaps—



I shall be seedy and out at elbows, and Mrs. Amory wont like to invite me to her Thursday evenings, because she will know it will make me uncomfortable, and then—then I shall disappear.”

“Something has disturbed you,” commented the Professor, rather seriously. “You are talking nonsense.”

And as he said it, the thought occurred to him that he had heard more of that kind of nonsense than usual of late, and that the fact was likely to be of some significance. “It is the old story,” he thought, “and it is beginning to wear upon him until he does not control himself quite so completely as he did at first. That is natural too. Perhaps Bertha herself has been a little cruel to him in her woman’s way. She has not been bearing it so well either.”

“My dear Professor,” said Laurence, “everything is relative, and what you call nonsense I regard as my most successful conversational efforts. I could not wield Excalibur. Don’t expect it of me, I beg you.”

If he had made an effort to evade any further discussion of Mrs. Sylvestre and the possibilities of her future, he had not failed in it. They talked of her no more—in fact, they talked very little at all. A shade had fallen upon the Professor’s face and did not pass away. He lighted his cigar again, but scarcely seemed to enjoy finishing it. If Arbuthnot had been in as alert a mental condition as usual, his attention would have been attracted by the anxious thoughtfulness of his old friend’s manner; but he himself was preoccupied and rather glad of the opportunity to be silent. When the cigars were finished and he was on the point of taking his departure, the Professor seemed to rouse himself as if from a reverie.

“That modest ambition of yours ——” he began slowly.

“Thank you for thinking of it,” said Arbuthnot, as he paused.

“It interests me,” replied the Professor, “You are continually finding something to interest me. There is no reason why it should be thwarted, you know.”

“I wish I did,” returned Laurence. “But I don’t, you see. They are shaky pieces of architecture, those Government buildings. The foundation-stones are changed too often to insure a sense of security to the occupants. No; my trouble is that I don’t know.”

“You have a great many friends,” said the Professor.

“I have a sufficient number of invitations to make myself generally useful,” said Laurence, “and of course they imply an appreciation of my social gifts which gratifies me;

but a great deal depends on a man’s wardrobe. I might as well be without talents as minus a dress-coat. It interests me sometimes to recognize a brother in the ‘song and dance artist’ who is open to engagements. I, my dear Professor, am the ‘song and dance artist.’ When I am agile and in good voice, I am recalled; but they would not want me if I were hoarse and out of spirits, and had no spangles.”

“You might get something better than you have,” said the Professor, reflectively. “You ought to get something better.”

To whom shall I apply?” said Laurence. “Do you think the President would receive me to-morrow? Perhaps he has already mentioned his anxiety to see me.” Then, his manner changing, he added, with some hurry: “You are very good, but I think it is no use. The mistake was in letting myself drift as I did. It would not have happened if—if I hadn’t been a fool. It was my own fault. Thank you! Don’t think of me. It wouldn’t pay me to do it myself, and you may be sure it would not pay you.”

And he shook the Professor’s hand and left him.

He was not in the best of humors when he reached the street, and was obliged to acknowledge that of late the experience had not been as rare a one as discretion should have made it. His equable enjoyment of his irresponsible existence had not held its own entirely this winter. It had been disturbed by irrational moods and touches of irritability. He had broken, in spite of himself, the strict rules he had laid down against introspection and retrospection; he had found himself deviating in the direction of shadowy regrets and discontents. And this in the face of the fact that no previous season had presented to him greater opportunities for enjoyment than this one. Certainly he counted as the most enviable of his privileges those bestowed upon him by the inmates of the new establishment in Lafayette Place. His intimacy with the Amorys had placed him upon a more familiar footing than he could have hoped to attain under ordinary circumstances, and, this much gained, his social gifts and appreciation of the favor shown him did the rest.

“Your Mr. Arbuthnot,” remarked Mrs. Merriam, after having conversed with him once or twice, “or, I suppose, I ought rather to say little Mrs. Amory’s Mr. Arbuthnot, is a wonderfully suitable person.”

“Suitable?” repeated Agnes. “For what?”  
“For anything—for everything. He would never be out of place, and his civility is absolute genius.”



Mrs. Sylvestre's smile was for her relative's originality of statement, and apparently bore not the slightest reference to Mr. Arbuthnot himself.

"People are never entirely impersonal," Mrs. Merriam went on. "But an appearance of being so may be cultivated, as this gentleman has cultivated his, until it is almost perfection. He never projects himself into the future. When he picks up your handkerchief, he does not appear to be thinking how you will estimate his civility; he simply restores you an article you would miss. He does nothing with an air, and he never forgets things. Perhaps the best part of his secret is that he never forgets himself."

"I am afraid he must find that rather tiresome," Agnes remarked.

"My dear," said Mrs. Merriam, "no one could forget herself less often than you do. That is the secret of your repose of manner. Privately you are always on guard, and your unconsciousness of the fact arises from the innocence of youth. You are younger than you think."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Sylvestre, rising and crossing the room to move a yellow vase on the top of a cabinet, "don't make me begin life over again."

"You have reached the second stage of existence," said the older woman, her bright eyes sparkling. "There are three: the first when one believes everything is white; the second when one is sure everything is black; the third when one knows that the majority of things are simply gray."

"If I were called upon to find a color for your favorite," said Agnes, bestowing a soft, abstracted smile on the yellow vase. "I think I should choose gray. He is certainly neutral."

"He is a very good color," replied Mrs. Merriam; "the best of colors. He matches everything—one's tempers, one's moods, one's circumstances. He is a very excellent color, indeed."

"Yes?" said Agnes, quietly.

And she carried her vase to another part of the room, and set it on a little ebony stand.

It had become an understood thing, indeed, that her relative found Laurence Arbuthnot entertaining, and was disposed to be very gracious toward him. On his part, he found her the cleverest and most piquant of elderly personages. When he entered the room where she sat it was her habit to make a place for him at her own side, and to enjoy a little agreeable gossip with him before letting him go. After they had had a few such conversations together, Arbuthnot began to discover that his replies to her references to

himself and his past had not been so entirely marked by reticence as he had imagined when he had made them. His friend had a talent for putting the most adroit leading questions, which did not betray their significance upon the surface; and once or twice, after answering such a one, he had seen a look in her sparkling old eyes which led him to ponder over his own words as well as hers. Still she was always astute and vivacious, and endowed him for the time being with a delightful sense of being at his best, for which he was experienced enough to be grateful. He had also sufficient experience to render him alive to the fact that he preferred to be at his best when it was his good fortune to adorn this particular drawing-room with his presence. He knew before long that when he had made a speech upon which he privately prided himself, after the manner of weak humanity, he found it agreeable to be flattered by the consciousness that Mrs. Sylvestre's passion-flower colored eyes were resting upon him with that delicious suggestion of reflection. He was not rendered happier by the knowledge of this susceptibility, but he was obliged to admit its existence in himself. Few men of his years were as little prone to such natural weaknesses, and he had not attained his somewhat abnormal state of composure without paying its price. And yet he had begun life with a large enough capital of fancy and emotion. Perhaps the capital had been too large.

"If one has less, one is apt to be more economical," Bertha had heard him remark, "and at least retain a small annuity to exist upon in one's maturer years. I did not retain such an annuity."

Certainly there was one period of his life upon which he never looked back without a shudder; and this being the case, he had taught himself, as time passed, not to look back upon it at all. He had also taught himself not to look forward, finding the one almost as bad as the other. As Bertha had said, he was not fond of affairs, and even his enemies were obliged to admit that he was ordinarily too discreet or too cold to engage in the most trivial of such agreeable entanglements.

"If I pick up a red-hot coal," he said, "I shall burn my fingers, even if I throw it away quickly. Why should a man expose himself to the chance of being obliged to bear a blister about with him for a day or so? If I may be permitted, I prefer to stand before the fire and enjoy an agreeable warmth without personal interference with the blaze."

Nothing could have been farther from his intentions than interference with the blaze,



where Mrs. Sylvestre was concerned; though he had congratulated himself upon the glow her grace and beauty diffused, certainly no folly could have been nearer akin to madness than such folly, if he had been sufficiently unsophisticated to indulge in it. And he was not unsophisticated—few men were less so. His perfect and just appreciation of his position bounded him on every side, and it would have been impossible for him to lose sight of it. He had never blamed any one but himself for the fact that he had accomplished nothing particular in life, and had no prospect of accomplishing anything. It had been his own fault, he had always said; if he had been a better and stronger fellow, he would not have been beaten down by one blow, however sharp and heavy. He had given up because he chose to give up and let himself drift. His life since then had been agreeable enough; he had had his moments of action and reaction, he had laughed one day and felt a little glum the next, and had let one mood pay for the next, and trained himself to expect nothing better. He had not had any inclination for marriage, and had indeed frequently imagined that he had a strong disinclination for it; his position in the Amory household had given him an abiding-place, which was like having a home without bearing the responsibility of such an incumbrance.

"I regard myself," Bertha sometimes said to him, "as having being a positive boon to you. If I had not been so good to you, there would have been moments when you would have almost wished you were married. And if you had had such moments, the day of your security would have been at an end."

"Perfectly true," he invariably responded, "and I am grateful accordingly."

He began to think of this refuge of his, after he had walked a few minutes. He became conscious that, the longer he was alone with himself, the less agreeable he found the situation. There was a sentence of the Professor's which repeated itself again and again, and made him feel restive; somehow, he could not rid himself of the memory of it.

"No man who had trifled with himself and his past could offer what is due to her." It was a simple enough truth, and he found nothing in it to complain of; but it was not an exhilarating thing to dwell upon and be haunted by.

He stopped suddenly in the street and threw his cigar away. A half laugh broke from him.

"I am resenting it," he said. "It is making me as uncomfortable as if I was a human being, instead of a mechanical invention in

the employ of the Government. My works are getting out of order. I will go and see Mrs. Amory; she will give me something to think of. She always does."

A few minutes later he entered the familiar parlor. The first object which met his eye was the figure of Bertha, and, as he had anticipated would be the case, she gave him something to think of. But it was not exactly the kind of thing he had hoped for, though it was something, it is true, which he had found himself confronted with once or twice before. It was something in herself, which on his first sight of her presented itself to him so forcibly that it gave him something very near a shock.

He had evidently broken in upon some moment of absorbed thought. She was standing near the mantel, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes seeming fixed on space. The strangeness of her attitude struck him first, and then the unusualness of her dress, whose straight, long lines of unadorned black revealed, as he had never seen it revealed before, the change which had taken place in her.

She dropped her hands when she saw him, but did not move toward him.

"Did you meet Richard?" she said.

"No," he replied. "Did he want to see me?"

"He said something of the kind, though I am not quite sure what it was."

Their eyes rested on each other as he approached her. In the questioning of hers there was a touch of defiance, but he knew its meaning too well to be daunted by it.

"I would not advise you to wear that dress again," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Go to the mirror and look at yourself," he said.

She turned, walked across the room with a slow, careless step, as if the effort was scarcely worth while. There was an antique mirror on the wall, and she stopped before it and looked herself over.

"It isn't wise, is it?" she said. "It makes me look like a ghost. No it doesn't *make* me look like one; it simply shows me as I am. It couldn't be said of me just now that I am at my best, could it?"

Then she turned around.

"I don't seem to care!" she said. "*Don't* I care? That would be a bad sign in *me*, wouldn't it?"

"I should consider it one," he answered. "It is only in novels that people can afford not to care. You cannot afford it. Don't wear a dress again which calls attention to the fact that you are so ill and worn as to



seem only a shadow of yourself. It *isn't* wise."

"Why should one object to being ill?" she said. "It is not such a bad idea to be something of an invalid, after all; it insures one a great many privileges. It is not demanded of invalids that they shall always be brilliant. They are permitted to be pale, and silent and heavy-eyed, and lapses are not treasured up against them." She paused an instant. "When one is ill," she said, "nothing one does or leaves undone is of any special significance. It is like having a holiday."

"Do you want to take such a holiday?" he asked. "Do you need it?"

She stood quite still a moment, and he knew she did it because she wished to steady her voice.

"Sometimes," she said at last, "I think I do."

Since he had first known her there had been many times when she had touched him without being in the least conscious that she did so. He had often found her laughter as pathetic as other people's tears, even while he had joined in it himself. Perhaps there was something in his own mood which made her seem in those few words more touching than she had ever been before.

"Suppose you begin to take it now," he said, "while I am with you."

She paused a few seconds again before answering. Then she looked up.

"When people ask you how I am," she said, "you might tell them that I am not very well, that I have not been well for some time, and that I am not getting better."

"Are you getting—worse?" he asked.

Her reply—if reply it was—was a singular one. She pushed the sleeve of her black dress a little away from her wrist, and stood looking down at it without speaking. There were no bangles on the wrist this morning, and without these adornments its slenderness seemed startling. The small, delicate bones marked themselves, and every blue vein was traceable.

Neither of them spoke, and in a moment she drew the sleeve down again, and went back to her place by the fire. To tell the truth, Arbuthnot could not have spoken at first. It was she who at length broke the silence, turning to look at him as he sat in the seat he had taken, his head supported by his hand.

"Will you tell me," she said, "what has hurt you?"

"Why should you ask that?" he said.

"I should be very blind and careless of you if I had not seen that something had happened to you," she answered. "You are

always caring for me, and—understanding me. It is only natural that I should have learned to understand you a little. This has not been a good winter for you. What is it, Larry?"

"I wish it was something interesting," he answered, "but it is not. It is the old story. I am out of humor. I'm dissatisfied. I have been guilty of the folly of not enjoying myself on one or two occasions, and the consciousness of it irritates me."

"It is always indiscreet not to enjoy oneself," she said.

And then there was silence for a moment, while she looked at him again.

Suddenly she broke into a laugh—a laugh almost hard in its tone. He glanced up to see what it meant.

"Do you want to know what makes me laugh?" she said. "I am thinking how like all this is to an old-fashioned tragedy, where all the *dramatis personæ* are disposed of in the last act. We go over one by one, don't we? Soon there will be no one left to tell the tale. Even Colonel Tredennis and Richard show signs of their approaching doom. And you—some one has shown you your dagger, I think, and you know you cannot escape it."

"I am the ghost," he answered; "the ghost who was disposed of before the tragedy began, and whose business it is to haunt the earth, and remind the rest of you that once I had blood in my veins too."

He broke off suddenly and left his seat. The expression of his face had altogether changed.

"We always talk in this strain," he exclaimed. "We are always jeering! Is there anything on earth—any suffering or human feeling, we could treat seriously? If there is, for God's sake let us speak of it just for one hour."

She fixed her eyes on him, and there was a sad little smile in their depths.

"Yes, you have seen your dagger," she said. "You have seen it. Poor Larry! Poor Larry!"

She turned away and sat down, clasping her hands on her knee, and he saw that suddenly her lashes were wet, and thought that it was very like her that, though she had had no tears for herself, she had them for him.

"Don't be afraid that I will ask you any questions," she said. "I won't. You never asked me any. Perhaps words would not do you any good."

"Nothing would do me any good just now," he answered. "Let it go at that. It mayn't be as bad as it seems just for the moment—such things seldom are. If it gets really



worse, I suppose I shall find myself coming to you some day to make my plaint; but it's very good in you to look at me like that. And I was a fool to fancy I wanted to be serious. I don't, on the whole."

"No, you were not a fool," she said. "There is no reason why *you* should not be what you want. Laurence," with something like sudden determination in her tone, "there is something I want to say to you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"I have got into a bad habit lately," she said, "a bad habit of thinking. When I lie awake at night——"

"Do you lie awake at night?" he interrupted.

She turned her face a little away, as if she did not wish to meet his inquiring gaze.

"Yes," she answered, after a pause. "I suppose it is because of this—habit. I can't help it—but it doesn't matter."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "it does matter! You can't stand it."

"Is there anything people 'cannot stand?' " she said. "If there is, I should like to try it."

"You may well look as you do," he said.

"Yes, I may well," she answered. "And it is the result of the evil practice of thinking. When once you begin, it is not easy to stop. And I think you have begun."

"I shall endeavor to get over it," he replied.

"No," she said, "don't!"

She rose from her seat and stood up before him, trembling, and with two large tears fallen upon her cheeks.

"Larry," she said, "that is what I wanted to say—that is what I have been thinking of. I shall not say it well, because we have laughed at each other so long that it is not easy to speak of anything seriously; but I must try. See! I am tired of laughing. I have come to the time when there seems to be nothing left but tears—and there is no help; but you are different, and if you are tired too, and if there is anything you want, even if you could not be sure of having it, it would be better to be trying to earn it—and to be worthy of it."

He rested his forehead on his hands, and kept his eyes fixed on the carpet.

"That is a very exalted way of looking at things," he said, in a low voice. "I am afraid I am not equal to it."

"In the long nights, when I have lain awake and thought so," she went on, "I have seemed to find out that—there were things worth altering all one's life for. I did not want to believe in them at first, but now it is different with me. I could not say so to any

one but you—and perhaps not to you to-morrow or the day after—and you will hear me laugh and jeer many a time again. That is my fate—but it need not be yours. Your life is your own. If mine were my own—oh, if mine were my own!" She checked the passionate exclamation with an effort. "When one's life belongs to oneself," she added, "one can do almost anything with it!"

"I have not found it so!" he replied.

"You have never tried," she said. "One does not think of these things until the day comes when there is a reason—a reason for everything—for pain and gladness, for hope and despair, for the longing to be better and the struggle against being worse. Oh! how can one give up when there is such a reason, and one's life is in one's own hands. I am saying it very badly, Larry, I know that. Agnes Sylvestre could say it better, though she could not mean it more."

"She would not take the trouble to say it at all," he said.

Bertha drew back a pace with an involuntary movement. The repressed ring of bitterness in the words had said a great deal.

"Is it——?" she exclaimed involuntarily as she had moved and then stopped. "I said I would not ask questions," she added, and clasped her hands behind her back, standing quite still in an attitude curiously expressive of agitation and suspense.

"What!" he said, "have I told you? I was afraid I should. Yes, it is Mrs. Sylvestre who has disturbed me—it is Mrs. Sylvestre who has stirred the calm of ages."

She was silent a second, and when she spoke her eyes looked very large and bright.

"I suppose," she said slowly, "that it is very womanish in me—that I should almost wish it had been some else."

"Why?" he asked.

"You *all* have been moved by Mrs. Sylvestre," she replied, more slowly than before—"all of you."

"How many of us are there?" he inquired.

"Colonel Tredennis has been moved too," she said. "Not long before you came in, he paid me a brief visit. He does not come often now, and his visits are usually for Janey, and not for me. I displeased him the night he went with me to the reception of the Secretary of State and he has not been able to resign himself to seeing me often; but this evening he came in, and we talked of Mrs. Sylvestre. He had been calling upon her, and her perfections were fresh in his memory. He finds her beautiful and generous and sincere; she is not frivolous or capricious. I think that was what I gathered



from the few remarks he made. I asked him questions—you see, I wanted to know. And she has this advantage—she has all the virtues which the rest of us have not.”

“You are very hard on Tredennis sometimes,” he said, answering in this vague way the look on her face which he knew needed answer.

“Sometimes,” she said—“sometimes he is hard on me.”

“He has not been easy on *me* to-day,” he returned.

“Poor Larry!” she said again. “Poor Larry!”

He smiled a little.

“You see what chance I should be likely to have against such a rival,” he said. “I wonder if it ought to be a consolation to me to reflect that my position is such that it cannot be affected by rivals. If I had the field to myself, I should stand exactly where I do at this moment. It saves me from the risk of suffering, don’t you see? I know my place too well to allow myself to reach that point. I am uncomfortable only because circumstances have placed it before me in a strong light, and I don’t like to look at it.”

“What is your place?” she asked.

“It is in the Treasury,” he replied. “The salary is not large. I am slightly in debt—to my tailor and hosier, who are, however, patient, because they think I am to be relied on through this administration.”

“I wish I knew what to say to you!” she exclaimed. “I wish I knew!”

“I wish you did,” he answered. “You have said all you could. I wish I believed what you say. It would be more dignified than to be simply out of humor with oneself, and resentful.”

“Larry,” she said gently. “I believe you are something more.”

“No! no! Nothing more!” he exclaimed. “Nothing more, for heaven’s sake!” And he made a quick gesture, as if he was intolerant

of the thought, and would like to move it away. So they said no more on this subject, and began soon after to talk about Richard.

“What did you mean,” Arbuthnot asked, “by saying that Richard showed signs of his approaching doom? Isn’t he in good spirits?”

“It seems incredible,” she answered, “that Richard should not be in good spirits, but it has actually seemed to me lately that he was not. The Westoria lands appear to have worried him.”

“The Westoria lands,” he repeated, slowly.

“He has interested himself in them too much,” she said. “Things don’t go as easily as he imagined they would, and it annoys him. To-day——”

“What happened to-day?” Laurence asked, as she stopped.

“It was not very much,” she said; “but it was unlike him. He was a little angry.”

“With whom?”

“With me, I think. Lately I have thought I would like to go abroad, and I have spoken of it to him once or twice, and he has rather put it off; and to-day I wanted to speak of it again, and it seemed the wrong time, somehow, and he was a trifle irritable about it. He has not always been quite himself this winter, but he has never been irritable with me. That isn’t like him, you know.”

“No, it isn’t like him,” was Laurence’s comment.

Afterward, when he was going away, he asked her a question:

“Do you wish very much to go abroad?” he said.

“Yes,” she answered.

“You think the change would do you good?”

“Change often does one good,” she replied. “I should like to try it.”

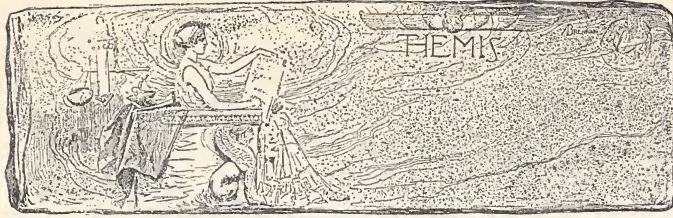
“I should like to try it myself,” he said. “Go if you can, though no one will miss you more than I shall.”

And, having said it, he took his departure.

(To be continued.)







## IS THE JURY SYSTEM A FAILURE ?

AN elderly merchant from Eastern lands was making his first journey in the United States, in company with a New York banker, through one of the richest sections of our country. He admired our large cities, our mountains, our great lakes and rivers, and our forests, which were then in the full splendor of their autumnal colors. He spoke of his surprise at the marvelous energy with which this American race had conquered a wilderness and developed the resources of a continent. He asked all manner of questions about our commerce, our railways, our schools, and our politics. At last he spoke of our courts. He said that if in his own country the people could only have pure courts, where they could get justice surely and speedily, they would, he thought, soon enter on a new and prosperous existence. The American, in answer to the questions that were put to him, explained our judicial machinery, and especially the system of jury trials, under which, as he told his guest, the people themselves took part in the administration of justice, and causes were decided by the verdict of twelve ordinary citizens, under the supervision of a judge, from whom they received their instructions on the points of law arising in the case before them.

"And these twelve citizens," said the merchant, "how are they selected? They are chosen, I suppose, by a vote of the people. That is, I am told, the distinguishing feature of democracy."

"No," said the banker, "they are not chosen by a vote of the people."

"Then are they selected by the judge for their wisdom, or for the experience they have had in the hearing of causes?"

"No, they are not selected for their wisdom, or for their experience."

"Then, how is it decided who these twelve men are to be?"

"These twelve jurymen," said the American, "are chosen by lot. We place a large number of names in a box, draw out the names of twelve men at random, and these twelve men form the jury who hear the cause."

"That is most singular," said the merchant.

"In my own country, indeed, our games are many of them games of chance, as it is with all highly enlightened peoples. So it is, I know, with yourselves. You Americans, in play, use cards and dice. Some of your ambassadors at the royal courts of Europe have taught us much that we never knew about cards. But in my own land we do not use the processes of gambling in the daily working of our government. We do not choose our public servants by drawing lots or throwing dice. We make an attempt, in theory at least, to select our officials because they have skill and experience in public affairs. I do not mean that we often succeed in putting our theory in practice."

He paused for a moment.

"You surprise me greatly," he continued. "But when you have once chosen your jurymen, no doubt they soon get a large experience, and in time they must become very useful public servants."

"Why, no," said the American, "I cannot say that they do. We do not keep the same jurymen long in our judicial service. In fact we draw a new set of jurymen for each cause. The same man may by chance serve on a jury two or three times in the course of a year—hardly oftener than that."

"You are, indeed, a wonderful people! But do you choose all your public officers by lot?"

"It has been suggested that we should do so; but as yet, we use that method only for our juries."

"And with your other public servants—do you choose new men each day?"

"Oh, no! Our jurors are the only ones of our public servants whom we change as often as that. Our President, for instance, who is the Commander of our Army and of our Navy, and the head of our diplomatic service, who is, in short, the chief executive officer of the whole nation, we keep in office for four years."

The Oriental for some time seemed wrapped in deep thought, and, with a smile on his face, again began his questions.

"Tell me," he said, "the engineer on our



railway train,—is he, too, a new man? Is this the first time he has ever driven a locomotive?"

"By no means," said the American. "This engineer is a man of experience. As I happen to know, he has been in the employ of this railroad company for twenty-five years."

"I am heartily glad to know that. I feared it might be your custom to do with your engineers as you do with your jurymen, and take a new engineer on each train. But as a rule, how often do you discharge them and put new men in their places?"

"My dear friend," said the American, "you do not understand us. It is only in our government that we keep continually changing our servants. You could never carry on a railway on such a system as that. It takes eight or ten years for a man to learn how to manage a steam-engine. It would never do to put a locomotive in the hands of a man with no experience."

"So I should suppose. Otherwise you would soon have neither railway trains nor passengers. And these magnificent mills that I see on every side, they are operated, I imagine, by men who are trained for their work, and follow one calling all their lives, are they not?"

"Certainly: in mills you must have skilled labor. No mill-owner would trust his costly machinery to ignorant workmen. We manage our mills as we do our railroads."

"And in your mills you do not select your operatives or your superintendents by drawing lots?"

"Certainly not."

"It is then only in your government affairs that you use ignorant men for doing your work, and it is there alone that you choose your servants by lot?" He paused a few moments, and resumed: "Your people must have a wonderful genius for government, or, it may be, for getting on without any government. How long with you does it take a man to learn to make a shoe?"

"That I cannot tell you precisely; but I should suppose that a man of ordinary intelligence might learn how to make a tolerably good shoe in four or five years, if he began to learn the trade when he was young. If he waited till he were old, he would never become a really skillful workman. His hands and fingers would be stiff and awkward."

"Or to be an accountant, to keep the accounts of your bank, for instance,—how long would it take a man to fit himself for that?"

"My dear sir, the man who has the charge of the accounts of my bank has been in the employ of our house for forty-five years. He grew up with us from a boy. He is familiar

with all the details of our business through all its branches. He knows the whole history of each one of our transactions more thoroughly than I do myself. I could easily get another accountant as skillful as he is, but no other man has his knowledge of our affairs. That is what makes his value to me. And it has taken him forty-five years in our service to learn what he now knows. But you ask me how long it takes to become an accountant. I should say that in two or three years a man might gain skill enough to keep the books of an ordinary retail house, if he were intelligent, and, as we say, quick at figures."

"Allah be praised! But you are a wonderful people! In our wildest and most fanciful romances I have never read anything that equals what you now tell me. You say it takes a man five years to learn to make a good shoe, and two or three years to become an accountant. And at the head of your government affairs once in four years you place a man who has had no experience at his work, and in your courts to administer justice you have new men each day, and choose them by lot. You are indeed a most wonderful people. And is this what you call democracy?"

"It would seem that it must be," said the American. "I do not know that I have ever before tried to think what democracy really was. But this would seem to be one of its features as we practice it."

The aged Oriental kept silence for a time, and at last his thoughts found vent in the pious ejaculation: "Allah be praised! There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" And that was, as is easily seen, the only strictly logical conclusion which he could reach from his premises.

This may sound like an attempt at burlesque; but it is not. However we may theorize on the matter, as a fact the distinctive features of our jury system are precisely these: that we take men to sit as judges in our courts who have neither training nor experience for their work; we take new men each day; and we select them by lot.

Can this be wise? It is a method which we use nowhere but in our public service. Throughout all other human affairs, if we wish work of any kind done well, we use men of skill and training. Everywhere but in our public service a man must learn his trade, as the phrase is, must learn how to do his one kind of work, whether it be hard or easy, whether it be ditching, or coal-mining, or building iron steam-ships. But when we come to the management of the state affairs of a great people, we seem to think that training is of no value. And in the administration of justice we go to the extreme length of taking



new men to decide each new cause, and choosing them by lot. Can it be that government work is the one kind of work in the world that men can do well without first learning how?

Thoughtful persons are beginning to have their doubts on this question, or, rather, they are beginning to end their doubts. It is true that, in times past, many able men have been of the opinion that the jury system, as a part of the working machinery for the administration of justice, was well fitted to its uses. But public opinion on that point is changing. The men who still have faith in the jury system are mostly theorists, men who do not know its real workings. The men who really see its workings know its faults. And, of all men, those who think worst of it are jurymen themselves. They are the men who best know what it is. I have often heard opinions as to the methods of juries given by men who have served in the jury-box, and never once a favorable one. Always they have said that they would never wish a cause of their own, if it were a just one, to be tried before a jury.

The whole question is a practical one. Men say that, theoretically, the jury system may not be perfect, but that "it works well." This is the whole point. I maintain that the jury system does not "work well," if words are to have their true meaning. When we say that a system works well, we mean, or we ought to mean, not that we have thus far been able to endure it, but that it is the best thing we can get for its purpose. Now our present jury system "works well" in the same way that a cart without springs works well. We can, indeed, use it to transport hay and cord-wood. It is even possible to make a journey with it, and perhaps bring our bones unbroken to the journey's end. A cart without springs is an improvement on a sledge without wheels. But how does it compare with this thing which we call a steam railway train?

The question is not one to be decided hastily, or from only one point of view. Many men, who are quite convinced that the jury is not a perfect tribunal for getting wise decrees, yet have a doubt whether we can devise anything better to take its place. Others who think that we may possibly frame something better than our jury system, looking at it merely as a part of the machinery for the administration of justice, yet have a belief that we must keep it as a bulwark of the people's liberties. Others think that the jury system has great value as a means to the political education of the people. An idea, too, is widely held that the jury is a political growth, that it is only one organ in a large

organism, and that an attempt to make any great change in the one organ will endanger the health or the existence of the whole organism. And, finally, many men who are well convinced that, on every ground, we ought to have some new machinery in the place of the jury, say that we can *do* nothing, that the people cannot be persuaded to make a change, even if a change be wise.

I propose then, by way of an individual contribution to the people's thought on one of the people's questions, to consider our jury system from these different points of view. And my attempt will be to show that we can find something which will better serve the people's needs than our present jury system, whether we view it merely as a part of the people's machinery for the administration of justice, as a safeguard of the people's liberties, as a means to the people's education, or as a stage in the growth of the people's government. And I shall also try to show that, if it be wise to make a change in our jury system, the change can be made.

The first point to be considered is whether we cannot devise something better than our jury system, viewing it merely as a part of the people's machinery for the administration of justice. And here we must consider, what are the ends to be accomplished by any possible system of legal tribunals; whether the jury system serves those ends well; and whether any other system will serve those ends better.

At the outset we must give up all idea of having any system which will make us sure in every case of getting the one right decree. We shall at times have wrong decrees, under any system. We have to use in the administration of justice imperfect human beings. We cannot get from them perfect results. Counsel will not always find out the whole truth of a case from hearing only one side of it, nor will courts always do so after hearing both sides. Justice will at times miscarry, as long as men are what they are, and until the bench and bar finally accomplish their glorious mission of regenerating human nature in its moral aspects.

Assuming then that any system of tribunals will be imperfect, the end to be accomplished by any system of courts is to make justice—so far as we can—sure, speedy, and cheap. To make justice sure is, of course, the first thing. But it is almost as important to make it cheap and speedy. The delays and the cost of litigation are now its greatest evils. Most men might nearly as well give up their rights as get them only after years of weary waiting. Especially is it the poor and weak who must always suffer most from these



delays of the law, which now often amount practically to a denial of justice.

How, then, does the jury system serve these purposes of getting justice surely, speedily, and cheaply? What are its good points, and its bad ones?

Two features in the jury system are, in my belief, thoroughly good, and should be had in every tribunal which is to give final decrees in cases involving more than very small amounts of property. And these two features are, that the jury is a tribunal made up of several members—and that the assent of every member is required to its verdict. As it seems to me, in no cause of any importance, should a final judgment be given by only one man. There should always be the working together of several minds. As a rule, one mind does not see all the points of a case, or wisely weigh them all, and different minds see different points. If then we should have a tribunal made up of several members who were men of ability and training, it would be as near to a certainty as we can get, that no points of real weight in a case would go unseen. And if the assent of each member were required to the judgment, it would be as near to a certainty as we can get, that every point seen in a case would be thoroughly considered. For the man whose voice must be had in order to reach a result, has in his hands a sure means of compelling a hearing. This requiring the assent of each member of a jury to the verdict has been, it is true, very often disapproved. I am convinced it is a thoroughly wise feature. In practice it has never worked any great inconvenience. Even with our present juries, made up, as they are, of men new to their work and to one another, there is almost never any great difficulty in their agreeing on a verdict. This is natural enough. Men of common sense, where it is necessary that they should come to an agreement, come to an agreement. And juries are generally made up of men who have common sense. They are able to see that, where individual views differ, individual views must yield; and they yield. It may be said that, although this is the case with inexperienced jurymen, it might not be so with old judges, who are stronger men, with firmer opinions. But here we have the results of actual experiment. And we find as a fact that judges after learning law do not lose their common sense, and that where it is necessary for them in the discharge of their duty to agree on a judgment, they agree on a judgment. An examination of the Reports of the present New York Court of Appeals shows that the decisions are unanimous in about ninety-five cases out of a

hundred. And the judges of that court have to agree on the hardest thing in the world for men to agree on,—mere opinions and processes of reasoning. If they had to agree only on a result, on a just judgment, I venture to think that they would not have a disagreement once in five hundred times, and that they would seldom have any difficulty in agreeing quickly. Men who know how to do their work, and are in the habit of working together, learn to work together with smoothness and speed. I venture the further opinion that it is only the requiring the assent of every jurymen to the verdict which has made the jury an endurable thing. Our jurymen now, especially in the large cities, are as a class much more intelligent men than the jurymen of fifty or a hundred years ago. But even with the more intelligent juries of this day we do get at times unjust verdicts. It is owing to this requirement of agreement, that we do not have them oftener than we do. Almost always on a jury there are at least two or three men of superior shrewdness and intelligence. These men usually control the result. They are enabled to do so because they have it in their power to prevent a wrong verdict by withholding their votes. A verdict which commands the assent of every one of twelve men will not often be very unjust.

So far the good points.

There are bad points. The jury is a body of men who have no knowledge of the law,—who follow other callings,—and who have practically no experience or training in hearing and deciding mere questions of fact. Moreover, in causes which are tried before a jury, no final judgment can be had without a jury's verdict.

The results which follow are most remarkable.

In the first place, it is this fact that a jury is a body of men who have no knowledge of the law, that compels us to use that most singular piece of judicial machinery, the double tribunal, of judge and jury, made up of one man who knows the law and twelve men who do not; but where the twelve men who do not know the law decide the cause, and the one man who does know it merely tells them what the law is. That is what we are driven to so long as we have juries. Causes must be decided on some fixed legal principles, and jurymen know nothing of them. The simple, natural course would seem to be to have a court made up of men who do know those principles. But we keep the jury, and place the jurymen under the guidance of a judge. Here, too, the natural course would seem to be to have this trained judge give the judgment. But the judgment or verdict is given by the untrained



jurymen. It will be said that the jury has only to apply the principles of law, which are stated to them by the judge. But it is this applying legal principles, as it is called, which tries the brains of the strongest men in the legal profession. That is especially the work to which untrained minds are not equal. This attempt to have one man decide a cause on another man's ideas of law,—to have twelve men think with another man's brains,—is not fitted to give the best results.

We come to another point. The fact that the jury is a temporary body, made up of men who have other callings, which they leave at a sacrifice, to which they must at once return, makes it impossible that intricate causes should have, either as to the facts or the law, the thorough consideration they need. It is not an infrequent thing for a trial to last a week, or even a month. Many witnesses will be examined, many papers read. To carry all the evidence of a long trial in the mind is a thing that few men can do, even with the training of a life-time. In a cause which has a large mass of conflicting testimony, it is an impossible thing, even for the most able and experienced judges, to give sound decisions on mere matters of fact, without having the exact record of the witnesses' words, copies of all the papers, and, above all things, *time* to read and think. But this body of men, with no training at all, as a rule, have no record of the evidence, no papers, must depend on their mere memory of what they have heard, and they come to their decision in one hurried conference of perhaps one or two hours; or if they take a longer time for their deliberations the result at times depends on a mere contest of physical endurance. At the same time, too, the judge, in making his charge upon the law, is placed under every possible disadvantage. Many difficult points are presented to him for his decision at the very end of a trial. He has little time for quiet thought, or for the examination of books. If he makes a slight misstatement as to any of the legal principles bearing on the merits of the cause, it will be ground for a new trial. And it is from a hurried oral statement that the jury is supposed to gain a sufficient knowledge of the legal principles involved in the cause, to master which the judge has taken the study of years. In short, both judge and jury are placed in circumstances which go far to make a careful examination of the law and facts of a case impossible, and to make error certain.

The fact, too, that the jury is made up of inexperienced men necessitates all the wearisome and needless contests over the admission of evidence. A tribunal of men who

were fitted for their work would hear, within reasonable limits, everything which could possibly throw any light on the case to be decided,\* and would wisely weigh all the evidence laid before it; but with a jury we know that testimony will not always be rightly weighed. We are compelled, therefore, to have the judge exclude all testimony which is not strictly relevant (as the phrase is) to the points to be decided, for fear that it may have an undue weight in the jury's minds. Can anything be more absurd? We say in so many words that a jury cannot be trusted rightly to weigh testimony, and yet we keep the jury for the one purpose of weighing testimony.

But the jury is not a tribunal well fitted to decide even mere questions of fact. It is often said that, for deciding the every-day differences of business men, we need the every-day common sense of business men. No doubt we need common sense. But every-day common sense is not enough. We must have trained common sense. This work of judging, of sifting large masses of conflicting testimony, of detecting falsehood, is a thing which cannot be well done by men picked from the community at random. It takes strong minds, and it takes experience in this special work of judging. The ablest and most experienced lawyer at the bar, before he can be a really useful judge, must have a new experience on the bench. It is often said, too, that to decide the causes of business men we must have the experience of business men. But is that true? A contract is a contract, whether it concerns flour or railway bonds. And for a man to decide justly the rights of the parties under a contract for the sale of flour or bonds, it is not necessary that he should be a flour-dealer or a bond-broker. What is needed in order to judge business causes is, not personal experience in any one branch of business, but a knowledge of the general methods of business men in all branches. In a few years on the bench, a judge gets a knowledge of the general methods of business men which no business man can possibly have. The thing especially needed in deciding causes is a knowledge of human nature as it shows itself in the witness-box. And that knowledge can be had only from a long experience in court-rooms.

But the most singular point of all is yet to be given. It is almost a certainty, that with tribunals thus constituted there will be errors to correct. In fact, in a trial of any length, with adroit counsel on either side, it is almost a wonder if there is not error. To correct these errors there must then be appeals. But since, under our law, the



final decision must be made by a jury, the appellate court gives no judgment on the merits of a cause. It only decides whether there was or was not error in one process, in the judge's rulings, either on points of law or on points of evidence. The result of the trial, the verdict, may have been right or may have been wrong. With that point the appellate court has nothing to do. Moreover, if it finds there has been error, it does not correct the judgment, but only orders another trial, to begin anew the series of blunders and appeals with not much more certainty of a right result than there was in the beginning. It is this possibility, or almost certainty, of appeals and new trials, and wearying delays, which causes half the litigation that burdens our courts, and which is the worst result of our jury system. It is a result which comes directly and necessarily from having men do work which they have never learned how to do.

The result, then, to which the argument thus far has brought us, is this: that there are two good features in the jury, its being a tribunal of several members, and the requiring the assent of every member to its verdict. And, on the other hand, our conclusion is that its other features, its being made up of men who have no knowledge of the law, and its being a temporary body of men having other callings, make it certain that we shall have many wrong judgments, with long delays and heavy expense to suitors. In short, the jury at this day fails to accomplish the ends which should be accomplished by a well-devised judicial system.

But what can we have that is better?

Suppose that we were to try this very simple plan. Suppose we were to keep in our judicial system the features which had been found by experience to work well, and were to do away with those features which have been found to work ill. Suppose that, in the place of this double tribunal,—made up partly of untrained men who give their time to other affairs, with whom deliberate examination of a case is impossible,—we were to have a single tribunal, of trained men, who should give their whole time to their work, who should give to each cause the time it really might need. Suppose, in short, we were to put our appellate court of trained judges at the beginning of the litigation instead of at the end of it; were to have them hear the whole of the cause on its merits, instead of one or two points of it on a technicality; were to have them give a judgment themselves, instead of simply saying whether some one else had made a blunder, and that we were then to abolish appeals?

This may sound somewhat sweeping. But

let us recall some steps of the argument, and see if there is any way of escaping the position in which we now find ourselves. We know that this jury is a body of men having no training for their work. We know that its constitution makes thorough deliberation an impossible thing. We know that it drives us to the double tribunal. We know that errors must certainly result. And we know that the existence of these errors must and does cause the costly and tedious delays of the law. Now, can any man point out any other cause for all these errors and delays, except this one fact, that we use a tribunal of untrained men for doing work which requires men of training? And what other remedy then is possible except to use trained men in their place? It may, too, at first seem that there would be danger in abolishing appeals. But what is the end that under our present system we try to gain by appeals? Nothing but the correction of error. And what is the means that we use for this correction of error? Nothing but the having in the final appellate courts seven learned and experienced lawyers to hear the cause. If then we have our seven learned and experienced lawyers hear the cause in the beginning instead of at the end, what are we to lose, except delay?

But let us examine with somewhat more care the probable results of the modifications here proposed.

In the first place we should, with these modifications, have as great a certainty of just decrees as we can get under any system. So long as we use human beings for the administration of justice we cannot possibly devise a better tribunal than one made up of a reasonable number of able and experienced judges. Suppose an important cause were to be tried, and that the hearing were had before a court of seven experienced judges, like our present New York Court of Appeals. Suppose that they heard all the witnesses, admitted such testimony as they saw fit, giving—as they undoubtedly would—all reasonable latitude on this point, hearing everything which could throw any real light on the matters in dispute, and taking for their decision, not one hour or one day, but precisely such time as they might need. Would not a decree which should be assented to by every member of such a court be very certain of being just? Would not the judgment of such a court, on the whole case, be better than its own judgment on half the case? And would not the careful judgment of seven trained men be better than the hasty judgment of twelve untrained men? This would seem to be somewhat in the nature of an old-fashioned sum in arithmetic, in Rule of Three.



At the same time similar modifications should be made in that branch of our procedure which concerns what we call equity practice, where causes are now heard in the first instance before a single judge. Here, too, instead of having the cause first heard before one man, taking the chance of his errors, and then appealing to higher courts to set those errors right, we should have the cause heard in the beginning, once for all, on the merits, before a court of several judges, should get our best possible result at the outset, and avoid all this needless expense and delay. This would give us, too, a simple method of fusing common law and equity practice, which lawyers generally agree is a very desirable thing, but which can never be thoroughly accomplished so long as we retain the system of jury trials for what we call common law actions.

But what would be done, it may be asked, if the members of such a court could not agree? To this the answer is, we would do as we do now when a jury does not agree,—have another trial. But this point has, it seems to me, been already fairly met. Experience shows that there would very seldom be disagreements. It is sometimes supposed that the duty of a jurymen or a judge requires a man to refuse his assent to a verdict or a judgment which he does not think a correct one. But this is not so. No doubt a jurymen or a judge is bound to do what he can in reason to bring about a result which he thinks right. But he is bound to help a result, not to hinder one. It might be well to provide that in the event of a second trial a judgment could be rendered by fewer members. I do not believe, however, that such a provision would be needed once in five hundred cases. But it could do no harm.

It may be thought that such a change would necessitate a large increase in the number of our judges, and would therefore greatly increase the public expenses. If it did increase the direct outlay for judges' salaries, there would be in the end a great saving to the people. The item of judges' salaries is a small fraction of what the people now have to pay for the administration of justice. The delays of our courts are what now make the main tax on the people. Here, as elsewhere, it is no true economy to work with poor tools or bad materials. I doubt, however, if the force of judges needed would be much, if at all, increased by the changes here proposed. The work now done by the judges of our courts consists very largely in the hearing of appeals. As the practice now is in the State of New York, a case which goes but once in the regular course through the dif-

ferent courts to the highest appellate court, is heard in one form or another before eleven judges. It is not an infrequent thing for a cause to go through all the courts twice, in which case it is heard by twenty-two judges. This appellate work is the most laborious work of all, as it involves the writing of many opinions. Moreover, as I believe, half the cases which now get into the courts would never be brought there, if they were sure of being quickly heard before a court of able judges who would give at once a final judgment. It is the hope of delay that makes half our lawsuits.

The plan here given is to have no appeals, in their present form. But though we should do away with appeals, it would be necessary to have graded courts,—courts arranged for the trial of causes according to the amounts of property involved; perhaps, too, according to the different classes of matters involved. It might be wise, too, that causes should be sent by the lower courts to the higher ones for a hearing, when some new and important principles came up for decision. There would, too, in the minds of some men, be the fear which is, no doubt, still widely spread among us, of some danger at the hands of permanent officials of any kind. But this fear, I believe, is now fast disappearing. When our judges were independent of everything save the consequences of their own misconduct, before judges became politicians, while such a thing as a corrupt order or decree from a judge on the bench was a thing almost undreamed of, could a better tribunal possibly have been found than one made up of five or seven judges? Could a cause be in safer hands than in those of seven men like Kent, and Shaw, and Story? But take our judges as they now are, and I believe the general opinion of both lawyers and laymen would be overwhelming in favor of having causes heard before a court of judges, rather than before a court of laymen. The remedy here is not to take causes out of the hands of judges, but to take judges out of politics.

Any attempt to suggest a radical change in government methods is now generally received with great distrust, and almost with contempt. It is called theorizing. But everywhere else men try to make improvements,—and they make them. Moreover, they try to make those improvements by following principles, of some kind, after a study of faults and a search for remedies. Why should we not do the same in our government affairs? Is it there alone that we must use the machinery of five hundred years ago?

This whole system of trial by jury never was anything but a clumsy make-shift. In its



origin, the jury was not a court of justice for hearing causes, but only a feudal court of the lord's vassals. These vassals first became something in the nature of a judicial body merely for the purpose of deciding disputes as to landed estates or feuds; and in deciding these disputes they served mainly as witnesses to facts within their knowledge, and not as judges to hear causes on evidence. This court of vassals was, in time, converted into something like a court of justice, but merely for lack of any better machinery. No doubt the jury system was an advance on the methods it superseded. Trial by jury, as a method of ascertaining the truth, is something better than trial by battle. It answered very well for the simple transactions of a rude race just emerging from the fighting era of existence. But how does it serve the needs of a great working people in this nineteenth century? This system of having lawsuits heard by men who know nothing of law, this mixing of one lawyer with twelve laymen and calling them a court, is about as sensible as to try to drive a wild elephant and a thorough-bred in double harness. The combination is not a useful one. Need it be said that this marvelous monstrosity is the morganatic device of that grand old blundering, synthetic English people, which, in affairs of state, always insists on adapting old machinery to new uses, which tries to convert an antique feudal tin-pot into the cylinder of a modern legal locomotive, and which produces as its masterpiece in political machinery that wondrous thing called parliamentary government, where a minister is put in the War Office because some other men have been outvoted in Parliament, where he gives his time to general legislation instead of to army affairs, where he resigns from the War Office because he has blundered in the legislature on some measure concerning the Irish Church, or Irish landlords, but keeps his seat in the legislature, where he has made his blunders?

So far we have considered the jury as a part of the machinery for the administration of justice. We have, then, to see how necessary it is as a safeguard to the people's liberties.

In England, where the jury system grew, under the rule of hereditary kings, there was no doubt, in times gone by, great danger to the rights of the individual subject from kingly tyranny. The jury system did there fill a great need; it was the bulwark of the people's liberties. But have we, in this country and at this time, the same dangers, or, indeed, any dangers against which the jury system is the only, or the true, protection?

We have no hereditary king. With us the danger is, not to the rights of the individ-

ual from a king, but to the rights of the people from individuals. The fact is that the jury in our criminal procedure,—and in truth nearly our whole criminal procedure,—is especially adapted for the protection of criminals. It is society which needs protection for its liberties. And that protection can be had only by making in our criminal procedure the changes here already urged for our civil procedure,—by having a machinery for the speedy trial of all criminal charges before a fit tribunal, and by providing some means for getting a judgment against the criminal before the crime is forgotten. The only dangers there are with us to the rights of individuals come from the existence at times of popular passions or prejudices, which are almost always honest, though unreasoning. Against these passions and prejudices, the uniform experience of the community show that the only sure safeguard is in able and upright judges. How could it be otherwise? A judge is led by his whole training, by all his habits of life and thought, to take calm and deliberate views of the questions which are brought before him. Juries will at times work injustice through mere prejudice and excitement. The inclination of a judge is always to save the law and the individual from the passions of the hour. The old maxim, that it is better for fifty guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to suffer, is a judge's maxim. The law that citizens give to citizens, when they are not restrained by the authority of courts, is lynch law.

The argument thus far, if sound, brings us to the conclusion that the modifications in our judicial system here proposed—the having our courts composed of trained judges—would be a change for the better, so far as it concerns the administration of justice and the security of the people's liberties. But a widespread idea exists that the jury system has great value as a means to the political education of the people. My belief is that in this respect, too, we should be the gainers by the changes here proposed.

What is the real value of the jury system as a means to the people's political education? In its mere quantity the experience which citizens gain from their jury service is almost nothing. A man serves on a jury, at most, in the trial of three or four causes in the course of a year. This is a liberal allowance. Even supposing then that the trial of each one of these causes involved weighty principles of constitutional law, matters of the deepest interest to the citizen, how much could be learned from an experience of that extent? The men who follow the profession of the law for a long lifetime, at the end of their labors only



begin to learn the depth of their own ignorance. Take the most intelligent men we can find in the whole community, put them in the jury-box during the trial of half a dozen of the most important causes that ever come before a court, and how much can they learn, during those trials, of constitutional law, of the machinery of government, or of anything else?

But, as a matter of fact, the large majority of causes that come before a jury have not the most remote connection with constitutional law, with the science of government, or with anything that can rightly interest any living person other than the parties to the suit. The real experience of the jurymen is something like this: A jury has before it a suit on a promissory note against a man who has indorsed it. They hear the testimony and are told by the judge that it is for them to consider the evidence, and pass upon the facts; and if they find that notice of non-payment of the note was given to the defendant in a particular manner and at a particular time, they must find a verdict for the plaintiff, and otherwise for the defendant. Or they have before them a suit to recover a quantity of merchandise of which, as the plaintiff claims, the defendant got possession by fraud. The jury hear the testimony, and are instructed by the court that if on all the evidence they believe that the defendant made certain false and fraudulent misrepresentations, they must find a verdict for the plaintiff,—otherwise they must find for the defendant.

Can it be seriously urged that such experiences as these (and these are fair examples of the proceedings on ordinary jury trials) can have any substantial value for the purposes of political education? I venture to doubt whether the jury-box is very serviceable as a school of constitutional jurisprudence, or whether the jurymen by his service of two or three days in each year, gains any real knowledge as to the machinery or workings of a free government.

This idea that our jury system is a great educator for the people sprang up in the brain of Alexis de Tocqueville. Very probably that eminent Frenchman, when he was on this Western continent, was not more than ten times in a court-room; possibly he never heard the whole of one jury trial from its beginning to its end. It is easy to fancy his experience. Some learned and leisurely scholar no doubt took him to a court-room, where he probably found in progress a trial over the price of a cow, or some other equally exalted matter. De Tocqueville had heard that questions of constitutional law did at times come before our courts for decision. And he knew

that juries sat as part of our courts. We can fancy him exclaiming:

"Behold, at last my dream! I am thrilled with emotion at this sublime spectacle of a free people governing itself! The humblest citizen here feels himself to be part of the great State. In his own person he makes and expounds the laws, and under the guidance of learned judges studies the grand principles of constitutional jurisprudence. The sovereign people itself sits on the throne of justice! *Ah! c'est ravissant!*"

This might be thought an exaggeration. Here are De Tocqueville's printed words from his "*Democracy in America*." Speaking of the jury system, he says:

"It may be regarded as a gratuitous public school, ever open, in which every juror learns his rights, enters into *daily communication with the most learned and enlightened members of the upper classes*, and becomes *practically acquainted with the laws*, which are brought within the reach of his capacity by the efforts of the bar, the advice of the judge, and even by the passions of the parties."

Could anything be further from the fact? To imagine that a man can become "practically acquainted with the laws" from a few days' service as a jurymen is really humorous. As well might one hope to learn something of the science of medicine from carrying a few physicians' prescriptions to the druggist. Or, perhaps, we might at once convert the American people into accomplished surgeons by having them visit the hospitals two or three times a year and witness an amputation.

No doubt it is a wise thing for every citizen to learn as much as he can of the working of every part of our government system. Let him read and observe, on all subjects, as far as his opportunities will allow him. If he can take the needed time from his ordinary occupations, by all means let him make a personal inspection of the methods of our courts. Let him listen attentively to the arguments of distinguished counsel, and the utterances of learned judges. But shall he be allowed to learn law by deciding the causes of litigants? That is too costly, as a scheme of popular education.

But suppose, on the other hand, that every man who refused to perform his legal obligations could be brought before a court where it was certain that justice was not only sure but speedy, could any mere political machinery be devised, which could have a more healthful effect upon the people's moral tone?

But even if the points thus far argued be conceded, it may be said that the jury system is a growth,—that institutions must grow,—that such sweeping changes do not follow nature's laws, and are full of danger. How much truth is there in that?



It is for the very reason that human institutions grow, and that they grow by nature's ordinary processes, by the survival of the fittest, that it is certain we must and shall have some new and better judicial machinery in the place of our jury system. The whole doctrine of survival of the fittest rests on the fact that old organisms cease to be fit, and new organisms come into being which are fitter. The conditions of existence change. There was a time when this jury system was tolerably well fitted to the needs of the people. But that time has gone by. The jury system has had its day. When we say institutions grow, do we mean that we are to let them grow wild, or are we to guide their growth? The method of this American people is to make changes in their public institutions, when changes are needed, on principles; it may be on mistaken ones, but still on principles. We made these State and National constitutions, new things in political science, because they were needed. And no one of the men of a hundred years ago imagined that these constitutions would serve the needs of the American people for all coming time. We find now that this jury system is not equal to our needs, and we must change it. The question is, what shall we have in its place? We know that the growth which has been going on for ages is not now to cease, but will still go on for ages to come. And what is the next growth to be? Shall it be a wild natural fruit, or shall it have the care of man, to give it a rich, healthy development?

But can the people be persuaded to make this change? That is the question which comes after all the others. And the answer is, they can be persuaded to make a change so soon as they find the right change to make. What is the right change is the point we have to ascertain and decide by careful discussion. Every step that the American people has thus far taken in the development of popular government has been a step taken because the people thought it wise. And the American people are not afraid of anything because it is new. On the contrary, they are, if anything, too much given to new theories and sweeping constitutional changes. And the changes that have been thus far made have been changes, in the main, for the better. Everywhere else in the world we see the cause of civilization advancing. Are we here to reverse all the processes of nature, and are we here to begin losing ground? There is no doubt that elsewhere than in

their general affairs the people act on their views of their own interests. Will they do the reverse in their governmental affairs? What their true interests are, they may not yet know; but in good time they will learn. Meantime, to say that things cannot be done will not greatly help the doing. Of that kind of assistance to the people's progress we have had quite enough.

But, last of all, it may be said that such a scheme for having all causes, civil and criminal, decided by permanent judges, without juries of citizens, would not be democratic. But what does this mean? As has already been repeated, the only change here suggested is to put men of experience in the place of men without experience. If it be undemocratic to have our work done by skilled servants, who give their whole time to our affairs, then this proposed system is undemocratic. But let us not mistake the meaning of words. True democracy consists in having the people control the machinery of government, not in having them make a vain attempt to operate it with their own hands. The whole point lies here. This work of administering justice must be done by individuals, selected in some way from the community at large. The only question we have to decide is,—How shall those individuals be selected? Shall we take new men every day who cannot by possibility gain skill and experience, or shall we use trained workmen?

We must change our methods. We must learn that government work in all its branches demands men of training. The old system of turn and turn about no longer answers the needs of the age. One hundred years ago we were clearing a wilderness. The citizen of that day was compelled by the necessities of his position to follow all callings. He had to be by turns a farmer, a carpenter, a blacksmith, a soldier, and a judge. And at the end of the year, when the snow and ice of winter somewhat checked his ordinary activities, and he shared with his ursine neighbors the torpor of the season, he gave his vacant hours to the making of his own laws. That was, in a measure, his opera and theater.

That scheme of life was very well for its day. But its day is gone. In this nineteenth century, in this land of railways, telegraphs, and printing-presses, the work of making, expounding, and executing, the laws of a great nation, must be put in the hands of men who are trained for their work and give their lives to it. We have had enough of the rotatory, or annular, system—in government.

*Albert Stickney.*



## ENGLAND.

ENGLAND has played a part in modern history altogether out of proportion to its size. The whole of Great Britain, including Ireland, has only eleven thousand more square miles than Italy; and England and Wales alone are not half so large as Italy. England alone is about the size of North Carolina. It is, as Franklin, in 1763, wrote to Mary Stevenson in London, "that petty island which, compared to America, is but a stepping-stone in a brook, scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry."

A considerable portion of it is under water, or water-soaked a good part of the year, and I suppose it has more acres for breeding frogs than any other northern land, except Holland. Old Harrison says that the North Britons, when overcome by hunger, used to creep into the marshes till the water was up to their chins, and there remain a long time, "onlie to qualifie the heats of their stomachs by violence, which otherwise would have wrought and beene readie to oppresse them for hunger and want of sustinance." It lies so far north—the latitude of Labrador—that the winters are long, the climate is inhospitable, and would be severely cold, if the Gulf Stream did not make it always damp, and curtain it with clouds; in some parts the soil is heavy with water, in others it is only a thin stratum above the chalk; in fact, agricultural production could scarcely be said to exist there until fortunes made in India and in other foreign adventure enabled the owners of the land to pile it knee-deep with fertilizers from Peru and elsewhere. Thanks to accumulated wealth and the Gulf Stream, its turf is green and soft; figs, which will not mature with us north of the capes of Virginia, ripen in sheltered nooks in Oxford, and the large and unfrequent strawberry sometimes appears upon the dinner-table in such profusion that the guests can indulge in one apiece.

Yet this small, originally infertile island has been for two centuries, and is to-day, the most vital influence on the globe. Cast your eye over the world upon her possessions, insular and continental, into any one of which, almost, England might be dropped, with slight disturbance, as you would transfer a hanging garden. For any parallel to her power and possessions you must go back to ancient Rome. Egypt under Thotmes and Seti overran the then known world, and took tribute of it; but it was a temporary wave of conquest

and not an assimilation. Rome sent her laws and her roads to the ends of the earth, and made an empire of it; but it was an empire of barbarians largely, of dynasties rather than of peoples. The dynasties fought, the dynasties submitted, and the dynasties paid the tribute. The modern "people" did not exist. One battle decided the fate of half the world,—it might be lost or won for a woman's eyes; the flight of a chieftain might settle the fate of a province; a campaign might determine the allegiance of half Asia. There was but one compact, disciplined, law-ordered nation, and that had its seat on the Tiber.

Under what different circumstances did England win her position! Before she came to the front, Venice controlled, and almost monopolized, the trade of the Orient. When she entered upon her career, Spain was almost omnipotent in Europe, and was in possession of more than half the western world; and besides Spain, England had, wherever she went, to contend for a foothold with Portugal, skilled in trade and adventure, and with Holland, rich, and powerful on the sea. That is to say, she met everywhere civilizations old and technically her superior. Of the ruling powers, she was the least in arts and arms. If you will take time to fill out this picture, you will have some conception of the marvelous achievements of England, say since the abdication of the Emperor Charles V.

This little island is to-day the center of the wealth, of the solid civilization, of the world. I will not say of art, of music, of the lighter social graces that make life agreeable; but I will say of the moral forces that make progress possible and worth while. Of this island the center is London; of London the heart is "the city," and in the city you can put your finger on one spot where the pulse of the world is distinctly felt to beat. The Moslem regards the Kaaba at Mecca as the center of the universe; but that is only a theological phrase. The center of the world is the Bank of England in Leadenhall street. There is not an occurrence, not a conquest or a defeat, a revolution, a panic, a famine, an abundance, not a change in value of money or material, no depression or stoppage in trade, no recovery, no political and scarcely any great religious movement—say the civil deposition of the Pope, or the Wahhabec revival in Arabia and India—that does not report itself instantly at this sensitive spot.



Other capitals feel a local influence; this feels *all* the local influences. Put your ear at the door of the Bank, or the Stock Exchange near by, and you hear the roar of the world.

But this is not all, nor the most striking thing, nor the greatest contrast to the empires of Rome and of Spain. The civilization that has gone forth from England is a self-sustaining one, vital to grow where it is planted, in vast communities, in an order that does not depend as that of the Roman world did upon edicts and legions from the capital. And it must be remembered that if the land empire of England is not so vast as that of Rome, England has for two centuries been mistress of the seas, with all the consequences of that opportunity,—consequences to trade beyond computation. And we must add to all this that an intellectual and moral power has been put forth from England clear round the globe, and felt beyond the limits of the English tongue.

How is it that England has attained this supremacy,—a supremacy disputed on land and on sea by France in vain, but now threatened by an equipped and disciplined Germany, by an unformed Colossus,—a Slav and Tartar conglomerate,—and perhaps by one of her own children, the United States? I will mention some of the things that have determined England's extraordinary career; and they will help us to consider her prospects. I name:

I. *The Race.* It is a mixed race, but with certain dominant qualities, which we call, loosely, Teutonic; certainly the most aggressive, tough, and vigorous people the world has seen. It does not shrink from any climate, from any exposure, from any geographic condition; yet its choice of migration and of residence has mainly been on the grass belt of the globe, where soil and moisture produce good turf, where a changing and unequal climate, with extremes of heat and cold, calls out the physical resources, stimulates invention, and requires an aggressive and defensive attitude of mind and body. The early history of this people is marked by two things:

(1) Town and village organizations, nurseries of law, order, and self-dependence, *nuclei* of power, capable of indefinite expansion, leading directly to a free and a strong government, the breeders of civil liberty.

(2) Individualism in religion, protestantism in its widest sense: I mean by this, cultivation of the individual conscience as against authority. This trait was as marked in this sturdy people in Catholic England as it is in Protestant England. It is in the blood. England

never did submit to Rome, not even as France did, though the Gallic church held out well. Take the struggle of Henry II. and the hierarchy. Read the fight with prerogative all along. The English church never could submit. It is a shallow reading of history to attribute the final break with Rome to the unbridled passion of Henry VIII.; that was an occasion only: if it had not been that, it would have been something else.

Here we have the two necessary traits in the character of a great people: the love and the habit of civil liberty; and religious conviction and independence. Allied to these is another trait,—truthfulness. To speak the truth in word and action, to the verge of bluntness and offense—and with more relish sometimes, because it is individually obnoxious and unlovely—is an English trait, clearly to be traced in the character of this people, notwithstanding the equivocations of Elizabethan diplomacy, the proverbial lying of English shopkeepers, and the fraudulent adulteration of English manufactures. Not to lie is perhaps as much a matter of insular pride as of morals; to lie is unbecoming an Englishman. When Captain Burnaby was on his way to Khiva, he would tolerate no oriental exaggeration of his army rank, although a higher title would have smoothed his way and added to his consideration. An English official, who was a captive at Bokhara (or Khiva), was offered his life by the Khan if he would abjure the Christian faith and say he was a Moslem; but he preferred death rather than the advantage of a temporary equivocation. I do not suppose that he was a specially pious man at home, or that he was a martyr to religious principle, but for the moment Christianity stood for England and English honor and civilization. I can believe that a rough English sailor, who had not used a sacred name since he said his prayer at his mother's knees except in vain, accepted death under like circumstances, rather than say he was not a Christian.

The next determining cause in England's career is

II. *The insular position.* Poor as the island was, this was the opportunity. See what came of it:

(1) Maritime opportunity. The irregular coast-lines, the bays, and harbors, the near islands and mainlands invited to the sea. The nation became, *per force*, sailors,—as the ancient Greeks were and the modern Greeks are: adventurers, discoverers, hardy, ambitious, seeking food from the sea, and wealth from every side.

(2) Their position protected them. What they got they could keep; wealth could ac-



cumulate. Invasion was difficult, and practically impossible to their neighbors. And yet they were in the bustling world, close to the continent, commanding the most important of the navigable seas. The wealth of Holland was on the one hand, the wealth of France on the other. They held the keys.

(3) Their insular position and their free institutions invited refugees from all the continent, artisans and skilled laborers of all kinds. Hence, the beginning of their great industries, which made England rich, in proportion as her authority and chance of trade expanded over distant islands and continents. But this would not have been possible without the third advantage which I shall mention, and that is:

III. *Coal.* England's power and wealth rested upon her coal beds. In this bounty nature was more liberal to the tight little island than to any other spot in Western Europe, and England took early advantage of it. To be sure, her coal field is small compared with that of the United States,—an area of only 11,900 square miles to our 192,000. But Germany has only 1,770; Belgium, 510; France, 2,086, and Russia only in her expansion of territory leads Europe in this respect, and has now 30,000 square miles of coal beds. But see the use England makes of this material: in 1877, she took out of the ground 134,179,968 tons. The United States the same year took out 50,000,000 tons; Germany, 48,000,000; France, 16,000,000; Belgium, 14,000,000. This tells the story of the heavy industries.

We have considered as elements of national greatness the race itself, the favorable position, and the material to work with. I need not enlarge upon the might and the possessions of England, nor the general beneficence of her occupation wherever she has established fort, factory, or colony. With her flag go much injustice, domineering, and cruelty, but on the whole the best elements of civilization.

The intellectual domination of England has been as striking as the physical. It is stamped upon all her colonies; it has by no means disappeared in the United States. For more than fifty years after our independence, we imported our intellectual food,—with the exception of politics, and theology in certain forms,—and largely our ethical guidance from England. We read English books, or imitations of the English way of looking at things; we even accepted the English caricatures of our own life as genuine,—notably in the case of the so-called typical Yankee. It is only recently that our writers have begun to describe our own life as it is,

and that readers begin to feel that our society may be as interesting in print as that English society which they have been all their lives accustomed to read about. The reading-books of children in schools were filled with English essays, stories, English views of life; it was the English heroines over whose woes the girls wept; it was of the English heroes that the boys declaimed. I do not know how much the imagination has to do in shaping the national character, but for half a century English writers, by poems and novels, controlled the imagination of this country. The principal reading then as now—and perhaps more then than now—was fiction, and nearly all of this England supplied. We took in with it, it will be noticed, not only the romance and gilding of chivalry and legitimacy, such as Scott gives us, but constant instruction in a society of ranks and degrees, orders of nobility and commonalty, a fixed social status, a well ordered, and often attractive, permanent social inequality, a state of life and relations based upon lingering feudal conditions and prejudices. The background of all English fiction is monarchical; however liberal it may be, it must be projected upon the existing order of things. We have not been examining these foreign social conditions with that simple curiosity which leads us to look into the social life of Russia, as it is depicted in Russian novels; we have on the contrary absorbed them generation after generation as part of our intellectual development, so that the novels and the other English literature must have had a vast influence in molding our mental character, in shaping our thinking upon the political as well as the social constitution of states.

For a long time the only American counteraction, almost the only, to this English influence was the newspaper, which has always kept alive and diffused a distinctly American spirit—not always lovely or modest, but national. The establishment of periodicals which could afford to pay for fiction written about our society, and from the American point of view, has had a great effect in our literary emancipation. The wise men whom we elect to make our laws—and who represent us intellectually and morally a good deal better than we sometimes like to admit—have always gone upon the theory with regard to the reading for the American people, that the chief requisite of it was cheapness, with no regard to its character so far as it is a shaper of notions about government and social life. What educating influence English fiction was having upon American life, they have not inquired, so



long as it was furnished cheap, and its authors were cheated out of any copyright on it.

At the North, thanks to a free press and periodicals, to a dozen reform agitations, and to the intellectual stir generally accompanying industries and commerce, we have been developing an immense intellectual activity, a portion of which has found expression in fiction, in poetry, in essays, that are instinct with American life and aspiration; so that now for over thirty years, in the field of literature, we have had a vigorous offset to the English intellectual domination of which I spoke. How far this has in the past molded American thought and sentiment, in what degree it should be held responsible for the infidelity in regard to our "American experiment," I will not undertake to say. The South furnishes a very interesting illustration in this connection. When the civil war broke down the barriers of intellectual non-intercourse behind which the South had ensconced itself, it was found to be in a colonial condition. Its libraries were English libraries, mostly composed of old English literature. Its literary growth stopped with the reign of George III. Its latest news was the "Spectator" and the "Tatler." The social order it coveted was that of monarchical England, undisturbed by the fiery philippics of Byron or Shelley, or the radicalism of a manufacturing age. Its chivalry was an imitation of the antiquated age of lords and ladies, and tournaments, and buckram courtesies, when men were as touchy to fight, at the lift of an eye-lid or the drop of a glove, as Brian du Bois Guilbert, and as ready for a drinking bout as Christopher North. The intellectual stir of the North, with its disorganizing radicalism, was rigorously excluded, and with it all the new life pouring out of its presses. The South was tied to a republic, but it was not republican, either in its politics or its social order. It was, in its mental constitution, in its prejudices, in its tastes, exactly what you would expect a people to be, excluded from the circulation of free ideas by its system of slavery, and fed on the English literature of a century ago. I dare say that a majority of its reading public, at any time, would have preferred a monarchical system and a hierarchy of rank.

To return to England. I have said that English domination usually carries the best elements of civilization. Yet it must be owned that England has pursued her magnificent career in a policy often insolent and brutal, and generally selfish. Scarcely any considerations have stood in the way of her trade and profit. I will not dwell upon her opium culture in India, which is a proximate cause of

famine in district after district, nor upon her forcing the drug upon China,—a policy disgraceful to a Christian queen and people; we have only just got rid of slavery, sustained so long by Biblical and official sanction, and may not yet set up as critics. But I will refer to a case with which all are familiar—England's treatment of her American colonies. In 1760 and onward, when Franklin, the agent of the colonies of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, was cooling his heels in lords' waiting-rooms in London, America was treated exactly as Ireland was,—that is, discriminated against in every way; not allowed to manufacture; not permitted to trade with other nations, except under the most vexatious restrictions; and the effort was continued to make her a mere agricultural producer and a dependant. All that England cared for us was that we should be a market for her manufactures. This same selfishness has been the key-note of her policy down to the present day, except as the force of circumstances have modified it. Steadily pursued, it has contributed largely to make England the monetary and industrial master of the world.

With this outline, I pass to her present condition and outlook.

The dictatorial and selfish policy has been forced to give way somewhat with regard to the colonies. The spirit of the age and the strength of the colonies forbid its exercise; they cannot be held by the old policy. Australia boldly adopts a protective tariff, and her parliament is only nominally controlled by the crown. Canada exacts duties on English goods, and England cannot help herself. Even with these concessions, can England keep her great colonies? They are still loyal in word. They still affect English manners and English speech, and draw their intellectual supplies from England. On the prospect of a war with Russia, they nearly all offered volunteers. But everybody knows that allegiance is on the condition of local autonomy. If united Canada asks to go, she will go. So with Australia. It may be safely predicted that England will never fight again to hold the sovereignty of her New-World possessions against their present occupants. And, in the judgment of many good observers, a dissolution of the empire, so far as the western colonies are concerned, is inevitable, unless Great Britain, adopting the plan urged by Franklin, becomes an imperial federation, with parliaments distinct and independent, the crown the only bond of union,—the crown, and not the English parliament, being the titular and actual sovereign. Sovereign power in the parliament over America, Franklin never would admit. His idea was that all



the inhabitants of the empire must be citizens, not some of them subjects ruled by the home citizens.

The two great political parties of England are really formed on lines constructed after the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832. The Tories had been long in power. They had made many changes and popular concessions, but they resisted parliamentary reform. The great Whig lords, who had tried to govern England without the people and in opposition to the crown in the days of George III., had learned to seek popular support. The Reform Bill, which was ultimately forced through by popular pressure and threat of civil war, abolished the rotten boroughs, gave representation to the large manufacturing towns and increased representation to the counties, and the suffrage to all men who paid ten pounds a year rent in boroughs, or in the counties owned land worth ten pounds a year or paid fifty pounds rent. The immediate result of this was to put power into the hands of the middle classes, and to give the lower classes high hopes, so that, in 1839, the Chartist movement began, one demand of which was universal suffrage. The old party names of Whig and Tory had been dropped, and the two parties had assumed their present appellations of Conservatives and Liberals. Both parties had, however, learned that there was no rest for any ruling party except a popular basis, and the Conservative party had the good sense to strengthen itself in 1867 by carrying through Mr. Disraeli's bill, which gave the franchise in boroughs to all householders paying rates, and in counties to all occupiers of property rated at fifteen pounds a year. This broadening of the suffrage places the power irrevocably in the hands of the people, against whose judgment neither crown nor ministry can venture on any important step.

In general terms it may be said that of these two great parties the Conservative wishes to preserve existing institutions, and latterly has leaned to the prerogatives of the crown, and that the Liberal is inclined to progress and reform, and to respond to changes demanded by the people. Both parties, however, like parties elsewhere, propose and oppose measures and movements, and accept or reject policies, simply to get office or keep office. The Conservative party of late years, principally because it has the simple task of holding back, has been better able to define its lines and preserve a compact organization. The Liberals, with a multitude of reformatory projects, have, of course, a less homogeneous organization, and for some years have been without well-defined issues. The conservative

aristocracy seemed to form a secure alliance with the farmers and the great agricultural interests, and at the same time to have a strong hold upon the lower classes. In what his opponents called his "policy of adventure," Lord Beaconsfield had the support of the lower populace. The Liberal party is an incongruous host. On one wing are the Whig lords and great land-owners, who cannot be expected to take kindly to a land reform that would reform them out of territorial power; and on the other wing are the Radicals, who would abolish the present land system and the crown itself, and institute the rule of a democracy. Between these two is the great body of the middle class, a considerable portion of the educated and University trained, the majorities of the manufacturing towns, and perhaps, we may say, generally the non-conformists. There are some curious analogies in these two parties to our own parties before the war. It is, perhaps, not fanciful to suppose that the Conservative lords resemble our own aristocratic leaders of democracy, who contrived to keep near the people and had affiliations that secured them the vote of the least educated portion of the voters; while the great Liberal lords are not unlike our old aristocratic Whigs, of the cotton order, who have either little sympathy with the people or little faculty of showing it. It is a curious fact that during our civil war, respect for authority gained us as much sympathy from the Conservatives, as love for freedom (hampered by the greed of trade and rivalry in manufactures) gained us from the Liberals.

To return to the question of empire. The bulk of the Conservative party would hold the colonies if possible, and pursue an imperial policy; while certainly a large portion of the Liberals—not all, by any means—would let the colonies go, and, with the Manchester school, hope to hold England's place by free trade and active competition. The imperial policy may be said to have two branches, in regard to which parties will not sharply divide: one is the relations to be held toward the western colonies, and the other is the policy to be pursued in the East in reference to India and to the development of the Indian empire, and also the policy of aggression and subjection in South Africa.

An imperial policy does not necessarily imply such vagaries as the forcible detention of the forcibly annexed Boer republic. But everybody sees that the time is near when England must say definitely as to the imperial policy generally, whether it will pursue it or abandon it. And it may be remarked in passing, that the Gladstone government, thus far, though pursuing this policy more moderately



than the Beaconsfield government, shows no intention of abandoning it. Almost everybody admits that if it is abandoned, England must sink to the position of a third-rate power like Holland. For what does abandonment mean? It means to have no weight, except that of moral example, in continental affairs: to relinquish her advantages in the Mediterranean; to let Turkey be absorbed by Russia; to become so weak in India as to risk rebellion of all the provinces, and probable attack from Russia and her Central Asian allies. But this is not all. Lost control in Asia is lost trade; this is evident in every foot of control Russia has gained in the Caucasus, about the Caspian Sea, in Persia. There Russian manufactures supplant the English; and so in another quarter: in order to enjoy the vast opening trade of Africa, England must be on hand with an exhibition of power. We might show by a hundred examples, that the imperial idea in England does not rest on pride alone, on national glory altogether, though that is a large element in it, but on trade instincts. "Trade follows the flag" is a well-known motto; and that means that the lines of commerce follow the limits of empire.

Take India as an illustration. Why should England care to keep India? In the last forty years the total revenue from India, set down up to 1880 as £1,517,000,000, has been £53,000,000 less than the expenditure. It varies with the years, and occasionally the balance is favorable, as in 1879, when the expenditure was £63,400,000 and the revenue was £64,400,000. But to offset this average deficit, the very profitable trade of India, which is mostly in British hands, swells the national wealth; and this trade would not be so largely in British hands if the flag were away.

But this is not the only value of India. Grasp on India is part of the vast oriental net-work of English trade and commerce, the carrying trade, the supply of cotton and iron goods. This largely depends upon English prestige in the Orient, and to lose India is to lose the grip. On practically the same string with India are Egypt, Central Africa, and the Euphrates valley. A vast empire of trade opens out. To sink the imperial policy is to shut this vision. With Russia pressing on one side, and America competing on the other, England cannot afford to lose her military lines, her control of the sea, her prestige.

Again, India offers to the young and the adventurous a career, military, civil, or commercial. This is of great weight—great social weight. One of the chief wants of England to-day is careers and professions for

her sons. The population of the United Kingdom in 1876 was estimated at near thirty-four millions; in the last few decades the decennial increase had been considerably over two millions; at that rate, the population in 1900 would be near forty millions. How can they live in their narrow limits? They must emigrate, go for good, or seek employment and means of wealth in some such vast field as India. Take away India now, and you cut off the career of hundreds of thousands of young Englishmen, and the hope of tens of thousands of households.

There is another aspect of the case which it would be unfair to ignore. Opportunity is the measure of a nation's responsibility. I have no doubt that Mr. Thomas Hughes spoke for a very respectable portion of Christian England, in 1861, when he wrote Mr. James Russell Lowell, in a prefatory note to "Tom Brown at Oxford," these words:

"The great tasks of the world are only laid on the strongest shoulders. We, who have India to guide and train, who have for our task the educating of her wretched people into free men, who feel that the work cannot be shifted from ourselves, and must be done as God would have it done, at the peril of England's own life, can and do feel for you."

It is safe, we think, to say that if the British Empire is to be dissolved, disintegration cannot be permitted to begin at home. Ireland has always been a thorn in the side of England. And the policy toward it could not have been much worse, either to impress it with a respect for authority, or to win it by conciliation; it has been a strange mixture of untimely concession and untimely cruelty. The problem, in fact, has physical and race elements that make it almost insolvable. A water-logged country, of which nothing can surely be predicted but the uncertainty of its harvests, inhabited by a people of most peculiar mental constitution, alien in race, temperament, and religion, having scarcely one point of sympathy with the English. But geography settles some things in this world, and the act of union that bound Ireland to the United Kingdom in 1800, was as much a necessity of the situation as the act of union that obliterated the boundary line between Scotland and England in 1707. The Irish parliament was confessedly a failure, and it is scarcely within the possibilities that the experiment will be tried again. Irish independence, so far as English consent is concerned, and until England's power is utterly broken, is a dream. Great changes will doubtless be made in the tenure and transfer of land, and these changes will react upon England to the ultimate abasement of the landed aristocracy; but this



equalization of conditions would work no consent to separation. The undeniable growth of the democratic spirit in England can, no more, be relied on to bring it about, when we remember what renewed executive vigor and cohesion existed with the commonwealth, and the fiery foreign policy of the first republic of France. For three years past we have seen the British Empire in peril on all sides, with the addition of depression and incipient rebellion at home, but her horizon is not as dark as it was in 1780, when, with a failing cause in America, England had the whole of Europe against her.

In any estimate of the prospects of England, we must take into account the recent marked changes in the social condition. Mr. Escott has an instructive chapter on this in his excellent book on England. He notices that the English character is losing its insularity, is more accessible to foreign influences, and is adopting foreign, especially French, modes of living. Country life is losing its charm; domestic life is changed; people live in "flats" more and more, and the idea of home is not what it was; marriage is not exactly what it was; the increased free and independent relations of the sexes are somewhat demoralizing; women are a little intoxicated with their newly-acquired freedom; social scandals are more frequent. It should be said, however, that, perhaps, the present perils are due not to the new system but to the fact that it is new; when the novelty is worn off the peril may cease.

Mr. Escott notices primogeniture as one of the stable and, curious enough, one of the democratic institutions of society. It is owing to primogeniture that while there is a nobility in England there is no *noblesse*. If titles and lands went to all the children, there would be the multitudinous *noblesse* of the continent. Now, by primogeniture, enough is retained for a small nobility, but all the younger sons must go into the world and make a living. The three respectable professions no longer offer sufficient inducement, and they crowd more and more into trade. Thus the middle class is constantly recruited from the upper. Besides, the upper is all the time recruited from the wealthy middle; the union of aristocracy and plutocracy may be said to be complete. But merit makes its way continually from even the lower ranks upward, in the professions, in the army, the law, the church, in letters, in trade, and, what Mr. Escott does not mention, in the reformed civil service, newly opened to the humblest lad in the land. Thus there is constant movement up and down in social England, approaching, except in the traditional nobility,

the freedom of movement in our own country. This is all wholesome and sound. Even the nobility itself, driven by *ennui*, or a loss of former political control, or by the necessity of more money to support inherited estates, goes into business, into journalism, writes books, enters the professions.

What are the symptoms of decay in England? Unless the accumulation of wealth is a symptom of decay, I do not see many. I look at the people themselves. It seems to me that never in their history were they more full of vigor. See what travelers, explorers, adventurers they are. See what sportsmen, in every part of the globe, how much they endure, and how hale and jolly they are—women as well as men. The race, certainly, has not decayed. And look at letters. It may be said that this is not the age of pure literature—and I'm sure I hope the English patent for producing machine novels will not be infringed—but the English language was never before written so vigorously, so clearly, and to such purpose. And this is shown even in the excessive refinement and elaboration of trifles, the minutia of reflection, the keenness of analysis, the unrelenting pursuit of every social topic into subtleties untouched by the older essayists. And there is still more vigor, without affectation, in scientific investigation, in the daily conquests made in the realm of social economy, the best methods of living and getting the most out of life. Art also keeps pace with luxury, and shows abundant life and promise for the future.

I believe, from these and other considerations, that this vigorous people will find a way out of its present embarrassments, and a way out without retreating. For myself, I like to see the English sort of civilization spreading over the world, rather than the Russian or the French. I hope England will hang on to the East, and not give it over to the havoc of squabbling tribes, with a dozen religions and five hundred dialects, or to the military despotism of an empire whose morality is only matched by the superstition of its religion.

The relations of England and the United States are naturally of the first interest to us. Our love and our hatred have always been that of true relatives. For three-quarters of a century our *amour propre* was constantly kept raw by the most supercilious patronage. During the past decade, when the quality of England's regard has become more and more a matter of indifference to us, we have been the subject of a more intelligent curiosity, of increased respect, accompanied with a sincere desire to understand us. In the diplomatic scale Washington still ranks below the



Sublime Porte, but this anomaly is due to tradition, and does not represent England's real estimate of the status of the republic. There is, and must be, a good deal of selfishness mingled in our friendship,—patriotism itself being a form of selfishness,—but our ideas of civilization so nearly coincide, and we have so many common aspirations for humanity that we must draw nearer together, notwithstanding old grudges and present differences in social structure. Our intercourse is likely to be closer, our business relations will become more inseparable. I can conceive of nothing so lamentable for the progress of the world as a quarrel between these two English-speaking people.

But, in one respect, we are likely to diverge. I refer to literature; in that, assimilation is neither probable nor desirable. We were brought up on the literature of England; our first efforts were imitations of it; we were criticised—we criticised ourselves—on its standards. We compared every new aspirant in letters to some English writer. We were patted on the back if we resembled the English models; we were stared at or sneered at if we did not. When we began to produce something that was the product of our own soil and our own social conditions, it was still judged by the old standards, or, if it was too original for that, it was only accepted because it was curious or bizarre, interesting for its oddity. The criticism that we received for our best was evidently founded on such indifference or toleration that it was galling. At first we were surprised; then we were grieved; then we were indignant. We have long ago ceased to be either surprised, grieved, or indignant at anything the English critics say of us. We have recovered our balance. We know that since Gulliver there has been no piece of original humor produced in England equal to "Knickerbocker's New York;" that not in this century has any English writer equaled the wit and satire of the "Biglow Papers." We used to be irritated at what we called the snobbishness of English critics of a certain school; we are so no longer,

for we see that its criticism is only the result of ignorance,—simply of inability to understand.

And we the more readily pardon it, because of the inability we have to understand English conditions, and the English dialect, which has more and more diverged from the language as it was at the time of the separation. We have so constantly read English literature, and kept ourselves so well informed of their social life, as it is exhibited in novels and essays, that we are not so much in the dark with regard to them as they are with regard to us; still we are more and more bothered by the insular dialect. I do not propose to criticise it; it is our misfortune, perhaps our fault, that we do not understand it; and I only refer to it to say that we should not be too hard on the "Saturday Review" critic when he is complaining of the American dialect in the English that Mr. Howells writes. How can the Englishman be expected to come into sympathy with the fiction that has New England for its subject,—from Hawthorne's down to that of our present novelists,—when he is ignorant of the whole background on which it is cast; when all the social conditions are an enigma to him; when, if he has, historically, some conception of Puritan society, he cannot have a glimmer of comprehension of the subtle modifications and changes it has undergone in a century? When he visits America and sees it, it is a puzzle to him. How, then, can he be expected to comprehend it when it is depicted to the life in books?

No, we must expect a continual divergence in our literatures. And it is best that there should be. There can be no development of a nation's literature worth anything that is not on its own lines, out of its own native materials. We must not expect that the English will understand the literature that expresses our national life, character, conditions, any better than they understand that of the French or of the Germans. And, on our part, the day has come when we receive their literary efforts with the same respectful desire to be pleased with them, that we have to like their dress and their speech.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*





## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Coöperation in Christian Work.

THE praise of Christian unity is often chanted now-a-days; the grand chorus of the Evangelical Alliance stately joins in celebrating the excellency of its glory, and there is an unwritten liturgy of pleasant phrases, describing its delights, into which most Christians, in their devotions, spontaneously glide. Of this sort of sentiment there is even a surplusage. The terms in which it is commonly set forth have become so prodigiously inflated that they pass for much less than their dictionary value. Meantime, the schisms increase, the churches are multiplied far beyond the needs of worshippers, and the relation of the sects is practically one of rivalry.

Most of the great denominational assemblies devote a day to the reception of what are called fraternal delegates, and the speeches of these delegates are full of the sentiment of unity. But there is nothing in them more substantial than sentiment. Propositions looking toward the concentration of forces in Christian work are never heard in these places. The applause of the platforms would cease, and a coolness would soon fall upon the meeting, if any such suggestion were heard. Indeed, the speakers on these occasions are generally careful to explain that they do not expect or desire any practical union in Christian work. "Union," said a distinguished speaker at one of these meetings, not long ago, "union is chimerical; union is impossible; it is useless to talk of union at present; but we may have unity—the unity of the spirit; that we ought to pray for and promote in every possible way." Precisely. Union is concrete; unity is abstract; what the average "fraternal delegate" wants is an abstract or sentimental unity that will call for the sacrifice of no sectarian advantages.

Nevertheless, all these love-feasts of Christian fellowship, from the Evangelical Alliance down to the union prayer-meeting in the country villages, bear united testimony that the differences between the sects—between those called Evangelical, at any rate—are not of any real importance. In other words, they bear witness that the sectarian divisions of the Christian church in city and country, by which in so many places its power is destroyed and its glory turned to shame, all rest on non-essential differences.

There is a large body of Christian men in all the sects—mostly quiet men who do not talk much in the union meetings, but whose contributions support, in large measure, the churches and the missionary societies—who have been paying close attention to these useless divisions, and who are beginning vigorously to apply to them their logic and their common sense. "If the differences between these sects are so unimportant as you say," they argue, "why should they be perpetuated at such cost? Why should four weak churches, all substantially alike, be maintained in a small village, when one efficient church could be easily supported? Why should the

sects in the cities struggle on as rivals, rather than as allies, often crippling one another by their competition, getting in one another's way with their mission enterprises, having no stated consultations, and making no concerted effort to secure a harmonious and complete occupation of their common field? Such a waste of power, such a confusion of plans and purposes, would ruin any other enterprise. Why should this greatest of enterprises be crippled by divisions which, as you testify, are of no real consequence?"

These questions are beginning to be asked more and more earnestly, and by a class of men whom the sectarian managers will not wisely undertake to snub. The readers of this magazine have heard them asked more than once. The broad and genuine catholicity of Dr. Holland, and his invincible common sense, led him to urge these questions long ago, and he never ceased to press them upon the conscience of the churches. Almost a quarter of a century has passed since he wrote the essay on "The Lord's Business," included in "Gold Foil," in which he sent the truth home in this trenchant way:

"The call is uttered and echoed in every part of the world for more money and more men; but is it too much to say that enough of both have been squandered in the business management of the Christian enterprise to have carried Christianity into every household? The money expended in church edifices and inefficient governmental church establishments, and bootless and worse than bootless controversies, and the upbuilding of rival sects, would have crowned every hill upon God's footstool with a church edifice, and placed a Bible in every human hand. Further than this, if the men now commissioned to preach the Gospel were properly apportioned to the world's population, millions would enjoy their ministrations who never heard the name of Jesus Christ pronounced, and never will. The towns in Christendom which feebly support, or thoroughly starve, two, three, or four ministers, when one is entirely adequate for them, are almost numberless."

Those who followed the discussions of this department of the magazine through the years of Dr. Holland's editorship, know how often and strongly he struck this chord. Through his teaching, and the teachings of other men impressed with the same conviction, the truth of this matter has become the common property of a multitude of sagacious and influential business men in all the churches, and it is safe to predict that something good will come of it. The wicked and wasteful rivalries and competitions between sects that differ about non-essential matters will not always be tolerated. It will be necessary for the managers of the denominational machines to find a *modus vivendi*. The denominations may continue to exist for a long time, but they will be obliged to come to a better understanding, and not merely sing the praises of unity, but learn to unite in Christian work.

In promoting reforms of this nature, words are often things, and we beg to suggest a word which may help



in the solution of this problem. Suppose we stop talking of union and of unity, and begin to consider the duty of *coöperation* in Christian work. This is the desideratum — *coöperation*. In town and city and mission field, Christians, the disciples of a common Master, ought to *coöperate*. Can they *coöperate*? Who will deny it?

When we come to speak of the methods of *coöperation*, there is much to say. Here wisdom is wanted, but means will not be lacking to men whose hearts are set upon the attainment of the end. In the present number of the magazine begins a short serial by Dr. Gladden, devoted to the discussion of methods of *coöperation* in Christian work. We think our readers will agree with us in regarding it as among the most suggestive, practical, and entertaining studies of the subject that have yet been made. It is to be hoped that "The Christian League of Connecticut" will serve as a model for similar movements in other communities throughout the country.

#### The Dreaded American Aristocracy.

"WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad." The insane persistency of the machine politicians in the system of political assessments, in the face of the exposure, protest, and ridicule of the public press, is likely to prove the death-blow of the system itself. During the last few months this whole subject has been elucidated in a manner altogether unprecedented. Nor was it necessary for the critics to argue dryly on general principles; the gentlemen of the machine were magnanimously active in furnishing current and striking examples of the sordid selfishness, hypocrisy, impropriety, cruelty, and absurdity of the proceeding. The pathetic stories of individual hardship with which the papers have teemed have been highly effective in stirring the public anger against this wholesale political robbery; but humor is sometimes a more powerful foe than the deepest pathos or the most savage satire, and from the time that the story started the rounds of the newspapers concerning the prompt and sweeping assessment of the cats in the Philadelphia Post-office, hubbiling in America became a difficult occupation indeed. Difficult, but not impossible,—for it is, in a sense, natural for a Hubbell to hubble; just as it is for a singer to sing, a canter to cant, a beggar to beg. But when public opposition to a practice like this takes not only the form of scorn, but of ridicule, it is much less easy to carry it on in the presence of a people whose bump of humor is so largely developed as is that of the people of America.

We have no intention to enter here into a general discussion of this subject, but wish merely to allude to a single phase of it. We have heard a great deal during the past few years about the dangers of an office-holding aristocracy. There is a class of patriots in this country whose thoughts by day and whose dreams by night are racked by the dread of an aristocracy of office-holders. We do not exactly know what the dreaded thing is. We know, of course, what an office-holder of the present day is: namely, a person who, putting behind him all selfish thoughts, all considerations of his own, his family's, or his friends' advancement or advantage, devotes himself solely and

assiduously to the responsible duties of a public office. What the patriots above referred to believe that such a man is to become, when civil service reform (that is, retention in office during good behavior) works its worst upon him, we have no means of knowing. But, from a cursory view of the aristocracy of "the mother country," where the genuine aristocrat is acknowledged to exist, we can imagine that the office-holding aristocrat of the future will hold large landed estates, be driven to his office in an old family coach (with his coat-of-arms on the door-panel), ride over the country on the trail of foxes (or the American anise-seed substitute therefor), sport a yacht, belong to all the best clubs in town, and date his family back, if not to the Conquest, at least to the *Mayflower* or to Pocahontas. Now it is most likely that we are all at sea in our endeavors to get at the idea of an office-holding aristocrat, such as scares the imagination of the American patriot. It cannot be just what we have thought it might be, though this is bad enough; it must be something altogether more nightmare-producing than this.

Yes, the office-holding aristocrat of the future must be an excessively terrible fellow, or he would not be so perturbing to the mind of the anti-reformer, nor would eminent reformers, like Mr. Godkin for instance, take so much pains to allay the fears of the gentlemen of the machine on this subject.\* It is evident that if clerks and heads of departments, all through the United States, in the custom-houses, in the post-offices, in the city-halls, in the court-houses, are to be kept in office "during good-behavior," they will immediately begin to behave badly. That is a self-evident proposition.

Let it be acknowledged, then, that without "rotation in office," the principles of American liberty will be undermined. But what, then, has Mr. Hubbell been about? Does he realize what it is to hubble, *i. e.*, to screw money for election purposes out of men, women, children, and cats, who can scarcely live on their incomes? Does he realize that by this process he has been laying the foundations of a gigantic and permanent "office-holding aristocracy,"—an aristocracy which is to perpetuate itself forever by a venal and shameless system?

#### The Exodus of Lunatics.

IN one of Mr. Charles Reade's enthusiastic novels, an attempt is made to picture the miseries of sane people improperly shut up by designing relatives in English lunatic asylums. So far as we know such cases are rare, either abroad or in America, and when responsible persons are wrongfully committed, it is either through the carelessness or ignorance of medical men who sign their commitment certificates. Of late, nevertheless, a number of persons held in American asylums for the insane have been pronounced of sound mind by Supreme Court judges before whom they have been brought, and promptly discharged,—one judge going so far as to say that the alleged lunatic was not insane, and never had been. This extraordinary piece of judicial assumption immediately raises the question

\* See "The Danger of an Office-holding Aristocracy," by E. L. Godkin, "The Century," May, 1882.



whether a judge, presumably ignorant of medicine, no matter how learned he may be in his own profession, has any right to decide questions concerning insanity as a disease,—for it is as much a disease as small-pox, and as peculiar in its expressions as other better understood affections.

We hold that no one is justified in saying, after nothing more than a brief examination in a court-room, that an individual is not insane because the alleged lunatic does not then act strangely, or because he happens to answer properly certain questions that may be put to him upon the witness-stand. It is frequently the case that if such a person is requested to talk upon other subjects than those suggested by the lawyer, he will burst forth into an insane and incoherent torrent of words. So, too, fifteen minutes before, or fifteen minutes after leaving the witness-stand, he may show unmistakable symptoms of mental disease. Some of the recent decisions in these cases are examples of all that is unwise and blundering, and, it may be assumed, are in conflict with the unprejudiced opinions of alienists and people of common sense, and it is to be feared that no reaction in public feeling will take place until a terrible act of violence is done by some crazy person who has been set at large.

If it were possible to follow the English laws, which in some respects are not to be improved upon, the friends of alleged lunatics who take the responsibility of commitment, no less than the lunatics themselves, would be protected. An unbiased board of commissioners is what is really needed, and the sooner we have it the better.

#### Wise Benevolence.

ONE of the significant facts of the recent social progress of the United States is the reaction which has set in against the giving of alms. If a census could be taken of the money received by beggars in New York city for each of the last ten years, we venture to say that it would show a decided and continual decrease in the total amount. This fact stands in the relations both of cause and effect to another fact,—that the benevolent work of the metropolis was never better organized than now. What with the religious missions, the loan associations, the fresh-air fund, the house-to-house visiting, the distribution of flowers and reading-matter to the sick, and many another well-devised agency, there is very little room for new organizations. Citizens have learned that these societies can do benevolent work better than they can themselves, and they are glad to delegate the functions to experts. For, in New York, a man must be an expert to be properly qualified to hand a dime to a street-mendicant, and here benevolent work has been reduced to such a science that we doubt not members of the State Charities Aid Association can tell almost to a cent how much that well-meant act will cost the city,—how much of the expense will go to the penitentiary, and how much to the alms-house.

The indoctrination of New Yorkers with the idea

that work is better than alms has been a large part of the labor of the above-mentioned association, an account of which will be found in the issue of this magazine for July, 1882. We print in the present number a more detailed account of another phase of the great charity reform which it has accomplished,—a paper which ought to reach especially every woman and every benevolently inclined person of wealth. It will be a great disappointment to many readers to learn, at the end of the paper, that this "new profession" in which they have become interested is not open to them. To devote so many pages to it seems like "hewing out roads to a wall." Why, one might ask, when there is such an excess of applications for admission to institutions like the Bellevue school and the Cooper Union women's class for wood-engraving—why should encouragement be offered to women to enter either? The answer is that it is this readiness of women to accept new opportunities for work as they are offered that will create for them further opportunities. When it is known that there is a natural demand for a certain class of work in which they have reached excellence, and that greater facilities are needed to enable them to pursue it, the door cannot long be closed to them, either for lack of money or by unthinking prejudice. No one can insure a livelihood to another in the new profession. Success will depend on the personal equation, and the individual must take or refuse the risks. Of the growing demand for trained nurses, however, there can be no doubt. A physician has recently said: "There are to-day not more than two hundred trained nurses doing private nursing in New York, while there are twenty-five hundred physicians; perhaps twelve hundred, or about half of these, do good and make a fair living. There should be nearly as many trained nurses at work in the same field. A physician in full practice frequently has from three to six nurses in charge of his private cases at one time." Other large cities offer no less promising a field.

There is a wise saw that it is better to keep an old friend than to make a new one. We put it to those of our wealthy men who are planning how they may best distribute money in public usefulness, whether they would not better intrust it to a well-organized, efficient institution that has learned its business, such as the Training School, than to pioneer some "new field," at a loss of a large per cent. for tutorship, organization, and "plant," as the manufacturers say. Here is an enterprise, that, beginning in the imagination of one wise woman, has included in its councils a large number of the most far-sighted, practical, and influential men and women of New York; that, starting as a theory, amid indifference or opposition, has set the copy for this class of work in America; that has purified the moral tone of hospital life and raised the standard of nursing throughout the country; and finally, that has opened to women of refinement a career at once honorable, dignified, and lucrative. Surely the managers of such an institution may safely be trusted to extend these opportunities as far as the generosity of Americans will permit.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Trial by Jury.

LAFAYETTE, IND., September, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: The experience of all who are familiar with courts and their workings, shows that a person who is seeking only justice never desires the intervention of a jury; that a jury trial is always the hope of the person who desires to perpetrate an injustice; and that with the aid of a jury there is always a chance, and often more than an even chance, of making the judiciary sanction a wrong. There is no one familiar with the courts and their workings who does not understand fully the great and usually controlling effect produced upon juries by certain elements, if present. Not unfrequently a woman or a child, being a party to a controversy, is the element which controls the action of a jury. An individual and a corporation being the parties to a suit, the individual secures the verdict of the jury. The estate of a decedent, who has left considerable property, and no wife or children, on the most meager proofs will, by a jury, be held liable to any demand, however preposterous. A jury will nearly always find against the validity of a will, if its provisions do not have its approbation.

These are a few of the many instances in which it is well known that the finding of a jury will be controlled, to a great degree, if not absolutely, by some matter which has not the remotest bearing on the merits of the controversy. The time occupied in a trial by jury, the long harangues on questions of evidence, are all to be set down, on the one side or the other, to the desire to get before the jury some evidence that is immaterial, but which will, probably, produce an effect on the finding; and not unfrequently an offer to introduce a particular piece of evidence, though rejected, produces the desired effect.

In the courts of the United States, the distinction between cases at law and in equity, and the English practice in each class of cases, have been substantially maintained. In these courts all equity cases are tried by the court, without the aid of a jury. The equity cases are those in which the largest interests are involved, the most complicated questions of fact determined, and the most intricate questions as to the rights of all parties having any interest in the subject matter of the litigation are settled. Yet the want of a jury is never felt in these cases, and the parties to them are much better assured of a righteous result than the parties to suits at law, where a jury trial can

be had. In the cases tried by jury in the Federal courts, the jury nuisance is not at its worst, for there the judge, as in the English courts, tells the jury substantially what to do, and promptly sets aside its verdict if it is not in accordance with his directions.

In Indiana, where the jury trial is a matter of right in every case, the bar association of the State appointed three eminent lawyers to report upon the jury trial, etc. A report was made by them, in which they say: "The practical working of this inflexible rule of trial by jury in all civil cases has been hurtful; in many cases it amounts to a denial of justice." That trial by jury is utterly unfit for the purpose of ascertaining the truth, in all cases where the truth is not easily and readily to be found, is a proposition warranted by the experience of all who are familiar with the working of the system. And this result of experience is the one ordinary reasoning would reach, independent of experience. May we not conclude, then, that the trial by jury is worse than useless in cases where the facts are complicated, and the truth can only be known after a careful and painstaking examination? If in such cases the jury trial is not an aid, but a hindrance, to the administration of justice, in what case can it be an aid? The trial by jury is not merely worthless, but it is very expensive. It would perhaps be a fair estimate to say that at least one-half of the entire expense of the administration of justice would be saved by abolishing the trial by jury.

All that has been said of the trial by jury, in cases between individuals, is equally true as applied to the trial of persons accused of crime. The criminal has an abiding faith in juries,—a faith which is well founded; so well, that of the guilty who are accused of crimes, but an insignificant fraction are convicted, rarely one who has the means to secure the full benefit of the protection to crime given by a jury trial.

It may be asked, what should be substituted for the jury? Nothing; wipe it out; let every cause be tried by the judge, and, if there is an appeal from his finding, let the case, by the appellate court, be reexamined on the whole evidence, and the rights of the parties finally settled. This reexamination, when the whole evidence is taken down by a short-hand writer, as it is now in all important cases, would insure the judgment of the appellate court on the merits of the controversy, and end it, and would be a perfect protection against mistakes, bias, prejudice, or corruption on the part of the judge who first hears the case.

Very truly yours,  
*Robert Jones.*



## LITERATURE.

### Bret Harte's "Collected Works."\*

MR. HARTE'S earliest volume was published, it seems, in 1865,—a "thin volume of verse," war poems and the like, of more than the average interest, and of considerable promise in character-sketching. Two years later came "The Condensed Novels," which showed a happy imitative and burlesque faculty, and a crisp, rapid movement, both qualities which entered into all Mr. Harte's later writings. The "Bohemian Papers," brief and spicy, came with the "Novels." The author claims for these years—1862-1866—two efforts in dialect, "The Society upon the Stanislaus" and the "Story of Miss," which strike the key-note of his most original work. The poem, as a specimen of serious humor, strikes the midriff as nearly as may be,—being as coarse and as fine as the best serious humor of the western slope. The "Story of Miss" touches the pathetic and opens the fountain of tears.

All these things were only locally known, until "The Luck of Roaring Camp" challenged a wider field. The author tells us how this story was tossed back from the blushing young lady type-setter of the "Overland Monthly" to the serious-minded printer; from him to the anxious publisher; from the publisher, with a solemn face, to the author; from the author, with firmness, to a "committee of three"; from the three, with irresolution, to the author again; and from him, with obstinate confidence, to the public—"without emendation, omission, alteration, or apology." So much local agitation was followed by local irritation. California was distressed, refusing to be comforted. "The religious press frantically excommunicated" the story, "and anathematized it as the offspring of evil." "Christians were cautioned against pollution by its contact." But the author waited confidently for "the larger verdict" of America; and the "return mail from the East brought a letter \* \* \* from the publishers of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' addressed to the—to them—unknown 'Author of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.''" The letter was "opened and found to be a request, upon the most flattering terms, for a story for the *Atlantic* similar to the 'Luck.' The same mail brought newspapers and reviews welcoming the little foundling of Californian literature with an enthusiasm that half frightened the author." It was the beginning of fame. The "Luck" was soon followed by "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," etc., which equipped the new genius for that literary triumphal procession across the continent that introduced him, with more than a flourish of trumpets, to the East.

The poems and stories which brought his "triumph" are much the best of Bret Harte's work. "He has reached his highest point," said one of the shrewdest judges of literary fire-works, when the "Heathen Chinee" had put the nation in a broad

grin; "he will never do anything so good again;"—and this is probably the sober judgment of critics and readers to-day. But then, the work of those early days was so good and so novel that it would bear some reiteration. The vein of ore was single, and the best of it was mined, yet the chunks still left were ore. How carefully the unsunned depths have since been searched is made clear as we run over these five volumes of "Collected Works." There is endless repetition and reiteration. There is much second-class material. But altogether there is a very respectable income of enjoyment to the reader. When we remember that Wordsworth, the most prolific genius of this century, left only about thirty poems which the candid reader can praise unmixedly, we ought to consider the half-dozen poems and half-dozen stories of Bret Harte's which are sure to live, as a sufficient contribution to American genius to give him fame.

It was assuredly the dawn of a new day for Western literature when those early productions appeared. We have since had free range in Western humor and pathos. One Horse Gulch and Poker Flat have become the head-quarters of plain and strong language—whether absolutely true to nature or not, the historians of the "Exodus of '49" must decide.

The dialectic peculiarities which Mr. Harte was perhaps the first to introduce us to were varied,—the old Spanish of Mission Dolores, the new Chinese, and many mixed specimens from the Eastern migration. He seemed born to catch and fix the characteristic features of each, and he caught and fixed them so admirably, that, like Sam Weller's lingo, his have become the standard varieties. Behind the dialects are the idioms, which are too racy for the Sunday-school and bring a moral indigestion to a good many worthy people. Some of these idioms were not indigenous to California, but came steeped in the honeydews of Kentucky. Behind them were the manners and morals, open and frank to a degree to which Truthful James does scant justice. Beside them Ah Sin's "little game" was "childlike and bland." The author admits that this state of morals was part of a "picturesque passing civilization," and one would be inclined to hope that a civilization was passing which made Grace Conroy the ideal lady and Arthur Poinsett the superb champion of manhood in Sacramento, and which left Jack Hamlin to carry off the honors of knightly courtesy. The picture is dark, as Mr. Harte paints it, but full of brilliant flashes of human kindness, for which flashes the author searches with much of the Dickens spirit and more than the Dickens fervor. One is sometimes led to think that the search had become a passion with him,—that some inherent quality of opposition had made him resolved to lie in wait on that road from Jerusalem to Jericho oftener than legitimate business called him, not only to bind up the wounds of him who "fell among thieves," but to soothe the injured sensibilities of the thieves themselves. He

\* The Works of Bret Harte. Riverside Edition. Collected and revised by the author. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



was very, very merciful to Jack Hamlin,—but he believes in "mercy." "Of all the various forms in which Cant presents itself to suffering humanity," he says, "I know of none so outrageous, so illogical, so undemonstrable, so marvelously absurd, as the Cant of 'Too much mercy.'" Whether this kind of mercy is too merciful or not, we leave to the moralists.

In looking at the artistic work of these five volumes, two superior qualities strike us: the genius for climax, and the happy faculty of making sharp contrasts. Each becomes too much a trick at last, the use of which is traceable to the Dickens influence on a nature constructed after the Dickens pattern. But Dickens had more fertility, and gave us a new trick every time. He was, moreover, assiduous, and collected fresh material for each new volume, which our author does not do, nor does the latter handle large material skillfully. In "Gabriel Conroy," for example, one can hardly escape the conviction that he had written a series of brilliant short stories for the proper fusing of which he could obtain no sufficient heat. When he finally gets his persons together, it is by the use of the old superficial devices. In three diverse corners of the West, for instance, the same earthquake shakes Culpepper Starbottle temporarily out of five thousand dollars, Pete Dumphy, the arch-villain, out of a document highly important to the heroine, and Grace Conroy out of her snug retreat at the rancho of San Geronimo. It shakes a brace of villains out of a rich silver "lead," and a pair of excellent people into possession of the official documents which testify to their ownership in valuable mines. It shuts a prison-door against three Vigilantes and their followers, thereby gaining time for the escape of the hero, whom it afterward further serves by loosening for him a statue of Liberty, which he flings down upon the Vigilantes. This was pretty good for one earthquake, though, of course, quite possible,—just as Cooper's devices with the Pathfinder are quite possible; but an artistic novelist, following nature, and having premonitions of the present realistic school of fiction, would have devised another way, though with more expense, perhaps, to his inventive powers. But, whatever the artistic inequalities may be, and whatever the repetition of tricks that have made us laugh once, and whatever the sense we may get that genius is a marketable commodity, there can be no doubt of the *genius* which lies glittering, gem-like, throughout these five volumes.

In the last two stories, published since the above ("Flip," and "Found at Blazing Star," By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), there are no novel points. Miggles and Jack Hamlin would serve to indicate the leading characters. The early California blackleg is there, and if they are no longer blessed in California with the chivalrous breed, Mr. Harte keeps up the traditions in Lance Harriott, whose face is "rosy, round, shining with irrepressible good humor and youthful levity"; whose large, blue eyes are "infantine in their innocent surprise and thoughtlessness." He can still handle the cards, the deringer, and those dangerous blue eyes, as well as of old; and, indeed, is a hero and a scoundrel of the first water,—while "Flip," who succors him in distress, and "moons" over him, is ragged, unkempt,

saucy, and angelic up to the initial development of the pin-feathers. If she did not follow "Miss" and "Miggles," she would be a creation.

#### Underwood's "Longfellow."

THIS is one of those old-fashioned laudatory biographies, now happily becoming an extinct species. The facts of the poet's life are given in good order. There are the usual illustrations: frontispiece portrait; views of various houses by him inhabited; the Old Clock on the Stairs; inkstands in which was dipped that pen which, etc., etc.; desk on which were written those immortal works, etc., etc. There are testimonials from classmates at Bowdoin, and the appendix contains, among other miscellaneous matter, a valuable bibliography taken from "The Literary World," and a somewhat boastful exhibit of the sales of Longfellow's books.

It were greatly to be wished that no one would rush into the work of literary biography without having such modicum of dramatic talent as would enable him to present at least one figure on his stage; and so much critical acumen as to help him toward some understanding of the characteristics and limitations of the genius that he describes. One could willingly exchange several volumes of this literary job-work for a few keen, discriminating pages, which should get the man Longfellow and the portrait of his mind sharply before us. As to Mr. Underwood's fitness for the critical part of his task, a few of his statements will give a sufficient notion. According to these, the "Voices of the Night" "are wholly without parallel in our day, in the quality of touching and elevating the moral nature." "It may be questioned if any American audience ever heard it ['The Building of the Ship'] without giving the inevitable tribute of tears." "His readers are more numerous than those of any poet, except the Psalmist David." "In the extent and diversity of his works he stands the peer of any. If poets like Gray and Collins are immortalized by the few gems they added to our literature, what is to be said of Longfellow, who has produced fifty times as many,—most of them superior in force and beauty to the mosaics of the one or the classic odes of the other." "Excepting Goethe, and, perhaps, Schiller, there was none [of the German poets] more original and suggestive than himself." "He alone is entitled to be called the poet of humanity."

Our author's excursion into the controversy provoked by Poe's attack on Longfellow is not fortunate; and what he says about the poetry of Poe, Emerson, and Robert Browning is simply fatuous. As to the old question of Longfellow's originality, it does not turn, we conceive, on the point whether he did or did not borrow lines and phrases from Motherwell and other poets, or whether he took the measure and style of "Hiawatha" from the Finnish epic "Kalevala." He might have done much more than this without forfeiting any claim to originality; and Poe's furious onslaught was, of course, absurd and in parts crazily egotistic. The reason why originality in a high sense has been by many critics denied to Longfellow is that his genius was adaptive, sympathetic, and almost

\* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A Biographical Sketch by Francis H. Underwood. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.



feminine in its character; that the intellectual problems of the age did not touch him; that much of his poetry was, as Margaret Fuller said of it, "exotic"; that while always sweet, graceful, and musical he was seldom strong, and never subtle or profound. He was best at a translation or when his mind was set working by books. His real weakness came out in his prose. It is impossible to imagine a man like Holmes or Lowell, *e. g.*, turning out such sentimental and rhetorical prose as that of "Hyperion." All these things have been said over and over again, and it seems ungracious to reiterate them. They do not detract from the great and genuine merits of our loved poet, whose tender and beautiful verse has won a popularity which is matter of pride to every American. But when his biographer undertakes to draw a picture, without either shading or proportion, it is right to remind him that *Definitio est negatio*. One may resent the suggestion sometimes made that Longfellow is the poet of young ladies' seminaries, and yet recognize the vast interval between him and such poets as Browning and Emerson.

Professor Sumner's "Andrew Jackson" (American Statesmen Series).\*

THE title of Mr. Sumner's volume is somewhat misleading. It is not so much a biography as an account of the politics and finance of Jackson's time. We get from it the impression of Jackson, less as an individual than as a public force, moving through the history of his times with relentless vigor. Of the play of individual passion and motive, of the development of character that led him into the various positions he assumed, we get little or no account. For these the reader must go to other biographies, particularly that of Mr. Parton, who, if he is inaccurate and inclined to make altogether too much of his subject, has the art of biography, the art of making us understand and sympathize, at least intellectually, with the career he describes.

Mr. Sumner has not himself sufficient sympathy with Jackson to enable him to do this. It would hardly be too much to say that his feeling for him is one of contempt. He sees in him little more than the accidental leader of a mob,—the mob being the people of the United States. This view has been taken before by a well-known critic of the Jackson period. In a passage which Mr. Sumner quotes with approval, Adams thus described the conditions of politics in 1834: "The prosperity of the country, independent of all agency of the Government, is so great that the people have nothing to disturb them but their own waywardness and corruption. They quarrel upon dissensions of a doit, and split up in gangs of partisans of A, B, and C, without knowing why they prefer one to another. Caucuses, country, State and national conventions, public dinners and dinner-table speeches two or three hours long, constitute the operative power of electioneering; and the parties are of working men, temperance reformers, anti-masons, Union and State-rights men, nullifiers, and above all Jackson men, Van Buren men, Clay

mën, Calhoun men, Webster men, and McLean men, whigs and tories, republicans and democrats, without one ounce of honest principle to choose between them."

If this was an exact or accurate picture of the politics of the country during the period between the close of the second war with England and Jackson's retirement from the Presidency,—and no one who reads Mr. Sumner's book will find a very different one in it,—it would be hard to understand how the prosperity of the United States referred to by Adams can be accounted for. Certainly not in the management of its finances, for here the history of the country is a history of crazy experiments, always resulting in disaster. Mr. Sumner, as an economist, dwells with a good deal of detail on the so-called "banking" of the period, and on Jackson's war with the United States Bank, and shows very conclusively that the idea of banking then prevalent throughout the country was simply that of furnishing a means of getting money to people who had no credit. The banks, too, were partisan institutions and were unscrupulously used to aid the party which chartered them. It is not too much to say that this notion of banking, by no means yet extinct, was the only one which was able to get a footing in the national mind down to the period of the Rebellion. Of the early part of the century Mr. Sumner says: "State banks at that time were distinctly regarded as political engines, each bank had a well-defined party character, and 'accommodated' only those of its own party. It seems that people then would have been as much astonished if a group of federalists asked for a bank charter from a Republican legislature as we should be now if a Republican should ask a Democratic House to elect him clerk." Again, "to read the doctrines and plans of 1814-15 one would think the people had thought that a bank manufactured capital out of nothing, and could give it away. Its main duty was to dole it out fairly, and if the existing banks did not do this, some more ought to be made. They talked about a man's 'right' to accommodation as if a bank resembled a town pump, at which every one might draw."

Whenever any large group of insolvent debtors wanted to relieve themselves from their embarrassments, or there was any great loss of property in the community, the creation of a bank was the usual means of relief that suggested itself. When Tammany Hall got into debt, a plan was formed for paying it by making a bank. When the great fire of 1835 occurred in New York, a proposition was brought forward to create a bank as a mode of relieving the sufferers.

Mr. Sumner thinks that the evils of the State bank system were quite as great, if not worse, than any possible disaster to be apprehended from the Bank of the United States, but he has not taken into account the enormous political power and opportunities for plunder the continuance of the old system would have lodged at Washington. The present national banks make the best banking system the country has ever known, and though their circulation is based on Government bonds, they are private concerns practically disconnected from politics, and the attempt to apply the "town pump" theory to them, and make them provide circulation to the various States in proportion to their population, has broken down. Jackson undoubt-

\* American Statesmen. Andrew Jackson as a public man. What he was, what chances he had, and what he did with them. By William Graham Sumner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.



edly rendered a great service to the country, for which Mr. Sumner does not give him credit, in divorcing the federal administration and national politics from the business of banking.

Jackson was not a "statesman" in any proper sense of the word at all. He had almost no conception of the principles of government, and he had a furious and uncontrollable temper, which made it impossible for him to weigh evidence on any subject where personal antipathies were involved. He had, however, a blind belief in the future of the country, and in himself as a representative of it, which carried him through everything. He was, from the time of his early Indian fighting down to his retirement from politics, a despot; and his popularity came from his having an instinct for the kind of despotism the public wanted. He put down nullification in South Carolina, and removed the deposits from the bank, much as he hanged Ambrister and Arbuthnot in Florida. For law he cared nothing, and for law, during his time, the people of the United States cared little or nothing. The mob described by Adams were a frontier nation just beginning to feel their power. The traditions of the revolution and of federalism had died out. The Supreme Court under Marshall had done its work; the United States began to be feared without being much respected abroad. It was the period for an adventurer like Jackson to make himself the idol of the country, and he did it, by trampling law under foot, or by trampling resistance to it underfoot, as suited the occasion, but at every step making the national sense of growing importance stronger.

#### Blauvelt's "The Present Religious Conflict."\*

MR. BLAUVELT'S small book is intended as a sample. A "formal volume," or, perhaps, several formal volumes on the "Religion of Jesus" and "Supernatural Religion" are to follow this; in the future volumes the author will unfold more fully his theories. In this one he contents himself with the endeavor to prove that a crisis in theological thought has arrived; that the current orthodoxy is untenable; and that "a revision of the most revolutionary character" must be made of its fundamental doctrines. Mr. Blauvelt has strongly stated the objections to the received doctrines of inspiration, but he does not discuss the theory suggested by Professor Bruce and Doctor Newman Smyth, in which the Bible is treated as the record of the history of a people under special divine guidance. What answer he would make to this theory we cannot tell; possibly he might not dispute it. At any rate, he declares his belief that "the Bible contains, as well as professes to contain, an element which is in the form of a direct divine revelation." And, although he leaves us somewhat in the dark respecting his views of the nature of Christ, he strongly says: "It cannot be denied \* \* \* that the Jesus of the synoptical Gospels was a most pronounced believer in the supernatural. This Jesus believed in miracles. This Jesus believed in the efficacy of prayer. This Jesus believed in special providences. This Jesus believed in special and divine revelations. And this belief of Jesus in the supernatural, the miraculous, is

integral, inwrought, vital to his religious system" (page 120). When, therefore, he subsequently declares: "Our devotion to Jesus—the personal Jesus of history—is so great, our confidence in his religious system is so complete, and our consecration to his service is so absolute, that we are perfectly resigned, not only to follow after him in life, but to share his fortunes after death" (page 161), we are left to conclude that Mr. Blauvelt, like Strauss, has still a religion left, although he is rather chary about confessing it, and, notwithstanding the fact that, so far as the present volume reveals his temper, he is more ready to pull down than to build up. However, it is not fair to make a final judgment on this tentative and introductory essay. It should be added that Mr. Blauvelt writes, apparently, with conviction and sincerity.

#### De Kay's "The Vision of Esther."\*

THIS is a continuation of "The Vision of Nimrod" (reviewed in *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY* for June, 1881). The specter of Esther, the priestess of the sunfane, appears to the Persian reformers and tells of her life as Nimrod's queen; her guilty passion for the high-priest Ahram; the cabals against the latter by Bitsu the eunuch; the madness of Nimrod; the ruin of the Tower of Babel and the plague in Babylon; Ahram's flight to the Mediterranean and his pursuit by Esther and Bitsu; the battle on the strand between fugitives and pursuers; and the final escape of Ahram, who sails away into the sunset. A third installment, to be entitled "The Vision of Ahram," will complete the series and will deal largely with America.

There is something impressive in the very size of Mr. de Kay's foundation plans; and the sincerity and boldness of the undertaking, on the part of so young a poet, ought to win sympathy from the generous reader. "The Vision of Esther" opens with the following invocation:

"Moon of the dusk, moon on the skirts of day,  
Scimitar moon gemmed with the star of even,  
Glad, as her cheek shyly from earth away  
Turns in the dark a virginal queen of heaven  
Sweetly you laugh, watching the weary rover  
O'er the rough wold open the low, dark door,  
And a fair maid draw to her breast the lover  
Whose image stands deep in her bosom's core:  
Moon of the trying tree  
Yellow of blee—"

In this musical stanza there is the strong pulse which beats in the author's best verse. The narrative of "Esther" is more direct and less interrupted by the striking but confusing episodes which abounded in the first part. A poem of so large a scope must be judged by the conduct of the story, the dramatic sufficiency of the characters, the skill and force displayed in the invention of situations. On all these points it would be premature to pronounce until the appearance of the third and final part shall have put the poet's entire conception before the reader. Only then can it clearly be seen whether he has made a permanent addition to our larger poetic literature, or whether he has produced another of those big, dead poems which are rescued from oblivion, if at all, only by an exceptionally fine passage here and there. Meanwhile we may confess to liking the narrative and

\*The Present Religious Conflict. By Augustus Blauvelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\*The Vision of Esther. By Charles de Kay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



descriptive parts of both "Visions" better than the reflective and conversational portions. We have been sensible, especially, of a certain awkwardness in the dialogue passages.

In his preface, the poet calls attention to the bearing of his poem on modern problems. "Polygamy sits in the heart of the United States. The status of woman in Europe and America is unsettled. He brews are still treated with gross or refined injustice. The American judiciary is corrupt. The priest still aims at material conquests. \* \* \* In this relation, there is no need to mention the daily unfairness of the white races to the dark-skinned, especially in the United States." Doubtless these applications will be made more closely in "The Vision of Ahram," but we trust that Mr. de Kay will not be led away by the desire to point a moral, but will do his best to make his series a *poem* and simply a poem,—not a contribution to sociology.

We wish to call particular attention to the divisions of the book entitled "The Flight to the Ships" and "The Battle on the Strand," which are perhaps the most rapid and spirited portions of the whole. As an example of the author's narrative manner, we quote the two stanzas which tell what befell when Esther saw the vessel of her wounded lover disappear in the west:

"The waters widen, darken now. And I  
Perceive his weak hand raised to me in answer—  
Forgiving. 'Tis a mute and sad good-bye.  
Too bitter! As the stricken gull, the lancer  
Of silly fish, struck by a slinger's stone  
Meets the cold sea, I leaped insensate onward,  
Downward, and plunged,—I rose. I was alone.  
But on the arc of one great pallor sunward  
The shadowy hulls appeared  
Like specters weird.

"The oaths and cries are soothed to merest prattle,  
Against the sky uphoisted, square the yards,  
Outreel the sails; outdie the signs of battle,—  
A breeze upsprings. As moths will quit their shards,  
The moth-winged barks, like things that seek the splendor  
Of dayshine fled and glories of the sun,  
Stand on and on, until their outline slender  
Is etched, is sketched, is lost the west upon!  
Forever in that deep  
Methought to sleep."

These energetic and imaginative lines, in which the appearances of the horizon to a "man overboard" are indicated abruptly, and without wasting any words in the analysis of the swimmer's feelings, are very characteristic of what—if we wished to be pedantic—we might call Mr. de Kay's "method." With one more example from "The Battle on the Strand" we close our too brief notice of a very remarkable work:

"And for the third time Ahram reeled, the seeming  
Serenity that roused his foemen's wrath  
Shivered, as crack the faces cold of gleaming  
And moveless lakes below the whirlwind's path.  
But if the glacier glides its icy foot  
Below that wave, and clouds blot out the splendor  
Of sun—a jar—and through the liquid shoot  
Long crystals, catching in and in, to render  
The lake a clear dark block  
Hard as the rock."

Boker's "Book of the Dead."\*

WE confess to being puzzled as to the purpose of Mr. Boker's long poem. That it would never have been written but for Mr. Tennyson's "In Memo-

riam" is clear enough. It follows that wonderfully tender and beautiful poem afar off; but what else it is "after" is not so evident. Mr. Tennyson had a well-chosen theme for his pearls of sorrow. A friend was dead whose remarkable beauty of character and intellectual promise set him within the very edge of the public vision. Private grief bordered closely on public woe. Of this Tennyson took advantage, and, with exquisite art, molded that perfect expression of the sense of bereavement and of its spiritual alleviations.

Mr. Boker, too, has an under-song about which to cluster a versified wrath, but precisely of what public value it is we are unable to discover, nor will he tell us.

"'Tis not my purpose to explain  
The truths here dimly set in view;  
These hieroglyphics of the brain  
Are meant for others to undo."

"I hang my painted pictures high,  
I paint them ill, or paint them well;  
If they say nothing to the eye  
Then I have nothing more to tell."

What we make out—indeed, we are told it again and again—is that some one has died,—some dear friend, "the man of men most loved by me." He had been great and successful and much worshiped in life. He had done much for many men, including some treacherous friends:

"In life they played their cunning parts,  
They lauded everything he did.  
In death, they—bold, heroic hearts—  
Stabbed at him through the coffin-lid!"

But who this friend was, and who the Judas was that betrayed him, or any sufficiently definite notions of time, place, or person, we do not learn. Sometimes the anguish seems to be wholly personal; sometimes it appears to have a larger front, and the reader looks for great public wrongs that should call for such an out-pouring of a year's vials of wrath which are to sear the memory of the "Judas" forever:

"At times the patience of my soul  
With sudden rage is overflowed;  
I sparkle like an angry coal  
On which a furious breath is blown."

"In wrath my frenzied numbers roar,  
A brandished sword in every verse,  
And thus upon my foes I pour  
The flames of my prophetic curse."

But—one is continually asking through two hundred and fourteen pages—why so publicly and impotently? If it is a general sorrow, why may we not all know about it, and share it intelligently? If it is private, why such exorbitant curses and lamentations, lasting through a year? If this song is meant to reach out into the wide public experience and embrace all men's grief and passion, the tone of the lament should indicate it more constantly. And herein, it seems to us, is the failure of the poet's art. He does not establish his claim to touch the public heart. His anguish is too individual to express what is common to all, and it is not individual enough to direct our sympathies.

Mr. Boker was not wont to play hide and seek with his purpose in the days when he wrote "The Betrothal" and "The Widow's Marriage," "The Bal-

\* The Book of the Dead. By George H. Boker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.



lad of Sir John Franklin," and "Königsmark." To be sure, he was wont to take us over to

"Merry London, his most kindly nurse,"

and set us down in some by-street, where we could listen to Coleridge at one remove, or to Shakspeare at two. But, in story-telling, he went straight to the mark. His *dramatis personæ* were clever, and knew what to say and how to say it well. They were witty and bright, full of action and quite capable of passion, which they showed, but said little about. They spoke old English, indeed, and had committed to memory all the old stage traditions. But, whether as old friends or as clever friends, we felt an interest in them from the moment when they stated their troubles, or planned their fun, until they laughed or cried themselves off the stage. In the "Book of the Dead" there seems to be both less art and less reality.

#### A Prairie Idyl.\*

THE author of "A Prairie Idyl" is intent on living, and enters the sacred precincts at once, not stopping often to brood over her relations to others. Her fancy is charming, because it is healthy and playful, and shows a joyous sympathy with all life about us. The picture which is drawn in this opening poem, of a certain half-wild, half-cultivated, idyllic nook in the woods, shows a close union between precise knowledge and the idealizing faculty. The quiet and beautiful seclusion of this nook are described. In winter come to it "brave snow-birds searching after seeds"; in April, "marsh-marigolds on mound and fen."

"And certain birds come seeking then  
For nesting-nooks aloft or low:  
Song-sparrow, bluebird, robin, wren,  
All new in love as one might know—  
Deliriously trilling.  
Oh, how the world enchanted them!  
They fluttered, floated, flaunted by,  
Set clinging feet on stalk or stem,  
And sent *roulades* into the sky  
As if it needed filling."

These musical visitors are followed by long processions of flowers.

"Ah, then, all out of perfect skies  
Rushed in the lover-bobolinks!  
Like Paganini, music-wise  
Each bird will tell you all he thinks  
On just that one-stringed viol.  
Should Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn  
Set awful challenges afloat;  
This little master, all alone  
Half-way in Heaven, would tune his throat  
And dare them to the trial."

A fancy like this comes from a bright spirit; but there is a deeper meditative mood which is equally natural and healthful. The minor strain in such poems as "When I Call" is exquisitely quaint and pure, and echoes with a sweet and wholly spiritual quality, like the strains of an organ played in the remote corner of a German cathedral. Such poems reach our profoundest religious feeling, and express, even if they do not satisfy, our spiritual longings. If they call to mind George Herbert and other writers, it is nothing against their originality. To walk in the shadow of a

great man, and yet to walk worthily of his great moods, showing no weakness, is evidence of original powers.

There is a reminiscence—perhaps of Mrs. Browning—in the poem "From Saurian to Seraph," but the poem has a strength of its own which promises dramatic force, and a rapidity and ease of transition which indicate the fusing heats of a vivid imagination. Two stanzas serve to suggest a picturesque group in front of a blacksmith's shop,—a lady dismounting from her pony, the brawny blacksmith and his skill,—the beauty of the day, and the rural surroundings, and finally to launch us fairly on the blacksmith's story. He has served seven years at his trade in England, and has since been in forty-two battles.

"Oh, then I had rich times! then I was proud!  
You should have seen: the sabre in my hand  
Was just one red, and dripping like a cloud!  
There never was a life so glad and grand.  
But when the last ball's ricochet made rout,  
And the last shell tore up the bloody sod,  
I used to call my corps of blacksmiths out,  
And drive the nails till every beast was shod."

He had been himself a brute, as low as the Saurian, and as rude:

"I served ten years because I loved to slay,  
And, having fought, was fed. Oh, it was grand!  
My brutish blood ran richer day by day."

Then this same Saurian instinct had followed him from the "service" into the "slums," till a spiritual warning from his dead mother, who had been a Quaker, and the gentle hand of another living Quaker, had suggested less brutal and more helpful ways:

"A truer life I found,  
Caught at the golden lines of brotherhood,  
And scrambled from the mire to safer ground."

He became a diligent engineer on the Underground Railroad, worked and read,

"loved Junius, Cicero,  
And Whittier, made the sober Quakers quake  
For laughter, with my violin and bow."

"Meanwhile I took a wife;—for what's a man  
With all his loves at dry-rot in his heart?  
Unseasoned timbers—bound to mar the plan  
And sink the ship, however fair the chart.  
But a good wife is like a strong, sweet breeze  
That searches in and out and keeps all right."

Then came the rebellion, and he resumed the brute; recovered again, was taken and confined in a rebel prison for two years, was brought home an idiot, but recovered from that also, and rose by degrees from the Saurian stage to the point whence he could at least see the "Seraphs." The story is well told, and is tolerably full of good dramatic incident.

Besides this deeper strain,—which, as we have seen, can be passionate,—and a more simple, well-controlled thought, which is sometimes searchingly philosophical, the author has a sureness of ear, of taste, and of judgment, of a very high order.

We are authorized to say that the author of "A Prairie Idyl and other Poems" is Miss Amanda T. Jones, whose name our readers will recognize as having been associated with some of the most thoughtful and original of these very poems, when published for the first time in the pages of this magazine.

\* A Prairie Idyl, and other Poems. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.



## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### The Legal Relations of Mistress and Servant.

THE relations of mistress and servant are so governed by custom and tradition that few ladies, in hiring cooks, chambermaids, or waitresses, and few cooks, chambermaids, or waitresses, in being hired, remember that they are entering into a legal relation. Neither party to this bargain is in the habit of appealing to the courts. No written contract is entered into, and possible litigation and damages are not, as in the case of most other contracts, kept constantly in view. Nevertheless, the relation of mistress and maid is subject to many well-defined rules of law, a few of which are of considerable practical importance. We say the relation between mistress and maid, because, in this country, the actual relations of servants are generally with the lady of the house, though, when it comes to litigation, the parties who appear in court are generally of the other sex. Usually the husband of the mistress is in law responsible for her dealings with her servants, while among servants a litigious disposition is rarely developed among the gentler sex. The rules of law, however, are the same for both sexes.

One of the questions which must frequently arise in any employer's mind is what remedy she has for simple idleness and neglect of duty on the part of a servant. The right of chastisement is obsolete, and the right to obtain a decree for what is known to lawyers as specific performance has never been recognized by the courts. Under these circumstances custom and law coincide in leaving only one course open, which, curiously enough, was that recommended by the learned Puffendorf two centuries ago, "to expel the lazy drones" and "leave them to their own beggarly condition." This advice Puffendorf derived entirely from his investigations into the law of nature. The common law of the United States is, however, precisely in accord with the law of nature, and its rule about idle servants, expressed in the vernacular of to-day, is simply to discharge them.

When they are discharged, is it the duty of the mistress to give them "characters"? This was settled long ago in the case of *Card v. Bird* (3 Esp., 201), decided in England, at the beginning of this century, by Lord Kenyon. The plaintiff's wife, having been dismissed from the service of the defendant, applied to a Mrs. S. for a situation. Mrs. S. was willing to take her if she could get a character from the defendant. The defendant refused to give her one, and she consequently brought an action. Lord Kenyon said that such an action had never been heard of then, and no such action has been heard of since. But, though the employer is not bound to give any character at all, she is at perfect liberty to do so, and if she does it she is bound to tell the truth, and not indulge in malicious insinuations. The rules of law with regard to servants' characters are simply those of a sound social morality. One or two cases decided in the English courts will show this and the rules

would be precisely the same in this country. Sir Gervas Clifton never complained of his butler's conduct while he was with him, but suddenly dismissed him without notice, and without a month's wages. The butler was not entitled to the month's wages, but refused to leave the house without them. A violent altercation took place, and a policeman was sent for who finally ejected the butler. Sir Gervas subsequently gave the butler a very bad character, and, in the course of it, made some charges which were not true. On these facts the butler recovered a verdict for twenty pounds. (*Rogers v. Clifton*, 3 B. and P., 587.) Under ordinary circumstances, characters given to or statements made about servants are what are known at law as "privileged communications," that is, they may be made, if made truthfully, without fear of the consequences. Thus, in another English case, a master discharged his cook and footman, and they asked him his reason for doing so; he told the footman, in the absence of the cook, that "he and the cook had been robbing him," and told the cook, in the absence of the footman, that he had discharged her because "she and the footman had been robbing him." It was decided that these statements were privileged, and that neither cook nor footman had any cause of action against him.

Disputes of this sort seldom get into the courts in this country, partly because we are less litigious than the English, and partly because work is easier to get here. A dispute which has been made the subject of adjudication here is one which, no doubt, often arises in practice between master and servant and mistress and maid; and that is, when the servant leaves the employment wrongfully before his or her term of service expires, is the employer bound to pay for the time? The old rule was that nothing was due. The modern rule is unsettled, but the better opinion is that the employer is bound to pay for the time actually given. In most cases, however, we presume the servant actually receives wages for the whole time.

G. S.

### "Going Abroad for an Education."

I HAVE read the article in the September *CENTURY* on "Going Abroad for an Education," with interest and hearty approval of the points made, with one exception. My observation and experience differ from those of the writer of that article in regard to the conditions upon which a young man can take a degree in a German university. He says the diplomas which Americans receive at German universities "are nothing more, as a rule, than certificates that they have pursued certain studies at these universities, and quite another thing from the degree which the German student receives. It is hardly within the range of possibility for a graduate from an American college, even if he 'reads a little German,' to be graduated at a German university."

Allow me to modify this statement. I am personally acquainted with at least a dozen graduates



from American colleges who have taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from German universities within the last seven years. The diploma in these cases is not mere certificate of studies pursued, but a certificate of the degree conferred "*propter egregiam \* \* \* scientiam dissertatione et examine adprobata*" — as reads one to which I refer, and which is identical with the diploma given to the German graduate. The examination is often undergone — at least in Göttingen — side by side with a German student, and no distinction is made between the American and German in regard to the questions. Every student, it is true, whether he be a candidate for a degree or not, has, in his *Anmeldungsbuch*, a certificate of studies pursued. This is a book which each matriculate receives, and in which he enters the lectures he proposes to attend. Following these entries are blanks for the treasurer's receipt for fees, and for the signatures of the professors at the beginning, middle, and end of the Semester, in certification of faithful attendance on their lectures. The book thus shows at a glance what lectures, etc., the student has paid for and attended. It is, however, not a certificate from the university, but rather a collection of individual certificates from the professors, of attendance merely.

As to matriculation at a German university, in no case within my knowledge has an American candidate been called upon to pass an examination on the studies of the gymnasium. His college diploma has, in most cases, been enough to secure his admission to the university privileges. The only examination he has to look forward to is the final one for his degree. "Annuals" are unknown.

Allow me to re-state, in the following terms, the conditions upon which a graduate of an American college, who "reads a little German," can take a degree in a German university. (1) Familiarity with the language. (2) The successful accomplishment of an original investigation in the student's specialty. (3) The presentation of a dissertation giving the results of this work (but not required, I believe, at Heidelberg). (4) A searching oral examination on the student's specialty and the branches subordinate to it.

John T. Stoddard.

#### A Young Folks' School of Observation.

OUR school system too often trains out of existence some of the most valuable faculties of the human mind. Children are taught to read and write and cipher till their mental vision becomes too short-sighted to note the infinite changes of earth and sky and water. The power to see, to discriminate, to interpret facts, is lost, and with it the great educational influences of later life. The curiosity of a child carries with it a divine intimation. He is not born a questioning animal, merely to drive to distraction the grown-up world to which he belongs. But, like every other God-given faculty, this curiosity needs to be wisely directed and judiciously repressed, or satisfied, as the case may be.

A mere book education is a very poor preparation for the real work of life. Scholars are proverbially impractical, and what is true of the extreme instance is, in a modified sense, equally true of those which are less extreme. There is no one mental quality of

such universal application in everyday life as the power of keen and accurate observation, and just this power an undue application to books destroys.

Anything which promises to supplement school training by the development of the observing faculty, merits the hearty sympathy and coöperation of all who are interested in the cause of education. This is exactly what the Agassiz Association proposes to do, while, at the same time, it gathers a fund of facts, and affords healthful amusement to the children interested in it. The idea of a Natural Science Association for children originated in Switzerland, but America was not long in following the example. Some years ago this American Society was organized at Lenox, Mass.

In the November number of the "St. Nicholas Magazine" for 1880, Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, the founder of the chapter at Lenox, published a little article, proposing a St. Nicholas branch to the Agassiz Association. The editor cordially indorsed the idea, and since then the pages of that magazine have been, from time to time, the vehicle of communication in matters pertaining to the Association. In response to the invitation issued in November, hundreds of letters came pouring in from children all over the land, and by the following February twenty-seven chapters, numbering over two hundred members, had been formed as parts of the St. Nicholas branch.

Mr. Ballard undertook to receive and answer the letters. The Association, at the expiration of twenty months, had, however, reached the number of three thousand four hundred members, etc., and the correspondence had become enormous, really beyond the management of one man. Mr. Ballard has therefore published a little hand-book,\* the one whose title is given at the bottom of this page, which is intended to answer many of these questions. It gives a history of the Association; directions how to form a chapter; suggestions as to the mode of writing; rules for the making and filling of cabinets; a list of the books to be consulted, and many other suggestions interesting and useful to a beginner in the fascinating study of science. The Association can scarcely be too highly commended as a happy combination of amusement and instruction, without the usual aimlessness of the one and the irksomeness of the other.

S. B. H.

#### "To Teach the Young Idea How to Shoot."

THE article upon "Children's Logic," by S. B. H., in the August CENTURY, struck a responsive chord in the heart of one who would like to add a word upon the subject. If, through life, our progress in reasoning could be made proportional to that of the first years of childhood, old age would find us much wiser than we are. But the natural powers of observation are too soon made to give place to the artificial training of the schools, when, with many children, mental development ceases. Many of us have grown up in utter ignorance of the beautiful things in nature by which we are surrounded, when, if we had received satisfactory answers to our eager, childish questions, we might have found a charm in the natural history taught

\* Hand-Book of the "St. Nicholas" Agassiz Association. By Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox Academy: Pittsfield, Mass.



in the schools, which, in its theoretical treatment, seemed to repel us.

It is indeed true that "mother" ought to mean more to children than it usually does; but this will never be so long as mothers of wealth, devoting their time to the pleasures of fashionable society, give up their children entirely to the care of illiterate servants; so long as the mothers of poverty work for the scanty food which sustains their children; or the mothers of the middle class, unheeding the mental and moral nakedness of their children, spend their time in making clothing which, in its elaborateness, is intended to rival that of the children of wealthy parents.

Why do we meet with so many uninteresting men and women, so many who dress well and talk well, so far as the grammatical form is concerned, but whose dearth of ideas is disclosed by the tendency to gossip? Mothers should make themselves interesting to their children, and answer their questions, instead of repelling them. If the questions are puzzling,—as many of them are,—the problems, if reasonable, should be solved, though days of earnest research be necessary to do it. Any mother of intelligence and ambition, with the means now within the reach of every one, can acquire a knowledge of botany, geology, zoölogy, and astronomy, which will render a walk with her children, by day or by night, a perfect delight to her and to them. These things will quicken their observation and make them more intelligent men and women; also happier, because no matter where their lot may be cast, the wonders of nature will be before their eyes, an everlasting source of enjoyment.

This is no dream of the imagination, which the outcome of a successful experiment. I could tell you of a little girl, six years old, who cannot read a word, but who knows many flowers, and how they grow, and can roughly classify them; who knows the names of some of the planets and constellations, and where to look for them; who delights in watching the ants, bees, and birds, and in hearing stories about them, and who expresses her ideas with ease and accuracy. All this has been accomplished without perceptible effort on the part of the child, though, of course, there has been earnest effort on the part of the mother.

*Lillian Mayne.*

#### A Family Ice-house.

MANY people imagine that domestic economy means a heroic going without; but true economy means a liberal use of everything that administers to good health. So far as ice is concerned, the best economy is to use it in profusion. Have as much as you want, but cut and store the ice yourself, or buy it at wholesale in winter, when it is cheap. Every family that has room enough out of doors for a small ice-house will save money by building one. It should be as much a part of the establishment as the refrigerator in the kitchen. It need not be unsightly, nor at all troublesome to keep in order. Charitable societies in cities give ice to the sick poor in hot weather, and if you are generous,—paradoxical as it may appear,—a well-filled ice-house will seldom be a source of coolness between neighbors.

Ice melts faster in free air than in confined air, faster in water than in confined air, and faster in the

sun than in the shade. It will melt in any ice-house; it simply melts slowly in a good one, and rapidly in a poor one. Reduced to its simple elements, the success of an ice-house depends upon site, drainage, ventilation, and construction. The best site for a family ice-house is some shady place under a tree, or the north side of a building which is also protected from the wind. Shade is of the first importance, and shelter from the wind the next; so, if there is a choice, take the shady place. If a good position cannot be found, put it anywhere. The melting ice in the house causes a constant flow of water. If the soil on which the house is to stand is sandy or gravelly, and has a gentle slope, there is nothing to do but to dig a cellar about two feet deep and fill it with stones. Cover the upper layers with smaller stones and sand. This will make the floor on which the ice is to rest. The water will escape easily through the sand and stones, and there will be no chance for currents of air to flow upward into the house. The tendency of the air in a badly made ice-house is always to flow through it. Therefore, while there must be drainage, there must be no inlets for air. If the soil is wet and not easily drained, the surface must be covered two feet thick with stones, and the house placed on top of this. If this is done, the sides of the stone work must be made tight with mortar, to prevent the entrance of air. If provision must be made for carrying off the water, the pipe must be trapped to prevent the air from entering the pipe and thus getting into the house. A well-drained foundation having been prepared, a wooden sill must be laid, on which the walls are to rest. On this sill will rest the uprights. These may be simply planks eight inches wide and two inches thick. They may be placed at intervals on the sill, and held in place by a string-piece on top. On the outside of the uprights may be nailed boards with battens or clapboards. On the inside they are simply boarded up with cheap stuff. The whole aim is to make a hollow wall. The space between the outside and inside boarding must be filled solid with tan-bark, saw-dust, or rough chaff of any kind. Upon the walls place a common pitch-roof, boarded and battened or shingled. It must be rain-tight, and must not be air-tight. There should be an opening at the ends, or a hood or ventilator, to permit a free circulation of air through the upper part of the house. The door should have double walls filled with saw-dust.

These, in brief, are the conditions: perfect drainage below, double walls filled with saw-dust, no entrance for air below, and free ventilation above. The ice should be laid on a foot of saw-dust or chaff, and a space of twelve inches all round between the ice and the wall should be filled with saw-dust, as well as all the cracks between the blocks. When it is all in the house, saw-dust is spread two feet deep on top of the ice. The cost of an ice-house must vary with the price of labor and materials. A house twelve feet square and ten feet high will hold enough ice for one family, and certainly will not cost much money to build. An ice-house should always be painted white, and, if convenient, it should be covered with vines, which will partly neutralize the heat of the sun's rays.

*Charles Barnard.*



## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Boat Propulsion.

WHILE the power used to move ships has been made the subject of many experiments, and marine engines have been brought to a high degree of efficiency, the screw by which the power has been utilized has, in a certain sense, stood still. Its position at the stern has remained unchanged ever since it was first used. It has been tried at the bow, where it worked well enough, until it proved troublesome when brought in contact with drift-wood. It has been placed at the sides, where it operated only as an imperfect paddle-wheel. More recently it has been tried in an entirely new position. The vessel to which the new method of placing the screw has been applied is a lighter, designed for carrying heavy freight upon a crooked and shallow river. The hull, which is of wood, is about 28.35 meters (ninety feet) long, and 10.08 meters (thirty-two feet) wide, and draws about one meter, when loaded with one hundred tons of freight. In general appearance the boat does not differ from the ordinary steam-lighters used in American waters. The hull is of the usual shape, except at the stern. Here the after-body turns abruptly inward at the water-line, making a double curve toward the stern-post. Below the water-line, the hull carries a lip or projection that follows the ordinary lines of a ship's stern. In the concave recess on each side of the stern is placed a single screw facing outward. That is, the shaft carrying a screw at each end extends directly across the hull. This shaft is just at the water-line, and carries each screw half-submerged. The deck above each screw overhangs the hull, as in American river-boats. The engine (which for certain reasons is quite small for the boat) is placed between the two screws and directly connected with the shaft. On turning the two screws placed in this position, it would appear that they would act as paddle-wheels. They do so, but the amount of work performed in moving the boat is thought to be very small. Experiments seem to prove that the movement of the boat is caused by the streams of water turned by the screws against the wedge-shaped hull. The water thrown into the concave part of the stern cannot easily escape, and the result is the hull is thrust forward by the action of the water against it. The actual trials of the boat show that she can be moved with a full load, in rather rough water, at a speed of from four to five knots an hour. This is considered a good speed for such a boat, with an engine of such power. On the second trial trip, careful measurements were made of the power utilized by the screws. The boat was towed at her usual speed, and the amount of strain on the tow-line found by the aid of a dynamometer. The power needed to move the boat, compared with the actual working power of the engine, was found to be over fifty per cent. In other words, one-half the actual power of the engine appears to be realized in moving the boat. This is regarded as a very favorable showing for the position of the

screws. The trial trips of the new boat are regarded as interesting contributions to the question of screw-propulsion. The positions of the screws gives a good economy of the power employed, and in the new and faster boats, that are to be built upon the same pattern, even more interesting results may be expected.

### The Waterphone.

THIS is the name applied to a new mechanical device for observing, by means of sound, the flow of liquids in pipes. It consists of a metallic diaphragm inclosed in an ear-trumpet resembling a telephone. The diaphragm is connected and supported at the center by a slender steel rod that extends through the trumpet, while it is free on all sides and does not touch the trumpet in which it is inclosed. The object sought is to amplify any sonorous vibrations that may travel through the rod, so that, on placing the trumpet to the ear, the sounds may be heard. So far, the only use to which the apparatus has been put has been the detection of waste in city service-pipes. The apparatus is applied directly to the valve or stop-cock controlling the supply of water delivered at dwellings. The stop-cock is uncovered by opening the trap in the sidewalk, and the key is turned till the water is shut off. The steel rod of the instrument, which is threaded at the end, is then screwed into the top of the key. If any water is escaping past the stop-cock, or if the pipe leaks at this point, the sound of the moving water is heard in the waterphone. On letting the water flow freely into the house, any leaks or waste within may be detected in the same way. Any stream, however small, makes a sound, and by the aid of the apparatus it may be amplified or increased sufficiently in volume to enable the observer to tell how much water is running past the stop-cock. These observations are made at midnight, when the streets are quiet and when the water is supposed to be shut off within the house. The chief merit of the invention lies in the simple and convenient manner in which the sonorous vibrations caused by flowing liquids may be conveyed to the ear. While the apparatus has, so far, only been applied to the detection of leaks in water-pipes, it will, no doubt, find many other uses. It could be used to observe sounds caused by mechanical movements in places not easily accessible. It is practically an enlarged stethoscope for detecting obscure sounds. In some cities the stop-cock placed under the sidewalk is turned by a long rod let down into a small well in the walk. This rod has, in such places, been used to detect waste. It is simply held to the ear (and it might better be held in the teeth with the ears closed), when the sound of the water may be heard, the sonorous vibrations traveling along the rod to the ear, or, if held in the teeth, thence through the bones of the head to the ear. The diaphragm for amplifying the sounds is clearly an improvement on this.



## The Music Electrograph.

## New Motors.

THE suggestion was made in "The World's Work" for June (page 318, vol. xxiv.) that the common chemical telegraph systems, of which the American Rapid is an example, might easily be made to record music played upon an organ or piano. It now appears that this idea has been made the subject of experiment, and that a practical apparatus has recently been constructed to carry out this suggestion. The inventions were quite independent, and appear to have been made at about the same time. In the new apparatus the recording mechanism is quite independent of the instrument to which it is to be electrically connected. The aim is to cause the depression of a key of the piano to close a circuit, and to accomplish this a wooden bar is placed over the keys and resting at each end on the blocks at the sides of the key-board. From this bar are suspended, by wire rods, pellets, that rest one on each key, for about four octaves in the center of the key-board. Each of these pellets has a slight vertical play, and serves to make and break an electric circuit. While the key is untouched, the pellet is supported and the circuit is open. On depressing the key the pellet falls and the circuit is closed, and remains closed as long as the key is kept down. Wires connect each pellet with a small battery, and with a recording apparatus resembling the ordinary Morse recorder, the wires being insulated and twisted together into a cable. The recording apparatus consists of a clock train for moving a system of rollers, through which a ribbon of paper is caused to move. The first set of rollers moisten the paper with the chemical solution, this solution being the same as used in any chemical telegraph. The next system of rollers is both printing and recording, one roller making the lines in ink upon the paper that represent the musical staff, and the other being placed in the circuit from the battery. A style kept in position by a spring rests upon the ribbon, as it passes over this roller, there being a style for every circuit and for every note of the four octaves. The depressing of any key closes that circuit, and causes the current to flow through the style and through the moving paper, and, so long as the current passes, a blue stain is left on the paper. These stains represent the notes touched on the key-board. Another circuit, with a circuit-closing device in the form of a foot-pedal, is added to mark the bars or the beginning of each measure. From an examination of a portion of one of the stained ribbons, it appears the music staff is printed in narrow, black lines, there being four ledger lines above the treble staff and three below the bars, these being dotted lines to distinguish them from the others. The music is recorded in long and short stains, and in choral style of music can be read and played without serious difficulty. In the copy seen, the markings of the time was very indistinct, but, aside from this, it was clear enough to be played at sight, as from the common musical notation, and there appears to be no reason why any music could not be recorded in the apparatus, and with a little practice easily transcribed into the ordinary characters. So far as can be learned, the apparatus is a practical success.

Two motors, both designed to be independent of steam, have been recently carried through the experimental stage, and now appear to be ready for the severer test of actual work in business. Of the examples examined, one is a five horse-power engine, using crude petroleum as a fuel, and the other is a ten horse-power air-engine. Of the many experiments that have been made to use petroleum as a source of power, by far the larger part have been based upon the idea of using the oil as a fuel in making steam. In the new motor the oil is burned in or near the cylinder, very much as gas is burned in a gas-engine. In the engine examined, the cylinder is horizontal, and rests upon a stand or frame containing a tank for compressed air. The piston and the two piston-rods are hollow, the rods being connected by means of flexible tubes with the street-main, so that a constant circulation of cold water is kept up through one rod and the piston, and out through the other rod. There is also a water-jacket on the cylinder, the object being to keep all parts as cool as possible. At the end of the engine, and connected with the crank-shaft, is a small air-pump for keeping the air-tank filled with compressed air. The crude oil is kept in a tank near the engine, and is drawn from the tank as required in the engine, through a small pipe, by a small pump connected with the engine. The oil is delivered by the pump to a burner placed at the rear end of the cylinder. This burner has an annular wick, the oil being thrown upon the rear end of the wick, while the air needed for combustion is supplied from the compressed-air tank. To prevent the flame from passing into the cylinder, the end of the cylinder next the burner is covered with fine wire-netting. In the center of the burner is the inlet for the compressed air, the opening being controlled by a valve moved by the engine. There is also a governor for regulating the supply of air, the design being to cut off the air at any point of the stroke required. The engine is single-acting, and its operation may be easily understood. When it is desired to start the engine, the burner is lighted through an opening at the top, and the engine is given a few turns by hand to obtain a supply of compressed air. The piston being drawn back near the burner, the compressed air is allowed to enter. The immediate effect is a greatly increased combustion of the oil, and the air is heated and expanded. The expansion of the air is the immediate source of power, and under its influence the piston is driven backward, thus making the effective stroke. At the right point the supply of air is cut off, the stroke being finished by the expansion already obtained. At the end of the stroke the exhaust port, which is the same as the inlet at the end of the cylinder, is opened, and the spent air is allowed to escape while the piston is moved back by the momentum of the engine. The engine examined was not at work at the time, it having just been stopped for the purpose of painting; but, from reliable reports, it is said to work cheaply and easily, and with very little attention. It is believed to be the first motor of its class using a cut-off controlled by a governor, and having both the air and oil supply regulated by the speed and the amount of work put upon the motor.



The second motor is described as a differential high-pressure air-engine. By this is meant that heated air is employed as the source of power, the same body of air being continuously heated and cooled alternately, the difference between the pressure of the cold and the hot air being used to move the pistons in the cylinders. To accomplish this, four cylinders are used and arranged in pairs for the purpose of balancing one against the other. In each pair is a working-cylinder with a piston having a single action, or one effective stroke, and a larger cylinder in which the air is heated preparatory to its use in the working-cylinder. The four cylinders are upright and are grouped together, the larger ones of each pair being placed over the furnaces. The pistons in each of the larger cylinders are connected by means of their rods and link, and a rocking beam, thus balancing one against the other. The pistons in the two working-cylinders are also connected in the same way. Above each of the larger cylinders is placed a great number of small air-pipes and surrounded by a casing. Cold water is designed to circulate around these pipes precisely as in a condenser. There is also an air-pump and a water circulating pump connected with the engine. While these are the main features of the motor, the arrangement of the various parts is too complicated for explanation without the aid of intricate diagrams. It is sufficient to observe the principle upon which the engine works and to note the results.

The air used in the engine is confined and is employed over and over, alternately heated in the larger cylinder immediately over the fire, and then displaced by the movement of the piston and allowed to expand and thus spend its force in the working-cylinder. After the stroke is made, this same body of air, by the descent of the working piston (by the movement of the opposite piston), is passed to the condenser and goes through the small pipes back into the larger cylinder. On its passage through the small pipes it parts with a portion of its heat and is reduced in pressure. The power is thus obtained by the difference in pressure between the heated and the cooled air. The air above the pistons in the working-cylinders is not used as a source of power, as it is merely transferred through pipes from one cylinder to the other, and each stroke thus making the pressure above the pistons the same in each cylinder at all times. The motor examined was at work and appeared to run with great steadiness. It was silent, and moving at a speed of over eighty revolutions a minute. The engine has been at work for over a year, and has been put to a number of practical tests, the most severe being the running of a series of electric lights, and with entire success. It is reported, on good authority, to be very economical in fuel and oil; it certainly is easily managed, and is safe from all danger of fire and explosion. Engines of one or more hundred horse-power are soon to be built upon the same plan.

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BRIC-À-BRAC.

Narcissus in Camden.

A CLASSICAL DIALOGUE OF THE YEAR 1882.

(*"In the course of his lecture Mr. ——— remarked that the most impressive room he had yet entered in America was the one in Camden town where he met ———. It contained plenty of fresh air and sunlight. \* \* \* On the table was a simple cruse of water."* \* \* \*)

PAUMANOKIDES. NARCISSUS.

PAUMANOKIDES.

Who may this be?

This young man clad unusually, with loose locks, languorous, glidingly toward me advancing,

Toward the ceiling of my chamber his orbic and expressive eye-balls uprolling,

As I have seen the green-necked wild-fowl the mallard in the thundering of the storm,

By the weedy shore of Paumanok my fish-shaped island.

Sit down, young man!

I do not know you, but I love you with burning intensity,

I am he that loves the young men, whosoever and wheresoever they are or may be hereafter, or may have been any time in the past,

Loves the eye-glassed literat, loves also and probably more the vender of clams, raucous-throated, monotonous-chanting,

Loves the Elevated Railroad employee of Mannahatta my city;

I suppress the rest of the list of the persons I love, solely because I love you,

Sit down *ilive*, I receive you!

NARCISSUS.

O clarion, from whose brazen throat

Strange sounds across the seas are blown,

Where England, girt as with a moat,

A strong sea-lion, sits alone!

A pilgrim from that white-cliffed shore,

What joy, large flower of Western land!

To seek thy democratic door,

With eager hand to clasp thy hand!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Right you are!

Take then the electric pressure of these fingers, O my Comrade!



I do not doubt you are the one I was waiting for, as I loaf'd here enjoying my soul,  
Let us two under all and any circumstances stick together from this out!

NARCISSUS.

Seeing that isle of which I spake but late  
By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,  
The grand Greek limbs of young Democracy  
Beckoned me thence to this ideal State,  
Where maiden fields of life Hellenic wait  
For one who in clear culture walks apart  
(Avoiding all rude clamors of the mart  
That mar his calm) to sow the seeds of great  
Growths yet to be—the love of sacred Art,  
And Beauty, of this breast queen consecrate,  
Whose throne mean Science seeks to violate;  
The flawless artist's lunacy serene,  
His purely passionate and perfect hate  
And noble scorn of all things Philistine.

PAUMANOKIDES.

Hold up there, Camerado!  
Beauty is all very good as far as it goes, and Art the perpetuator of Beauty is all very good as far  
as it goes, but you can tell your folks,  
Your folks in London, or in Dublin, or in Rome, or where the Arno flows, or where Seine flows,  
Your folks in the picture-galleries, admiring the Raphaels, the Tintoretos, the Rubenses, Vandykes,  
Correggios, Murillos, Angelicos of the world,  
(I know them all, they have effused to me, I have wrung them out, I have abandoned them, I have  
got beyond them.)—

NARCISSUS (*aside, with tenderness*).

Ah, Burne-Jones!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Tell them that I am considerably more than Beauty!  
I, representing the bone and muscle and cartilage and adipose tissue and pluck of the Sierras, of  
California, of the double Carolinas, of the Granite State, and the Narragansett Bay State, and the  
Wooden Nutmeg State!  
I, screaming with the scream of the bald-headed bird the eagle in the primitive woods of America my  
country, in the hundred and sixth year of these States!

Dear son, I have learned the secret of the Universe,  
I learned it from my original *bonne*, the white-capped ocean,  
I learned it from the Ninth-Month Equinoctial, from the redwood-tree, and the Civil War, and the  
hermit-thrush, and the telephone, and the Corliss engine,  
The secret of the Universe is not Beauty, dear son, nor is it Art the perpetuator of Beauty,  
The secret of the Universe is to admire one's self.  
Camerado, you hear me!

NARCISSUS.

Ah, I too loitering on an eve of June  
Where one wan narciss leaned above a pool,  
While overhead Queen Dian rose too soon,  
And through the Tyrian clematis the cool  
Night airs came wandering wearily, I too,  
Beholding that pale flower, beheld Life's key at last, and knew

That love of one's fair self were but indeed  
Just worship of pure Beauty; and I gave  
One sweet, sad sigh, then bade my fond eyes feed  
Upon the mirrored treasure of the wave,  
Like that lithe beauteous boy in Tempe's vale,  
Whom hapless Echo loved—thou know'st the Heliconian tale!

And while heaven's harmony in lake and gold  
Changed to a faint nocturne of silvern-gray,  
Like rising sea-mists from my spirit rolled  
The grievous vapors of this Age of Clay  
Beholding Beauty's re-arisen shrine,  
And the white glory of this precious loveliness of mine!

PAUMANOKIDES.

I catch on, my Comrade!  
—You allow that your aim is similar to mine, after all is said and done.  
Well, there is not much similarity of style, and I recommend my style to you.  
Go gaze upon the native rock-piles of Mannahatta, my city,  
Formless, reckless,



Marked with the emerald miracle of moss, tufted with the unutterable wonder of the exquisite green grass,  
 Giving pasture to the spry and fearless-footed quadruped the goat,  
 Also patched by the heaven-ambitious citizens with the yellow handbill, the advertisement of patent soaps, the glaring and vari-colored circus poster:  
 Mine, too, for reasons, such arrays;  
 Such my unfettered verse, scorning the delicatessen of dilettantes.  
 Try it, I'll stake you my ultimate dollar you'll like it.

NARCISSUS (*gracefully waiving the point*).

Haply in the far, the orient future, in the dawn we herald like the birds,  
 Men shall read the legend of our meeting, linger o'er the music of our words;

Haply coming poets shall compare me then to Milton in his lovely youth,  
 Sitting in the cell of Galileo, learning at his elder's lips the truth.

Haply they shall liken these dear moments, safely held in History's amber clear,  
 Unto Dante's converse bland with Virgil, on the margin of that gloomy mere!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Do not be deceived, dear son;  
 Amid the choruses of the morn of progress, roaring, hilarious, those names will be heard no longer.  
 Galileo was admirable once, Milton was admirable,  
 Dante the Italian was a cute man in his way,  
 But he was not the maker of poems, the Answerer!  
 I Paumanokides am the maker of poems, the Answerer,  
 And I calculate to chant as long as the earth revolves,  
 To an interminable audience of haughty, effusive, copious, gritty, and chipper Americanos!

NARCISSUS.

What more is left to say or do?  
 Our minds have met; our hands must part.  
 I go to plant in pastures new  
 The love of Beauty and of Art.  
 I'll shortly start.  
 One town is rather small for two  
 Like me and you!

PAUMANOKIDES.

So long!

*Helen Gray Cone.*

#### PAGES FROM AN ALBUM.

THE little book, some of whose pages we herewith reproduce, is a tiny autograph album, whose blue plush covers contain not a mere list of names wrung from bored but complaisant notabilities, but all sorts of willing and charming tributes of friendship in verse, in prose, in picture. We can no farther tell who is the owner of this marvelous little album, than that it is a young American. It is in the name of charity that she lets us print (with the consent of the authors and their representatives) two of its most notable contributions. The slight but graceful verses of Longfellow were, he himself said at the time, the only ones that he ever wrote originally for an album. The Browning lines have a personal interest; the first ten appeared in one of his latest volumes; the last ten are new, and are in explanation (where none should have been demanded) of one of his finest and most characteristic utterances.

*"Touch him men so lightly, into song he broke:  
 Song so quick-receptive - not one feather, seed,  
 Not one flower-dust felt but straight it fell awoke -  
 Vitalizing virtue: song would song succeed  
 Sudden as spontaneous - prove a poet-soul!"*

*Indeed?*

*Not so the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare:  
 Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their rage  
 Vainly both expend - flowers few awaken there:  
 Quiet in its cleft broods - what the after-ages  
 Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.*



thus I wrote in London, musing on my betters,  
 Poet's dead and gone: and lo, the critic's child  
 "Out on such a boast!" as if I dreamed that fetters  
 Binding Dante, bind up - me! as if, true, pride,  
 here, not also humble!

So I smiled and sighed  
 As I sped your book in Venice this bright morning;  
 Sweetest friend of mine! and felt the clay or sand  
 "What is in my soil he - break - for praise or scolding -  
 Out in grateful fancies - weeds, but weeds uprooted  
 Almost into flowers - held by such a kindly hand!  
 Robert Browning. Venice, Oct. 14. '80.

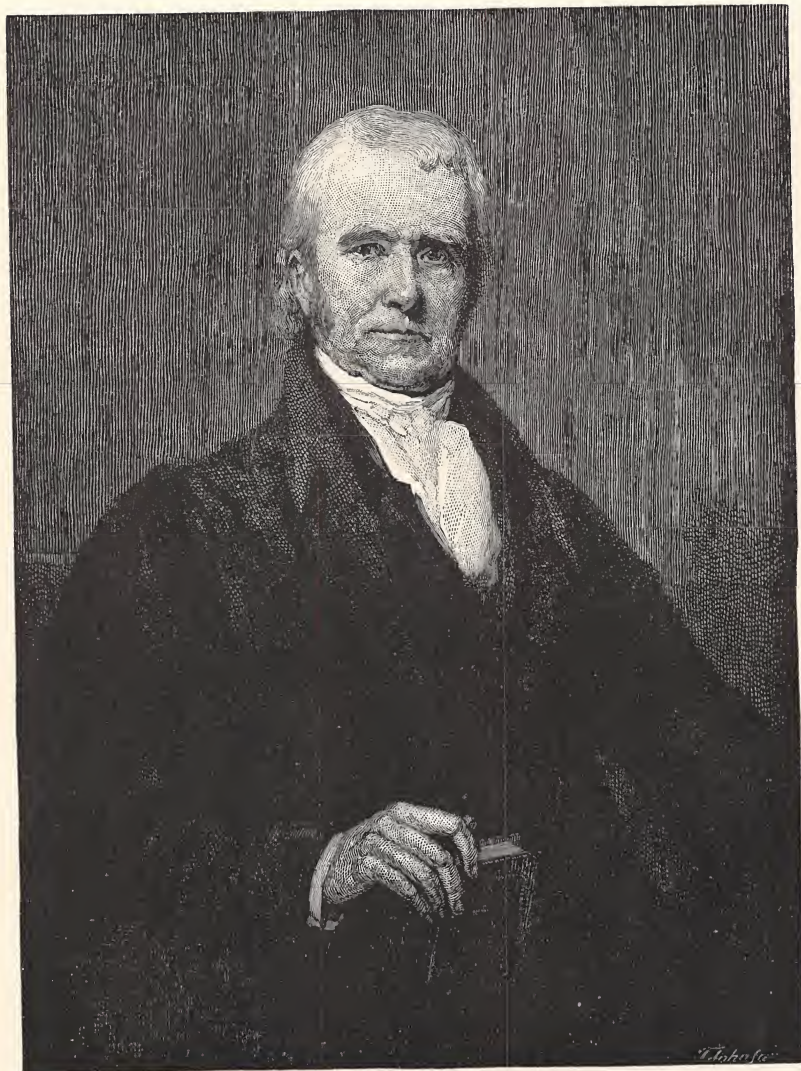
She who comes to me and pleads death  
 In the lovely name of Edith,  
 Will not fail of what was wanted.  
 Edith means the "Blessed"; therefore  
 All that she may wish or care for  
 With such a best for her, be granted!

Johnny M. Longfellow

Jan 1. 1873.







J. Mansell



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Supreme Court is the balance-wheel of government in the United States. It does its work so quietly, and its operations touch the lives and business affairs of so few citizens, that much less is known about it than about any other portion of the Federal machinery. Rarely do its proceedings attract public attention; yet it may be truly said to be the conservative force in our political system, holding all the parts together and keeping each in harmony with the plan of the whole. We are apt to think ours a simple system; it is in reality a complicated one, for we have both a divided and a concentrated sovereignty, and the functions of authority are distributed between the state and the nation, and among different departments of each, in such a way that innumerable conflicts would occur to strain and perhaps finally destroy the framework of popular government, were it not for the regulating power of the supreme judicial tribunal. On several occasions in the history of the Great Republic, the power of the Supreme Court has been more than regulative, and has assumed a formative character. In its early stages especially, the form itself of the central government was largely shaped by the decisions which came from the Supreme Bench, interpreting the Constitution, then an elastic compact, not hardened by time and use, and one of untried and doubtful force as a bond to hold the States together and create from them a homogeneous nation.

The visitor in Washington is likely to be more favorably impressed with the Supreme Court than with any other feature of government he sees. The House is a turbulent town-meeting held on a velvet carpet. The Senate, which used to be sedate and courteous, is fast falling into the bad manners of the lower branch of Congress. Speeches are rarely listened to, and there is a general appearance

of lounging inattention, varied only by letter-writing or conversation, carried on under the very nose of the senator who is on the floor, seeking to influence the judgment of his associates. The White House is a business office, with a few showy rooms for formal receptions, and the President is approached like the head of any important business concern, with little more ceremony than is observed in a bank or a railroad office. The Supreme Court seems, by its quiet and stately dignity, to typify more fitly the power of a government which holds the lives and fortunes of fifty millions of people in its keeping.

Midway in the rather dingy and ill-lighted passage that leads from the great rotunda of the Capitol to the Senate wing sits a colored man holding a cord attached to the handle of a closed door. If you pause, as if desirous of entering, he pulls the cord; the door opens and you are in a narrow vestibule. Another door swings inward silently, and another colored man politely motions you to a seat on the crimson cushions of a big sofa. A high screen in front of the door hides the room from you when you first enter, but once on the sofa you find that you are in the Supreme Court chamber. Suppose it to be a few moments before noon. The long row of big, easy-chairs, on a high platform back of a desk of equal length, are still vacant, for the court meets at twelve. You have time to study the room. Its form is that of a semi-circle, with a half-dome for the ceiling, pierced by sky-windows, through which a mild light falls on crimson curtains and upholstery, and on the pleasant gray tint of the walls. A small gallery over the judges' seats is supported by pillars of the peculiar mottled gray and black stone called Potomac marble, and pilasters of the same stone relieve the circling sweep of the wall. Behind the pillars and under the gal-



lery there are heavily curtained windows, and a screened passage leading to the retiring-room of the judges on one hand, and to the marshal's office on the other. Upon the wall are busts of the six Chief-Justices who preceded the present incumbent,—Jay, Rutledge, Ellsworth, Marshall, Taney, and Chase. The greater part of the floor-space is railed off for the members of the bar. Outside of this are the sofas for spectators—the only really comfortable seats for public use to be found in the Capitol. The gallery is never used now. Only once, since the Senate left the room to go to its new chamber in the north wing of the building, has it been tenanted. That was during the sessions of the Electoral Commission which disposed of the Presidency during the memorable winter of 1877. Then the reporters for the press were squeezed day after day into its narrow limits.

When twelve o'clock comes, there are perhaps a dozen lawyers sitting at the tables within the bar, and a score of spectators waiting on the crimson plush sofas for the court to open. A rustle of silk is heard from the open door leading to the retiring-rooms.



DETAIL OF IONIC CAPITAL IN THE SUPREME COURT CHAMBER.

At the other side of the chamber sits a young man at a desk, who has been listening for a few minutes for that sound. He rises, and announces in a clear voice: "The Honorable the Chief-Justice and Associate-Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States," whereupon lawyers and spectators all get up on their feet. The rustling sound approaches, and there enters a procession of nine dignified old men, clad in black silk gowns that reach almost to their feet, with wide sleeves and ample skirts. At the head walks the Chief-Justice, and the

others follow in the order of their length of service in the court. They stand a moment in front of their chairs, and all bow at once to the bar. The lawyers return the salute; then the judges sit down, the Associates being careful, however, not to occupy their chairs before the Chief-Justice is settled in his. Now the young man, who is the crier, exclaims, in a monotonous fashion:

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court!"

Business begins promptly and is dispatched rapidly. First, motions are heard, then the docket is taken up. The Chief-Justice calls the case in order in a quiet tone, and a lawyer is on the floor making an argument, while you are still expecting that there will be some further formality attending the opening of so august a tribunal.

The proceedings are impressive only from their simplicity. Usually the arguments of counsel are delivered in low, conversational tones. Often the judges interrupt to ask questions. In patent cases, models of machinery are frequently used to illustrate an argument, and are handed up to the judges for examination, or a blackboard is used for diagrams. Were it not for the gray hair and black gowns of the judges, you might almost imagine at times that the gentleman at the blackboard, with crayon in hand, was a college professor lecturing to a class. Or you may happen in when a lawyer in charge of a case is leaning over the long desk in front of the judges, holding a conversation with one of them on some intricate point in a mechanical device, and you would hardly think that the court was in session and that the conversation was the plea in a patent case involving perhaps a million of dollars.

The bench has long been only a tradition in all our courts. Each justice of the Supreme Court has a chair to suit his own notions of what constitutes a comfortable seat. Some of the chairs have high backs to rest the head, some have low backs; some have horse-hair cushions, some velvet, some no cushions at all. Chief-Justice Waite sits in the middle of the row. At his right is the Senior Associate-Justice, Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa; at his left the next in rank, Stephen J. Field, of California. Then right and left, alternately, are Justices Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey, John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, William B. Woods, of Georgia, Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, Horace Gray, of Massachusetts, and Samuel F. Blatchford, of New York. Justices





JOHN JAY. (AFTER THE BUST BY JOHN FRAZEE.)

Miller and Field were appointed by President Lincoln,—the former in 1862, and the latter in 1863. Bradley was appointed by President Grant in 1870, and the Chief-Justice by the same President in 1874. Harlan, Woods and Matthews were appointed by President Hayes; but Matthews's nomination was not acted on by the Senate until Hayes's term expired, and he was renominated by President Garfield, and thus represents two administrations. Gray and Blatchford are the nominees of President Arthur.

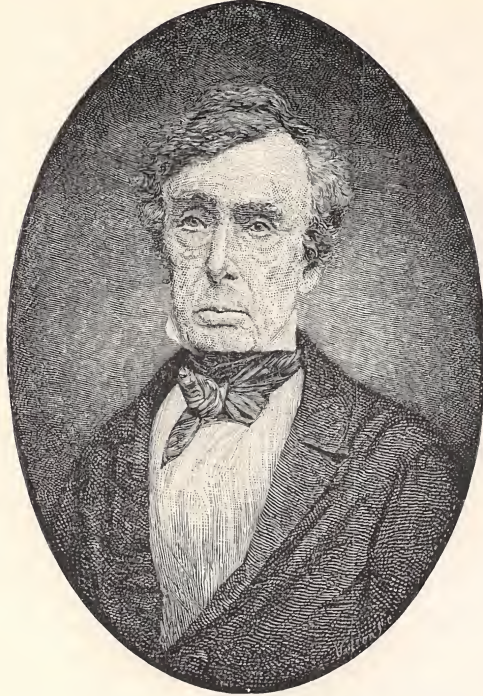
There is a tradition that the justices wore red gowns in the early days of the court. One of the present justices, who is an authority on the history of the court, says that it is a mistake arising from the fact that the first Chief-Justice, John Jay, in the portrait that hangs in the consultation-room, wears a robe with broad scarlet facings, and collar and sleeves of the same color. This gown was borrowed by Jay of Chancellor Livingston, and when the court determined upon a costume, it was a plain black silk gown just like that now worn. In the higher tribunals of the States, scarlet gowns were worn in many instances as late as the second decade of the present century. The first Judges of the Supreme Court did not

adopt any peculiar fashion of wig as a mark of their office. The English judicial wig was in vogue in the State courts; but the short wig, or the plain pig-tail, appears to have been the head-gear worn by Jay and his associates. At all events, when Cushing, who was one of the members of the original court, arrived in New York, and put on the big wig he had worn on the Massachusetts bench to go to the first meeting, he was followed up Broadway by a mob of boys, who pointed at his extraordinary attire, but otherwise showed him no disrespect. To avoid being so unpleasantly conspicuous, he hastened to a shop and bought a peruke of the then current fashion.

Every Saturday, during a term of the court, the justices meet in the consultation room to decide cases. The room is a cheerful, old-fashioned apartment, with windows on two sides, looking toward the Senate and the city. The carpet dates back to 1860, but it looks as fresh and whole as if it had enjoyed the care of an economical housewife in the little-used parlor of some New England country-house. The chairs are of rose-wood and hair-cloth, and of an indescribable fashion,—a cross between an ancient ottoman and the curule chair of a Roman senator. On the walls hang portraits of Marshall, Jay, and Taney. The arguments of the justices, when they assemble by themselves in this room, are often more thorough and able than those heard from the lawyers in the court. All the cases must be examined by all the justices; but when a decision is reached, the Chief-Justice designates the justice who is to write the opinion. Opinions are read and approved in the consultation room before they are delivered in open court. If there is disagreement, the dissenting judges arrange among themselves as to the preparation of their opinion. It is voluntary on their part, and not the business of the court.

The business of the Supreme Court is divided into two general classes,—cases in which it has original jurisdiction, and cases which come to it by appeal from the lower courts. If a citizen of the United States wants to sue a foreign minister or consul for debt, he cannot have recourse to any State tribunal, but must go directly to the Supreme Court. The secretaries and attachés of foreign ministers, and even their servants, are included in the immunity from ordinary processes of law, the house of the minister being, theoretically, foreign territory, and its inmates under the protection of the flag of the foreign country represented by the legation. To invade this sacred domain nothing suffices but the process of the highest court





ROGER B. TANEY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

of the land. If, therefore, the pastry-cook of the Peruvian Minister should fail to pay a grocer's bill, the only way to collect it by legal constraint would be by invoking the power of the Supreme Court. In like manner, a minister or consul can go to the same tribunal to prosecute a suit against any citizen, the constitutional provision on the subject working both ways. It is to the credit of foreign representatives residing in this country that it has rarely been invoked. Another class of cases in which the court has original jurisdiction embraces suits of one State against another State, or of a State against a citizen of another State. Where a State is called upon to respond to the complaint of another State, a subpoena is served upon the governor and attorney-general of the responding State, by the marshal of the court, and the attorney-general appears and makes answer. What would be done if in such a suit a decision for damages were rendered, and the State beaten in the litigation should refuse to pay, is an undetermined question touching the theories of State rights and sovereignty. Could the marshal levy upon a state house or other tangible property of the defendant and sell it at auction? No case has arisen in which the power of the court to recover a money judgment against a State has been tested.

A State may sue a citizen or citizens of another State; but a citizen cannot sue a State—

an injustice growing out of the old English common law maxim that the king can do no wrong. Thus, Georgia may sue a citizen of New York before the Supreme Court for breach of contract or debt, but the citizen cannot sue Georgia to recover the money she owes him on a repudiated bond. Under the constitution as first adopted, a State was responsible for her debts. One of the earliest decisions of the Supreme Court, which may still be read in fair round hand in the first record book of the court, established this principle. The case was *Chisholm*, executor, against Georgia; and John Jay, the first Chief Justice, decided that a State could be sued the same as a corporation. This was considered the most ultra form of Federalist doctrine, and the States' rights people made such an ado about it that Congress hastened to adopt a constitutional amendment providing that "The judicial power of the United States shall not extend to suits against a State by a citizen of another State or a foreign State." That was in 1793. Ever since a State can be as dishonest toward individuals as she pleases, while holding them to strict accountability in their dealings with her. The question of State accountability is shortly to come up in a new form. Certain citizens of New Hampshire, holding repudiated bonds of Louisiana, have transferred them to their own State, and New Hampshire has brought suit upon them before



the Supreme Court. If the court holds the transfer to be valid and gives judgment against Louisiana, then the way will be open for all the defrauded creditors of defaulting States to get their money.

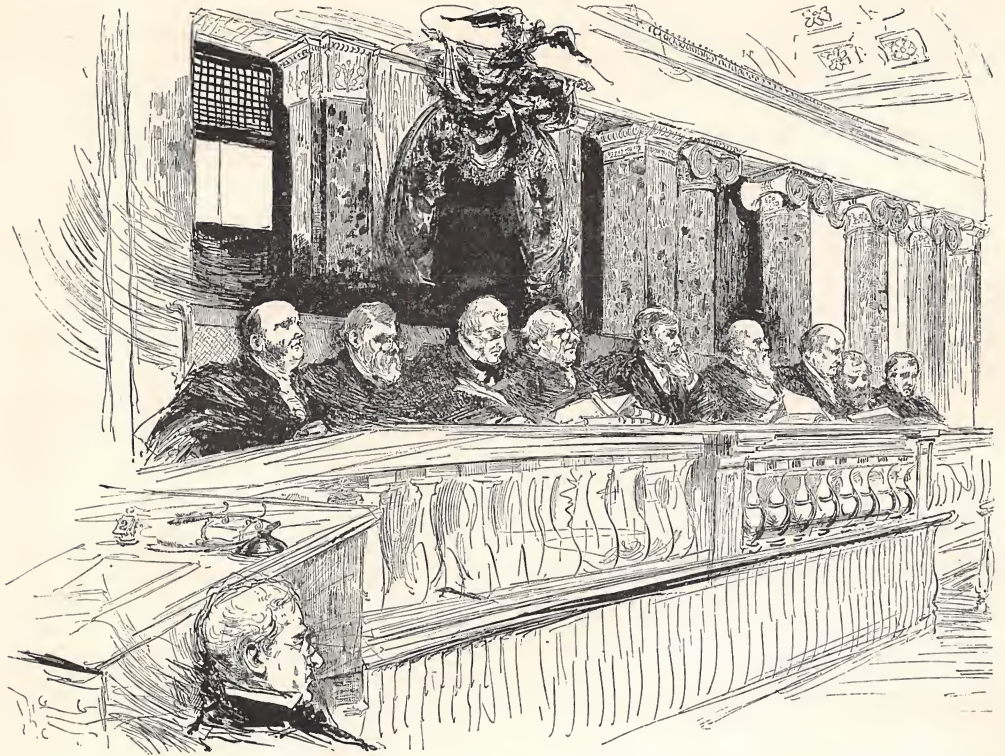
Still another class of business where the court has original jurisdiction is habeas corpus cases, affecting persons in jail by the operation of United States laws. Applications for habeas corpus writs may be made directly to any justice of the Supreme Court, but generally a Circuit judge is first applied to. If he remands the prisoner, then the case can be taken before the Supreme Court, and a writ of certiorari brings up the record of the proceedings in the inferior tribunal. A fourth and last class of original business is applications for what are called writs of prohibition. If an inferior court is believed to be going beyond its powers and jurisdiction, the Supreme Court may be applied to for a writ ordering it to stop proceedings. It is a curious fact, and one showing how carefully courts in this country keep within their proper sphere of action, that no such writ has ever been granted. There have been a few applications, but in no case was there shown to be sufficient ground for the interference of the supreme judicial power.

A very large majority of the cases tried before the Supreme Court come under its appellate powers. Cases decided by State courts of last resort, which involve what are called federal questions, that is, questions arising under United States statutes or treaties, may be taken to the Supreme Court on writs of error. The method is to file a petition alleging that a federal question is involved in the case. If the highest State tribunal refuses to grant the writ, any justice of the Supreme Court has the power to do so. It is said that the Virginia courts never assent to the transfer of cases to the Supreme Court on any showing whatever—holding the State judiciary to be equal to the Federal judiciary, and not subject to review. The interference of the Supreme Court is therefore necessary in all cases where writs of error are demanded in that commonwealth. When a writ of error is issued, it is signed by one of the justices and sent to the clerk of the State court, who makes up a full transcript of the record of proceedings in that court and all inferior tribunals through which the case has gone, including pleadings, testimony, and such evidence as is necessary, and sends them to the Clerk of the Supreme Court. A citation is served upon the “defendant in error,” who is, of course, the party that won the suit in the State courts; the “plaintiff in error” must file a bond to indemnify the defendant for any

damage he may suffer by the delay caused by the appeal, in case it is shown that there is no federal question involved. A member of the Supreme Court bar appears for the appellant, and the case is then docketed to await its turn. Writ of error cases also come up from the Circuit courts of the United States.

Much the largest class of cases decided by the Supreme Court come up from the lower Federal tribunals. Any one can appeal his case from a Circuit court to the tribunal of last resort, provided the sum involved exceeds five thousand dollars. This right of appeal is absolute, and does not depend upon consent of the Supreme Court, as in writs of error to State courts. It extends also to the Federal District Courts of West Virginia and Mississippi, which, by special statute, have Circuit court powers; and a statute applicable only to California permits special land cases to skip the Circuit Court and come directly to Washington from the District Court of that State. An application for an appeal is made to the judge of the lower court, and a single paper signed by him is all the formality required. The counsel for the appellant has the record made out and sent to Washington, and the case goes at once upon the docket. Thus, the only limit to the power of the litigants in the Federal courts to carry their disputes up to the highest tribunal in the country is a money limit. It costs very little to get a case tried, except for counsel fees. All the Supreme Court expenses amount to only about twenty dollars for each side, besides the cost of the record, which is taxed at the rate of twenty cents per hundred words. Justice, as administered by the Supreme Court, is cheaper than in many inferior tribunals, and is made expensive only by the bills of the lawyers, who often, no doubt, make clients believe that to present a case to that august bench of judges is so serious, exacting, and solemn an affair, that their services can be compensated for only by a large fee. The fact is that, in most cases, the point at issue is so narrowed down by the time it comes up before the court, that a few minutes’ direct common-sense talk in explanation of a brief is all that a wise lawyer attempts in making an argument, and all that the court will listen to patiently. The court is a bad place for a pretentious display of legal learning, or a flourish of oratory. The most successful advocates who practice at its bar are those whose style is most condensed and lucid, and who never travel away from the essential matter in controversy. They no doubt remember the anecdote of Chief-Justice Marshall—an anecdote, by the way, which has been tacked on to many eminent judges, but which Marshall’s





THE SUPREME COURT

biographers claim as belonging to him. A pompous and tedious advocate was rehearsing well-known and undisputed rules of law, when the Chief-Justice interrupted him, and said, "Mr. C., I think this is unnecessary. There are some things which a court, constituted as this is, may be presumed to know."

Not always, even in recent times, however, have the lawyers confined their speeches to the clarified common sense and direct logic which judges like to hear. Now and then the court is forced to listen to flights of rhetoric which bring half-amused and half-impatient looks to the faces of the justices. Here, for example, is a specimen of florid eloquence with which, not many years ago, a lawyer opened his brief in an important writ of error case. The brief is still shown as a curiosity in the office of the clerk of the court:

"May it please the Court: When the 'bonnie blue flag' went down before the 'star-spangled banner,' and that glorious emblem of 'the Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws,' again waved in triumph

'From Maine's dark pines and crags of snow  
To where magnolian breezes blow,'

it was fondly hoped that civil strife and contention were at an end, and that peace, quiet, and repose had returned to bless the land.

"But these were

'Hopes which but allured to fly;'

they were, indeed, but

'Joys that vanished whilst we sipp'd.'



GRAY.



WOODS.



BRADLEY.



MILLER.

WAITE (CHIEF-JUSTICE).  
THE PRESENT JUSTICES





IN SESSION.

"For scarcely had the roar of artillery ceased and the smoke of battle cleared off, and scarcely had the ink become dry on the parchments of pardon which fell from the executive hand,

'Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa,'

before some

'Of the last few, who, vainly brave,'

and who would theoretically, merely,

'Die for the cause they could not save,'

rushed into the courts, renewed the contest in another form, and we are here to-day on a writ of error to the Supreme Court of Louisiana, to reverse a victory obtained in

this new mode of hostility and attack upon the power and authority of the United States, and the rights of one which are firmly based upon the same."

We have already glanced at the marble busts of former chief-justices which look down from the walls of the Supreme Court room. One of them, Rutledge, held the office only during a recess of Congress, and was never confirmed by the Senate; so his term was limited to a single session of the court. There was a seventh, William Cushing, of Massachusetts, who was promoted from an associate-justiceship to be chief-justice, and was duly confirmed, but resigned before holding a term of the court. It may fairly be asked whether Cushing is not as much entitled to a place among the chief-justices as Rutledge, whose title to the office was never completed.



FIELD.



HARLAN.



MATTHEWS.



BLATCHFORD.



SEAL.



The first of the chief-justices was John Jay, of New York, who came to the bench when the court was first organized, after a remarkable career in the politics, legislation, and diplomacy of the revolutionary period. He was only forty-four when Washington placed him at the head of the Federal judiciary. The first congress under the constitution met in the spring of 1789, the House getting a quorum April 1st and the Senate April 6th, and the President coming up to New York on the 23d, in a barge rowed by thirteen pilots in white jackets. Congress was very slow in passing the necessary measures to set the new government in operation, and it was not until September 24th that the judiciary bill was adopted. It created District and Circuit courts, and a Supreme Court to consist of a chief-justice and five associate-justices. Washington had previously offered Jay a choice of offices under the Government, and Jay selected the chief-justiceship as most in accordance with his tastes. He was nominated September 26th, 1789, and his associates were: William Cushing, of Massachusetts, James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, John Blair, of Virginia, Robert A. Harrison, of Maryland, and James Iredell, of North Carolina. The court did not meet until February, 1790, when three of the justices assembled in New York, only to find that there was no business for them to transact.

At the next sitting, the following day, Justice Blair was present, and the letters-patent, as official commissions were then called, appointing the members of the court, were "openly read and published in court." No other business was done, save to appoint Richard Wenman crier. On the third it was ordered "that John Tucker, Esq., of Boston, be the clerk of this court, that he reside and keep his office at the seat of the National Government, and that he do not practice either as an attorney or a counsellor in this court while he shall continue to be clerk of the same." A seal was adopted, consisting of the "arms of the United States, engraven on a circular piece of steel of the size of a dollar, with these words on the margin, 'Seal of the Supreme Court of the United States.'"

There was a court now, with officers and a seal, but there was no bar. On the fifth of February, the minutes show that Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, Thomas Hartley, of Pennsylvania, and Richard Harrison, of New York, Esquires, were severally sworn as by law required, and admitted counsellors of the court, and a rule was made that "it shall be requisite to the admission of attorneys or counsellors to practice in this court, that they

shall have been such for three years past in the Supreme Courts of the State to which they respectively belong, and that their private and professional character shall appear to be fair." Thus the beginning of a bar was made, and afterward the lawyers came in fast enough. Three days later eleven were admitted, among them Fisher Ames and Robert Morris. The English distinction between counsellors and attorneys was observed, and the two classes are carefully separated upon the records of the court.

On the third of March the court was reinforced by the arrival of James Iredell, so that there were four associate-justices sitting with Chief-Justice Jay. The fifth associate, John Rutledge, of South Carolina, did not attend this or any subsequent sessions of the court until he took his seat as Chief-Justice after the resignation of Jay.

The court was now fully equipped with a bench, a numerous bar, and a set of rules, but there were no cases to try. On the tenth of February it adjourned until the second of August. The justices went off to attend the Circuit Courts. When they re-assembled there was still no business beyond the admission of more counsellors and attorneys, and providing seals for the Circuit Courts; so another adjournment was had until the seventh of February, 1791. The Government, meanwhile, had left New York and gone to Philadelphia, and the court followed it. Still there was nothing to do beyond directing special terms of the Circuit Court to be held in New York and Philadelphia, to try persons accused of smuggling and other crimes against the federal laws. The first case that came before the Supreme Court is entered on the minutes as "*Nicholas and Jacob Vanstaphorst vs. State of Maryland*," and the first arguments of counsel which the court heard were on the question of the validity of a writ of error from the Circuit Court for the Rhode Island district. William Bradford, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, made the argument for the plaintiff, and David L. Barnes for the defendant. The first opinions read were in the case of the State of Georgia *vs. Brailsford et al.*, and it is interesting to note that there was a division among the judges at the very threshold of their new duties. The case came up on a bill in equity, filed by Edward Telfair, Governor of Georgia, against Samuel Brailsford and three others, and it involved the sum of £7058 9s. 5d., which one James Spalding owed the defendants. Spalding was a tory, and his estate had been confiscated by the State. Brailsford was a British subject. In some way, Spalding had saved a portion of his property from the clutches of



the authorities, and long after the war closed his British creditors sued him and recovered judgment in the Circuit Court. His property had been sold by the marshal to satisfy the judgment, when the State stepped in and

subsequently the court found very little business to transact. In 1801, when John Marshall was appointed Chief-Justice, the number of cases awaiting adjudication was only ten, and during the five following years



OLIVER ELLSWORTH AND WIFE. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY R. EARLE, 1792.)

demanded the money. The injunction asked was to prevent the marshal from paying over the money to the creditors before the question of the right of Georgia to it could be judicially decided. Chief-Justice Jay, and Justices Iredell, Blair, and Wilson, read opinions in favor of granting the injunction, and Justices Johnson and Cushing in opposition.

It is noticeable that nearly all the early cases are suits against States by citizens of other States, which were all disposed of by the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution, adopted in 1798, after Chief-Justice Jay's decision in the suit of Chisholm against Georgia, holding such cases to come within the jurisdiction of the courts, had stirred up Congress to protect the theory of State sovereignty and immunity from having their acts questioned by individuals. For several years

the average was only twenty-four a year. In the period between 1826 and 1830, the aggregated number of cases was two hundred and eighty-nine, or an average of fifty-eight a year. When Taney succeeded Marshall as Chief-Justice in 1836, the number on the docket was only thirty-seven. During the next twenty years the increase was gradual. From 1850 to 1855 the average was seventy-one a year, and the court was able to dispose of its docket by working three months. Of late the increase has been very rapid. From 1875 to 1880 the average number of new cases per year was three hundred and ninety-one, and over one thousand cases are now on the docket awaiting a hearing.

There are probably few lawyers, even, if asked whether a jury trial could be held in the Supreme Court, who would answer in the



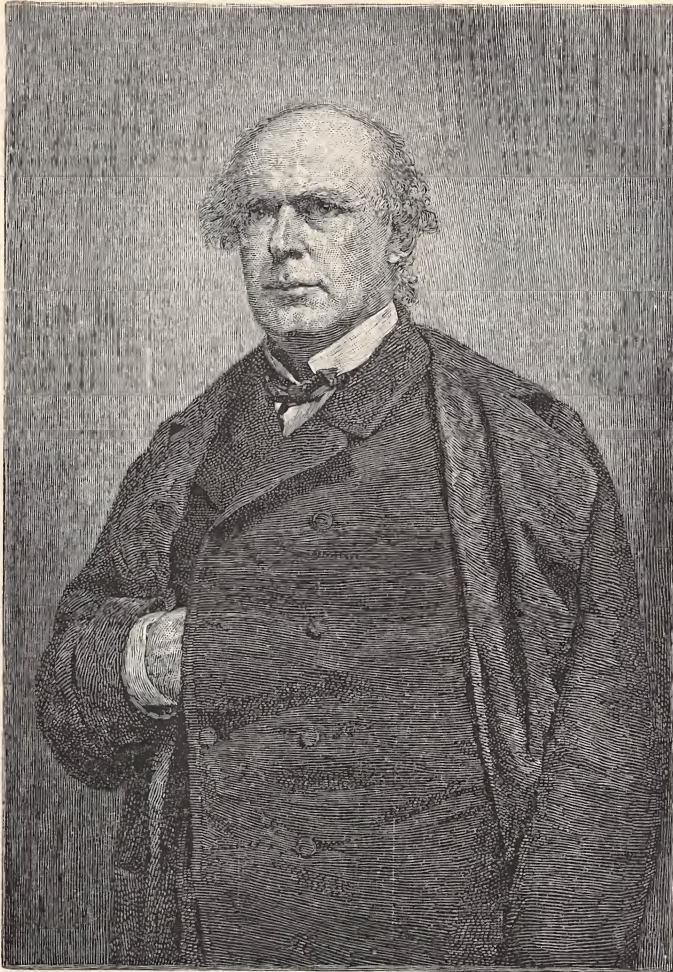
affirmative. Yet there were once juries empaneled in that tribunal and cases tried before them, and there is nothing in the statutes now operative to prevent such trials in cases where the court has original jurisdiction, and in which questions of fact are involved. For example, in a case of a foreign minister suing a citizen for debt, either party would have the right to demand a jury. In the early history of the court, juries were regularly empaneled, just as in inferior tribunals, to be ready for duty if their services were needed. The first mention of a jury in the oldest volume of minutes is under date of February 4, 1794. The court then sat in the City Hall, in Philadelphia, and the case tried was that of the State of Georgia against Samuel Brailsford. I have not been able to find the record of the last jury trial, and the information cannot be had from any of the present judges or the traditions of the court. Probably it was before the chief-justiceship of Marshall. The custom is supposed to have fallen into disuse soon after suits of individuals against States were barred by the XIth Amendment. No lawyer would now desire to submit a question of fact to a jury when he could have the verdict of a bench of nine eminent judges, unless, indeed, he hoped to gain his case by throwing dust in the eyes of justice,—a proceeding which it would be hazardous to attempt in the Supreme Court.

Chief-Justice Jay sat upon the supreme bench until 1794, when he went to England, to negotiate the treaty which is known in history by his name, and which made a great disturbance in the politics of the time. On his return in 1795 he resigned, to accept the governorship of New York, to which he had been elected during his absence. Ardent Federalist as he was, the governorship of a great State seemed to him a more exalted office than the Chief-justiceship of the United States. The Federal Government was new and untried, and its powers were hardly recognized or understood. He had been overruled by Congress in his attempt in the *Chisholm* case to destroy, in its incipency, the theory of State's rights, by treating the States as mere corporations, which could be brought to book before the Federal judiciary, and he threw off the judicial robe gladly to take the helm of his own State, which he had served conspicuously and well during the stormy epoch of the war. He died in 1829, after several years of tranquil retirement upon his estate in Westchester County. A friend, observing the substantial nature of his buildings, and knowing his religious views, once remarked that Governor Jay, in all his conduct, seemed to have reference to perpetuity in this world and eternity in the next. Jay was a little less than six feet high. He had a color-

less complexion, blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and wore his hair over his forehead and tied behind in a cue. He was gentle and unassuming in his manners, and had a vigorous, exact, logical mind. An Episcopalian in religion, he was an active churchman and a great Bible student. When on his estate, he rose with the sun, rode on horseback a great deal, was punctual and methodical in his habits, and never omitted to conduct family worship morning and evening. His face, as shown in the bust in the court-room, is one of strength rather than genius. The features have a classical regularity, and the head might well be taken for that of a Roman consul.

The second Chief-Justice was John Rutledge, of South Carolina, a typical Southern statesman, haughty, generous, impetuous, brave, and not always discreet. He, like Jay, had played a leading role in the Revolution. He had been a member of the first Continental Congress, then President of South Carolina from 1776 to 1778, Governor from 1778 to 1782, then a year in the first congress under the constitution. From Congress he went back to his State, served in its legislature, sat on the bench of the Equity Court, and was elected Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1791. Washington appointed him one of the Associate-Justices of the Supreme Court upon its first organization,—a position he seems not to have valued much, for he hesitated some time before resigning his place in the State judiciary, and did not attend the sessions of the Supreme Court in New York or its first meetings in Philadelphia. When Washington named him for Jay's place, in 1795, the friends of the Administration were surprised and offended. The struggles between the Federalists and the anti-Federalists—the strong-government men and the weak-government men—had already begun. Rutledge, although a personal friend of Washington, had identified himself with the anti-Federalist party. There was strong feeling at the time over the Jay treaty, in which the new republic sought the friendship of England and cut the ties of French sympathy. Rutledge belonged with Jefferson to the French party. The Federalists sharply criticised his appointment. Rutledge himself hastened to justify their assertions that Washington had made a serious mistake in selecting him for the chief-justiceship. He was in Charleston when the news of his appointment arrived. Almost at the same time came the details of Jay's treaty with England. Rutledge made a vigorous speech at a public meeting, denouncing the treaty, reckless of the fact that he was no longer a South Carolina poli-





SALMON P. CHASE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENDANN.)

tician, but the head of the Federal judiciary. It is said of Rutledge, by one of his biographers, that he exhibited every degree of courage, from that of a grenadier to that of a statesman. His speech on the Jay treaty was unquestionably courageous, but it showed only the grenadier type of courage, which cares nothing for consequences. It preceded him to the national capital, and added fresh fuel to the anger of the Administration party. "A driveler and a fool has been appointed to be Chief-Justice," exclaimed a member of Washington's cabinet. "Is faction to be courted at so great a sacrifice of consistency?" asked a Federalist senator. Congress was not in session when Rutledge reached Philadelphia, and he took his seat in the Chief-Justice's chair without waiting to be confirmed by the Senate. When Congress met, in December, the harsh feelings against him had subsided a great deal, and his friends had had time to

urge in his behalf his brilliant services to the cause of American liberty during the Revolution; but a disease from which he had long suffered had begun to affect his mental faculties, and it was evident that he would soon become unfitted to hold a judicial office. So he was rejected by the Senate. He returned to South Carolina with the bitter feeling that the nation he had done so much to create had put a stigma upon him. He died in 1800, a mental wreck. One of the biographical sketches of him contains a hint about the "follies of the wise and the frailties common to mankind," from which we may infer that bad habits had much to do with the premature decadence of Rutledge's powers. He was only sixty-one when he died,—an age at which most public men are in the full maturity of their faculties.

The bust of Rutledge in the Supreme Court chamber is that of a singularly handsome





THE LATE D. W. MIDDLETON, CLERK OF THE SUPREME COURT.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPINNER.)

man, with symmetrical features, large, eloquent eyes, a delicate, pleasure-loving mouth, and a rounded, rather woman-like forehead. The nose alone shows evidence of force of character. The type of face is rather French than English.

Upon the refusal of the Senate to confirm Rutledge as chief-justice, President Washington sent in the name of William Cushing, of Massachusetts, an associate-justice of the court. Cushing was one of the most eminent jurists in the country, and came of a family of lawyers. He was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, in 1732, and shortly after his admission to the bar was made judge of probate. He may be said to have inherited his next promotion from his father, who was a judge of the Superior Court in the colony, for, upon the father's death, the son was at once appointed to the vacancy. In 1775 he became Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, an office he held for fourteen years, when he was selected by Washington as one of the Associate-Justices of the Federal Supreme Court on its organization. He attended the first meeting in New York, and his name is rarely absent from the records of the subsequent sessions in New York and Philadelphia. The notification of his promotion to the chief-justiceship came to him in a singular way. The day the appointment was signed, Washington gave a dinner-party, and Cushing was one of the invited guests. Arriving rather late, he found the President and the other guests already at table. The place of honor at Washington's right hand was vacant. When Cushing entered, Washington said in a clear, emphatic tone: "The Chief-Justice of the United States will please take a seat at my right hand." Cushing, who had not expected the

promotion, was deeply affected by the announcement and the congratulations which followed. The Senate promptly confirmed him by a unanimous vote. He held his commission only a week, and then resigned, in spite of the efforts of Washington to dissuade him. He had presided over the court during Jay's absence in Europe, but, as he never sat as chief-justice, his name is often omitted from the list of those who have held the office. He remained upon the bench as associate-justice until his death in 1810.

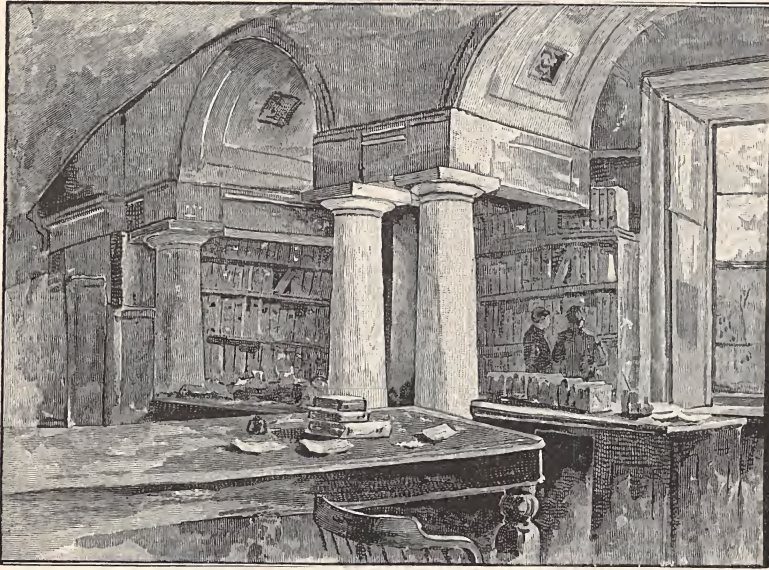
Cushing was of good stature, erect, graceful, and dignified. He had a fair complexion, brilliant blue eyes, and an aquiline nose. He adhered to the Revolutionary style of dress after it had generally been abandoned, wearing a cocked hat, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and low shoes with big buckles, to the day of his death. He was a good conversationalist, social, cheerful, kind, very tender of private character, greatly beloved by his family and friends, and had the rare and admirable trait of always looking on the best side of human nature.

Washington's third choice for Jay's vacant chair fell upon Oliver Ellsworth, then a senator from Connecticut, and one of the foremost statesmen of the time. Born in Windham, Connecticut, in 1745, Ellsworth was educated by his father for the ministry. He studied at Yale, and later at Princeton, and then read theology with Dr. Smalley, a clergyman of considerable reputation in New England. All this study only developed in the young man a distaste for the ministry, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his father, he left the great doctor of divinity and began to fit himself for the bar. As soon as he was admitted to practice, and before he had earned a single fee, he took to himself a wife. Possessed of an indomitable will, and of a gift of vigorous, practical oratory, he had not long to wait for success in either politics or law. We see him soon in the Connecticut Assembly as an ardent patriot, then in the Continental Congress, then back in his own State as a judge of her Supreme Court. He was a member of the convention that framed the Federal Constitution, and on the organization of the new government was chosen one of the Connecticut senators, leaving the Senate for the Chief-Justice's chair in 1796. Very little business came before the court when Ellsworth was upon the bench. The questions which afterward tested the strength and endurance of the federal system had not ripened. It may be said, however, that though an ardent State's rights man while in the Senate, like most of the Connecticut politicians of that day, he took an enlarged view of the powers of the



General Government while he sat upon the supreme bench, and his opinions were in line with the patriotic sentiment of nationality which had begun to combat the narrow and selfish provincialism that characterized the utterances of many of the public men of the time. In 1799, President Adams, on the rec-

John Marshall, of Virginia, who succeeded Ellsworth, is rightly called the great Chief-Justice. It was he who established the power of the Supreme Court as we recognize it at the present day. It was he who, more than any other man of his time, carried forward the work of the constitution in welding the

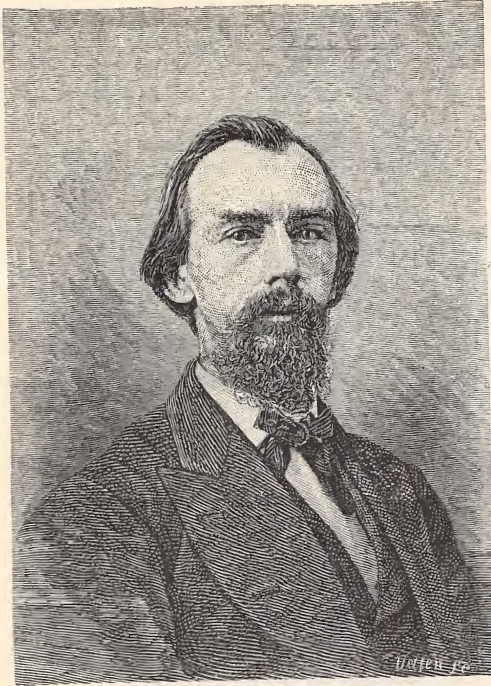


A CORNER IN THE LAW LIBRARY.

ommendation of a Senate committee, sent a commission to France to negotiate a treaty. Oliver Ellsworth, Patrick Henry, and William Vans Murray were the commissioners. Upon his return in 1801, the Chief-Justice resigned his seat upon the bench and retired to his farm in Windsor, Connecticut. He consented to serve for a short time as a member of the Governor's Council, but declined the chief-justiceship of the State in 1807. In November of that year he died. Trumbull's portrait of Ellsworth is regarded as an accurate likeness. His features were singularly rugged and strong. So angular do they appear in the marble bust in the Supreme Court room, that one might almost suppose the sculptor had only rough-hewn the face, and had failed to round off the square forehead and the projecting nose and chin. Ellsworth was not accounted a man of genius. It was said of him that he did not descend to his subject from above, but rose to it by regular gradations of logic. His habits of thought were slow and laborious. He read few books, had little sense of the beautiful, and not much creative power. Nature, says his biographer, formed him for the discharge of active duties rather than for contemplative studies.

loose league of States into a compact, powerful nationality. It was he who smothered, for nearly half a century, the dangerous doctrine of State sovereignty, which, a quarter of a century after his death, convulsed the country with civil war. Marshall was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, in 1755, and grew up on a farm. In his youth he studied Latin with a Scotch clergyman, and read law. When the Revolution broke out he enlisted in a militia company, and soon afterward was commissioned lieutenant in the Eleventh Virginia Infantry. The young soldier fought bravely at the battles of Germantown, Brandywine, and Monmouth, and took part in the storming of Stony Point. When the war ended, he went back to his law-studies, was soon admitted to the bar, and began to practice in the local courts. Tall, gaunt, awkward, and ill-dressed, he made a striking figure among the fine gentlemen of the Virginia towns; but his talents were conspicuous, and he rose rapidly in his profession by his remarkable power of seizing the attention, extracting at once the kernel of a question, and producing conviction in the minds of his hearers. When he first appeared in Richmond to argue a case, he sauntered about the





JOHN G. NICOLAY, MARSHAL OF THE SUPREME COURT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

streets in a plain linen roundabout, looking like a slouchy country bumpkin; but once in court, he astonished the judge and the bar by his wonderful powers of analysis. William Wirt said he had an almost supernatural faculty of developing a subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting the very point upon which every controversy depends. He comprehended the whole ground at once, and wasted no time on unessential features. "All his eloquence," said Wirt, "consisted in the earnestness of his manner, the close connection of his thought, and the easy gradations by which he opens his lights upon the attentive minds of his hearers."

Entering public life, Marshall became a member of the Virginia Legislature and of the convention which framed the State Constitution. He was sent to France as a special envoy in 1797, and returned in 1798, and was elected to Congress the next year. He delivered a eulogy on Washington which attracted universal attention. In 1800 he became Secretary of State in the Cabinet of John Adams, and in 1801 was appointed chief-justice. We are indebted to his biographer, Judge Story, who sat upon the Supreme Bench with him for twenty-four years, for more than one striking description of his person and character. "His body," wrote Story, "seemed as ill as his mind was well compacted; he was not only without proportion, but of members sin-

gularly knit, that dangled from each other and looked half dislocated. Habitually he dressed very carelessly in the garb, but I would not dare to say in the mode, of the last century. You would have thought he had on the old clothes of a former generation, not made for him by even some superannuated tailor of that period, but gotten from the wardrobe of some antiquated slop-shop of second-hand raiment. Shapeless as he was, he would probably have defied all fitting by whatever skill of the shears; judge, then, how the vestments of an age when apparently coats and breeches were cut for nobody in particular, and waistcoats were almost dressing-gowns, sat upon upon him." In another description Story says Marshall's hair was black, his eyes small and twinkling, his forehead rather low, but his features generally harmonious; and speaks of an occasional embarrassment in his speech, form a hesitancy and drawling; of a laugh "too hearty for an intriguer," and of his good temper and unwearied patience on the bench and in the study. Harriet Martineau made the following effective little pen-sketch of a scene in the Supreme Court room when Marshall was delivering an opinion—the time 1835, when the great Chief-Justice was fourscore years of age, and within a few months of his death:

"At some moments the court presents a singular spectacle. I have watched the assemblage while the Chief-Justice was delivering a judgment, the three justices on either hand gazing at him more like learners than associates; Webster, standing firm as a rock, his large, deep-set eyes wide awake, his lips compressed, and his whole countenance in that intent stillness which instantly fills the eye of a stranger; Clay leaning against the desk in an attitude whose grace contrasts strangely with the slovenly make of his dress, his snuff-box for the moment unopened in his hand, his small gray eye and placid half-smile conveying an expression of pleasure which redeems his face from its usual unaccountable commonness; the Attorney-General (Benjamin F. Butler, of New York), his fingers playing among his papers, his quick, black eye and tremulous lips fixed, his small face, pale with thought, contrasting remarkably with the other two. These men, absorbed in what they are listening to, thinking neither of themselves nor of each other, while they are watched by the group of idlers and listeners around them,—the newspaper corps, the dark Cherokee chiefs, the stragglers from the West, the gay ladies in their waving plumes, and the members of either house that have stepped in to listen,—all these have I seen at one moment constitute one silent assembly, while the mild voice of the aged Chief-Justice sounded through the court."

If the reader wants to realize this scene, let him go down into the basement of the Capitol, to the low-vaulted room now occupied by the Law Library, imagine the book-cases removed, and the judges sitting just under the curious colored bas-relief on the wall, and fill in the picture by the aid of Miss Marti-



neau's description. There are two portraits of Marshall in the consultation room of the court,—one by Peale, which is charming as a work of art, but has so little *vraisemblance* that it might pass for almost anybody as well as the great jurist; the other is a rude affair, copied from a picture in the possession of Marshall's descendants, which is said to be a fair likeness, though an undeniable daub.

It is impossible, in the limits of this article, to give even a sketch of Marshall's work upon the bench. For the benefit of readers who are not lawyers, something may be said, however, about a few of his most important constitutional decisions sustaining the powers of the Federal Government and vindicating the authority of the Federal Judiciary over both State tribunals and State legislatures. The best-known of these decisions is probably that given in the Dartmouth College case, which broadly asserted the authority of the Supreme Court to annul State laws repugnant to the Constitution of the United States. The Legislature of New Hampshire had passed an act which invaded and practically annulled the charter of the college. The State courts affirmed the validity of the law, but the Supreme Court set it aside as a violation of the provision in the constitution prohibiting legislation impairing the validity of contracts. In the argument of the case Daniel Webster was one of the counsel for the college, and William Wirt for the State.

Another important case bearing upon the authority of the court was that of *Marbury* against Madison. *Marbury* had been appointed by President Adams a justice of the peace for the District of Columbia. The commission had been signed, but not delivered, when Jefferson succeeded Adams, and Madison, the new Secretary of State, refused to hand it over. *Marbury* sued for a writ to compel Madison to give it to him. The court held that it had no original jurisdiction in the case, and refused the writ; but Marshall gave an opinion that the District Court could issue the writ, and that the case could come up on an appeal. The principle established was that the court had jurisdiction over the executive branch of the Government to compel it to perform ministerial functions in accordance with law. This principle was affirmed later in Jackson's time, when the court issued a writ of mandamus to Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General, to compel him to pay a mail contractor.

Perhaps the most important of Marshall's political decisions was that in the case of *McCulloch* against Maryland, involving, as it did, a vital question relative to the powers of the State and General governments. In

reality, the suit was a dispute between Maryland and the United States. Each denied the constitutionality of a law of the other. A branch of the United States Bank had been established in Baltimore, and the Legislature of Maryland passed a law taxing it. The bank maintained that the law was repugnant to the constitutional powers of the General Government. The State attacked the constitutionality of the Bank Charter Act. Chief-Justice Marshall held that the question was one of absolute supremacy between the powers of Maryland and those of the General Government. If the States, he said, may tax one instrument employed by the Government in execution of its powers, they may tax any and every other instrument,—the mails, the mint, patent rights, and judicial processes,—to an excess which would defeat all the ends of the General Government. The American people, he declared, did not design to make their government dependent upon the States.

In the case of *Cohen* against the State of Virginia, Marshall decided that a writ of error would lie from the Supreme Court of Virginia to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that it was no valid objection to the jurisdiction of the latter tribunal that one of the parties was a sovereign State and the other a citizen of that State. Jefferson, speaking for the anti-Federalists, denounced this doctrine as extra-judicial, and in defiance of the Eleventh Amendment of the Constitution. The Chief-Justice amplified it in the case of *Martin* against *Hunter's Lessees*, deciding that the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court extends to a final judgment of the highest court of a State, where the validity of a State law is drawn in question as being against the Constitution, treaties, or laws of the United States. These decisions have defined the jurisdiction and governed the action of the Supreme Court ever since.

Marshall died at his country-seat, in Fauquier County, Virginia, in 1835, during a recess of the court. Andrew Jackson was then President. He appointed to the vacant chief-justiceship his Attorney-General, Roger B. Taney, an able lawyer and an active Maryland politician of the then newly organized Democratic party. Taney was born in Calvert County, Maryland, in 1777, and after studying in Dickinson College and reading law in Annapolis, came to the bar in 1799. He served in both branches of the Maryland Legislature, was Attorney-General of the State, and in 1831 entered Jackson's Cabinet. Two years later the President, to whom Taney had rendered important political services, wanted to give him the Treasury portfolio,



but the Senate refused to confirm him. In January, 1835, Jackson nominated him as an associate-justice of the Supreme Court, but the Senate, still adverse, indefinitely postponed the nomination. Better fortune attended his appointment to the chief-justiceship, on the death of Marshall, in the same year; though strongly opposed by Clay and Webster, he was confirmed by a majority of fourteen votes. Taney sat for twenty-eight years in the chief-justice's chair. He was a jurist of remarkable ability, and would perhaps rank next to Marshall in the pages of history, as the second among the great intellects that have adorned the Supreme Bench, had he not by a single decision permanently obscured and for a season totally eclipsed the well-won fame of a life-time. Men whose memories of public events do not go back so far as 1857 can scarcely realize the depth of indignant feeling aroused in the Northern States by the *Dred Scott* decision, with which Taney's name will, unfortunately for his reputation, be chiefly and almost exclusively identified. *Dred Scott* was a negro belonging to an army officer, who had taken him into a Free State. This act entitled the slave to his liberty, and when he was afterward taken back to Missouri, he sued for his freedom. The case was carried up to the Supreme Court, and Taney, speaking for the majority of its members decided that persons of African blood were never spoken of or thought of except as property when the Constitution was formed, and were not referred to by the Declaration of Independence, which says that all men are created free and equal, and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Such persons, Taney declared, had no status as citizens, and could not sue in any court; and he asserted as a historical fact that, at and prior to the Declaration of Independence, negroes were regarded as "so far inferior that they had no rights a white man was bound to respect." This decision shocked the humanity of the civilized world. It marks in history the culmination of the slave power in America. After it was delivered the growth of the Anti-Slavery party, already well advanced, was rapid. Three years later the resistance of the North to the insolent encroachments of the "accursed institution" led the South to seal its doom by open rebellion. Taney was a slaveholder, but was one of the kindest and most generous of masters. His cruel decision proceeded from no hardness of heart, but was purely the result of his political bias and the honest outcome of his logical processes of reasoning. Grant the legal and historical premises upon which he bases it, and the conclusions he draws are inevitable.

There was no sadder figure to be seen in Washington during the years of the war than that of the aged Chief-Justice. His form was bent by the weight of years, and his thin, nervous, and deeply furrowed face, shaded by long, gray locks, and lighted up by large, melancholy eyes that looked wearily out from under shaggy brows, gave him a weird, wizard-like expression. He had outlived his epoch, and was shunned and hated by the men of the new time of storm and struggle for the principles of freedom and nationality. He did his duty faithfully to the last, however, in all the hard routine work of the court. Death came to his relief in 1864. The harsh judgment formed of him has been largely modified by time, and his character as an upright and able judge, a pure-minded man, and a devoted father and friend, begins to be recognized. He died poor, and one of his daughters now supports herself by the work of a Government office in Washington. For several years after his death, Taney's bust was excluded from its place among the chief-justices on the wall of the court-room. It stood in a sort of limbo, in a niche in one of the passages near the Senate chamber, and Charles Sumner watched every appropriation bill to prevent an item being included to authorize its purchase. When Sumner died, there was no further opposition to paying for it and giving it its proper place.

Salmon P. Chase, the recent Chief-Justice, will live in history, not so much as a jurist, but as one of the small band of eminent statesmen and philanthropists who took the agitation against human slavery into the field of practical politics and there guided it forward to its complete triumph in universal liberty and equal suffrage and citizenship. Born in Cornish, New Hampshire, in 1808, he went to Ohio as a boy, gained an education by hard work and self-denial, and rose from a position of poverty and manual labor by the force of intellect and character. He was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia in 1829, and entered the mingled career of law and politics which most ambitious lawyers followed at that time. The law was soon laid aside for the duties of public life, but not until he had distinguished himself by his arguments in important cases. He served in the United States Senate from 1849 to 1855, and was Governor of Ohio from 1855 to 1857. Belonging first to the Democratic party, he was the leader of its anti-slavery element until the rise of the Republican party, of which he was one of the original organizers and most conspicuous chiefs. A leading candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1860, he was invited by his successful competitor, Mr.



Lincoln, into the first Republican Cabinet in 1861, and left the Senate, to which he had just been chosen for the term of six years. As Secretary of the Treasury he performed the stupendous task of supplying the Government with money to carry on the war. To him were largely due the financial measures which brought the means of support to the armies of the Union, and made the suppression of the rebellion possible. The bond and legal tender acts, and the National Bank system, were in great part his creations. On the death of Taney, President Lincoln appointed Mr. Chase Chief-Justice. Like his two predecessors, he had never sat upon the bench of any court when he put on the black robes of the highest judicial station in the country, and, unlike them, he had acquired no special eminence at the bar. Indeed, he had practiced very little since his younger days. He possessed, however, invaluable qualifications for his new position in his thorough knowledge of our system of government, in its principles and in all its operations; in a strong, well-balanced and philosophic mind, and in a calm, judicial temper. His service upon the Supreme Bench, cut short by his untimely death in 1873, at the age of sixty-five, was a fitting conclusion to a life spent in dealing with the larger affairs of state. His opinions were clear and vigorous, and bore the stamp of a strong, original mind. Such of them as touched political questions were in line with the principles of equal rights and supreme national authority which the war firmly established. The Dred Scott decision was set aside in a way which, though indirect, was effective and peculiarly appropriate. In pursuance of an understanding between the Chief-Justice and Senator Sumner, the latter appeared in court, on February 1, 1865, accompanied by a colored man, and said: "May it please the Court, I present John S. Rock, a member of the bar of the State of Massachusetts, and move that he be admitted as a counsellor of this court." The Chief-Justice bowed, and said: "Let him come forward and take the oath." Mr. Rock was then sworn, in the usual form, at the clerk's desk. Mr. Chase was tall in stature, and of large and muscular form. His eyes were blue, his complexion was fair, his forehead was broad and high, his features were regular, his expression was singularly winning, and his manners were agreeable and graceful. There have been few better types of the highest range of American statesmanship.

Chief-Justice Chase was succeeded by Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, who was appointed by President Grant in 1874. Mr. Waite was born in Lyme, Connecticut, in 1816, was

graduated at Yale College in 1837, and soon after went to Ohio. He gained a prominent position at the bar of that State, was one of the Government counsel at the arbitration of the Alabama claims at Geneva, and was occupying the chair of the Constitutional Convention of Ohio when informed of his appointment as chief-justice. It is not within the scope of this article to speak of his work on the bench, or of that of any of the justices now living. An exception must be made, however, in order to complete the record of the main political decisions of the court. What are known as the Louisiana Slaughter-house cases were decided during the chief-justiceship of Mr. Chase, and against his judgment, the opinion of the majority of the court being delivered by Justice Miller. This decision exercised a powerful political influence in checking the tendency to consolidate power in the Federal Government and to deprive the States of their right to regulate their local affairs. It put a stop to the idea which had inspired much of the recent action of the dominant party, that the amendments to the constitution adopted after the war were intended to be a total reconstruction of the Constitution on the principle that the federal power was omnipotent on every subject it chose to act upon, and restored the just and harmonious equilibrium of the dual system of State and national authority. A great deal of feeling was aroused in Congress by this decision, but it has since been generally acquiesced in; and if the court, which was then nearly equally divided upon the question, were to pass upon it now, it would probably be unanimous. Another important decision of the same period should also be mentioned. The court in 1870 had held the legal tender act to be unconstitutional so far as it applied to contracts made before its passage. Two new justices, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Strong, were appointed in pursuance of an act of Congress, restoring the former numerical strength of the bench. The case was re-argued, and the previous decision reversed by their votes. Lawyers still differ as to the correctness of this last decision.

In 1877 the court was called upon to furnish five of its members to a unique mixed commission created to settle a disputed title to the Presidency. This body, called the Electoral Commission, was composed, besides the five justices, of five senators and five representatives. It sat in the Supreme Court room, heard arguments on the question of accepting or rejecting the electoral votes of States about which the two houses of Congress had disagreed, and reached decisions by a majority vote of its members. The members of the court who belonged to it were



Justices Clifford, Field, Bradley, Miller, and Strong. Justice Clifford presided. In all test-votes the decision was so close that the vote of one justice, Mr. Bradley, was decisive. The practical result of the commission was that the vote of Justice Bradley made Ruth-erford B. Hayes President of the United States, and rejected the claim of Samuel J. Tilden. One of the members of the commission was the late President Garfield, then a Representative, whose seat was just beyond that now occupied by Justice Blatchford.

The organization of the Supreme Court has more than once been changed. Originally consisting of a chief-justice and five associate-justices, as we have seen, it was enlarged in 1807 by the addition of a sixth associate. The States of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee had come into the Union, and were made into a new circuit, represented on the bench by Thomas Todd, of Tennessee. In 1837 two more justices were added by law, the new appointees being John Catron, of Tennessee, and John McKinley, of Alabama. In 1863 a ninth associate justice was added, to give the Pacific coast a representative. This was thought to be good political policy at a time when the Union was in the throes of rebellion; and besides, the court needed the assistance of a judge who was familiar with the peculiar land system of California, inherited from the Mexican and Spanish *régimes*. Stephen J. Field, of California, was the appointee. When Justice Catron died, in 1865, Congress was in the midst of its long, serious struggle with President Johnson, a struggle which ended in the practical subversion of the Constitution by depriving the President of important functions of executive power, and reducing him in real authority below the level of his cabinet ministers. To prevent the appointment to the Supreme Bench of Democrats in sympathy with Johnson's Southern policy, a law was passed over the President's veto, forbidding the filling of the existing vacancy, or of any future vacancy, until the number of associate-justices should be reduced to six. The death of Justice Wayne in 1867 reduced the number to seven. In 1869 a new law increased the number to eight, and President Grant appointed Justices Strong and Bradley.

In all there have been seven chief-justices and forty-three associate justices—a small number for a period now almost spanning a century. John Marshall and Joseph Story each served thirty-four years. James M. Wayne and John McLean each served thirty-two. The next longest term was that of Bushrod Washington, a nephew of George Washington and the heir of Mount Vernon,

who sat for thirty-one years. William Johnson was thirty years on the bench. Roger B. Taney twenty-eight, John Catron twenty-eight, and Samuel Nelson twenty-seven. There have been but seven clerks of the court, and the first two resigned after brief service. Practically the court has had but three clerks before the present incumbent. Of these three, lawyers will kindly remember the amiable character and never-failing courtesy of Mr. D. W. Middleton, who died in 1880, after having been connected with the office fifty-five years, and at its head for seventeen. In announcing his death, the Chief-Justice said :

"His handwriting first appears on the records of the court under date of the 7th of February, A. D. 1825. From that date until his death he was, without interruption, actively engaged in the business of the office to which his successor has just been appointed, and even a whisper of complaint against him in any particular has never reached our ears. Three chief-justices of the court and eighteen associate-justices have died since his service began. He was a most accomplished officer, courteous in manner, dignified in deportment, faithful in every duty, and never unmindful of the confidential relations he had with the court."

The present clerk is James H. McKenney. Formerly, the Marshal of the District of Columbia acted as executive officer of the court, but in Chief-Justice Chase's time the marshalship was made a distinct office. It has had but two occupants: Richard C. Parsons, of Ohio, and John G. Nicolay, of Illinois. An excellent civil service system prevails among the minor employees, some of whom are the sons and grandsons of former clerks and messengers. The strife for office, which is one of the great evils of public life in this country, has never invaded the precincts of the Supreme Court.

Formerly the service of an occupant of the Supreme Bench was terminated only by death or resignation; but in 1869 a law was passed permitting any justice to retire, with full pay, when seventy years of age, provided he has served ten years. Three retired justices, Swayne, Strong, and Hunt, are now living.

The federal judiciary system divides the country into sixty districts. There are fifty-three district judges, a few having more than one district to look after. The districts are consolidated into nine circuits, for each of which there is a circuit judge. In each circuit a Supreme Court justice is also assigned, whose duty it is to attend the sittings of the Circuit court as often as once in two years. Before 1869 there were no circuit judges, and the circuit duty of the members of the Supreme Court was much more onerous. Probably they will be relieved of it altogether before long, for their duties upon the Supreme Bench have become so onerous that numerous measures have been recently urged in Congress for their re-



lief, and for the advantage of litigants, whose cases are usually delayed two or three years by reason of the great length of the docket.

One of the plans recently presented in Congress for the relief of the court, provides for an increase in its membership, and the division of the tribunal into branches, each branch to be charged with the hearing of a certain class of cases, as, for instance, patent cases, admiralty cases, and so forth, and the full bench to consider only a limited range of cases of great importance. Some doubt has been expressed as to the constitutionality of this plan, on the ground that a part of the court could not be held to be the Supreme Court within the meaning of the Constitution.

Another plan is to interpose between the Circuit courts and the Supreme courts a new

tribunal, to serve as a sort of dam to stay the flood of business pressing forward to the Supreme Bench. This new tribunal, it is proposed, shall have power of final decision to such an extent as to relieve the Supreme Court of a large share of the business now coming before it.

Still a third plan is to establish a high limit of the amount involved in cases that can be brought to the Supreme Court on appeal. This latter plan appears to be the one most favored by the members of the court. They do not, as far as can be learned, approve of the division of the court into a number of subordinate tribunals, nor do they appear to think it wise to limit the class of controversies in which litigants have the right to demand a decision from the tribunal of last resort.

*E. V. Smalley.*

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#### INVITA MINERVA.

THE muses ring my bell and run away.  
 I spy you, rogues, behind the evergreen.  
 You, wanton Thalia, romper in the hay;  
 And you, Terpsichore, long-legged quean.  
 When I was young you used to come and stay,  
 But, now that I grow older, 'tis well seen  
 What tricks ye put upon me. Well-a-day!  
 How many a summer evening have ye been  
 Sitting about my door-step, fain to sing  
 And tell old tales, while through the fragrant dark  
 Burned the large planets, throbbled the brooding sound  
 Of crickets and the tree-toads' ceaseless ring;  
 And in the meads the fire-fly lit his spark  
 Where from my threshold sank the vale profound.

*Henry A. Beers.*

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#### THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

V.

BEFORE the end of the summer vacation, the brass-works at New Albion were in operation, and a large colony of mechanics had occupied the tenement-houses of the "Patch" above the mill. For the use of this new community the town had provided a school-house; a neat hall above the company's store gave room for religious services. The mill was a mile and a half from the nearest church, and something must be done to supply the

religious wants of the new community. The question arose at the September meeting of the Christian League Club.

"What is to be done for the brass-workers?" asked Mr. Strong.

"I believe," answered Mr. Thorpe, blushing a little, "that our people have already taken steps toward organizing a church in that neighborhood."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dr. Sampson. "The Baptists have also consulted me about services there, but I declined to express any



opinion until some conference had been held upon the matter by this club."

"I want it understood," answered Mr. Thorpe, "that I have done nothing about it. One of the overseers at the mill is a zealous Methodist, and he has found out that quite a number of the hands belong to our connection. The presiding elder was down there the other day, and conferred with him about it. But I felt as the Doctor did, that it would hardly be right for me to help in the enterprise until we had talked it over here."

"Would it not be well," asked Mr. Strong, "to call a public meeting in the hall at the brass-works, of all persons who desire the organization of a religious society, and let them determine for themselves what kind of an organization they will have."

"That is fair," was the verdict of several voices.

"Let us have a committee of seven,—one from each of the denominations represented in this club,—who shall call this preliminary meeting, and be present to take charge of its deliberations."

This was the suggestion of Mr. Peters.

"Good!" was the general response.

"And now," said Mr. Franklin, "I hope nobody will object to my proposition, which is that this committee consist of the pastors of these churches, omitting the pastor of the Second Church. The Congregationalists should not outnumber the others on the committee; and I am sure that the presence of these seven pastors at a meeting of this character will be to the brass-workers an impressive object-lesson in Christian unity."

"Mr. Franklin is exactly right," said Mr. Strong. "My absence will not be misinterpreted, and Dr. Phelps is competent to represent the Congregationalists."

The proposition was, therefore, unanimously agreed to, and a handbill, signed with the names of the seven pastors, called the people of the brass-works together on the next Sunday afternoon. The hall was filled with an interested company. Dr. Phelps, as the senior pastor, took the chair.

"We have called you together," he said in his brief opening speech, "because we assumed that there must be, among the six or seven hundred people of this new settlement, a large number who would desire some sort of religious organization, and because we, the pastors of the Protestant churches in New Albion, desired to assist you, if we could, in forming one. I know that I speak for all of my brethren when I say that none of us cares so much to have a church of his own particular sort formed here, as to have the people here happy in their church relations. We have

learned, in New Albion, to dwell together in unity, and we want you to live in the same way. Whatever kind of church is formed here, if it be only a church that owns and follows Jesus Christ, it will receive the right hand of fellowship from every one of our churches. It is evident that there ought not to be more than one church in this small community; we have come to assist you in deciding what form that organization shall take. I understand that some steps have been taken toward forming a Methodist church here. We shall have no objection whatever if the society takes that form, if that is the wish of the community; we only care that you should be heartily agreed among yourselves, and work together harmoniously."

Three or four of the other pastors followed with short speeches, each of whom testified, with equal clearness, to the desire of all for unity and coöperation among the Christians at the brass-works.

"And now," said Dr. Phelps, "we propose to submit this matter to the decision of those interested. Those who wish to have a religious society organized in this place, and who will pledge themselves to assist in supporting it, either by contributions, by Christian work, or by attendance upon its services, will please rise."

About fifty men and women stood up.

"Very good! Now, for convenience, will those who have thus pledged themselves occupy the seats in the right-hand corner of the hall."

The audience, like most audiences, was a little reluctant to make this change of seats, but it was at length accomplished, and the corner was occupied by a respectable-looking company, of which one-third were men.

"We shall now," said Dr. Phelps, "distribute among you slips of paper on which you are requested to write the name of the denomination in accordance with whose rules you wish this society to be organized; if you want a Methodist church, write 'Methodist;' express your preference on your ballots."

"If you please, sir," said a stout, ruddy-faced young Englishman, standing up in the right-hand corner, "I have just come over from the old country, and I know but little about your churches here; in England I went to chapel; but I like what I have heard this afternoon, and I wish that the new church might be the same kind that these gentlemen belongs to that has come down here to help us organize, if you will tell me the name of it."

There was a little laugh; but the Englishman was unaware of his blunder, and he kept the floor, waiting to be answered.



"What gentlemen do you refer to?" asked the Doctor, blandly.

"The seven gentlemen on the platform," was the answer.

"The church to which we all belong," replied Dr. Phelps, soberly, "is the church of Christ."

"Thank you, sir," said the Englishman, taking his seat, "I vote for The Church of Christ."

To some of the thorough-going denominationalists this seemed a good joke; but the Englishman's positive decision served for wisdom to several of the uninstructed, while many others, perceiving the difficulty of agreeing upon any existing sect, took the cue and wrote his vote upon their ballots. When the slips were collected, there were ten Methodist ballots, six Baptist, three Congregational, one Episcopalian, one Presbyterian, one Lutheran, one Universalist, and twenty-six for a church of Christ.

"Your decision is wise," said the venerable chairman, "and I am happy to say that you will have the hearty sympathy of all the churches in New Albion. In many places, churches of this character are made to feel that they have no relation to any religious body, and their isolation becomes irksome to them, but it is not so with us; you will have as much fellowship with the Congregationalists as if you were a Congregational church, and as many friends among the Baptists as if you were a Baptist church, and so with all the rest. As our youngest sister we shall all have a care for you, and shall be ready to lend you a hand, and we trust that the time will come when we shall be proud of you."

"I want to be a Methodist," said Mr. Thorpe, warmly, "just long enough to shout Amen to all that the Doctor has just said. I love my own church, but I love Christ's kingdom more; and God do so to me, and more also, if I ever lift my hand to divide the people of the Lord when they ought to dwell together in unity."

At the suggestion of Dr. Sampson, a committee of three, from those intending membership, was appointed to draw up a code of rules and a form of government for the new church. One of the members of the committee requested that Dr. Phelps might be added, but the doctor asked that Mr. Strong, who had given much thought to problems of this nature, should be put in his place, and this was done.

The organization thus effected was somewhat unique. It was to be known as "The First Church of Christ in Cyprusville," that being the name fastened upon this innocent suburb by the treasurer of the corporation.

Its only symbol of doctrine was the Apostles' Creed; its form of admission was extremely simple; its rules of procedure were not so elaborate as to invite to litigation. Besides the clerk and the treasurer of the church, there was a board of four wardens and four deaconesses, to supervise the religious and charitable work of the church. The secular affairs were in the care of a board of trustees. A meeting of all these officers, under the title of the "Official Board," over which the pastor was to preside, was to be held once a month for consultation. All important business must, however, be referred to the church. The weekly meeting, previous to each communion, was to be called the "covenant-meeting." Baptism was to be administered to adults by immersion or affusion, as the candidate might choose; as to infant baptism, no rule was made against it, but Mr. Strong advised that parents who wished their children baptized should have the rite performed at their homes, thus respecting the strongest scruple of the Baptist brethren. In case the church should call a pastor who was unwilling to administer this ordinance, the pastors of other churches in the city would cheerfully serve them.

It was not long before the new church was provided with a pastor. A Methodist clergyman, the Reverend Richard W. Gardner, a man of excellent character, who had been "located" without charge in New Albion on account of temporary disability, and who was known to be somewhat weary of itinerating, was easily persuaded to enter upon this work. No formal installation was deemed necessary, but services of recognition were held, in which the new church with its pastor was heartily received into the fellowship of all the churches. The next thing in order was the introduction of the pastor and three delegates into the Christian League. Most "Union" churches are either left out in the cold or else enjoy a disclaimed and surreptitious fellowship with one of the sects, which exposes them to the suspicion of all the other sects; but this one stepped at once into a warm place already waiting for it, and seemed as truly to have "brought love" with it as a new baby does when it comes into a Christian family.

## VI.

Soon after the organization of the church at Cyprusville, an episode occurred which tended not a little to strengthen the bonds of Christian fraternity in New Albion. The Methodist church had long been staggering



under a load of debt. Its edifice, built in the flush times following the war, was an ambitious piece of architecture,—the church of the future, beyond a doubt, since it was much larger than the needs of its congregation,—and the pews were still vacant which the sanguine builders had expected to see occupied by the men who were to pay off the mortgages. Mr. Thorpe had carried this debt now for two years; it had been the burden of his days and the nightmare of his dreams; at length he had brought his congregation to the point of attacking it. He had made several anxious pilgrimages to rich Methodists in neighboring cities, but found small encouragement; it was evident that the Methodists in New Albion must shoulder their own load.

Accordingly, the first Sunday in October was devoted to a carefully planned effort for the payment of the debt. Mr. Thorpe had concluded to dispense with the services of a "finangelist" and to direct his own forces. There was to be no regular service in the church, but the people were invited to meet at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and, by the grace of God, the meeting would not adjourn. Mr. Thorpe said, until the debt was paid. A collation was provided in the basement, so that the people might spend the day in the work.

The debt amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars, and when the meeting opened in the morning seventeen thousand dollars were at once subscribed—this amount having been secured beforehand by private conference with the abler contributors. This excellent start awakened great enthusiasm, and, for a time, subscriptions came in rapidly; but long before noon the limit of the people's ability seemed to have been reached, and the list only footed up about twenty-four thousand dollars. Mr. Thorpe kept his forces well in hand, however, and showed no signs of wavering. Exhortations and appeals were interposed with singing; a judicious and energetic committee did a great deal of personal work with individuals; messengers were dispatched to labor with absentees. But it seemed evident that the large gifts had all been gathered in, and there was still a deficiency of more than seven thousand dollars that the small subscriptions yet to be obtained would by no means supply.

As Mr. Franklin walked home, after the morning service, with his pastor, they passed the door of the Methodist Church.

"Let us look in a moment," said the parson, "and see how they are getting on."

They sat down in one of the back seats and watched the proceedings. From Mr. Thorpe's

occasional remarks they learned the situation of affairs, and saw that the case was probably hopeless, though the resolute leader did not for a moment assent to such a conclusion.

As they walked away, Mr. Franklin said:

"Making a strong fight, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"But they will not take the fort."

"I don't know."

"I do; they've got to the sticking-point, and they will not get past it."

"Pity!" said Mr. Strong, sententiously.

After a moment's thought he added, with a new interest, "It is lawful to pull your fellow-creature out of a pit on the Sabbath day?"

"I should say so, especially when he is trying to get out himself."

"Lawful to hitch up your horse to pull him out?"

"Yes," laughed the minister.

"Well, you go home and get your lunch, and I'll get mine and have Major put into the buggy. I'll be around there before one o'clock, and we'll see what we can do."

"All right."

It was not long before the good white horse came at a week-day pace to the door of the parsonage, and the friends were soon whirling away.

"Now, we've got to be swift," said the banker. "My first thought was to call only on some of our own people, but I am now inclined to give some of the rest a chance. The Episcopalians and the Free Baptists have a heavy debt of their own; the Adventists are not able to help much; we must enlist the others. Brinsmade must call on the First Church folks, Ellsworth on the Baptists, Thompson on the Universalists, you and I will look out for our own."

They were stopping at Mr. Brinsmade's door, and the master of the house answered the bell.

"We have set out," said Mr. Franklin, "to give the Methodists a little lift in paying their church-debt. Will you go and stand in the vestibule of your church and waylay as many as you can of your strongest men as they go into the afternoon service, and get subscriptions from them? Start the paper yourself. Then ask Dr. Phelps to take a collection before the sermon, for the same object. Get cash subscriptions, payable to-morrow at my bank. Report the amount to me at Mr. Strong's house by four o'clock sharp. Will you do it?"

"What a steamboat you are!" said Brinsmade, laughing.

"Will you do it?" said Franklin, strenuously. "No time for nonsense, old fellow!"

"Yes, I'll do it."



"All right. Good-bye!"

And the white horse was soon flying down the street.

None of the other churches had afternoon services, and all that could be done in them must be done by personal application to a few of the more prosperous members. But Mr. Franklin had selected the right man as canvasser in each society, and after they had been set at work, he and his pastor returned to their own parish, which they divided between them, contriving, before four o'clock, to see a good proportion of its most generous members. At that hour they all met at the parsonage, as by agreement, bringing with them a much larger sum than the most sanguine of them had hoped to get.

"They came down handsomely," said Brinsmade. "Three or four refused to give anything; but most of them had their names down before they knew it. It dropped on them so sudden like, that they hadn't time to hunt up excuses. The old doctor warmed up to the business beautifully, and begged like a professional. I didn't suppose it was in him. They brought in nearly four hundred dollars in the boxes, besides all I got from individuals."

The others had much the same story to tell. Sympathy with the Methodists in their courageous effort was universal, and it had found a generous expression.

"Now each one of you sit down and write a short letter," said Mr. Franklin, "explaining that the amount you have collected is from friends in your church, naming the amount and stating where it may be called for to-morrow, and we'll go over at once and send the letters up to Brother Thorpe. I trust he is holding out yet, but it must be pretty tough for a man who doesn't believe in the perseverance of the saints to hang on to such a poor promise."

It was about half-past four when Mr. Franklin and his friends entered the Methodist church. The back seats were all occupied, so they stood in the space behind the pews and looked on. The church was pretty well filled, and Mr. Thorpe was still keeping up a lively fire of appeal and argument, but there were no responses, and it was plain that hope had departed from most of the solicitors.

"Will you walk forward and take seats, gentlemen?" said one of them.

"No, thank you," answered Mr. Franklin. "We are only lobby members. How do you get on?"

"Slowly."

And the solicitor shook his head dolefully.

"How much have you got?"

"Only a little over twenty-five thousand."

"Why don't you stop where you are?"

"Then we lose everything. The greater share of the heavy subscriptions are conditional upon the raising of the whole debt."

"Wont your subscribers make them unconditional?"

"No. We've begged them to, but they are obstinate."

"Pity, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. It will be a hard blow if we fail now."

The discouraged gentleman walked away. Mr. Franklin's air had been so indifferent that he had not ventured to ask him for anything.

"Send up your letter, Brinsmade," whispered Franklin. "Get that small boy to take it up."

The small boy toddled up the aisle and handed the envelope to Mr. Thorpe, who tore it open eagerly.

"Hallelujah!" shouted the impetuous Methodist. "Brethren, listen to this: 'The First Congregational Church of New Albion sends greeting to the First Methodist Church, with a pledge of sixteen hundred and seventy-five dollars, to be paid to-morrow at twelve o'clock noon, by a check upon the First National Bank.' This is signed in behalf of the church by James W. Brinsmade."

The reading of the letter was followed by a storm of cheers and all the usual Methodist responses, in the midst of which the organ struck up the Doxology, and the whole congregation rose to their feet and sang it with a tremendous energy.

"Will Brother Brinsmade come forward?" shouted Mr. Thorpe. But before he had time to insist on this a little girl was mounting the pulpit with another envelope, which the pastor received with trembling hand. The noise hushed in a moment. This letter stated that five hundred and fifteen dollars, the gift of a few friends in the Universalist Church, would be on deposit the next day, at the same hour and the same place. Over this the furore was redoubled, one enthusiastic brother mounting a seat and calling for "the second verse of the Doxology!"

"Better not protract the agony," said Franklin to Ellsworth. "Let us send up our notes together."

The good minister, who had now for six hours been under a continuous nervous strain, in whose heart confidence had given way to anxiety and anxiety was beginning to change to discouragement, was so completely overcome by the contents of the other two envelopes that he sat down in his chair, and could not speak for a moment, and at length rose, and half sobbed out:



"Two more, brethren. One from friends in the Baptist Church, with a pledge of nine hundred and twenty-five dollars, and one from friends in the Second Congregational Church, with a promise of eighteen hundred and ten dollars. God bless them, every one!"

This time they were all too excited to sing, but there was a volley of amens in response to the last ejaculation, and men and women all over the house were laughing and crying like children.

"Give us the footing now, Brother Harrison," said the minister, at length, to the treasurer, who was keeping account of the subscriptions.

"Thirty thousand one hundred and fifty-five dollars," was the answer.

"Less than two thousand dollars more are wanted," cried Mr. Thorpe. "What do you say to that?"

"Two hundred dollars more for me!" was the first response from one of the heaviest subscribers; and then the supplementary subscriptions, large and small, came pouring in for ten minutes, faster than the treasurer could record them. As soon as there was a short pause, he summed up the amount again, and, rising to his feet, said quietly:

"Thirty-two thousand four hundred and sixty dollars—four hundred and sixty dollars for shrinkage!"

The scene that followed can only be imagined by those who know what an incubus a church debt is to a devoted congregation, and who are also familiar with the ways in which Methodists are wont to express their feelings.

"I perceive," said Mr. Thorpe, rising to his feet after the tempest had subsided, "that all these pledges are to be paid to-morrow at noon at the First National Bank. It is easy to guess who is at the bottom of all this business, and I see him now, standing near the door."

"No scenes for me," whispered the banker to his minister. "I'm going. Make my excuses." And he slipped out of the door and walked quickly away.

"Mr. Walter Franklin is the man," continued the parson, "and he is leaving the house at this moment; will not some one bring him back?"

But that was a vain suggestion. Mr. Franklin, as everybody knew, would not be brought back.

"Mr. Franklin's pastor must answer for him, then," said the minister; and Mr. Strong walked up the aisle amid great cheering. In a few graceful words he told the congregation that Mr. Thorpe was right in his conjecture; that the plan of aiding them in their difficult

undertaking was conceived and set in motion by Mr. Franklin, who had, nevertheless, been supported in the heartiest manner by the gentlemen on whom he had called; that the whole scheme was the inspiration of a moment and the fruit of a few hours' work; and that he trusted the result of it would be, not only the emancipation of the Methodist Church from the bondage of debt, but the strengthening of the bond of fellowship among the churches of New Albion. To that wish there were many fervent responses, and after a prayer of thanksgiving by the pastor, and the singing of "Blest be the tie that binds," the congregation broke up. That day will never be forgotten by any who had part in its doings, and the fruit of the seed then sown will be reaped in the increasing charity of many generations.

#### VII.

At the November meeting of the League, the first suggestion came from Mr. Butterfield of the Free Baptist Church.

"I have been approached," he said, "by several of our active temperance workers, who greatly desire that the churches of this place shall unite in some movement for the promotion of their cause."

"What sort of movement?" asked Dr. Sampson.

"They did not say very definitely," was the answer. "They seem to think that the churches are not doing much for temperance, and that they ought to do more. I think they would like to have us open our churches Sunday evenings for a series of temperance meetings."

"And let them take the management of the meetings?" pursued the Doctor.

"I don't know, but I presume that they would be glad to be recognized in that way."

"No doubt; but I, for one, prefer to manage my own temperance meetings. The last time these people occupied my church they indulged in an amount of detraction and vituperation that I never wish to hear in my pulpit again."

Dr. Sampson's judgment was confirmed by several of the other pastors.

"Might we not, then," asked Mr. Butterfield, "unite our churches in working for temperance under a leadership furnished by themselves?"

"It seems to me," answered Mr. Franklin, "that this is impracticable. Union work in behalf of temperance is one of the hardest things in the world to secure. We can coöperate in ordinary religious work, because the lesson of toleration in religion has been



learned, and because we are all ready to forget those things in which we differ; but, as respects the subject of temperance, there is, as yet, no such toleration; the sectarianism of temperance advocates is fully as violent as the sectarianism of the churchmen was a hundred years ago."

"Are you not rather rough on the temperance workers?" asked Mr. Thorpe.

"I do not mean to be. But just look at the facts. There are gentlemen in this club, I suppose, who sometimes use wine at their tables, and who, though they are careful to abstain from all excess, believe that they have a perfect right to use it as a beverage. There are other gentlemen in this club who regard every such use of it, no matter how careful, as a sin. I do not belong to either of these classes, but I can easily see that persons holding views so perfectly irreconcilable can never work together in promoting temperance. What is more, some of the gentlemen present are in favor of the passage of laws by which other persons in this company would be put into the category of criminals."

"Oh, come, Franklin, that's absurd! You don't mean that," cried Mr. Thorpe.

"I mean just that," persisted Franklin.

"But you know that the prohibitory law that some of us favor, punishes the seller of liquor, not the drinker. There are no liquor-sellers in this room."

"A man cannot ordinarily drink wine without buying it, can he?"

"No, of course not."

"You wish to make it a crime to sell wine to be used as a beverage?"

"Yes."

"If it were a crime to sell, then the buyer would be morally *particeps criminis*, would he not?"

"I suppose so."

"Very well; there are gentlemen here who are in the habit of buying wine to be used as a beverage, and there are other gentlemen here who wish to make the selling of wine for that purpose a criminal act; how can these two classes of persons come to any understanding about temperance work? I am not discussing prohibition. I am not undertaking to justify or to condemn either of these classes of persons; I am only pointing out that the difference between them is, in its nature, insurmountable, and that they can only keep from quarreling about temperance work by ignoring the whole subject."

"Well, I guess you're right," said Mr. Thorpe, soberly.

"Not only is it impossible," the banker continued, "for these two classes to get on comfortably together, but any one who under-

takes to mediate between them is liable to have his head broken. I dared to suggest, last summer, in a temperance meeting, that it was a gross blunder for the total abstainers to make war on all temperate drinkers,—to denounce them as malefactors and to hold them up to public reprobation; that it would be much easier to persuade than to coerce them into the ways of abstinence. For venturing that criticism, I was denounced as a toddy-drinker; and a crowded convention of reform clubs in our town hall applauded to the echo the assertion by one of their orators that I was worse than a rum-seller. So you see that I have verified, in my own experience, the statement that toleration, in this field, does not exist. Not only is there no toleration for differences of theory or practice, there is no toleration for people who preach toleration and who try to bring about a better understanding. The time for coöperation in temperance work will come, but it is not yet."

"I am not ready to come to that conclusion," said Mr. Peters. "When an evil so great as the evil of intemperance exists in any community, it is humiliating to confess that the Christian people of the community are unable to combine against it."

"'Tis true, 't is pity; and pity 't is, 't is true," said Mr. Franklin.

"But is there not one thing that can be done?" said Mr. Peters. "Can we not unite in enforcing the penal clauses of our present law against violators of them. Our law forbids the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors and to intoxicated persons; it also forbids the selling of liquor on Sundays, and between twelve o'clock at night and five o'clock in the morning. To this extent it is a prohibitory law. Now, I am a prohibitionist; and I see no reason why I should not take the amount of prohibition this law allows me and make the most of it. We might enforce these clauses if we would work together; we could make it dangerous to sell to boys, or to sell on Sundays. That would be a great gain; for it is notorious that there is more drinking done on Sunday than on any other day in the week, and that a great many of our boys are forming the drinking habit."

"That is good sense," said Dr. Strickland. "I am not a prohibitionist; I am not a total abstainer; I am one of the men who, as Mr. Franklin says, Mr. Peters seeks to put into the category of criminals,—though I don't mean to let that slight circumstance mar our friendly relations."

Here Peters arose, and extended his hand to the rector amidst much merriment.

"Notwithstanding the heresy of my opinions and the turpitude of my conduct in this



matter of temperance," Dr. Strickland continued, "I am ready to do as much as any other man in this room in the line suggested by Mr. Peters."

"But what can we do?" asked Mr. Henderson.

"We can keep our eyes and ears open," answered Mr. Peters, "and report what we see and hear to the prosecuting agents. These gentlemen are appointed to enforce the law, but they do it very inefficiently,—for what reasons it is not necessary to inquire. It will do them good to know that a number of good citizens are carefully observing their operations. Let me give a bit of my own experience: I was passing along Jackson street the other day, in the rear of Pat Reilly's saloon, and I saw a little boy not more than seven years old come out of the back-door with a pitcher in his hand and walk down the street. As I passed by him I said, carelessly, 'Hallo, bub! got some molasses?' 'No; beer!' he said. I walked right over to the office of Mr. Billings, our prosecuting agent, and told him what I had seen. He was disposed at once to take a high and mighty air, as of one with whose business I was meddling. He wanted to know how I knew that the purchase of the beer was not made by the child's father or some other adult then in the saloon; and whether this child's testimony would convict; and if I thought that what I had told him amounted to legal evidence. My answer was very brief. 'Do you believe,' I demanded, 'that I have told you the truth concerning what I saw?' 'Certainly,' he said. 'Very well,' I answered. 'If you accept that as truth you are morally certain that liquor is illegally sold by Pat Reilly. You know it, and I know that you know it; if you haven't the legal evidence it is your business to get it. Good-morning.' If Mr. Billings should have a call of this sort every day or two, showing him that the people are watching the violations of the law and the manner of its enforcement, it would have a salutary effect upon him."

"That seems feasible," said Dr. Sampson. "One of the greatest curses of this liquor business is the laxity in the enforcement of law, to which it has given rise. Through our liquor legislation, the respect of the people for all law has been greatly weakened. Anything that we can do to add efficiency to the law will be valuable service."

The suggestion of Mr. Peters proved a fruitful one. The attention of the members of the club was called directly to numerous and glaring violations of the law; they took pains to inquire and to report concerning them; and a public sentiment was thus created which resulted in the more vigorous

enforcement of law and in a considerable diminution in the amount of drunkenness.

#### VIII.

AS THE winter drew on, the needs of the poor began to exercise the minds of benevolent persons in New Albion; there was great activity in several of the sewing societies, and the subject came to the front at the December meeting of the Christian League.

"Our constitution names the care of the poor as one of the proper subjects for conference at these meetings," said Dr. Strickland. "Just now there is a great amount of this work to do, not only in our own parish, but also in the district assigned to our church. I wonder whether we are doing this work as effectively as it ought to be done. Little children, with scanty clothing and pinched faces, come to our door every day begging for food. It would be a burning shame to us if any should be left to suffer."

"By the way," said Mr. Strong, "what do you do for these children that come begging for food?"

"Feed them, of course," answered the rector. "We never give money to unknown beggars, and we never refuse food to any one, known or unknown, who asks for it at our door."

"I should like to know," Mr. Strong suggested, "how many of the members of this club adopt Dr. Strickland's rule in this matter."

The answers showed that it was the rule of the majority. One or two owned that they had no consistent method of dealing with such cases; most of the members concurred with Mr. Henderson when he said:

"I never could bring myself to refuse food to any person, old or young, who asked for it at my door. I could not refuse without feeling that I had disobeyed the command of Christ. 'Give to him that asketh thee.' I should blame myself if, with food in my house, I suffered any one to feel the pains of hunger."

"So far as the Lord's command is concerned," said Dr. Sampson, "it is not restricted to gifts of food; it is an unqualified rule, is it not?"

Mr. Henderson owned that it was.

"Why, then, does it not require you to give money as well as food to every one who asks for it?"

"I confess," said Mr. Henderson, "that my exegesis is not very clear; but it always seemed to me that gifts of food are somewhat different from gifts of money; and that while it is evidently injudicious to give money to beggars, it is a sin in this land of plenty to let any body go hungry."



"But Paul says," Mr. Strong ventured, "that if any man will not work, neither shall he eat. That maxim, too, is unqualified."

"How about those who are out of work and can find no employment?" queried Mr. Thorpe.

"The rule does not apply to them. If 'any man *will not* work,' its language is. Those who, for any reason, are unable to earn their livelihood must be fed. But in many cases 'can't' is the mask of 'wont'; the inability to find work is the fruit of a disinclination to work; and when it becomes evident that indolence is the root of the trouble, then starvation is the apostolic remedy, and I believe that it is the right remedy."

"I can't stand by and see a man starve, no matter what his fault may be?" protested Mr. Thorpe.

"I can," said Mr. Strong. "I shouldn't like to witness the suffering, but I would rather do it than violate that law of God which makes starvation the just penalty of idleness. We have set aside that law by our lazy and indiscriminate charities, and the consequence is a rapid increase of the pauper class in all our cities and large towns. It is time that we began to see the righteousness of that law, and to help in enforcing it, instead of helping men to evade it. There are just two things for us to do in this work of caring for the poor: We must make sure that no one who is both needy and helpless shall be allowed to suffer; and we must make it equally sure that no one who will not work shall escape suffering."

"But I do not see," said Dr. Strickland, "what this doctrine has to do with those little children who come to our doors for food. They are not able to earn their own livelihood; on Mr. Strong's principle I ought to feed them."

"Have you taken pains," asked Mr. Strong, "to investigate the life of any of these children?"

"Why, yes; I have questioned them. One of the cases, for example, is that of a little girl whose father was killed in the war and whose mother is sick with rheumatism. She came to the door the other day when we were at dinner, and it was the first time I had seen her. The poor child was scantily clad, and had the most pitiful face I ever saw."

"What was her name?" asked Mr. Strong.

"I do not recall it."

"Was it Katy Macauley?"

"Yes; I think that was it."

"Did she tell you where she lived?"

"Somewhere on James street, I think."

"Yes; that is likely. She gives a great

many addresses, but never the true one. Her home is at the top of the brick block, on the corner of Swift and Thorne streets; her mother is a miserable drunkard, not an invalid at all, and she is wholly supported by what this child brings in. The clothing that Katy begs she peddles for money and thus supplies herself with rum. Whether the father was killed in the war or not is known to nobody in this town; they have only lived here a few months; but it is certain that good Christian people who put food into Katy Macauley's basket are innocently helping to support the mother in vice and to doom the child to the life of a beggar. That is her calling now; what it will be by and by can be easily conjectured."

"You astound me," cried the good rector. "I had never dreamed of such a condition of things."

"This is not an exceptional case," continued Mr. Strong. "For more than two years my wife has followed home every child who has begged at our door, and she has yet to find a single instance in which the parents are not either drunkards or criminals, or both; and I have conferred with several intelligent persons in Bradford, and in other cities, who have made a study of such cases, and they tell me that children who beg, come, almost universally, from homes of vice and shame. People who are really deserving of charity do not send their children out to beg. The support of these wretched people in idleness is a great evil, but it is nothing compared with the wrong that is done in making it possible for them to bind their children to the trade of beggary."

"But you do come, now and then," said Mr. Peters, "on a pitiful case. A poor French woman came to me in great distress a few weeks ago. She stood weeping on the porch, and would not go in. It was difficult to learn her trouble, partly because her knowledge of English was imperfect, but chiefly on account of her grief and shame. Her husband had deserted her, leaving five young children to be provided for. She was in actual want. I followed her to her wretched home, and found things as she had represented them."

"What was her name?" asked Dr. Sampson.

"Duquette," answered Mr. Peters.

"Yes," said the Doctor; "I know them. But why did they appeal to you? They are in our visiting district, and their children attend our Sunday-school."

"One of them," answered Mr. Peters, "is a member of our Sunday-school."

"Where do they live?" asked Mr. Henderson.

"On Sands street." The answer was volunteered by three or four.



"The woman came to me, not long ago," said Mr. Henderson, "and our church has aided her once or twice."

"How many children did Mr. Peters find, on his visit to Mrs. Duquette?" Mr. Strong wished to know.

"I saw only three; the other two were not in."

"No," said Mr. Strong, "the other two are a boy of fifteen and a girl of sixteen who were at work in one of the shoe-shops. They earn about twelve dollars a week. Add to this the amount given to this family by three churches within the last few weeks, and the liberal weekly orders given them by the town overseers of the poor, to whom they have applied for aid, and you will see that Mrs. Duquette has been substantially comforted for the loss of her husband, who has indeed run away."

The laughter that followed this exposure was at the expense of so many people that it could afford to be hearty and general.

"Nevertheless, brethren," said Dr. Sampson, "we have the poor always with us—Christ's poor as well as the other kind; and the duty of finding them out and ministering to them is not to be neglected."

"Not only so," added Mr. Strong; "these very people that we have been talking about appeal to our charity quite as strongly as those whom we call the worthy poor. We must take care that they do not subsist in idleness and vice upon our gifts. Of material aid they need but little, though, sometimes, even to them, a little help of this sort in starting on a new career may not be amiss; but they need friendship more than anything else in the world,—a firm, sensible, honest, patient friend, who will show them a better way of living, and lead them into it, is, for every one of these wretched families, the one thing needful. The discovery that a large class of people exists among us who are harmed by the indiscriminate bestowment of money or material aid is no sign that less charity is called for; not less, but more is demanded, only it must take a different form. I find no difficulty whatever in accepting Christ's unqualified rule of charity: 'Give to him that asketh thee.' Give to every beggar, I say; give him what he needs most, and satisfy yourself, before you give him anything, what are his deepest needs. If money will do him the most good, give him money; if food or clothing will do him the most good, give him food and clothing; but, if you study his case, you will probably find that the aid most needed is moral rather than physical. Some direction the man may require, and some encouragement, and much

bracing of his will, and not a little rousing of his self-respect. If there is any kind of Christian work more imperative than this, I do not know where to find it. And there is enough of it to do. The problem of pauperism confronts us. In all our larger towns we find a growing class of those who are willing to subsist without work. The slipshod way in which official relief is generally given by the civil authorities encourages pauperism. The effect of our large system of industry, which builds up great corporations and gathers into tenement-houses a vast homeless population that drifts about from place to place and never takes root anywhere, is, I greatly fear, to develop pauperism. So we have among us a large number of these discouraged, unthrifty, hapless people, some of whom have begun to ask for alms, and some of whom have asked so often that mendicancy has become chronic with them. It takes but a short time for a family to sink down from self-respect to beggary, and, once in that slough, it is very hard to get out. Last winter our overseers of the poor granted out-door relief to more than one thousand different persons—one in fifteen of the whole population. The times were hard, but these figures must include not a few whose poverty arose from a defect of will. This shows us what a work we have to do, and I heartily agree with Dr. Strickland in thinking that it is high time we were about it. Excuse me, gentlemen, for inflicting on you a lecture, but the subject is one in which I am deeply interested."

"How are we to deal with this problem?" said Mr. Franklin.

"We need but little additional machinery," said Dr. Sampson. "The town is divided geographically among the churches; each church ought to subdivide its territory, and assign to each small district one or two visitors. There ought to be a central committee, meeting weekly during the winter and consisting of one person from each church. This committee should have an office, at which a record should be kept of all the cases aided, with full particulars of each case,—a record open to the inspection of visitors only. It would be better to have a common relief fund, under the control of the committee; visitors to grant only temporary relief, until they had laid the case fully before the committee. It would be necessary to have a secretary who should keep the register and who should be in the office at certain hours every day. Then the people should be pledged, if possible, to give no money, food, or clothing to unknown persons, but to refer every applicant to this secretary, who should put the case at once into the hands of the



visitor in whose district the applicant lived. The secretary would need a map of the town, with the boundaries of each sub-district, and the name and address of its visitor. Thus all applications for alms could at once be investigated, and that over-lapping of charity, on which pauperism thrives, would not be possible."

"The doctor's scheme seems rational and feasible," said Mr. Franklin. "Can we not have the members of such a Central Committee chosen by the churches this very week?"

To this question there was no negative.

"Then," said the banker, "I trust the Doctor himself will attend the first meeting of the Committee, and submit his sketch of an organization; and that the churches will speedily subdivide their territory and appoint their visitors. No time should be lost."

"You've got some work to do," said Dr.

Strickland, "in enlightening the community. Most of us have loose notions of what charity is. This talk has helped me, but the majority of my neighbors are as much in the dark as I was an hour ago."

"This is true," Mr. Strong added, "not only of the church-people, but also of all those persons who sneer at the churches and who boast a religion of 'good works.' The man who does not go to church, but who gives the poor family his ton of coal or his barrel of flour, off hand, and no questions asked, is the hero of a certain class. It will be difficult to make them see that their hero is doing about five times as much harm as good; and that what these poor people need is not tons of coal or barrels of flour, but time and thought and patient friendship. But if any man, saint or sinner, wants to follow Jesus Christ, this is the path by which he can come nearest to him."

(To be continued.)

## MY ADVENTURES IN ZUÑI.

ONE hot summer day in 1879, as I was sitting in my office in the ivy-mantled old South Tower of the Smithsonian Institution, a messenger boy tapped at my door, and said:

"Professor Baird wishes to see you, sir."

The professor, picking up his umbrella and papers, came toward the door as I entered.

"Haven't I heard you say you would like to go to New Mexico to study the cliff-houses and Pueblo Indians?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you still like to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well then, be ready to accompany Colonel Stevenson's collecting party, as ethnologist, within four days. I want you to find out all you can about some typical tribe of Pueblo Indians. Make your own choice of field, and use your own methods; only, get the information. You will probably be gone three months. Write me frequently. I'm in a hurry this evening. Look to Major Powell, of the Bureau of Ethnology, if you want further directions. Good-day."

Thus it happened that, on a sultry afternoon in late September, by no means firmly seated in the first saddle I had ever bestridden, I was belaboring a lazy Government mule just at the entrance of a pass between two great banded red-and-gray sandstone mesas, in the midst of a waterless wilderness. I had ridden from Las Vegas, then the south-

ern terminus of the railway across New Mexico, to Fort Wingate, and over a spur of the Sierra Madres, until here I was far in advance of our little caravan, and nearer the close of my long journey than I had dreamed. Beyond the pass I followed the winding road up a series of cedar-clad sand-hills to where they abruptly terminated in a black lava descent of nearly two hundred feet.

Below and beyond me was suddenly revealed a great red and yellow sand-plain. It merged into long stretches of gray, indistinct hill-lands in the western distance, distorted by mirages and sand-clouds, and overshadowed toward the north by two grand, solitary buttes of rock. From the bases of the latter to a spire-encircled, bare-faced promontory to the right, stretched a succession of cañon-seamed, brown, sandstone mesas, which, with their mantle of piñon and cedar, formed a high, dark boundary for the entire northern side of the basin.

To the left, a mile or two away, crowning numberless red foot-hills, rose a huge rock-mountain, a thousand feet high and at least two miles in length along its flat top, which showed, even in the distance, fanciful chiselings by wind, sand, and weather. Beyond its column-sentined western end the low sand-basin spread far away to the foot-hills of the gray-and-white southern mesas, which, broken



by deep cañons, stretched, cliff after cliff, westward to the hills of the horizon.

Out from the middle of the rock-wall and line of sand-hills on which I stood, through a gate of its own opening, flowed a little rivulet. Emerging from a succession of low mounds beneath me, it wound, like a long whip-lash or the track of an earth-worm, westward through the middle of the sandy plain and out almost to the horizon, where, just midway between the northern buttes and the opposite gray mesas, it was lost in the southern shadows of a terraced hill.

Down behind this hill the sun was sinking, transforming it into a jagged pyramid of silhouette, crowned with a brilliant halo, whence a seeming midnight aurora burst forth through broken clouds, bordering each misty blue island with crimson and gold, then blazing upward in widening lines of light, as if to repeat in the high heavens its earthly splendor.

A banner of smoke, as though fed from a thousand crater-fires, balanced over this seeming volcano, floating off, in many a circle and surge, on the evening breeze. But I did not realize that this hill, so strange and picturesque, was a city of the habitations of men, until I saw, on the topmost terrace, little specks of black and red moving about against the sky. It seemed still a little island of mesas, one upon the other, smaller and smaller, reared from a sea of sand, in mock rivalry of the surrounding grander mesas of Nature's rearing.

Descending, I chanced to meet, over toward the river, an Indian. He was bare-headed, his hair banged even with his eyebrows in front, and done up in a neat knot behind, with long locks hanging down either side. He wore a red shirt and white cotton pantalets, slitted at the sides from the knees down so as to expose his bare legs, and raw-hide soled moccasins. Strings of shell-beads around his neck, and a leather belt around his waist, into which were stuck a boomerang or two, completed his costume. Knitting-work in hand, he left his band of dirty white and black sheep and snuffling goats in charge of a wise-looking, grizzled-faced, bob-tailed mongrel cur, and came, with a sort of shuffling dog-trot, toward the road, calling out, "Hai! hai!" and extending his hand with a most good-natured smile.

I shook the proffered hand warmly, and said, "Zuñi?"

"E!" exclaimed the Indian, as he reverentially breathed on my hand and from his own, and then, with a nod of his head and a fling of his chin toward the still distant smoky terraces, made his exclamation more intelligible.

I hastened on with all the speed I could scourge out of my obstinate, kicking mule, down the road to where the rivulet crossed it, and up again, nearer and nearer to the strange structures.

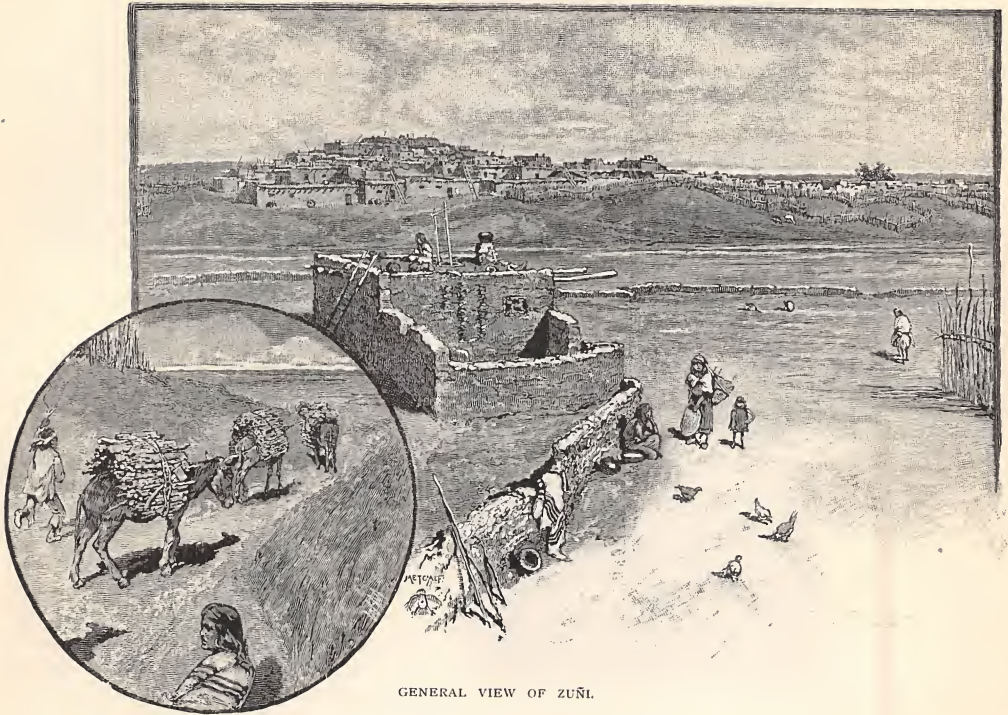
Imagine numberless long, box-shaped, adobe ranches, connected with one another in extended rows and squares, with others, less and less numerous, piled up on them lengthwise and crosswise, in two, three, even six stories, each receding from the one below it like the steps of a broken stair-flight,—as it were, a gigantic pyramidal mud honey-comb with far outstretching base,—and you can gain a fair conception of the architecture of Zuñi.

Everywhere this structure bristled with ladder-poles, chimneys, and rafters. The ladders were heavy and long, with carved slab cross-pieces at the tops, and leaned at all angles against the roofs. The chimneys looked more like huge bamboo-joints than anything else I can compare them with, for they were made of bottomless earthen pots, set one upon the other and cemented together with mud, so that they stood up, like many-lobed, oriental spires, from every roof-top. Wonderfully like the holes in an ant-hill seemed the little windows and door-ways which everywhere pierced the walls of this gigantic habitation; and like ant-hills themselves seemed the curious little round-topped ovens which stood here and there along these walls or on the terrace edges.

All round the town could be seen irregular, large and small adobe or dried-mud fences, inclosing gardens in which melon, pumpkin and squash vines, pepper plants and onions were most conspicuous. Forming an almost impregnable belt nearer the village were numerous stock corrals of bare cedar posts and sticks. In some of these, burros, or little gray, white-nosed, black-shouldered donkeys, were kept; while many others, with front legs tied closely together, were nosing about over the refuse heaps. Bob-tailed curs of all sizes, a few swift-footed, worried-looking black hogs, some scrawny chickens, and many eagles—the latter confined in wattled stick cages, diminutive corrals, in the corners and on the house-tops—made up the visible life about the place.

Not an Indian was anywhere to be seen, save on the topmost terraces of this strange city. There hundreds of them were congregated, gazing so intently down into one of the plazas beyond that none of them observed my approach, until I had hastily dismounted, tied my mule to a corral post, climbed the refuse-strewn hill and two or three ladders leading up to the house-tops. The regular





GENERAL VIEW OF ZUÑI.

*thud, thud* of rattles and drum, the cadence of rude music which sounded more like the souging of a storm wind amid the forests of a mountain than the accompaniment of a dance, urged me forward, until I was suddenly confronted by forty or fifty of the men, who came rushing toward me with excited discussion and gesticulation. One of them approached and spoke something in Spanish, motioning me away; but I did not understand him, so I grasped his hand and breathed on it as I had seen the herder do. Lucky thought! The old man was pleased; smiled, breathed in turn on my hand, and then hastily addressed the others, who, after watch-

ing me with approving curiosity, gathered around to shake hands and exchange breaths, until I might have regarded myself as the President, had not an uproar in the court attracted them all away,—all, save one, a young, cadaverous-looking fellow with strange, monkey-like little eyes, who lingered behind and ventured:

“How-li-loo?”

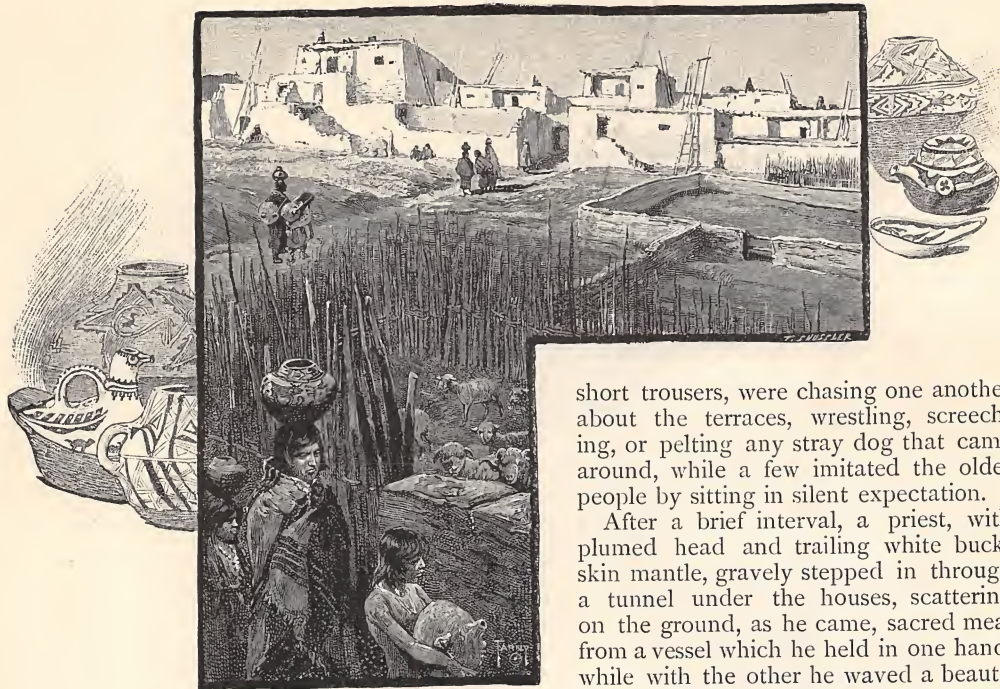
“Pretty well,” I replied. “How are you?”

“’At’s good,” said he, and this useful phrase he employed in every answer to my crowded queries, until I reluctantly concluded that it was the extent of his English. It was amusing to see his efforts, by constantly repeating



FIRST VIEW OF ZUÑI FROM MAL-PAIS MESA.





POOL OF ZUÑI AND WATER-CARRIERS.

this phrase, ducking his head and grinning, to convince the other Indians that he was carrying on a lively conversation with me.

At last, gaining my wished-for position on the edge of the terrace, I came face to face with nearly the whole population of Zuñi. The music had ceased, and the dancers had temporarily retired, but all over the upper terraces were young men in groups and pairs, jauntily mantled in red, green, blue, black, and figured blankets, only the upper portions of their painted faces and occasional patches of their silver-bedecked persons being exposed. Here and there an elaborately plumed straw hat surmounted one of these enveloped statues, aside from which not an article of civilized apparel appeared. Opposite, women and girls, attired in clean, blue-black, embroidered blanket dresses, neat, softly draped head-shawls, and huge-legged, white buckskin moccasins, were standing and sitting on the lower terraces, or in one side of the court below. The older ones were holding their children and talking to them; the younger, intently watching for the dance, or slyly glancing from under their banged hair, which, black as jet and glossy with oil, was combed down over the eyes and parted a little to one side. Old, gray-headed men, muffled in heavy, striped serapes, sat or squatted around, or leaned on their crooked sticks. Innumerable children, some naked, others half clad in tattered cotton shirts and

short trousers, were chasing one another about the terraces, wrestling, screeching, or pelting any stray dog that came around, while a few imitated the older people by sitting in silent expectation.

After a brief interval, a priest, with plumed head and trailing white buckskin mantle, gravely stepped in through a tunnel under the houses, scattering on the ground, as he came, sacred meal from a vessel which he held in one hand, while with the other he waved a beautiful wand of macaw plumes. He was followed by some twenty dancers elaborately costumed from head to foot. Close-fitting plumed wigs covered their heads, and black, long-bearded, yellow-eyed masks, with huge rows of teeth from ear to ear, red tongues lolling out between them, gave frightful grinning expressions to their faces. Their half-nude bodies were painted black and yellow, while badges of buckskin were crossed over their shoulders, and skirts of the same material, secured at the waists with elaborately embroidered and fringed sashes, depended to the ankles. Their feet were incased in green and red buskins, and to the legs were bound clanging rattles of tortoise-shell and deer-hoofs. Their necks were decorated with heavy necklaces of shell beads and coral, shining disks of *haliotis* hanging from them in front and behind; while the arms were bedecked with green bands, fluttering turkey plumes, silver bangles and wrist-guards of the same material. Each carried in his right hand a painted gourd rattle, in his left, bow, arrows and long wands of yucca.

As the leader sounded his rattle they all fell into a semicircular line across the plaza, and began stepping rapidly up and down, swaying from side to side, facing first one way, then the other, in perfect unison, and in exact time to their rattles and strange measures of wild music.

Sprawling about the ground in front of and behind the row of dancers, in attitudes



grotesque yet graceful, I observed for the first time ten most ludicrous characters, nude save for their skirts and neck-cloths of black tattered blanketing, their heads entirely covered with flexible, round, warty masks. Both masks and persons were smeared over with pink mud, giving them the appearance of reptiles in human form that had ascended from the bottom of some muddy pool and dried so nearly the color of the ground and the surrounding houses that at first it had been difficult to distinguish them.

One of them seated himself a little way off and began pounding with a short, knotty war-club a buffalo-skin bale, which he held between his knees, while the others, motionless save for their heads, which they were continually twisting and screwing about, or nodding in time to the drummer's strokes, kept up a series of comments and banterings which sometimes convulsed the whole throng of spectators with laughter.

In a few moments the leader shook his rattle again, and the dancers ceased as promptly as they had begun, breaking up irregularly and bellowing out long war-cries, brandishing their weapons, and retiring, as they had entered, one by one in the wake of the priest, through the tunnel. Suddenly the motionless, warty-headed figures sprang up, running against one another, crying out in loud tones, and motioning wildly with their long, naked arms. One moment they would all gather around one of their number, as if intensely interested in something he was saying, then as suddenly they would run confusedly about. They would catch up balls and pelt one another most vehemently, such as were struck making great ado about it. One of them discovered me. Immediately he stretched his fingers out and called excitedly to his companions, who pretended to hide behind him and the ladders, peering at me with one or the other of their black, wen-shaped eyes with the most frightened, and, at the same time, ridiculous looks and expression. Their antics were cut short by a renewal of the dance. While one commenced the drumming, another whirled a whizzing stick, and as soon as the others had arranged the costumes of some of the dancers, and had seen them fairly in line, they resumed their sprawling attitudes on the ground.\*

Meanwhile, our party had arrived, and the

escort had pitched camp in the corral of the mission and school down on the plain about a quarter of a mile north from the pueblo. In one corner, Mr. Hillers, our photographer, and I found a cozy little tent. I spread blankets over the ground, hung pictures and toilet-case on the wind-swayed walls, and thus, with a trunk in either corner, a cot along either side, we made a snug little home for ourselves.

We had not been there long when, to Hillers' disgust and my delight, two or three Indians approached, peered through the fly, and then came in, and squatted on their haunches near the entrance. They took the cigarettes I offered them, and made the interior blue with smoke within a few minutes. They were jolly, talkative fellows, and taught me all sorts of words in their strange, clicky language. Whenever they talked for any length of time, it seemed as if each sentence, long or short, was said in a single breath. At the end of each the speaker would pause, draw a long whiff of smoke from his cigarette, gulp it all into his lungs and begin again, the smoke and words issuing simultaneously from his throat.

Toward sunset, the Gobernador, or head chief, Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, with some of his *timi-*



\* These were the *K'ó-ye-mo-shi*, or "Guardians of the 'Sacred Dance,'" whose business is to entertain the spectators during the intervals of the dance, by rude buffoonery and jokes, in which comic speeches and puns play an important part. The office is sacred, and elective annually from among the priesthood of the nation.





A MIDSUMMER TERRACE.

*cutes*, or sub-chiefs, and the herald of the town, came down to our camp. He was about forty-five years of age, of medium stature, and stooped slightly when walking. He was a grave man of but few words, yet with a kindly expression in his face, which was so finely molded, that in profile it ap-

peared like an Egyptian cameo, the resemblance being heightened by the deep lines of character about his eyes, hollow cheeks, and large, fine mouth, as well as by his rather broad ears shaded with locks of soft jet-black hair. After partaking sparingly of the food we offered him, he thanked us simply and in-



RETURNING FROM THE FIELD.



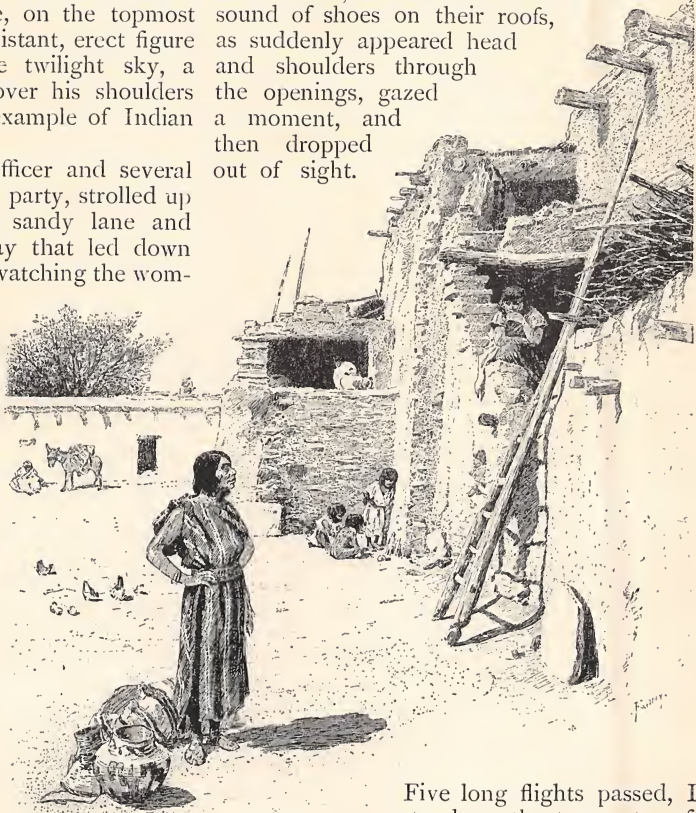
quired if we wished anything. Learning our desiderata, he gave a few quiet directions to the herald and *tinientes*, and then departed, not, however, before inviting us to come up on the morrow, to eat peaches and melons with him. Soon after a long musical call proclaimed the governor's orders. From my tent door I could see, on the topmost house of the pueblo, the distant, erect figure of the herald against the twilight sky, a serape thrown gracefully over his shoulders like a Roman toga,—an example of Indian obedience.

Some of us, a young officer and several ladies who had joined our party, strolled up to the pueblo, through a sandy lane and along the winding pathway that led down the hill to a well. As I sat watching the women coming and going to and from the well,

"How strangely parallel," I thought, "have been the lines of development in this curious civilization of an American desert, with those of Eastern nations and deserts." Clad in blanket dresses, mantles thrown gracefully over their heads, each with a curiously decorated jar in her hand, they came one after another down the crooked path. A little passageway through the gardens, between two adobe walls to our right, led down rude steps into the well, which, dug deeply in the sands, had been walled up with rocks, like the Pools of Palestine, and roofed over with reeds and dirt. Into this passageway and down to the dark, covered spring they turned, or lingered outside to gossip with new comers while awaiting their chances, meanwhile slyly watching, from under their black hair, the strange visitors from "Wa-sin-to-na." These water-carriers were a picturesque sight, as, with stately step and fine carriage they followed one another up into the evening light, balancing their great shining water-jars on their heads.

We attempted to penetrate a narrow street or two, to enter one of the strange, terrace-bounded courts, but the myriad dogs, with barks and howls in concert, created such a yelping pandemonium that the ladies were frightened, and we returned to camp.

The next morning I climbed to the top of the pueblo. As I passed terrace after terrace the little children scampered for sundry sky-holes, through which long ladder-arms protruded, and disappeared down the black apertures like frightened prairie dogs; while the women, unaccustomed to the sound of shoes on their roofs, as suddenly appeared head and shoulders through the openings, gazed a moment, and then dropped out of sight.



STREET SCENE.

Five long flights passed, I stood on the topmost roof.

Spread out below us were the blocks of smoothly plastered, flat-roofed, adobe cells, red and yellow as the miles of plain from which they rose, pierced by many a black sky-hole, and ladder-poles and smoke-bannered chimneys were everywhere to be seen. In abrupt steps they descended toward the west, north, and central plaza, while eastward they were spread out in broad flats, broken here and there by deep courts. The whole mass was threaded through and through by narrow, often crooked, passage ways or streets, more of them lengthwise than crosswise, and some, like tunnels, leading under the houses from court to court or street to street.

The view extended grandly from the out-lying, flat lower terraces, miles away to the encircling mesa boundaries north, east, and south, while westward a long, slanting



notch in the low hills was invaded to the horizon by the sand-plain through which, like molten silver, the little river ran.

Every school-boy sketches a map of the Zuñi basin when he attempts with uncertain stroke to draw on his slate a cart-wheel. The city itself represents the jagged hub, whence the radiating, wavering trails form the spokes, and the surrounding mesas and hills, the rim. Let some crack across the slate and through the middle of the picture indicate the river, and your map is complete.

In and out, on the diverging trails, the Indians were passing to and from their distant fields, some on foot, some on burro-back, with others of the little beasts loaded from tail to ears with wood, blankets full of melons, pumpkins and corn, or great panniers of peaches. A series of them away out on the bare plain, mere moving specks in the distance, appeared like a caravan crossing a desert waste. Occasionally a half-nude rider, mounted on a swift-footed pony would come dashing in from the hills. Far away he seemed a black object with a long trail of golden dust behind, but his nearer approach revealed remarkable grace of motion and confusion of streaming hair and mane. There was an occasional heavily laden ox-cart, with urchins sprawling over the top, a driver on either side, and leading up the rear a mounted donkey or two; while away to one side, more picturesque than all this, a band of dust-shrouded sheep straggled over the slopes toward their mesa pastures, followed by their solitary herder and his dog.

Strangely out of keeping with the known characteristics of the Indian race were the busy scenes about the smoky pueblo. All over the terraces were women, some busy in the alleys or at the corners below, husking great heaps of many-colored corn, buried to their bushy, black bare heads in the golden husks, while children romped in, out, over and under the flaky piles; others, bringing the grain up the ladders in blankets strapped over their foreheads, spread it out on the terraced roofs to dry. Many, in little groups, were cutting up peaches and placing them on squares of white cloth, or slicing pumpkins into long spiral ropes to be suspended to dry from the protruding rafters.

One of these busy workers stopped, deposited her burden, and hailed a neighboring house-top. Almost immediately an answering echo issued from the red stony walls, and forthwith a pair of bare shoulders seemed to shove a tangled head and expectant countenance up through an unsuspected sky-hole into the sunshine. In one place, with feet

over-hanging the roof, a woman was gracefully decorating some newly made jars, and heaps of the rude but exquisite bric-à-brac scattered around her,—while, over in a convenient shadow, sat an old blind man, busy spinning on his knee with a quaint bobbin-shaped spindle-whorl.

Out near the corrals old women were building round-topped heaps of dried sheep dung, and depositing therein with nice care their freshly painted pots and bowls for burning. Others, blankets in hand, were screening their already blazing kilns from the wind, or poking the fires until eddying columns of black pungent smoke half hid them from my view, and made them seem like the "witches and cauldrons" of child-lore.

Children were everywhere, chasing one another over the terraces, up and down ladders, through alleys, and out again into the sunlight. Some, with bows and arrows, sticks and stones, were persecuting in mock chase dogs and hogs alike, as attested by their wild shrieks of delight, or the respondent ceaseless yelps arising seemingly from all quarters of the town at once.

Along the muddy river below the long southern side of the pueblo, more of these youngsters were ducking one another, or playing at various games on the smooth, sandy banks. Women, too, were there engaged in washing wool or blankets on flat stones, or in cleansing great baskets of corn. I was attracted thither and observed that these primitive laundresses had to raise the water with little dams of sand. I smiled as the thought occurred that the first expedition of Americans to Zuñi had been sent here by Government to explore this self-same river, "relative to its navigability."

At the south-western corner of the town, on the river bank, stood the house of the governor. The herald had called a council, and beckoned me to enter. In one of the large rooms the tribal dignitaries were assembling. Some came wrapped closely in their blankets, bearing old canes in their arms,—relics of a forgotten Spanish rule. In a stately, grave manner they approached each of us, shook hands, and took their seats along the northern side of the room. Others, evidently unofficial persons, sauntered inside the door and dropped on their haunches as near to it as possible. Immediately on sitting down, each took out a small piece of plug tobacco, picked it to powder, then, cutting a suitable length of corn-husk with his thumb-nail, rolled a cigarette, and began a protracted smoke. The older ones usually blew the smoke in different directions, closing their eyes, drooping their heads, and



muttering a few words which I regarded as invocations.

We told them, as well as we could through our Mexican interpreter, that we were from Washington, whereupon several arose, advanced, and taking our hands breathed from them as though desirous of drinking in the influence of the revered name; \* that their father was anxious to see how they lived, and to get some of their beautiful articles to show his white children, therefore he had sent us there with many fine things to trade. To everything they replied, "*We-no*" (*Bueno*). So, securing the large room of the governor's house for Hillers' use, Colonel Stevenson closed the council by giving the multitude a liberal feast of coffee and sugar.

Not many days after the Indians began to bring all sorts of their odd belongings down to the mission. Through the courtesy of Dr. Ealy, the missionary, Colonel Stevenson occupied two of the rear rooms as a trading establishment, and day after day, assisted by his enthusiastic wife, gathered in treasures, ancient and modern, of Indian art and industry. Meanwhile, Hillers and I were busy about the pueblo, the former with photographing, myself with measuring, sketching, and note-taking.

Within a week the Indians could be heard every night singing, and pounding a great drum, in preparation for a dance. It was of a semi-social character, and when, on the morning of the great day, before the assembled multitude, I began sketching in colors the gayly costumed figures below, only lively curiosity was excited and young people gathered so closely around me that it was almost impossible to work. For a long time afterward, as I climbed to the house-tops or sat down in shady old nooks to take notes, the women would gather near, and ask me, with incessant jabber and significant looks, to show them the colored drawings. They were wonder-struck, and would pass their fingers over the figures as though they expected to feel them. Failing in this, they would look at the backs of the leaves, as children look behind mirrors to see what had become of the images.

With a dance that occurred soon after, I was not so successful. It was the sacred water-dance. The long, embroidered cotton garments and strange masks of this wonderful ceremonial would have claimed space in my sketch-books, even had I not been intent on representing everything I saw. When I took my station on a house-top, sketch-books and

colors in hand, I was surprised to see frowns and hear explosive, angry expostulations in every direction. As the day wore on this indignation increased, until at last an old, bushy-headed hag approached me, and scowling into my face made a grab at my book and pantomimically tore it to pieces. I was chagrined, but paid no attention to her, forced a good-natured smile, and continued my sketching. Discouraged, yet far from satisfied, the natives made no further demonstrations.

Among my drawings was the portrait of a pretty little girl. An old white-headed grandmother, looking the sketches over one day, recognized this. She shook her head, frowned, and, covering her face with her withered hands, began to cry and howl most dolefully, leaving me abruptly and disappearing into a room adjoining the governor's. At intervals during the remainder of the day, I could hear her talking, scolding, and sobbing over what she regarded as a great misfortune to her family.

I was exercised by this state of feeling, which became, as time went on—especially with those conservators of the ancient régime the world over, old women—more and more virulent. The sketching and note-taking were essential to my work. I was determined not to give them up, but was desirous, so far as possible, of conciliating the Indians. I therefore began with the children. They would scamper up ladders and stand on the roof tops as I passed, but for all that had a lively curiosity concerning me, and would shout to one another, "*Is-tu-shí, Me-lik-í-a!*"—which I rightly divined was, "Just look, the little American is coming!" I began carrying sugar and pretty trinkets in my pockets, and whenever I could tempt some of them near with a lump of the rare delicacy, would pat them on the head and give them the pretty trinkets, or even take the less shy and dirty of them in my arms. I grew in their favor, and within a few days had a crowd of them always at my heels. The parents were delighted, and began to share the affection of their children. Nevertheless, the next time I sketched a dance, all this went for nothing.

Much discouraged, at last I determined to try living with the Indians. Accordingly I moved books, papers, and blankets to the governor's house. On the dirt floor in one corner I spread the blankets, and to the rafters slung a hammock. When the old chief came in that evening and saw that I had made myself at home, he shrugged his shoulders.

"How long will it be before you go back to Washington?" he attempted to ask.

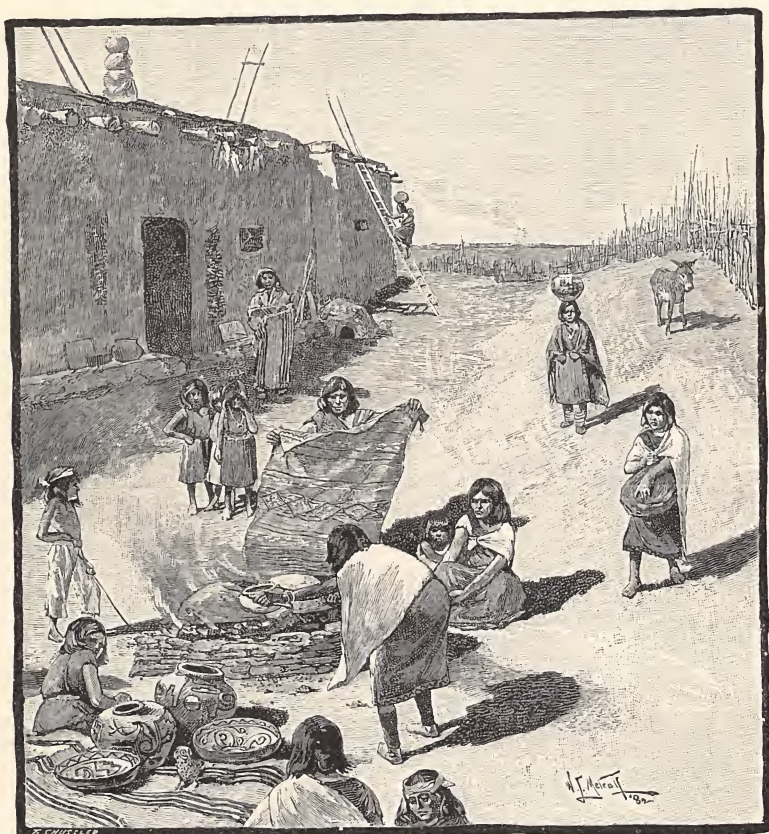
\* "Washington" is a term used by nearly all the south-western Indians, not as the name of a place or person, but as that of a government.



"Two months," I signified.

"*Tuh!*" (damn) was his only exclamation as he climbed to the roof and disappeared through the sky-hole.

consisted of a thin adobe wall, about five feet high by as many wide, which stood at right angles with the main wall of the house, and was capped by a structure overhead of thin



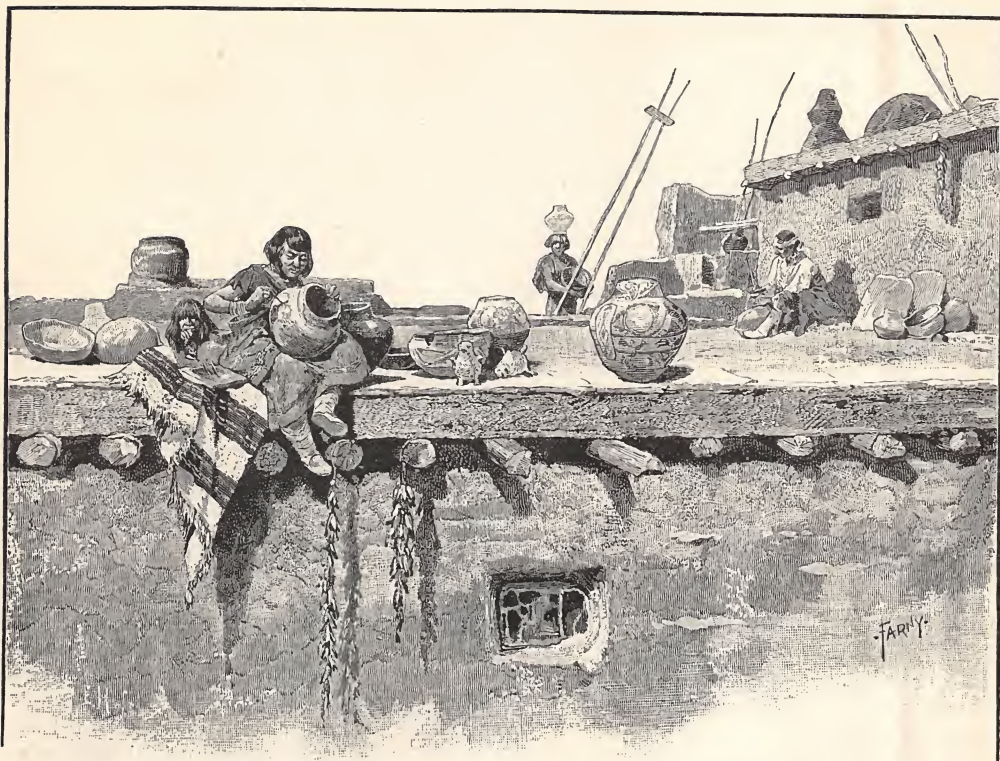
POTTERY FIRING.

The room was forty feet in length by twelve in width. The white-washed walls and smooth, well swept floor of plastered mud, paved near the center and at the entrance with slabs of sandstone, gave it a neat appearance. Huge round rafters supported the high, pine-stave ceiling, pierced near one end with a square hole for entrance and exit, and along the center with lesser apertures for the admission of light. Two or three silenite glazed port-holes in the walls served as additional windows, and as many square openings led into other rooms. A carved pine slab, hung on heavy wooden hinges and secured by a knotted string, served as the door of one, while a suspended blanket closed another. A low adobe bench around the room appeared to be the family sitting-place. It was interrupted near one end by the mealing trough and fire-place. The latter

sandstone slabs, not unlike the cover of a box, from the corner of which next to the wall rose a flue of long flag-stones to the ceiling. On one side, at its base, a commodious square space was inclosed by narrow stones set edgewise in the ground.

Between the fire-place and the end of the room, eight or ten *metlalls* were slantingly set side by side in a trough of stone,—the mills, coarse and fine, of the household. Along the opposite side of the room was suspended from the rafters a smooth pole, upon which hung blankets, articles of clothing, and various other family belongings. More of the like, including quivers and bows, war-clubs, and boomerangs or "rabbit-sticks," disks of *haliotis* shell, and other ornaments, depended from pegs, and deer or antelope-horns on the walls. Some large, finely decorated water-jars, and a black earthen cooking-pot by the





DECORATING POTTERY.

fire-place, two or three four-pronged stools of wood, sundry blanket rugs and robes, made up the furniture of the apartment. Furnishings and all, it differed not from hundreds of its kind throughout the pueblo, save that conspicuous in one corner was the governor's staff of office,—a silver-knobbed ebony cane, suspended by a faded red ribbon, a present to the tribe, as I afterward learned, from President Lincoln. I did not observe, until I had thrown myself into the hammock, that between the rafters and staves over the center of the room were some beautifully painted and plumed sticks, the guardian gods and goddesses of the household.

As night approached I tried to build a fire and cook supper, but I made but sorry work of it. Unsavory fumes rose from my badly burned bacon, and presently the governor's face appeared at one of the openings in the roof. He regarded operations silently a minute, and then vanished. Soon he followed his feet down the ladder, approached the fire-place, and without a word shoved me aside. Taking my skillet he marched down to the river. When he returned, every trace of the odious bacon had been removed, and replaced by a liberal quantity of mutton and abundant suet. Poking up the fire, the old

fellow dexterously cooked the contents brown. Then, placing skillet and all in the center of the floor, he hastened away, soon to return with a tray of curious paper bread in one hand, while in the other, to my surprise, he held a steaming pot of thoroughly boiled coffee.

"Hamon no bueno," he remarked. "Este k'ók-shi, í-tâ," he added; from which amalgamation of Spanish and Zuni, augmented by suggestive gesticulation, I inferred that he regarded bacon as vile, but Zuni food prepared in Zuni fashion as worthy of emphatic recommendation. He did all this after the manner of a man who was performing an unpleasant duty, and when by gesture and incoherent Spanish phrases I expressed my gratitude most extravagantly he merely nodded his head, climbed the ladder, and remarked in Spanish, "Poor fellow," as he disappeared through the sky-hole as before. He probably commiserated me, for I was awakened next morning at the peep of day by the sound of breaking sticks, and turning over in my hammock saw the old fellow busily engaged in preparing a breakfast for me. Nor did he, throughout my long stay among the Zuñis, ever willingly permit me to prepare another meal.



I soon became better acquainted with the domestic life of the Zuñis, and learned where the governor went when he vanished through the sky-hole. His wife's family lived in the second story. There a room much wider than the one below, though not quite so long, accommodated all of them. A large beam through the center gave additional support to the rafters. Against it I struck my head the first time I entered, and, for that matter, nearly every time. I verily believe the Indians, though amused by this, sympathized with me so much that they were kinder than they otherwise would have been. Especially was this the case with the old chief's younger brother,—a constant visitor, himself taller than most of them,—who frequently experienced my difficulty, swearing the explosive oaths of his mother tongue with rare and increasing vehemence with every added experience. Indeed, a bond of sympathy thus arose between us. He soon realized that "Oh!" in American meant "Ai-ii," in Zuñi, and that "Damn" represented "Tuh!" He became morally—or immorally—even more certain, for he occasionally alternated the two expressions, or combined them with more presence of mind than I could have commanded under like circumstances.

The family consisted of the governor's ugly wife, a short-statured, large-mouthed, slant-eyed, bushy-haired hypochondriac, yet the soul of obedience to her husband, and ultimately of kindness to me, for she conceived a violent fancy for me, because I petted her noisy, dirty, and adored little niece. Not so was her old aunt, a fine-looking, straight little old woman of sixty winters, which had bleached her abundant hair as white as snow. She would stand half an hour at a time before me in the middle of the floor, holding the little girl in a blanket on her back, and varying her snatches of lullaby with sighs, meanwhile regarding me with large eyes and half-moon shaped mouth, as though I were a wizard, or a persistent nightmare. The governor did not love her. He called her "Old Ten," which, as he explained after I began to pick up Zuñi and his regards, referred to the number of men she had jilted, and which appellation, when judiciously employed, usually brought hot tears from the old lady's eyes, or unloosed a tongue that the governor avowed "knew how to talk smarting words."

Then there was the governor's brother-in-law, a short, rather thick and greasy man, excessively conceited, ignorant, narrow, and moreover, so ceaselessly talkative, that he merited the name the inventive and sarcastic chief had given him, "Who-talks-himself-

dry." I have known him, while dressing in the morning (usually a short process with the Zuñi), to forget, in the ardor of some new scandal, the most important articles of apparel, and issue forth from his couch of skins and robes, very like a half-picked chicken, still talking, and blissfully unaware of his dutifully uncriticised condition.

If the governor loved not "Old Ten," he despised her favorite nephew. This fellow's wife, however, was good-looking, dignified, quiet, modest, and altogether one of the most even-tempered women, red or white, it has been my lot to know. She was always busy with her children, or with the meal-grinding and cookery, occasionally varying these duties with belt-making or weaving. The little niece and her older brother were the only children. The former was a little child, rather too small for her age, bright-eyed, slant-headed like her father, and at once pursy and dirty with abundant food. Though she could not speak plainly, she even thus early gave promise of her father's character, in her ability to make much noise. She was the small "head of the household." All matters, however important, had to be calculated with reference to her. If she slept, the household duties had to be performed on tiptoe, or suspended. If she woke and howled, the mother or aunt would have to hold her, while "Old Ten" procured something bright-colored and waved it frantically before her. If she spoke, the whole family must be silent as the tomb, or else bear the indignation of three women and one man. The governor despised the father too much to join in this family worship. Indeed, while the rest delighted in speaking of this short specimen of humanity by the womanly name of "*Iu-i-si-a-wih-si-wih-ti-tsa*," the governor called her a "bag of hard howls," and said that she had the habit of storing up breath like a horned toad, which accounted for her extraordinary circumference, and her ability to make a noise in the world.

Little *Iú-ní*, her brother, was as handsome and as nearly like his mother as boy could be, save that he was rather inconsiderate to dumb things, and to his little sister's hideous dolls.

The aged grandfather of this group was usually absent after wood, or else puttering near the fire-place, or on the sunny terrace, with bits of raw hide, strands of buckskin, or head-scratching. He was lean as Disease, and black as his daughter—which expressed a good deal to her husband, the governor,—with toothless under-jaw and weeping eyes. The Navajos had treated him roughly in his youth, which he showed by the odd mixture of limp, shuffle, and jump in his gait. The





COOKING BREAKFAST.

asthma had tried for years to kill him; but he only coughed and wheezed harder and harder, as winter succeeded winter. So explained his son-in-law, the governor, who, if he ever mentioned him at all, called him "the Ancient Hummer" (*U-mumu-thli-shi-kia*)—or, to translate into news-boy slang, "Old Buster."

There were two unmarried members of the house; a nephew and an adopted girl. The nephew was an over-grown, heavy-faced, thick-lipped, yellow-haired, blue-eyed blonde,—a specimen of the tribal albinism, a dandy, and the darling of the white-haired "Old Ten." One day, after I had presented the latter with a pane of ruined negative glass, she ventured to compare her favorite with me. My flattering acknowledgments of this compliment made decided winnings of the old woman's hitherto restrained affections. The governor spared this youth no more than the others. With characteristic irony, he called him "The Family Milkman," or "The Night Bird," the latter term referring to his eyes, "which," the governor usually added, "wiggled like those of an owl in strong sunlight." The maiden was jolly, pretty, and coquettish—the belle of "Riverside street." Her lovers were many, but soon, of the long row who waited under the moonlit eaves, only one was admitted—the governor's younger brother, my sympathetic friend. There was but one room in the house in which the two could hope to be left

to themselves—mine. Here they came night after night. They paid no attention to the lonely *Mé-lik* in his hammock, but sat opposite in the darkness on the low adobe bench, hour after hour, stroking each other's hands, giggling and cooing in low tones just like so many of my own people of the same age, only in a different language. An occasional smack, followed by feminine indignation, taught me the meaning of "Stop that!" in Zuni, and the peculiarities of the Pueblo kiss. If the blissful pair remained too late, the slab door would rumble on its wooden hinges, and the governor, preceded by a lighted torch of cedar splints, would stalk in, and, as near as I could make out, rate the young man soundly for his want of respect to the *Wash-intona Me-li-kana*, whereupon the pair would vanish, the maiden giggling and the young man cursing.

I made fair progress in the good graces of this odd group, but still by them, as by the rest of the tribe, I was regarded as a sort of black sheep on account of my sketching and note-taking, and suspicions seemed to increase in proportion to the evident liking they began to have for me. Day after day, night after night, they followed me about the pueblo, or gathered in my room. I soon realized that they were systematically watching me. They were however, pleasant about it, and constantly taught me Mexican and Indian words, so that I soon became able to carry on a con-



versation with them. My apparent estrangement from the other members of our party aroused in some of them sympathy, in others only additional suspicions. It thus happened that the Indians began to watch me still more strictly, not only by day, but throughout whole nights. No matter how late I lay in the corner of my room, writing, the governor always sat beside me. Not until the last word had been written and I was stretched out in my hammock would he leave. Nor was I even then by myself, for either the governor, or, when he was absent, some one of his relatives or sub-chiefs, slept across the doorway of the room.

Realizing that until I could overcome the suspicion and secure the full confidence of the Indians, it would be impossible to gain any knowledge of importance regarding their inner life, I determined to remain among them until the return of our party from Moqui, whither it was soon to go. It was, therefore with feelings akin to those of a doomed exile that I watched the busy preparations one evening for the departure. This feeling was heightened by the fact that I was by no means intimate with the missionary, and Mr. Graham, the trader, was then temporarily absent from the pueblo. Moreover, I received from most of my party little sympathy in my self-imposed undertaking.

Next morning, when at sunrise I started toward the mission to bid them good-bye, a glance at the distant corral showed that they had all gone; and as I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of them, the last white-topped wagon of the train disappeared over the far-off lava hills whence I had first caught sight of the Valley of Zuñi.

It had been arranged that my provisions should be left with the missionary. When I applied to him that dreary morning for my coffee, sugar, flour, and other necessities, he simply replied that he had nothing for me; that the things the Colonel had left were designed for himself. It was with the most gloomy forebodings that I turned toward the pueblo. As I passed along the western end of the town the Indians watched me and commented on my sadness, but several of them assured me that "Zuñi was a good place to live in. So long as one had plenty to eat, why should he feel sad?" I entered my lonely room, and sat down in the hammock, burying my face in my hands. I heard no moccasin footstep, but when I roused up again the old governor was standing before me.

"Why is our little brother sad?" he asked.

"Alas!" I replied, "my friends are all gone, and they have left me nothing."

He looked at me a moment and said, "Little brother, you may be a Washington man, but it seems you are very poor. Now, if you do as we tell you, and will only make up your mind to be a Zuñi, you shall be rich, for you shall have fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and the best food in the world. But if you do not do as we tell you, you will be very, very, very poor, indeed."

"Why should I not be a Zuñi?" I replied in despair; and the old man quickly answered, "Why not?"

Leaving me for a few minutes, he soon returned with a steaming bowl of boiled mutton, followed by his kindly old wife, bearing a tray of corn-cakes mixed with *chili* and sliced beef, which, wrapped in husks, had been boiled like meat dumplings.

"There, try that," said the old man, as he placed the bowl in the center of the floor. "Fill your stomach, and your face will brighten."

And the old woman stood admiringly by as I heartily ate my first genuine Zuñi meal.

Although kinder than ever, the governor continued just as faithfully his nightly vigils. One night, after sitting close beside me examining every word I wrote, he threw away his cigarette, and informed me that "it was not well for me to make any more marks on the paper—it was of no use." As I calmly persisted, the next night a grave council was held. It was in the same room, and as I lay in my hammock listening to the proceedings, the discussion grew louder and more and more excited, the subjects evidently being my papers and myself.

When at a late hour the council broke up, the governor approached me, candle in hand, and intently regarded my face for several minutes. He then said:

"The *Ked-k'ok-shi* (Sacred Dance) is coming to-morrow. What think you?"

"I think it will rain."

"And I think," said he, as he set his mouth and glared at me with his black eyes, "that you will not see the *Ked-k'ok-shi* when it comes to-morrow."

"I think I *shall*," was my reply.

Next morning before I was awake, the herald and two or three *tinieutes* had come in, and, as I arose, were sitting along the side of the house. The old head chief had just prepared my morning meal, and gone out after something. I greeted all pleasantly and sat down to eat. Before I had half finished I heard the rattle and drum of the coming dance. I hastily jumped up, took my leather book-pouch from the antlers, and strapping it





THE DANCE OF THE GREAT KNIFE.

across my shoulder, started for the door. Two of the chiefs rushed ahead of me, caught me by the arms, and quietly remarked that it would be well for me to finish my breakfast. I asked them if the dance was coming. They said they didn't know. I replied that I did, and that I was going out to see it.

"Leave your books and pencils behind, then," said they.

"No, I must carry them wherever I go."

"If you put the shadows of the great dance down on the leaves of your books to-day, we shall cut them to pieces," they threatened.

Suddenly wrenching away from them, I pulled a knife out from the bottom of my pouch, and, bracing up against the wall, brandished it, and said that whatever hand grabbed my arm again would be cut off, that

whoever cut my books to pieces would only cut himself to pieces with my knife. It was a doubtful game of bluff, but the chiefs fell back a little, and I darted through the door. Although they followed me throughout the whole day, they did not again offer to molest me, but the people gathered so closely around me that I could scarcely find opportunity for sketching.

As the month of November approached, the cold rains began to fall. Frost destroyed the corn-plants and vines. Ice formed over the river by night to linger a little while in the morning, then be chased away by the midday sun. Not in the least did these fore-runners of a severe winter cause the dance ceremonials to abate. The Indians were, to some extent, reassured, when, on the occasion



of the next dance, which happened to be a repetition of the first, I did little or no sketching. At another dance, however, I resumed the hated practice, which made matters worse than before. A second council was called. Of this, however, I knew nothing, until afterward told by the old chief. It seems that it was a secret. It discussed various plans for either disposing of me, or compelling me to desist. Among others was the proposal that I be thrown off the great mesa, as were the two "children of the angry waters,"\* but it was urged that should this be done, "*Wa-sin-to-na*" might visit my death on the whole nation. In order to avoid this difficulty, others suggested that I be *há-thli-kwísh-k'ia* (condemned of sorcery) and executed. They claimed that sorcery was such a heinous crime that my execution would be pardoned, if represented to the Americans as the consequence of it. But some of the councilors reminded the others that the Americans had no sorcerers among them, and were ignorant of witchcraft.

At last a plan was hit upon which the simple natives thought would free them from all their perplexities. Surely, no objection could be offered to the "death of a Navajo."† Forthwith the Knife Dance was ordered, as it was thought possible that the appearance of this dance would be sufficient to intimidate me, without recourse to additional violence.

One morning thereafter, the old chief appeared graver and more affectionate toward me than usual. He told me the "*Ho-mah-tchi*" was coming,—a very *sa-mu* (ill-natured) dance," and suggested that "it would be well for me not to sketch it." Unaware either of the council or of the functions of the angry dance, I persisted. The old man, a little vexed, exclaimed, "Oh, well, of course, a fool always makes a fool of himself." But he said no more, and I assigned, as the cause of his remarks, superstitious reasons, rather than any solicitude for my safety.

When the great dance appeared, the governor seemed desirous of keeping me at home. During most of the morning I humored him in this. At last, however, fearing I would miss some important ceremonial, I stole out across the house-tops and took a position on one of the terraces of the dance court.

The dancers filed in through the covered

way, preceded by a priest, and arranged themselves in a line across the court. Their costumes were not unlike those of the first dance I had witnessed, save that the masks were flatter and smeared with blood, and the beards and hair were long and streaming. In their right hands the performers carried huge, leaf-shaped, blood-stained knives of stone, which, during the movements of the dance, they brandished wildly in the air, in time and accompaniment to their wild song and regular steps, often pointing them toward me.

As the day advanced, spectators began to throng the terraces and court, few, however, approaching to where I was sitting; and the masked clowns made their appearance.

I had been busy with memoranda and had succeeded in sketching three or four of the costumes, when there dashed into the court two remarkable characters. Their bodies, nude save for short breech-clouts, were painted with ashes. Skull-caps, tufted with split corn-husks, and heavy streaks of black under their eyes and over their mouths, gave them a most ghastly and ferocious appearance. Each wore around his neck a short, twisted rope of black fiber, and each was armed with a war-club or ladder-round.

A brief intermission in the dance was the signal for a loud and excited harangue on the part of the two, which, at first greeted with laughter, was soon received with absolute silence, even by the children. Soon they began to point wildly at me with their clubs. Unable as I was to understand all they had been saying, I at first regarded it all as a joke, like those of the *Keó-yi-moshi*, until one shouted out to the other, "Kill him! kill him!" and the women and children excitedly rising rushed for the doorways or gathered closer to one another. Instantly, the larger one approached the ladder near the top of which I sat, brandishing his war-club at me. Savagely striking the rounds and poles, he began to ascend. A few Indians had collected behind me, and a host of them stood all around in front. Therefore, I realized that in case of violence, escape would be impossible.

I forced a laugh, quickly drew my hunting-knife from the bottom of the pouch, waved it two or three times in the air so that it flashed in the sunlight, and laid it conspicuously in front of me. Still smiling, I carefully placed my book—open—by the side of the pouch and laid a stone on it to show that I intended to resume the sketching. Then I half rose, clinging to the ladder-pole with one hand, and holding the other in readiness to clutch the knife. The one below suddenly grabbed the skirt of the other and shouted,

\* A beautiful bit of folk-lore concerning *Tá-ai-yá-lon-ne*, or Thunder Mountain, and the deluge of the land of Zuñi.

† Figurative expression for any sacrifice of life, either animal or human, at the *Ho-mah-tchi*, or Great Knife Dance and ceremonial,—the ancient war *Ká-ka* of the Zuñis.



"Hold on, he is a *ki-he*! a *ki-he*!\* We have been mistaken. This is 'no Navajo.'" Jumping down to the ground, the one thus addressed glanced up at me for an instant, waved his war-club in the air, breathed from it, and echoed the words of his companion, while the spectators wildly shouted applause. The two held a hurried conference. They swore they must "kill a Navajo," and dashed through the crowd and passage-way out of the court.

The *Ké-yi-mo-shi*, freed from their restraint, rushed about with incessant jabber, and turned their warty eyes constantly in my direction. As I replaced my knife and resumed the sketching, the eyes of nearly the whole assemblage were turned toward me, and the applause, mingled with loud remarks, was redoubled. Some of the old men even came up and patted me on the head, or breathed on my hands and from their own.

Presently a prolonged howl outside the court attracted the attention of all, and the frantic pair rushed in through the covered way, dragging by the tail and hind legs a big, yelping, snapping, shaggy yellow dog. "We have found a Navajo," exclaimed one, as they threw the dog violently against the ground. While he was cringing before them, they began an erratic dance, wildly gesticulating and brandishing their clubs,

\* *Ki-he* is an archaic term for "friend." It is now used to signify a spiritual friend, or one who is endowed with sacred powers for the good of mankind, — a spiritual friend to the *Kâ-kâ*.

and interjecting their snatches of song with short speeches. Suddenly, one of them struck the brute across the muzzle with his war-club, and a well-directed blow from the other broke its back. While it was yet gasping and struggling, the smaller one of the two rushed about frantically, yelling, "A knife, a knife." One was thrown down to him. Snatching it up, he grabbed the animal and made a gash in its viscera. The scene which followed was too disgusting for description. It finds parallel only in some of the war ceremonials of the Aztecs, or in the animal sacrifices of the savages of the far North-west. Let it suffice that what remained of the dog at sunset, when the dance ended, was reluctantly given over to its former owner by the hideous pair.†

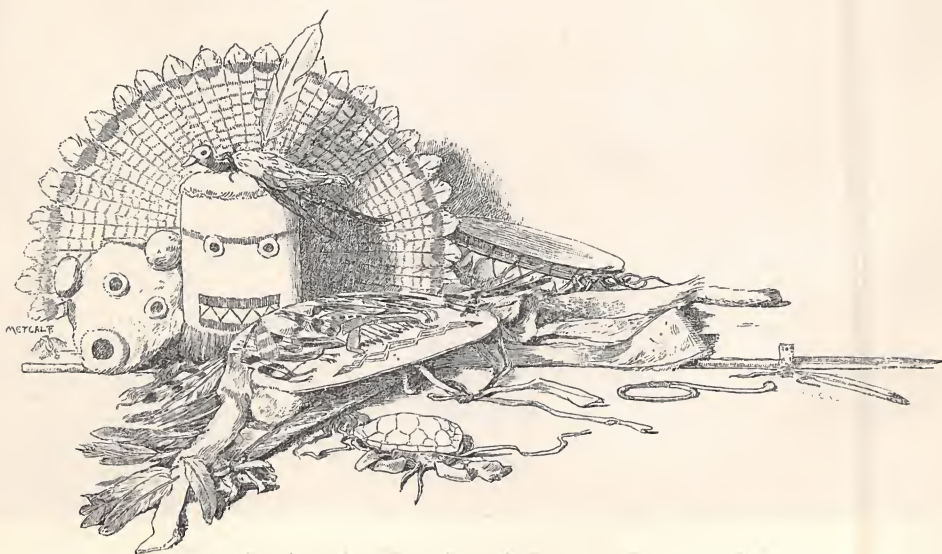
Whether the Indians had really designed to murder me, or merely to intimidate me, my coolness, as well as my waving of the knife toward the sun, both largely accidental, had made a great impression on them. For never afterward was I molested to any serious extent in attempting to make notes and sketches.

That night, the old chief was profuse in his congratulations and words of praise. I had completed in him, that day, the winning of the truest of friends; and by so doing had decided the fate of my mission among the Zuñi Indians.

† I have since learned that the two, whom I now know very well, belonged to a secret order, members of which are obliged on such occasions to go through this horrible ceremonial.

Frank H. Cushing.

(To be continued.)



DANCE PARAPHERNALIA.





"THERE WERE SOUNDS WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN MILES AWAY." [PAGE 218.]



## THE LED-HORSE CLAIM.

A ROMANCE OF THE SILVER MINES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "Friend Barton's Concern," "A Story of the Dry Season," etc.

V.

### A PHILOSOPHER OF THE CAMP.

As Hilgard stepped into the street, his brown mare, Peggy, swung around from the hitching-post, and whinnied to him impatiently. He patted her neck and rubbed her soft nose, to console her for her disappointment, and then, crossing the street, ran up a dark flight of stairs to Godfrey's lodging.

He found the Doctor asleep in his arm-chair before an air-tight stove that showed a red glow at its draught. The ashes of his cold pipe were scattered over the ample bosom of his dressing-gown, and a book had slipped to the floor beside him.

"Eh! what?" he exclaimed, querulously, arousing himself and feeling for a black silk cap that had dropped from the bald spot on the top of his reclining head. "Is that you, George? How did you get in?"

"I saw a light under your door and heard you snoring, so I came in; the door was unlocked."

"I snoring! Nonsense! I never uncloze my lips when I sleep! What you heard was the roaring of the draught. Open that door, it's very warm in here!"

Godfrey leaned forward and closed the draught, then stretched himself back in his chair again, with a more benignant expression.

"Come, sit down, boy. Aren't your long legs tired enough yet, but you must go prowling about the room like that? You'll give me a crick in my neck, trying to see you over my shoulder."

Hilgard sat down on a low chair which brought his chin very close to his knees; he rested his crossed arms on them and his chin on his arms, fixing his black-brown eyes on a crack in the stove through which he could watch the subsiding gleam of the fire.

"I hope you will sleep as well after your dance as I did after my supper," Godfrey remarked. His tone carried with it a certain perception of some mood in his young companion which might call for less careless handling than characterized their usual intercourse. "It strikes me it's time you were in

search of a bed somewhere. Did you come here to share mine?"

"No, Doctor—the fact is, you did me a tremendous favor to-night."

"I rather suspected as much," the Doctor assented, with a melancholy smile. He did not look at Hilgard, but kept his eyes on the stove. "George, I hope my pride in you isn't going to have a fall."

"I hope not, Doctor," said Hilgard, indifferently; "but you had better put your pride in a safer place."

"I've gloried in your tough-heartedness where woman is concerned, more than I have in my own philosophy—eh?" added the Doctor, in reply to some inarticulate comment from Hilgard.

"With about as much reason, perhaps," George repeated.

"Don't be flippant, boy. It's a pity you can't take a lesson in the old man's philosophy, that you make light of at your own expense. Learn to inhale the delicate bouquet and leave the wine alone, as I did at Archer's to-night."

The Doctor performed a fastidious gesture of lifting a fragile glass to his superior sense, closing his eyes in an ecstasy of appreciation.

"By the way," he went on, as Hilgard watched him, a hot impatience struggling with his usual enjoyment of the old boy's admonitions, "Wilkinson thinks he knows a good wine; perhaps he does; but if he does, then I don't! There isn't a wine in the place!"

He appeared to have lost the thread of his anxieties regarding the perilous state of Hilgard's emotional nature; but he presently returned to it, leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes, as having no one in view.

"All girls are pretty much alike when you get twenty or thirty years away from them—'The brightest eyes that ever have shone,' you know,—what the deuce is the rest of it? I can't remember any poetry that I've read since I was ten years old. It's the essence a man wants in his life, not the individual flower; however, at your age I took a more specific view of flowers; I didn't object to one in my button-hole now and then."

"For Heaven's sake, hold on, Doctor!" Hilgard interrupted.



Godfrey put out a deprecating hand.

"Sit down, my boy, sit down. I understand you perfectly—no harm has been done so far. Your young legs ached for a dance with a pretty girl. Say a pretty girl—I don't insist on your dancing with more than one girl at once—whom you may never see again, and my chastened spirit yearned for an admirable supper. If I let my knowledge of young blood lead me into some foolish forebodings as to the future, why that isn't to say that you're bound to justify them. Only, mark you, if you ever do get into trouble, come to me, boy, come to me! I've got plenty of storage room in here" (he gave the red bosom of his dressing-gown a sounding slap) "for other people's secrets. My own are in a safer place—in the grave."

Under the old boy's mannerisms of speech, and the whimsical play of his features, now growing a little heavy in their mobility, there was an accent of tenderness which touched the young man's heart.

The Doctor had been funny so many years that his nearest friends always treated his serious moments as the most triumphant of his jests. Hilgard, the boy of his recent fancy, understood him better than his oldest comrades, who had witnessed his slow deterioration through twenty-six years of frontier life, and that series of postponed successes, roughly characterized by the world as failures, which had robbed him gradually of his youthful prestige among them. The Doctor's secrets were not all in the grave. Notwithstanding his frequent, dramatic allusions to them, and his exaggerated frankness about all his affairs, past and present, the saddest of all his secrets still walked the earth, bearing his tarnished name. Very few of the friends were still about him who knew the story of his disastrous marriage. He had accepted the consequences of his mistake with uncomplaining manliness, but he had his lonely hours,—his moments of bitterness, when the passionate, wasted love of his youth came back to mock the careless stoicism of his middle-age.

It was said of the Doctor that he was lazy, unambitious, and given to levity. A pervading seediness had crept over his outward man. The moth of long isolation from gentle communications had corrupted his good manners, and the thief of discouragement had stolen his pride. He sometimes consorted with the halt and the maimed in reputation; he did not always avoid the dark-colored sheep of the camp; but he was never known to be the companion of its birds of prey.

Hilgard was the only one of his acquaint-

ance, perhaps, for whom he had any affection, who was not broken-winged, or weighted with some disability of character or fortune. His remnant of self-respect showed itself in his avoidance of the prosperous and flagrantly happy. He neither attempted to discount their successes, nor to share them; but for Hilgard, on the threshold of the fight, in his unstained armor and unquenched ardor of life, he felt all the yearning of a woman, with the doubts and fears of a disappointed man. This feeling expressed itself chiefly in jibes and grimaces of speech, which passed current between them much more easily than sentiments would have done.

"Your friend, Mrs. Denny," Hilgard began after a silence, "in that delicate, arch little way of hers intimated that Conrath had been drinking when he came in to-night. Is it a habit with him, do you know?"

"No, hardly a habit, as yet; a predilection, perhaps. It's a bad climate for predilections of that kind."

"Do you suppose he—his sister has ever seen him in that way?"

"Heaven forbid! No, to do Con justice, he keeps himself out of the way when his little predilection has got the upper hand of him. He has 'important business down town.' Women have a great respect for that. I've known Con's affairs to be so absorbing as to keep him secluded for twenty-four hours at a time—trouble with the smelters, and what not."

"Miserable, brutal business!" Hilgard exclaimed, rising to his feet with a gesture expressive of the general futility of things. "Why is it that men who don't know how to take decent care of a horse, always have some woman at their mercy?"

"Why, indeed, my boy, when chivalrous hearts like yours and mine haven't so much as a rag of a favor to stick in our caps!"

"What infernal selfishness to bring a girl like that out here, anyhow!" Hilgard went on, without noticing the reckless inconsistency of the Doctor's present attitude with regard to feminine favors.

"Well, you and I should be the last to complain of that. The influence of a nice girl in a place like this, provided, mind you," said the Doctor, endeavoring to recover himself, "that no attempt is made to sequester the same —"

"And look at the friends he picks out for her!" Hilgard interrupted passionately. "A rowdy little woman with a miscellaneous list of acquaintances —"

"Steady, my boy! If you mean Mrs. Denny,—I'm one of Mrs. Denny's acquaintances, myself! I knew her at Central before she was married. She was a bright-faced little



thing just out of school. Family came from Tennessee—broken up by the war. Just fancy a girl beginning the study of human nature in a mining camp—and her own nature in the bargain. She began with Denny. Are you listening to me, George? I suppose the only way for a woman really to know a man is for her to marry him. If that's true, in the course of an average life, with the greatest perseverance, she couldn't get very far in the noblest study of mankind, could she? Well, Mrs. Denny knows Denny pretty thoroughly, I suspect, by this time; and I daresay she's been surprised at a good many things she's found out in herself. Found herself doing and saying and thinking a good many things she never would have believed herself capable of when she was a young girl. She's a weak little vessel—the Lord knows what she was fashioned for; but it wasn't for Denny—that I'll take my oath to. The Lord never fashioned any woman for men like Denny. She used to be very musical in a chirrupy kind of way, but she doesn't sing any more—says she hasn't any instrument. If there's any music in that household, she's the instrument and Denny's the player. It's a wonder she isn't more out of tune. It makes a ghastly kind of music in a family when both have ceased to love, and one knows how to torture."

"Doctor," said Hilgard, "I wish you wouldn't!"

"Well, I wont—but you mustn't, either! Let her alone, poor little devil! She isn't the kind that rebels and sets up her own individuality. I don't suppose she ever had much to set up. She just wobbles along, leaning a little too far one way and then a little too far the other, and Denny prods her up to her place now and then."

"Doctor, what is the use of talking about it?"

"Well, I wont; only look here—why should you grudge her the company of a sweet young girl? If she can stand the contact, I should think the young girl might. Not that I'd pick her out myself to matronize a girl of mine; but Conrath likes a lively little duenna, you see. By the way, George,—Conrath doesn't seem to love you much. What's the reason?"

Hilgard looked uncomfortable.

"The reasons are underground—most of them?"

"Some scrape about your end lines, I hear ——"

"Yes."

"Well, that isn't all of it, is it?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"No, it isn't, in a camp like this. I've known men to pocket each other's ore, and fight it out, and be on joking terms with each

other, like's not, half the time. You're the one to feel ugly, it strikes me."

"Well, I do feel ugly."

"You don't feel as ugly as Con does, not by half. Come, I want to know what the trouble is?"

Hilgard turned red.

"Hang it all!" he said. "It's that little fool of a woman you are trying to make me sorry for! It began coming over the range. We made the trip from Fairplay together, Conrath and Mrs. D. and myself, and a lot more, shut up in that musty coach."

"You and Con made Mrs. Denny's acquaintance together, eh? Well, that was an unlucky conjunction."

"Oh, he knew her before, and I didn't want to know her ——"

"Ah!" said the Doctor. "I see! Well, it's a pity. Mrs. Denny is a little fool, but not an inch of anything more, George."

"I don't care what she is, if she will only keep out of my way."

"You mustn't take up too much room with that way of yours, my boy. It's a small world. A fellow with as broad shoulders as you've got can't go squaring them through it. We've got to turn out for the blind, and the lame, and the vicious. For your own sake, you'd better turn out for Conrath. He wont bear crowding. Give him plenty of room. I needn't tell you you'd better let his lady friends alone."

"I should think not, if you mean Mrs. Denny," Hilgard said fiercely, "Conrath's lady friends are not likely to be mine."

"Well, his lady relatives, then. The sister is very nice and very pretty, but she belongs to the Shoshone crowd. You'll find it enough to be mixed up with them in business, without any sentimental complication."

Hilgard rose to his feet and straightened himself while he buttoned his overcoat, looking down at Godfrey with an expression of intense annoyance.

"It's not her fault that she is Conrath's sister. Why should you not speak of her with as much respect as if she were yours or mine?"

"My dear boy, I wish she were your sister. I'm going up to the Shoshone to-morrow," Godfrey added presently. "I want to look at that girl again. I can easily have some business with Conrath. Besides, I owe her an apology in person for the waltz last night."

"You'd much better keep away. You'll go up there with a bee in your bonnet, and make yourself ridiculous. She has forgotten which of us she waltzed with, by this time."

Hilgard had got as far as the door, but stopped and began walking up and down the



shadowy part of the room while he expostulated with the Doctor.

"If you'll promise to keep away, I will," the latter called to him from the depths of his chair. "You are much safer and in better company with a ridiculous old fellow with a bee in his bonnet, than with any of that crowd. I say it again, whoever it offends!"

"Doctor, you're incorrigible! You are as bad as a dime novel. I could laugh, if you didn't make me so mad, at the wild absurdity and the cheek of you!"

"Well, 'some will laugh while others weep,'" said Godfrey, rubbing the black silk cap about, sleepily, on the top of his head. "Have you any idea how late it is? The respectable part of the camp has been in bed these two hours!"

Hilgard took no notice of this hint.

"Conrath can't be all rascal," he said, after a silence. "There must be a decent side to him if one could only get at it. How is that, Doctor, do you know?"

"I don't think he is a many-sided youth," Godfrey answered. "I've seen only two sides of him. Conrath when he has been drinking and Conrath when he hasn't. I haven't found either very attractive. He has never done anything yet, but I'm afraid when he cuts his wisdom teeth, he'll cut them in iniquity."

Hilgard continued his perambulations in silence. A smoldering stick fell in the stove, and the flames started up again with a dull roar.

"Con," said the Doctor—"no,—George,—don't you get too fraternally anxious about Conrath's sister." The Doctor's thoughts were evidently wandering. "Mrs. Denny's—little discrepancies—quite on the surface. Even—guileless observer like myself can perceive them." The words came lingeringly, with somnolent pauses. "I'm sorry, Con isn't better, boy,—for her sake—Cecil's sake—and yours."

The black silk cap fell off, as the wearer's head, sagging from side to side, dropped back against his chair; his hand, with the pipeful of cold ashes, sank lower and lower, and rested on its broad arm. Hilgard picked up the cap, and pressed it quietly on the defenseless crown, which, as the Doctor said, had "got above timber line."

"G' bless you, George. Go to bed, foolish boy!" the sleeper murmured.

self. He tried in vain to recall the face of the partner whom he had resigned, in a weak moment, to his favorite. He could only remember that she was young, with a sweet voice and fair, indefinite coloring. Surely there had been nothing about her that need have been irresistible, even to four-and-twenty. Reflecting, however, upon the position, relatively, of the two mines, and the dangers of propinquity and isolation combined, the Doctor resolved that he would take his threatened ride up to the Shoshone in the afternoon, and satisfy himself as to the potency of Miss Conrath's charms and the consequent extent of Hilgard's peril.

He inquired for Conrath, and was not surprised to find that he was not at the mine. The Doctor had assured himself of that fact before leaving the camp. Miss Conrath was at home, however; on his asking to see her, the maid showed him into the long, bright room, with windows at both ends which served for all the social uses of the managerial establishment. The young lady looked up from her low seat by the hearth, in evident surprise, at his entrance.

She appeared to have been sitting a long time by the fire, for one cheek was quite hot and red, and her lips showed a dry, vivid brightness. She gave him a somewhat perfunctory welcome, as if, as a matter of course, he had come to see some one else.

He began to realize, with some uneasiness, that Conrath's sister was not quite such a child as he had thought her to be. But the Doctor had not the fear of woman, however young and fair, before his eyes. He referred at once to the ball, and to the waltz, with the unblushing protestation that his unavoidable rudeness had cost him his night's rest.

Miss Conrath was not pleased with her visitor, but she was willing to bear with him for civility's sake. She was curious about him, too.

She was looking a little heavy-eyed and feverish after the ball. She had slept ill at Mrs. Denny's, and had not been able to compose herself to rest since her early return to the mine. But as the Doctor looked at her he was more and more disgusted with his own fatuity of the night before.

He almost groaned as he studied her, and saw how more than pretty, how adorable, she was!

She sat somewhat listlessly engaged with a mass of soft white knitting she had unfolded from a silk handkerchief which she spread across her lap, while the Doctor discussed the chances of the railroad getting through to the camp before winter, and indulged in the usual revilings of the climate.

## VI.

### BOUNDARY MONUMENTS.

THE Doctor's apprehensions with regard to Hilgard survived the night and clouded his enjoyment of a late breakfast, cooked by him-



"Did you ever have the asthma, Miss Conrath?" he asked, pursuing this theme with variations.

"I don't remember that I ever did," Cecil laughed. She was able, as yet, to regard illness, connected with herself, as a kind of joke.

"Well, I dare say you never did. But then, you know, even babies have been known to have it. Well, this is the most marvelous climate for asthmatics—in fact, for any kind of chronic complaint. But I've observed these stimulating climates that stir old blood out of its torpor are the very—are a—all wrong for healthy youngsters. Young blood don't require a light atmosphere any more than it requires a whisky-and-soda—if you will excuse me—every morning before breakfast. I don't know, upon my soul, how else to account for the way all the young fellows go to the deuce out here."

Cecil looked up at her visitor in great surprise. She thought he might possibly be approaching the subject of a hospital or free reading-room, or course of lectures for young men, with a view to asking for contributions; but he did not look like an agent for a benevolent enterprise.

She was at a loss to understand the turn he had given to the conversation.

The Doctor certainly was taking a most extreme view of his duty in this situation, which he had found so much worse than could have been expected. There was no doubt as to Hilgard's symptoms. They had been of a nature calculated to shake far more than the Doctor's boasted faith in his tough-heartedness. He had no objection to the young lady. A perfect lamb, he said to himself, and yet with a spirit of her own in those steady gray eyes, under the wide low arch of the soft eyebrows. But she was allied to a masculine element in the camp, the nature of which the Doctor understood better than Hilgard. It was evident that his warnings had been thrown away on that headstrong youth. He must see what could be done with the fair Shoshone. There was no way left but to traduce Hilgard—blacken his character—deal with him remorselessly, and make her afraid of him. George might think the treatment of his symptoms a little rigorous, but he would live to be thankful for it. The Doctor would shrink from nothing, where the safety of his "boy" was concerned.

"He can talk about his dime novels," he soliloquized gloomily, "but the state of things here is not much better. It's mediæval,—that's what it is!"

"There's that young Hilgard," he began violently. As if the word had been a blow,

the color answered in the young girl's cheek. She had expected that name some time in the course of the conversation, but was not prepared for it in this connection. "George Hilgard was a perfect specimen of young manhood when he first came from the East; he was like Saul among his brethren."

The unhappy blush deepened until it had quite obliterated the fire-glow.

"I don't know what can have got into that boy, unless it's the altitude! He needs more atmospheric pressure—the more pounds to the square inch the better for a chap like that. I've been foolish enough to let in a sneaking kind of a fancy for that young limb, but, upon my soul, if he's got any friends in the East, they'd better send for him! They'd better get him out of this camp!"

The young girl looked steadily at her work without speaking, while a paleness about her lips spread slowly backward over her cheeks.

"I'm sure I don't know what time he got to bed last night! He came tramping up my stairs after midnight to talk over his troubles with me. I knew he was getting into some scrape or other! That boy has got to get out of the camp!"

The Doctor concluded from the victim's expression that he had gone far enough. He had not indeed intended to go quite so far, but the effort his words had cost him had given them an impetus which surprised himself. Miss Conrath's head was bent very low over her knitting, and the white wool slid over her fingers with a fitful, uncertain movement. He now proceeded calmly to give his remarks a more general tendency.

"That's a very pretty thing you're working on,—looks as white and soft as a fresh snow-fall. Hope it will keep white longer than the snow does that falls in this dusty camp."

With her needle between her tremulous fingers, Cecil held out the corners of the handkerchief.

"I keep it folded in this," she said.

"Ah, yes," the Doctor murmured abstractedly, "that's a good way, too! Ridiculous idea for an old fellow like me to be dwelling on; but if I had a young sister or daughter in this camp, I dare say I should be inclined to keep her as you keep your white wools—folded away from the dust."

He paused a moment, awaiting some comment from Miss Conrath. But none came; she took a long breath and rested her arms on her lap, looking down into the fire. The Doctor derived great satisfaction from her attitude, and the long sigh, as of one who rests a moment after pain.

She began to wince—poor little thing! He would give one more turn to the screw



and then let her breathe again. It was absolutely necessary that she and Hilgard should not be running across each other at balls, every fortnight or so. George would easily find means to reestablish himself in her eyes, if he had the chance. The Doctor would do what a devoted friend might, to deprive him of that chance.

"Now, that ball of the Younger Sons!" he went on; "they claim to be very exclusive, poor fellows! I'm one of them myself, so far as the name goes, but I don't pride myself on it. A Younger Son is no better than an older one,—sometimes not half so good. What did you think of the ball, Miss Conrath? Did it strike you as being very exclusive?"

Miss Conrath lifted her eyes a moment, but without looking at the Doctor.

"I do not think those who went to the ball are the ones to criticise it," she said.

"Surely not," the Doctor cordially assented; "but, on the other hand, those who did not go are hardly the ones! You and I have been, Miss Conrath—and, if I may judge by your expression, rather than your words, you find yourself not quite acclimated to the pitch of gayety required to enjoy a camp ball."

"My brother was not there, as I expected," Cecil protested.

"Ah, yes, of course that makes a difference; but it makes more difference here than it would anywhere else. Here there is no classification. You have to pick your way among all the people who are crowding you, elbow to elbow. What is a young girl to do? You are no judge of character, Miss Conrath. I hope you are not, at your age. You are perfectly defenseless here, the moment you get outside your door. So is any young girl."

Miss Conrath rose suddenly, as if her endurance had reached a limit.

"It is true," she said, "I must be defenceless, when strangers give themselves the right to take my brother's place—and in his own house."

The Doctor rose, too, smiling at her with invincible composure. He was well satisfied with the effect of his desperate measures. To make all sure for the future he would not spare the final blow.

"Neither Hilgard nor I dared to be perfectly frank with you about that exchange of partners last night. Shall I make a clean breast of it and tell you the facts?" he asked.

Cecil faced him, her soft eyes expanded with a pained brightness.

"I will hear nothing more—you have been too frank already," she exclaimed, indignantly. "Please to have some regard for me, if you have none for your friend. I have

heard things to Mr. Hilgard's discredit from others who did not profess to like him, but it is his friend who has no mercy on his character, and no respect for his confidence."

The Doctor was instantly and mightily roused at the thought of these "others," less disinterested detractors, at work upon Hilgard's character. His was the only hand that could be trusted to administer the blackening touches, and even his began to tremble remorsefully at the picture he had faintly sketched of his boy, a prey to the cheap temptations of the camp. He sat down again, bent on investigating this unexpected aid which had anticipated him in the work of defamation.

"I should like to know," he burst forth, "who has been warning you against George Hilgard! Perhaps your brother has been enlarging on him for your benefit. You needn't pay the least attention to that sort of thing. Your brother and Hilgard are engaged just now in a discussion of their boundary lines. Half the mines in the camp are doing the same thing; their opinion of each other is likely to be more picturesque than edifying. What has your brother got to say about Hilgard?"

"I did not mention my brother's name!"

"Of course you haven't. You appear to have more sense than most girls; but you may take my word for it, Miss Conrath, that when you hear anything to the discredit of George Hilgard, it's invented by the person who brings it to you, I don't care who it is! Of course, your brother has got to keep Hilgard at a distance. The chief of the Led-Horse can't be chasséing back and forth across the gulch with the sister of the Shoshone! You can't be putting a man's ore in your pocket with one hand and asking him to dinner with the other."

"Mr. Godfrey!"

"Oh, I know I'm in your brother's house. I'm only expressing the general sentiment down in the camp. I don't know anything about their squabbles! I only know that George Hilgard's the finest young fellow in this camp. He'd be one of the ten who would save the city, if we could find the other nine!"

"I don't know who you are defending him from. You yourself have said the worst things," Cecil repeated.

"What have I said? I said he was in trouble. So he is! So he is! Or if he isn't, he's in a fair way for it. It's easy enough to see the beginning,"—he looked menacingly at the bewildered girl—"but there is no telling where it will end! I've done what I could. There's not a young fellow living for whom I'd



have done what I've done for him to-day! But I give it up!" The Doctor spread out both his palms with a hopeless gesture.

Cecil began to feel a little afraid of her eccentric visitor, who did not seem to be out of his mind, nor yet altogether in it. She was troubled by a suspicion that he must have some motive for his grotesque outburst of confidence with regard to Hilgard. She could hardly take it as a wanton impertinence toward herself.

"I must ask you to excuse me from any more discussion of your friend. What he is or is not cannot concern me. My brother will be at home soon, I think, if you like to wait for him."

She felt that her discourtesy had been well-deserved, and, without further apology, she left the room.

The Doctor remained sitting for some time alone; he looked down at the prints of his dusty feet on the carpet, then at the heap of white knitting the girl had dropped. "Well! if women aren't the very——"

At that moment the maid entered with a jingling tray of glass and silver, which she proceeded to arrange on the sideboard at the farther end of the room. The Doctor took out a card and scribbled a few words on it.

"Will you give this to Miss Conrath?" he said, handing it to the maid. The words were:

*"Forgive me if I have made you uncomfortable. You need not remember anything I have said. Any inconsistencies you may have noticed in my remarks, I will commend to your charity for an old fellow who was kept up much too late the night before!"*

The Doctor was obliged to confess to himself, as he rode back to the camp, that the four dollars he had spent that afternoon for horse-hire was entirely thrown away, so far as it was ever likely to benefit Hilgard.

"It all comes of the missionary spirit," he grumbled to himself. "A man never goes out with that spirit on him, that he isn't sure to poke himself into some place where he's no business to be."

After sunset of the same day, Cecil Conrath was walking back and forth on the hill-side above the gulch, following an unfrequented trail, screened by the quaking-aspens from view on the side of the Led-Horse, and sheltered from the winds by the crest of the hill. The miners, observing that the young girl often walked here alone, had, with tacit courtesy, left this trail to her exclusive use.

To-day she ventured farther than usual into the gulch, attracted by the flutter of a red flag among the parting leafage. It was planted in the center of a clump of young trees, aspens of larger growth, and slender,

branchless pines, growing in the bottom of the gulch. The ominous signal, awaiting some unknown issue in this lonely spot on the debatable ground between the two mines gave Cecil a curious shock of apprehension. The air was full of rumors of incipient trouble. The situation had never been explained to her; she knew that Hilgard was the accuser and her brother the defendant, and that the affairs of the accuser were at a low ebb, while those of the defendant prospered again; more than this, she had only her forebodings, which had not been allayed by the tone her brother invariably used in speaking of his neighbor.

Venturing nearer, she saw that the trees which stood around the signal flag were each defaced by the hacking of a large piece of bark from the trunk, and bore an inscription deeply cut in the white, exposed wood. The leafy covert, where the shadows, stealing down between the hills, made an early dusk, might well have served for a trysting-place; but these were no amorous records which the young girl deciphered, as she went from tree to tree, tracing the rude intaglio; unless, indeed, the lovers had concealed their mutual vows under an arithmetical formula.

The red flag drooped in the failing breeze. Cecil now observed that it was planted between two narrow, flat stones, partly driven into the ground, side by side; the stones bore the same mysterious formulæ with which the tree-trunks were branded.

What had happened in this secluded spot, with these young trees standing about like mute witnesses, each bearing its scar for a token; and what coming event was this red signal beckoning on?

She heard a man's footsteps striding rapidly down the trail behind her; she waited under the blazed trees until they should pass. They did not pass, but came near and paused, and Hilgard's voice, low, and a little disturbed by rapid heart-beats, gave her "Good evening."

"Is it very strange for me to be here?" she asked, instinctively summoning him to her own defense. "I never come down into the gulch; but I saw this flag from the hill. I could not think what it meant!"

His presence had changed her unaccountable panic into a definable dread lest, when she looked in his face she should see there records, unobserved before, of that deterioration, or capacity for it, which Mr. Godfrey had ruthlessly depicted and then recklessly denied. She lifted her eyes doubtfully to his.

As if he felt the subtle question in them, his own met hers with their manly answer. It was enough, and more than enough. She had not asked for all the assurances that she read in his eyes.



"It is altogether so very strange here," she said, looking about restively at the encircling trees.

"Has anything frightened you, or troubled you?"

"Oh, no—it is only the place. Why are the trees all cut and marked, and these little stones? What has happened here? Do you know?"

Hilgard could not forbear a smile.

"Only a very little thing happened here a year and a half ago. The south-west corner of the Led Horse and the south-east corner of the Shoshone were located here. The end lines of the two claims are identical. These stones are the corner monuments, and the number of the corner and of the official survey are marked on them and on the trees. Did it seem so very mysterious to you?"

"I thought these stones marked the grave of some one buried here."

"The graves of a good many fortunes are marked by such stones as these. But they do not usually mean anything more tragic."

"And what does this flag mean?"

"It has been used for a survey that was made to-day along the line. The flag was placed here for what is called a 'back-sight,' to insure keeping the line ahead straight."

"Then it does not mean danger of any kind?"

"I hope not, I am sure," Hilgard replied. "Are you a little sensitive, perhaps, about danger?" he added, smiling.

"When one is alone a good deal one is apt to get morbid," she admitted.

He looked at her wistfully, thinking of his own loneliness, which he had not been conscious of until she became his neighbor.

"And the direction one's morbidness takes depends on temperament, I suppose. My morbidness takes the direction of various kinds of happiness I might have, but never expect to," he said.

"I should think you might be quite happy in your little kingdom over there." Her clear accents struck like perfect music on the stillness.

"You will have a kingdom of your own some day. I hope you will like it better than I do mine."

She turned her cheek toward him, with a pretty little movement of attention, but without looking at him.

"Will you tell me if I am on our side of the 'line'?" she asked.

"The Shoshone side, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course."

He came a few steps nearer to her. "Now we are both on the Shoshone side; you will let me stay on your side a moment, will you not?"

"But is that surveyor looking at the flag now?" she exclaimed, with a sudden accent of alarm at the thought of a mathematical instrument which might be of the nature of a telescope brought to bear on her under the present circumstances.

Hilgard reassured her by pulling up the "back-sight" and tossing it on the ground. The survey had been finished an hour ago, he explained; he had happened to remember the flag in passing, and had come to fetch it away.

She turned now toward the upward trail; but Hilgard, walking at her side, besought her to give him a few moments more.

"Am I never to see you," he asked,—"as other people see you,—as I might see you anywhere but here? Why may I not walk with you now, up the hill to your brother's house? There is no personal feeling on my part, in this unpleasant business between the mines. You have heard of it, of course, but it need be only a business disagreement. Your brother and I should not be enemies!"

She had stopped as he overtook her, and now walked back irresolutely toward the group of trees.

"I hope you are not enemies!" she said. "It is so causeless! So—so—incredible! I do not understand what it is! No one has explained it to me. Could you tell me?"

"No," said Hilgard, dejectedly; "I am not the one to tell you. You must have what faith you can in—both of us—until the truth comes out. But it is very hard to feel that your strongest bias must always be against me. If you would give me but the merest chance that any acquaintance might have, to put myself in some other light than the one I am doomed to in your eyes. You will always think of me as a determined partisan of the wrong side."

"If my brother brings you to the house, I will only think of you as our guest."

"Is that likely to happen, do you think?" he asked bitterly.

"No," she said, "it is not at all likely, but there is no other way." She stood with her shoulder against a slender pine and looked down at the scar in its side, touching it with remorseful fingers. "I don't know why it should be so, but I have known from the first that there could be no softening of this—of the bitterness between you and my brother by any effort of mine. It is a woman's place always to make peace, but it has been useless to try."

"But I declare to you that there is no bitterness on my part."

"Wherever it lies, it is there!" she said. "We cannot be friends—or even acquaintances."



"But you cannot make me your enemy! The bitterness shall not include us! What a strange fate it is that I should be on any side that is not your side!"

She was already moving away, but, at his words, she looked back without speaking. In the gathering dusk he could not read the expression of her eyes, but the mute action, trustful yet forbidding, racked his self-control.

## VII.

## THE BARRICADE.

MRS. DENNY had won from Conrath a reluctant promise that he would take her down the main shaft of the Shoshone, and through its subterranean workings. He had postponed the fulfillment of this promise until it had become a subject for rather keen bantering between these lively comrades. On the second day after the ball, Conrath surprised Mrs. Denny by asking her if she was ready to go down in the mine that afternoon.

He had called at her house in the morning, and the plan had been discussed between them as he sat on his horse, and she leaned on the pine-pole railing of the porch, wrapped in one of the fluffy white shawls in which she was fond of muffling her small, chilly form. Conrath was looking pale and somewhat demoralized after his stage-ride and its contingencies, the nature of which Mrs. Denny had gracefully indicated by pantomime to Hilgard on the night of the ball.

Mrs. Denny considered Conrath very handsome,—almost as handsome as Hilgard, and far more appreciative and generally available. She protested that she could not endure the wind on the porch, and chid him for permitting his pony to nibble the young growth on her favorite clump of fir-trees; but she did not go in, and Conrath lingered, as if he had something on his mind which he found it difficult to say.

"That beastly coach makes a perfect imbecile of a man," he began, with more vigor of expression than the uncertain look in his eyes bore out; "I felt, when I got in on Wednesday night, as if I had been kicked from Fairplay over the pass."

"Oh, I saw you," she replied, with a teasing smile. "It was plain enough that something had mixed you up pretty well! I told your sister you were a perfect wreck,—couldn't stand on your feet; wasn't that true?"

"Did you tell her that?"

"Of course I did. What was she to think of your leaving her at loose ends that way for the night? Who was to take her up to the mine? You're a nice brother, I must say!

She was a great deal more anxious about you than you deserved. She wanted to go to you, but I kept her away,—more for her sake than yours!"

Conrath flushed and laughed, with an awkward pretense of being amused at these accusations.

"I don't know who is to answer for all the fibs I had to tell her," Mrs. Denny continued; "you can't, because your time for repentance is fully occupied,—or ought to be!"

Conrath, shifting uneasily in his saddle, regarded Mrs. Denny's audacity with sulky admiration. It gave a certain piquancy to the commonplace nature of his weaknesses to be rallied upon them by a pretty woman.

"Are you sure Cecil did not know how it was the other night?" he asked.

"Do you suppose I would tell her?"

"No, but plenty of other people might. She has been very quiet and—well, different since the ball."

"You are very fond of your sister, aren't you, Con?"

"Of course I am. Why should I have brought her out here if I wasn't fond of her?"

"To be sure; that is proof enough." Mrs. Denny laughed her little mocking laugh. "She must be very fond of you, or she wouldn't have come. How does she amuse herself up at the Shoshone?"

"Well, she is alone a good deal, but she is used to that. She walks and reads and looks at the mountains. She could ride if I ever had time to go with her."

"Con, when your sister has been out here a year she won't need any information I or any one else could give her about you. She will know you thoroughly; she will think you all out. I wonder if she will have as much faith in you then as she has now?"

Conrath looked at Mrs. Denny uneasily.

"Are you preaching?" he asked. "Or what is it you are trying to get at?"

"Does it sound to you like preaching? If you can find a sermon in it, you are welcome. Much good may it do you!"

"Cecil is not as clever as you think," Conrath said, as if still considering Mrs. Denny's words. "She isn't cool and sharp, like you, and she isn't one of the exacting kind."

"Isn't she!" Mrs. Denny exclaimed. "Not in the way of attentions, perhaps; but if she should come to judge you once as she judges herself —"

Conrath's horse began to be restive.

"Are you trying to make me afraid of my little sister?" he interrupted.

"You might make her your conscience," Mrs. Denny replied. "It isn't a bad thing



for one to be a little bit afraid of one's conscience."

"You seem to have my failings on your mind—you might be my conscience yourself," Conrath suggested,—“taking it for granted, of course, that I have none of my own."

"No, thank you. You will need to keep your conscience nearer home. Besides, I might be too lenient."

Mrs. Denny laughed and ran into the house.

The party set out for the shaft-house after the three-o'clock whistle for the change of shifts had blown. The ladies were wrapped in india-rubber cloaks, and Mrs. Denny wore a soft felt hat of Conrath's on the back of her head, framing her face and concealing her hair. A miner's coat was spread in the bucket to protect the visitors' skirts from its muddy sides.

"If we keep on shipping ore at this rate," Conrath said, jubilantly, "we will soon have a cage that will take you down as smoothly as a hotel elevator."

Cecil was conscious that the exultant tone jarred upon her, and she took herself silently to task for this lack of sisterly sympathy.

Mrs. Denny went down first with the superintendent, who returned for Cecil; when they were all at the station of the lowest level, they lit their candles and followed one of the diverging drifts,—a low, damp passage which bored a black hole through the overhanging rock before them.

The sides of the gallery leaned slightly together, forming an obtuse angle with the roof; it was lined with rows of timbers placed opposite each other at regular intervals, and supporting the heavy cross timbers that upheld the roof. The spaces between the upright columns were crossed horizontally by smaller timbers called "lagging."

The brief gleam of their candles revealed the progress of the explorers step by step, in the face of the impalpable darkness which dropped like a curtain before them.

The candles burned with a still flame in the heavy, draughtless air. At long intervals a distant rumbling increased with a dull crescendo, and a light fastened in the rear of a loaded car shone up into the face of the miner who propelled it. They stood back, pressed close to the wall of the drift, while the car passed them on the tram-way.

The drift ended in a lofty chamber cut out of the rock, the floor rising at one end toward a black opening which led into another narrow gallery beyond.

"Here we are in the very heart of the vein," Conrath explained. "This is an empty 'stope,' that has furnished some of the best

ore. It is all cleaned out, you see; the men are working farther on."

"Oh, I should like to see them!" Mrs. Denny exclaimed. "Which way is it? Up that horrible place? Cecil, aren't you coming?"

Cecil had seated herself on a heap of loose planking in the empty ore-chamber.

"I'll wait for you here, if you don't mind; I am so very tired. Have you another candle, George?"

"Yours will last; we shall not be long gone."

Conrath and Mrs. Denny scrambled, talking and laughing, up the slope; their voices grew thinner and fainter, and vanished with their feeble lights in the black hole.

Cecil closed her eyes; they ached with the small, sharp spark of her candle set in that stupendous darkness.

What a mysterious, vast, whispering dome was this! There were sounds which might have been miles away through the deadening rock. There were far-off, indistinct echoes of life, and subanimate mutterings, the slow respirations of the rocks, drinking air and oozing moisture through their sluggish pores, swelling and pushing against their straitening bonds of timber. Here were the buried Titans, stirring and sighing in their lethargic sleep.

Cecil was intensely absorbed listening to this strange, low, diapason of the under world. Its voice was pitched for the ear of solitude and silence. Its sky was perpetual night, moonless and starless, with only the wandering, will-o'-the-wisp candle rays, shining and fading in its columnated avenues, where ranks of dead and barkless tree-trunks repressed the heavy, subterranean awakening of the rocks.

Left to their work, the inevitable forces around her would crush together the sides of the dark galleries, and crumble the rough-hewn dome above her head. Cecil did not know the meaning or the power of this inarticulate underground life, but it affected her imagination all the more for her lack of comprehension. Gradually her spirits sank under an oppressive sense of fatigue; she grew drowsy, and her pulse beat low in the lifeless air. Drooping against the damp wall of rock, in a semi-oblivious moment, her candle dropped from her lax fingers, and was instantly extinguished.

It seemed to the helpless girl that she had never known darkness before. She was plunged into a new element, in which she could not breathe, or speak, or move. It was chaos before the making of the firmament. She called aloud,—a faint, futile cry, which frightened her almost more than the silence. She had lost the direction in which her brother had disappeared, and when she saw an advancing



light she thought it must be he coming in answer to her weak call.

It was not her brother; it was a taller man, a miner, with a candle in a miner's pronged candlestick fastened in the front of his hat. His face was in deep shadow, but the faint, yellow, candle rays projected their gleam dimly along the drift by which he was approaching. Cecil watched him earnestly, but did not recognize him until he stood close beside her. He took off his hat carefully, not to extinguish the candle which showed them to each other. Cecil, crouching, pale, and mute against the damp rock, looked up into Hilgard's face, almost as pale as her own.

No greeting passed between them. They stared wonderingly into each other's eyes, each questioning the other's wraith-like identity.

"I heard you call," Hilgard said. "Is it possible that you are alone in this place?"

"No," she replied, feebly rousing herself. "My brother is here, with Mrs. Denny; they are not far away."

"Your brother is here—not far away?" he repeated. A cold despair came over him. There was nothing now, but to tell her the truth; in her unconsciousness of its significance she would decide between them, and he would abide the issue. He leaned against the wall of the drift, wiping away the drops of moisture from his temples; the short damp locks that clung to his forehead were massed like the hair on an antique medallion.

"You did not know me?" he asked.

"No; I could not see your face."

"I am not showing my face here. I am a spy in the enemy's camp. Your brother will hear the result of my discoveries, in a few days, from my lawyers."

It was roughly said, but the facts were rough facts; and he could not justify or explain himself to her, except at the expense of her brother.

"Must I tell him that you are here," she asked.

"I suppose so, if you are a loyal sister."

"But I would never have known it, if you had not come when I called. My candle fell and went out. I was alone in this awful darkness."

"But some one else would have come if I hadn't. You need not be grateful for that. Your brother would have found you here."

"But I could not have endured it a moment longer!"

"Oh yes, you would have endured it. I need not have come."

"Why did you come, then?"

"I don't know," he said. "I was a fool to come. Why does a man come, when he

hears a woman's voice, that he knows,—in trouble?"

He was groping about on the floor of the drift in search of her candle; and now, kneeling beside her, he lit it by his own and held it toward her. Their sad, illumined eyes met.

"How your hand trembles; were you so frightened?" he asked.

"Yes; does it seem very silly to you? My strength seemed all going away."

It was madness for him to stay, but he could not leave her, pale, and dazed, and helpless as she was.

"Let me fix you a better seat." He moved the rough boards on which she was sitting to make a support for her back.

"Oh, please go, and get out of the mine!" she entreated,—with voice and eyes, more than with words.

"But I cannot get out, until the next change of shifts. I have taken the place of one of the miners on this shift; besides, I have not finished what I came for."

"Why do you call yourself a spy? are you doing anything you are ashamed of?" she asked, with child-like directness.

"I am a little ashamed of the way I am doing it," he replied with equal directness, "but not of the thing I am doing."

"And will it injure my brother—what you are doing?"

"Not unless the truth will injure him; I am trying to find out the truth."

"But why should you come in this way to find it out? Surely my brother wants to know it too, if it is about this quarrel."

It was a home question; he could only answer:

"Your brother is very sure that he knows the truth already. I want to be sure too. I am not asking you *not* to tell him I am here. I have taken the risks."

"What are the risks?" she asked quickly.

"They are of no consequence compared with the thing to be done—I must not stay."

"Ah!" she cried, with an accent of terror.

"They are here!"

A light showed at the dark opening above the incline, and the thin stream of Mrs. Denny's chatter trickled faintly on the silence.

Cecil put out both candles with a flap of her long cloak.

"Oh, *will* you go!"

Hilgard heard her whisper, and felt her hands groping for him in the darkness, and pushing him from her. He took the timid hands in his and pressed them to his lips, and then stumbled dizzily away through the blackness.

A proposition from her companions to



prolong their wanderings until they had reached the barricade was opposed by Cecil with all the strength her adventure had left her; but when it appeared that their way lay along the same drift in a direction opposite that by which Hilgard had made his retreat, she offered no further objection. Her silence was sufficiently explainable by the fright she had had in the darkness.

The drift led to another smaller ore-chamber, where miners were at work, picking down the heavy gray sand, and shovelling it into the tram-cars. Conrath explained that this "stope" was in the new strike, claimed by the Led-Horse, and that the barricade guarded the drift just beyond.

"I suppose it doesn't make so much difference who the ore belongs to," Mrs. Denny commented lightly; "it's a question of who gets it first! *Passez, passez!* You needn't stop to expostulate. I am not a mining expert."

Conrath looked excessively annoyed, but refrained from defining his position to this cheerful non-professional observer. As they entered the low passage, they found themselves face to face with a wall of solid up-right timbering which closed its farther end, and in the midst of a silent group of men, seated along the side-walls of the drift on blankets and empty powder-kegs.

The barricade was pierced at about the height of a man's shoulders with small round loop-holes. Two miners' candlesticks were stuck in the timbers, high above the heads of the guard, who lounged, with their rifles across their knees, the steel barrels glistening in the light.

Cecil's fascinated gaze rested on this significant group. The figures were so immovable, and indifferent of face and attitude, so commonplace in type, that she but slowly grasped the meaning of their presence there. These then were the risks that were of no consequence!

Turning a white face of horror upon her brother, she demanded, "Is this what you have brought us to see?"

"I thought you knew what a barricade was!"

"I never knew! I knew—I thought it was that"—pointing to the wall of timber—"but not this!" She looked toward the silent group of men, each holding his rifle with a careless grasp.

"You wouldn't make a good miner's wife, Cecil," said Mrs. Denny; and a slow smile went round among the men.

"Hark," said Conrath. They were still facing the barricade, and the dull thud of picks far off in the wall of rock sounded just

in front of them. "Do you hear them at work. Now turn the other way." The sound came again, precisely in front. "They are a long way off yet. Can you make out how they are going to strike us, boys?" Conrath asked of the guard.

"You can't tell for sure, the rock is so deceivin'; but they seem to be comin' straight for the end of the drift."

"Who are they—who are coming?" Cecil demanded.

"The Led-Horses, my dear. They may blast through any day or night, but they'll find we've blocked their little game."

"What is their game?" Mrs. Denny inquired.

"They claim our new strike, and from the sound they seem to be coming for it as fast as they can!"

Cecil locked her arms in the folds of her long, shrouding cloak, and a nervous shudder made her tremble from head to foot.

"Poor little girl!" said Conrath, putting his arm around her shoulders; "I ought to have taken you straight home after the fright you got in the drift."

"Why, do you know," said Mrs. Denny, looking a little pale herself, "I think this is awfully interesting. I'd no idea that beautiful young Hilgard was such a brigand. Just fancy, only two nights ago you were dancing with him, Cecil!"

"What?" said Conrath, turning his sister roughly toward him with the hand that rested on her shoulder. She moved away, and stood before him looking at him, her straightened brows accenting the distress in her up-raised eyes.

"Why should I not dance with him? In this place you all suspect each other, and accuse each other of everything. He accuses you. Shall Mrs. Denny on that account refuse to dance with you?"

She spoke in a very low voice, but Conrath replied quite audibly, "Don't be a fool, Cecil?"

"Oh," she said, letting her arms fall before her, desperately—"it is *all* the wildest, wildest folly that any one ever heard of! Men fighting about money—that isn't even their own!"

"We're not fighting," Conrath replied. "Half the mines in the camp are showing their teeth at each other;—it's the way to prevent fighting. If they keep on their own ground there won't be any trouble; but," turning to Mrs. Denny with a darkening look, "if I catch that 'beauteous' friend of yours on my ground, he'll be apt to get his beauty spoiled."

On their way back along the drift, they



were warned by a spark of light and a distant rumbling that a car was approaching along the tram-road. They stopped, and, lowering their candles, stood close against the sloping wall while the car passed. It was at the entrance to another dark gallery, and as the car rolled on, the warm wind of its passage making their candles flare, it left them face to face with a miner, who had also been overtaken at the junction of the drifts. He was tall, and his face was in deep shadow from the candle fastened in the crown of his hat. He stepped back into the side-drift, pulling his hat-brim down.

"Who was that?" Mrs. Denny asked.

"I didn't notice him," Conrath replied. "One of the Cornish-men on the last shift. I don't know all their faces."

"He doesn't walk like a Cornish-man," said Mrs. Denny, looking after him, "and his hand was the hand of a gentleman." They moved on a few paces in silence. Cecil flagged a little behind the others and then dropped suddenly to the floor of the drift in a dead faint.

It was the air, they said,—and the nervous shock she had suffered while alone in the ore-chamber.

She let them explain it as they would, only begging to be left to recover herself quietly in her own room.

When the little stir of Mrs. Denny's departure had subsided, and the house was once more silent, Cecil rose, still pale and shuddering with slight, successive chills, and sought the snug warmth of the kitchen. It was early twilight, but a lamp had been lit on the shelf above the ironing-table, where the maid was at work, rubbing and stretching her starched cuffs, and clapping the iron down at intervals on its stand. From time to time she bestowed a glance of sympathy on her young mistress's dejected figure, crouching by the stove, her hands extended toward the steam from the kettle.

"Molly, if anything should happen at the mine, would the engine stop right away?" Cecil asked, after a long silence.

"Why, yes, Miss, if anything broke."

"No, I mean if any one were hurt."

"Well, if 'twas one of the men, maybe they wouldn't stop," said Molly, gravely lifting a fresh iron from the stove, and inverting it close to her glowing cheek. "The pumpin'-engine don't never stop, unless somethin' breaks, or the mine shuts down for good an' all."

"But if it were—if anything should happen to my brother?"

"They'd stop, if the superintendent was hurt—of course they would, Miss."

"The engine would stop?" Miss Cecil repeated, lifting her head from the supporting hand on which it had rested.

"Yes, Miss, it would."

They were both silent, while Cecil seemed to listen. "Mr. Conrath is not underground, is he, Miss?"

"No, he went down to the camp with Mrs. Denny;—will you open the door a moment, Molly?"

Molly opened the door and stood against it, folding her bare arms in her apron—a warm, bright figure, with the steel, cold sky of twilight behind her. The heavy heart-beats of the engine came distinctly from the shaft-house. Cecil went to the door and stood beside Molly, looking out at the dull sky, and the new, unpainted buildings, crudely set in the low-toned landscape of evening.

"Do you hear the other engine?" Cecil asked, after a moment's doubtful listening.

"The one over yon, Miss? I hear it plain—wait now! It comes faint-like, between. Was you thinkin' anythin' would be happenin'?"

"I'm always thinking something will happen," said Cecil, a deep sigh following her long-suspended breath.

"Yes, there's a mort o' trouble with them mines! Most every day some of 'em gets hurt. They gets a bucket dropped on their heads, or a rope breaks, or a blast goes off; or they sets a kag o' that Giant on the stove to warm it, and it goes off on 'em and tears everything to pieces."

"What is 'Giant,' Molly?"

"It's a kind of powder, Miss—awful innocent lookin' stuff, like cold grease—but it do send a lot o' them poor fellows out o' the world! They gets careless, that's what the companies says."

"Do you know anybody in the mines, Molly?"

"Why, yes, Miss. My brother's on the Led-Horse, and I know another o' the boys across the gulch."

"Molly! how strange that is!"

"Is it, Miss? Sure, I don't know why! Tom's been over there since ever Mr. West come. He worked under him in Deadwood. He likes Mr. West first-rate, an' he likes Mr. Hilgard."

"Who put Mr. West in, do you know?"

"Mr. Hilgard, Miss. They was a loafin', drinkin' set over there when he come out from the East to take holt, and he couldn't make nothin' of 'em; an' so he clears out the whole lot of 'em, and Gashwiler at the head of 'em and the worst one of all, to put in Mr. West an' a new gang o' men."

"Gashwiler—do you mean *our* captain?"



"I do, Miss!"

"Oh, Molly! I never knew that! Shut the door—I'm so cold! I never knew it!" she repeated, gazing at Molly desolately.

"It might be you didn't, Miss—but it's the truth. Mr. Conrath maybe 'd pack me out of the house for sayin' it, but it's my belief that Gashwiler's making the whole trouble between 'em. He knows the Led-Horse, every inch of it, Miss, and where their ore is, just 's I could come in here and lay my hand on the flour-barrel in the dark."

Again in silence they listened to the beat of the engines.

"When do the men on the three o'clock shift come up, Mollie?"

"At eleven o'clock, Miss."

"Why, how long they stay down there!"

"Eight hours it is, above ground, and eight below. I bet it seems long to them that's below!"

"Oh!" said Cecil, lifting her hands, and pressing them on the top of her head, "I wish they would *all* resign!"

(To be continued.)

## INDIVIDUALITY.

SAIL on, sail on, fair cousin Cloud:  
Oh, loiter hither from the sea.

Still-eyed and shadow-brow'd,  
Steal off from yon far-drifting crowd,  
And come and brood upon the marsh with me.

Yon laboring low horizon-smoke,  
Yon stringent sail, toil not for thee  
Nor me: did heaven's stroke  
The whole deep with drown'd commerce choke,  
No pitiless tease of risk or bottomry

Would to thy rainy office close,  
Thy will, or lock mine eyes from tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

—Lo, Cloud, thy downward countenance stares  
Blank on the blank-faced marsh, and thou  
Mindest of dark affairs;  
Thy substance seems a warp of cares;  
Like late wounds run the wrinkles on thy brow.

Well mayst thou pause and gloom and stare,  
A visible conscience: I arraign  
Thee, criminal Cloud, of rare  
Contempts on Mercy, Right, and Prayer,—  
Of murders, arsons, thefts,—of nameless stain.

(Yet, though life's logic grow as gray  
As thou, my soul's not in eclipse.)

Cold Cloud, but yesterday  
Thy lightning slew a child at play,  
And then a priest with prayers upon his lips

For his enemies, and then a bright  
Lady that did but ope the door  
Upon the stormy night  
To let a beggar in,—strange spite!—  
And then thy sulky rain refused to pour,

Till thy quick torch a barn had burned,  
Where twelve months' store of victual lay,  
A widow's sons had earned;  
Which done, thy floods with winds returned,—  
The river raped their little herd away.



What myriad righteous errands high  
 Thy flames might run on! In that hour  
 Thou slewest the child, oh why  
 Not rather slay Calamity,  
 Breeder of Pain and Doubt, infernal Power?

Or why not plunge thy blades about  
 Some maggot politician throng,  
 Swarming to parcel out  
 The body of the land, and rout  
 The maw-conventicle, and ungorge Wrong?

*What the cloud doeth,  
 The Lord knoweth,  
 The cloud knoweth not.  
 What the artist doeth,  
 The Lord knoweth;  
 Knoweth the artist not?*

Well answered! O dear artists, ye—  
 Whether in forms of curve or hue  
 Or tone your gospels be—  
 Say wrong *This work is not of me,*  
*But God:* it is not true, it is not true.

Awful is Art because 'tis free.  
 The artist trembles o'er his plan,  
 Where men his self must see.  
 Who made a song or picture, he  
 Did it, and not another, God nor man.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Oh, not as clouds dim laws have plann'd  
 To strike down Good and fight for Ill,—  
 Oh, not as harps that stand  
 In the wind and sound the wind's command;  
 Each artist—gift of terror!—owns his will.

For thee, Cloud, if thou spend thine all  
 Upon the South's o'er-brimming sea  
 That needs thee not; or crawl  
 To the dry provinces, and fall  
 Till every convert clod shall give to thee

Green worship; if thou grow or fade,  
 Bring on delight or misery,  
 Fly east or west, be made  
 Snow, hail, rain, wind, grass, rose, light, shade:  
 What matters it to thee? There is no thee.

Pass, kinsman Cloud, now fair and mild:  
 Discharge the will that's not thine own.  
 I work in freedom wild,  
 But work, as plays a little child,  
 Sure of the Father, Self, and Love, alone.

*Sidney Lanier.*





## THE COREAN ORIGIN OF JAPANESE ART.

THE long-closed peninsula of Corea, after repeated efforts of France, Russia, England, Germany, and Italy to open it to foreign commerce, has yielded at last to American diplomacy, and has become a treaty-partner with the United States. After three distinct rebuffs, one as long ago as 1866, Commodore R. W. Shufeldt has won a diplomatic triumph that fitly crowns a long and brilliant professional career in the Navy of the United States. Though it is not probable that this treaty will be ratified in its present form, especially if it recognizes the suzerainty of China over Corea, yet friendship between the two countries is now assured. Commerce will soon bring "the hermit into the marketplace," and Corean bric-à-brac, which, although coarser than the Japanese, is fully as characteristic, will be less of a rarity in our shops. If China is the Egypt, and Japan the Greece of eastern Asia, then Corea is the Cyprus, supplying the middle term of development between the two phases of art. Corea is not merely the path by which Chinese art entered the Mikado's empire, but the land in which that art was modified and developed. Before considering this topic, let us glance for a moment at the recent history of this strange land.

The Japanese, by making a treaty in 1876, in which they recognized Cho-sen, as they properly call Corea, as an independent and sovereign nation, thereby abandoned a claim upon her as a vassal nation which they had held for over fifteen hundred years. Nor has the Mikado's government ever recognized China's claim of suzerainty over Corea,—a fact pregnant with mighty issues in the future of history on the Asian Pacific coast. Since 1878 the Japanese have had a legation in Seoul. The rival political parties in Corea, losing sight of old issues—chiefly dynastic and local questions—have re-arranged themselves as Progressionists ("Civilization party") and Conservatives ("Corea for the Coreans"); a second ground of division being in the pro-Chinese and pro-Japanese sympathies, according to the one or the other of which China or Japan serves as a model of national policy.

In 1864, the dynasty of Ni, founded in 1392, came to an end by the failure of direct heirs. The three widows of former sovereigns agreed upon the choice of a boy then but twelve years old, whose father Ni Kung was supposed to be inert and neutral in politics;

but no sooner was his son declared sovereign, and himself Tai-wen-Kun (Lord of the Great Court),—the title of a noble whose son is made king,—than he seized the reins of power, and ruled the country with "heart of stone and bowels of iron," as the Coreans say. Under his rule, the nine French bishops and priests who had lived in the country in disguise were beheaded; and in the frightful persecutions which followed, many thousand (some say one hundred and fifty thousand) natives were tortured or put to death, while thousands more fled into the Russian possessions. The burning of the American vessels *General Sherman* and the *China*, both suspected of being on piratical expeditions to rob the tombs of Corean kings, also took place under his regency. In 1873 the young king attained his majority, and took upon himself the active duties of the throne, his queen Min—a woman of great ability—urging friendship with Japan, and checkmating the power of the Regent. As a result of the constant agitation of the Progressionists, the influence of Li Hung Chang, the able Chinese liberal, and a spirited memorial from Kwo-in-ken, a Chinese publicist, who urged Corea to make a treaty with the Americans—the natural friends of Asiatic States—the young king, backed by his ministers Bin Kenko, Bin Hogen, Ri Saiwo, and others, sent word to Commodore Shufeldt, then in Tien-tsin, that all was ready for a treaty. Accordingly, Commodore Shufeldt appeared in the U. S. S. *Swatara*, May 7, 1882, off In-chiun (Jap. Ninsen) the newly opened port in Imperatrice Gulf, twenty-five miles from the capital. On the 9th the treaty was signed, and shortly after similar treaties were concluded with China, Great Britain, France, and Germany.

The opening of a port so near the capital, and the signing of treaties with foreigners, stirred up the bigoted alien-haters and Confucianists to the highest pitch of rage. Inflammatory placards were posted on the palace gates, processions of men, dramatically robed in mourning and bearing remonstrances, paraded the streets of Seoul, and the erection of hundreds of monuments inscribed with ultra-patriotic sentiments went on daily. Unfortunately, no rain had fallen for some weeks after the treaties were signed, so that the wells dried up, and the rice-crop threatened total failure. While the garrison had no rice for rations, the Japanese in Seoul—



numbering forty persons—were well supplied. The leaders of the anti-foreign party, headed by the ex-regent, Tai-wen-Kun, stirred up the peasantry and turbulent soldiery to believe that the spirits were angry because foreigners

rise; must not even the Western foreigner do reverence?" The commercial spread of Japanese art during the last twenty years, and its consequent influence upon Western life, are familiar to the reader of contemporary



MEN OF SHINRA SUBMIT THEMSELVES TO QUEEN JINGU. (A. D. 202.)

had polluted the soil of the holy country (Corea). The consequences were seen in the murderous riot of July 23d, in which seven Japanese, the queen, the heir-apparent and his bride of two months, the superintendent of the rice-granaries, and three prominent ministers of the court, were killed by the rioters, who numbered four thousand. The subsequent events—the prompt and firm action of Japan, and the deposition of Tai-wen-Kun by China, are well known.

A new sunrise in decorative art has dawned upon us since "The House of the Morning" opened its doors to Commodore Perry in 1854. Those who crossed the threshold began at once to gather up the art treasures visible on every side; but the first systematic collection of art objects from Japan was made by Sir Rutherford Alcock, and was exhibited in Paris in 1862. Later on, in the exhibitions in London, Vienna, and Philadelphia, the Japanese erected a Gate Beautiful, through which delighted Westerners entered to fulfill a poet's prophecy, uttered a thousand years ago: "In our ancient island, Yamato [Japan], the sun

literature, for whose benefit a small library of books and essays on the subject have been written; but few know to what extent Japan was indebted for its art to its neighbor.

For Japanese art is not original. The full sunrise and mid-day of oriental art belongs, indeed, to the islands, but the fountains of its first light lay in the near peninsula, known for centuries to the Japanese as "The Treasure Land of the West." A thousand years before Perry sailed for the Tycoon's capital, the subjects of Haroun Al Raschid traded with the Coreans, bringing to Bagdad and Damascus pearls, gold, jeweled ornaments, saddles, porcelain, and drugs from Shinra (an ancient state in Corea); while in Nankin and the palaces of China the fame of the peninsular art was great. The Japanese themselves clearly distinguish the various elements in their art-products, according to their Chinese, Corean, or Buddhist origin, calling them respectively *Kara-we*, *Korai-we*, *Butsu-we*. The Persian influence, though distinctly traceable, is not named, or is classified with the India or Buddhist school.

For centuries after the introduction of



artists and models from the Corean peninsula to Japan, art was an exotic in Nara, the ancient capital. When, at last, it took root in Kioto, and began to flourish, the motives and models were Corean. Chinese art in Japan remains, to this day, distinct and apart. Corean art has been absorbed in the Japanese; yet, none the less does the credit belong to the Land of Morning Calm. The fountain and the rill have been lost in the river, yet the fountain was before the river.

"Long ere great Buddha strode  
Upon his calm, colossal, god-like way  
O'er the broad rolling rivers of Cathay,  
By the Korean road,

"And stepping stormy seas  
Hither, to mount the golden lotus throne  
Of Nara, there to rule and muse alone,  
Through lingering centuries."

Japan, while borrowing nearly everything that was worth borrowing from China, received it through a filter. Corea once willingly sifted her benefits on Arabs and Japanese alike; but when every mesh was frozen fast by the policy of almost polar seclusion, she went back to her old pupil to learn anew.

Yet it is not the degenerate Corea of to-day that supplied the ground-forms of the art now so admired by us, but the Shinra and Korai of the early and middle ages. In these, art came to the flower, only to be plucked and worn by the Japanese. The cynical critics of the Japanese legation in Seoul tell us that "art is in a very backward state in Corea,"—"that the finest pictures seen on the screens of the best rooms in Seoul might be purchased in Tokio for a *tempo* [penny] or so." As yet, however, these modern Anaks, despising the grasshopper Coreans, have not entered the king's palace, or the houses of the nobles. A study of the past achievement of Corean fingers in decorative art will show that, at the outset, the peninsula was the teacher, and the islands the pupil. The decay of Corean art was largely due to the fact that the Japanese drained the rival country of her best artists and workmen. The emigrations of Coreans to Japan, so often noticed in the annals of the latter country, resemble the scattering of the Huguenots in Europe. Of this, let us proceed to give historic proofs.

In the first place, the Japanese and Coreans are but as Americans and Englishmen, "cousins" in ethnology, language, and customs. They are branches of the one Fuyu race, whose ancestral seats were in Manchuria. Of the repeated swarming of new races away from the old hive in the Amoor

and Sungari valleys, this immigration alone turned to the eastward, all the others moving to the west. Peering through the gauze curtain of ancient Japanese legend, we see the first invaders from the peninsula sailing across the sea of Japan and landing on the islands which they named Nippon, or Rising Sun. Especially can we detect that Susanoo, a sort of celestial scamp who plays pranks or benefits mankind as the mood seizes him, was a genuine Corean, who planted the new country with seeds from the peninsula. The first visitors to the new settlers from the old country brought jewel-work and gems, and, about 200 A. D., the Amazonian widow of the Mikado, Jingu Kogo, invaded Shinra, put the land under tribute, and returned to Japan with eighty ships loaded with works of art and skill (see the illustration on page 225). These comprised pictures, brocades, precious stones, books, and various articles new to the warriors of Yamato. A century or two later followed teachers, artists, costumers, architects; and, in 552 A. D., Buddhist priests with images and sacred rolls, temple builders and decorators, bringing in a vast train of civilizing influences, arrived at the court of the Mikado and succeeded in intrenching themselves (see the illustration on page 227). What the Roman Catholic church is to Europe, Buddhism is to Asia. Shintoism is Puritan as to art,—austere and unsensuous; so also is Confucianism.

Not until the ninth century was there any native art in Japan; it was all Corean or Chinese. There was an Imperial School of Painting (*We-dokoro*) having four chief painters and sixty sketchers or draughtsmen, whose main business it was to decorate the palace and public buildings; but these were all Coreans. The office was subsequently incorporated with the Bureau of Architecture, the chief, or "painter-laureate," as he may be called, being, however, held in special honor. It was not until near the close of the ninth century that the first native artist of any prominence arose, in the person of Kanaoka, who painted natural objects, animals, and Chinese sages. Not until the eleventh century did a distinctively native school of art, treating subjects chosen at home, arise. This *nishiki-ye*, or "brocade-style," in which the details of costume were brilliantly depicted, was succeeded, two or three centuries later, by the Tosa style, in which broad masses of gold and many bright colors are used to portray court scenes and palace life. In the fifteenth century, along with the passion for Corean white porcelain, came the rage for those dark glazed bowls and cups which now bring absurdly large prices. The patronage





COREAN ENVOY PRESENTING AN IMAGE OF BUDDHA TO THE MIKADO. (A. D. 255.)

of the mighty Taiko (*Hideyoshi*) and the demand of the Kioto tea-clubs brought over the very best of the Corean artists in clay. It is, perhaps, no exaggeration to claim that one of the motives which helped to swell the war-cry of "On to Corea!" in 1592, was the desire of Taiko's generals to seize and bring over the entire ceramic art and industry of Corea bodily. It is a matter of record that when the war was over, in 1597, the daimios of Satsuma, Bizen, Higo, and Choshu, who had secured colonies of Corean potters and decorators, transported them to their respective provinces in Japan. From these immigrants grew up the schools of decorative and ceramic art, known under the name of Satsuma, Hizen, Imari, Arita, Bizen, Higo, and Choshu. Immense treasures of Corean art were also sent from the peninsula while the war was in progress, and previous to it the Kioto schools of pottery and decoration were of Corean origin. Other excellent specimens of Corean art in Japan in painting, ceramics, bronze, and architecture, may be found in the temples and museums at Nara, Kamakura, and other places, and the tombs of Nikko and Tokio. Among the objects brought by the tribute-bearers from the vassal country to the court of the Tycoon in Yedo during the seventeenth century were bronzes cast in the characteristic wave-pattern. Of the many colonies of Corean artificers located

in Japan, from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries, nearly all have effectually mingled their blood and speech with the Japanese. Those who settled in Satsuma have not entirely lost their original lineage and tongue. Except in painting and lacquer, most of the really artistic products of Japan date from the fifteenth century, or even later,—in other words, after Japan had exhausted Corea. It is rare indeed to see a famous seat of high art industry not founded by Coreans.

In an exposition of the various forms of the decorative art of Nippon, even the tyro soon discovers a few patterns constantly repeated. In reality, these are mostly, if not entirely, borrowed or improved Corean. Let us note a few of them.

The "wave-pattern," seen on coins, bronzes, brocades, carvings, and color-decoration, is perhaps the most characteristic. It interprets the Corean phrase which is nearly equal in poetic beauty to Sophocles' ἀνάρηθμον γέλασμα, "unnumbered laughings,—ten thousand flashings of blue waves." It has been largely copied, with variations, by Western designers, and may be seen on the Corean water-pot in Jacquemart's collection. The Japanese have added the stormy petrel and the tortoises of longevity. The fallen autumnal leaf floating on the running stream, or the half-submerged flower borne on the current from home to the sea, is also a Corean sentiment expressed in art, which



the Japanese have borrowed and abundantly expanded with excellent effect. The graceful curve and dash of sea-waves imitated on the handles of tea-pots, and in such positions as serve to display the full form untrammelled, is also a Corean, not a Japanese, invention. So also is the tall and graceful long-lipped tea-pot. The orthodox Japanese utensil is chubby and round. Many of the exquisite

or, perhaps, as it may be called, the conventionalized chrysanthemum design, is also distinctively Corean. The successive layers of the narrow-petaled autumn flower which is the imperial favorite in Japan, may have suggested the decorative form actually used, though we think the idea was caught from those deft arrangements in bamboo threads, which in the two countries are made to simu-



HERBERT PILMER 34

COREAN TRIBUTE-BEARER BEFORE THE TYCOON, YEDO. (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

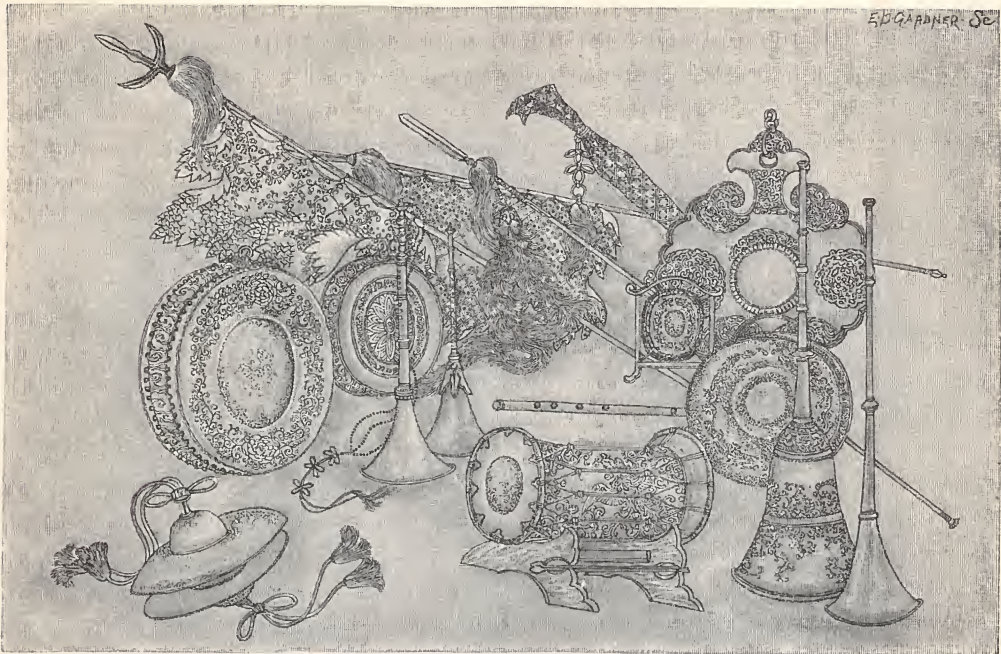
shapes of grace and beauty usually ascribed to the cunning eye and hand of potters in the Mikado's domain had many an ancestor in the peninsula, whence came the first potter's wheel and much of that ancient blue ware which is still called "Corean faience."

The "arabesque" lines of decoration that break up the total surface of decoration by flat fillets, or curved flutings, are purely Corean. These may be seen in the typical water-pot of Jacquemart. Under handle and spout, and along the sides run these vertical strips of decoration. Fruit, flowers, but especially the peony, are tastefully wrought into so-called arabesque forms, the Corean term for which is *chui-piong*. It is seen in richest luxuriance upon fans, curtains, musical instruments, and as embroidery upon garments. The peony blossoms liberally in all works of art from the peninsula, and with wondrous variation and adaptation is effectively used in center-pieces, as rosettes, and wherever richness of mass is desired. The plaited split-bamboo pattern,

late floral designs. A specimen may be seen on the obverse of a drum, under the flags in the illustration on page 229.

We incline even to the belief that the landscape school of the gold-lacquer artists, porcelain and silk painters of Japan, were but docile pupils of Corean masters. The student of the gilded pictures of wave, sky, cloud, field, and house, seen on box and tray, *inro* and scroll, cannot but admire the rich effect, however he may criticise from an alien, or even from a scientific, point of view. Yet the lacquering and painting of landscapes is comparatively modern in Japan. Pieces may indeed be found containing flowers and religious subjects which date back even to the tenth century; but the "mountain, sky, and water" pictures, and what we call "landscape" paintings do not, on porcelain, antedate the end of the sixteenth, or lacquer the fifteenth, and on silk, wood, or paper, the twelfth century, while in Corean, the landscape in decoration is far older. Indeed, the whole drift of Japan-





MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND FLAGS USED IN THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

ese art traditions carries us back to Corea, or to Corean artists in Japan.

In this paper, we do not need to dwell upon the subjects chosen in common by the painters of Chinese Asia,—the four divinely constituted beasts: dragon, phoenix, tortoise, and *kirin*; though in the treatment of these favorites one soon learns to distinguish the nationality and the mannerism or genius of the masters. These four ideal creatures, and the sacred jewel-crystal or pearl, the swastika (卐), the “Greek key,” and many other forms and tricks of art, are not specially characteristic of any nation borrowing from China.

A supreme love of nature and delicate sensitiveness to her varying moods were the possession of the Corean long before these emotions were familiar to Japanese artists. In the Land of Morning Calm (as the people of the little kingdom love to call their country), the artists had learned to transmute their thoughts into form and color centuries before those who lived nearer the sun-rising. Much of the supposed “love of nature” and “faith-

fulness to nature” exhibited by the Japanese artist is, in actual fact and plain prose, nothing more than technical skill learned by rote from traditional models. Translate the rhapsody of Mr. Jarves to a native artist in Tokio, and the result would be open-eyed wonder, and a volley of honestly spoken *e, e, e*, (no! no! no!) Yet we do not forget that our author professes only a glimpse!

Art in Corea of to-day is indeed at a low ebb. By shutting out all the world, the hermit nation has lost her cunning. The prized white ware sometimes seen in collections dates from before the Japanese invasion of 1592. The so-called cheap “celadon” ware figuring as “Corean” in catalogues of sale, simply illustrates the elastic ideas of geography possessed by auctioneers. Judging, however, from the number of art terms in the Corean language, and arguing from the recent history of Japan, we think it not impossible that the last of the hermit nations may hold for the art-world one of the surprises of the future.

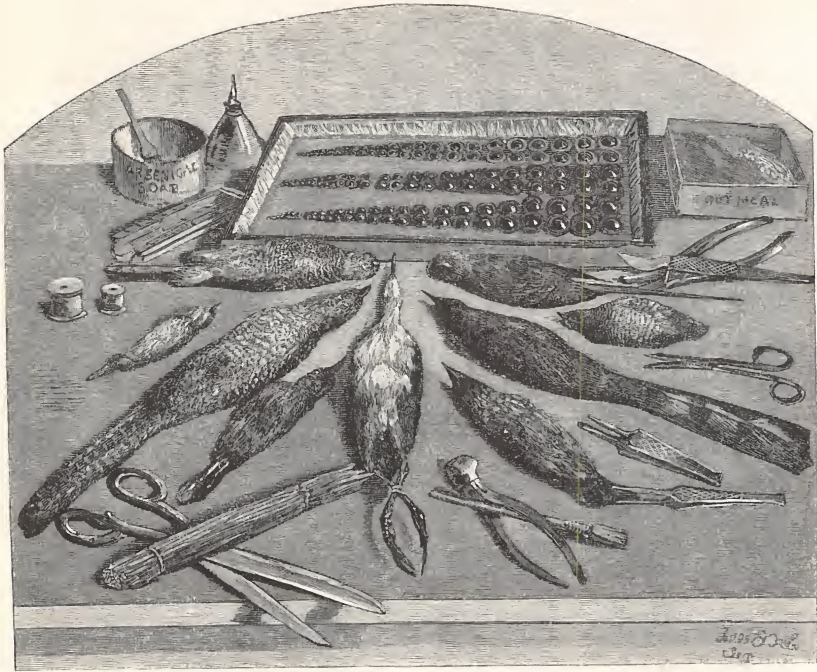
*William Elliot Griffis.*



COREAN WAVE PATTERN.



## THE TAXIDERMAL ART.



READY FOR WORK.

THE recent sale of the Audubon collection of birds' skins awakened little interest, even among ornithologists: nor is this surprising, for Audubon was famous for his sketches and descriptions, rather than for his collections. When a bird was bagged, it was his habit to pin it to a neighboring tree and make a colored drawing. An accurate eye and skillful hand enabled him to imitate those delicate tints which the experienced taxidermist alone can hope to preserve in the specimen; and the measurements he has recorded, taken from birds while the bodies were yet warm, serve sportsmen as criteria even to-day. But, unfortunately for the student of natural history, the author of "The Birds of North America" did not apply himself to the taxidermist's art, and the collection of skins he has left behind him has little more than a historical value.

Waterton, his contemporary, whose name is as famous in England as that of Audubon in America, by reason of his attention to the art of preserving specimens, left far more to posterity. The coloring on Audubon's representations, once so accurate, has dulled and faded with time; new and better methods

have been found for imitating plumage, and cheaper though no less reliable plates are at hand. But the collection of birds stuffed by Waterton, now in the museum at York, is deserving of praise, and his directions for imitating the posture of birds, as well as his receipts for preserving their skins, are of great practical value. Waterton had exceptional facilities for obtaining perfect specimens of birds. He possessed a large estate at Wilton, in Yorkshire, about which he built a high, stone wall, ten miles long. Within its boundaries were woods and lakes, fells and valleys, and there the songster and the game-bird built their nests undisturbed and grew tame. Thus Waterton was enabled to obtain unblemished specimens. The value of these, when the subjects are small birds, can be appreciated only by the naturalist and the sportsman. The feathers of a bird fall gracefully, the one over the other, and, when pierced by shot, they are, to a certain extent, disarranged, and their beautiful harmony is interrupted. To correct such defects, the taxidermist draws down the feathers immediately over the wound, and pulls up those beneath; but this, though con-

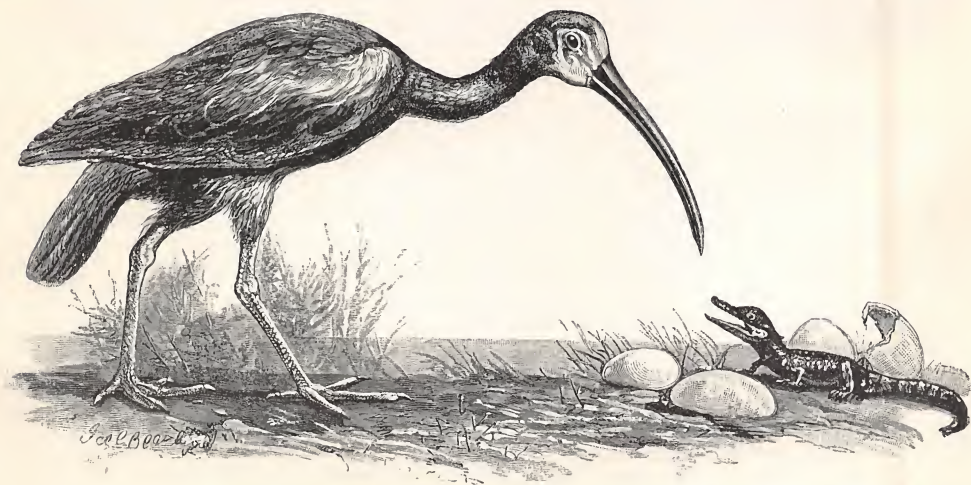


cealing the gap, distorts the plumage and contracts the skin.

Waterton's directions for stuffing animals, which have, from time to time, furnished cause for laughter, possess other merits save that of being unique. He maintained that an animal should be stuffed in three sections: (1.) The head and fore legs; (2.) the body from the shoulders to the flare of the flanks; (3.) the flanks and the hind legs. Such treatment is calculated to strike the novice as ridiculous, but a careful examination will demonstrate that this plan, though it possesses defects, has much to commend it. It was, no doubt, the difficulty of stuffing a skin in its entirety, of imitating the muscles and tendons, the protrusions and depressions, the play of the joints, and the expression of the various parts, that led Waterton to divide it.

It is not enough that the dimensions of the subject be carefully recorded, the skin removed by skillful use of the scalpel, and the wounds stopped while yet warm. All these are essential to an accurate artificial reproduction, but they are, by no means, an assurance of it. It is upon the subsequent treatment of the skin that the success of the final mounting of the specimen depends. And here it may be laid down as a fact that no taxidermist can be trusted to stuff a bird or animal with the characteristics of which he is unfamiliar. Examples of monstrosities due to such ignorance were recently noticed in a taxidermist's window. One of these had the plumage of an eagle, but its body was almost parallel to the ground, and its drooping wings expressed ignoble indolence. These are attributes of the vulture, not of the eagle, whose very name symbolizes dignity, cour-

age, and grace. Another had the plumage of a magpie, but the man who stuffed and mounted it was ignorant of the craftiness and sprightliness of the magpie, or he would not have allowed it to assume such a heavy, hang-dog appearance. There was also the skin of a fox, but the taxidermist had not been happy in catching its cunning expression, and, if you could pardon this, closer scrutiny would prove that he had given Reynard round or dog's eyes, whereas, being nocturnal, the fox has elliptical or cat's eyes. But, happily, the taxidermists who have been in the habit of stuffing birds and animals as an upholsterer stuffs pillows are fast losing ground, and men of artistic instincts are coming to the front. These men are well grounded in anatomy, which is indispensable to proper treatment, and pay close attention to form and attitude. They study the proportion that each curve or extension, each contraction or expansion, of a particular part bears to the remainder of the body. Waterton insisted that such studies were indispensable to successful treatment; and in mounting birds' skins he discountenanced the use of wire, which, up to that time, had formed the skeleton or manikin of stuffed birds, on the ground that it introduced a disagreeable stiffness and destroyed the natural symmetry of the specimen. His plan was almost completely to skin the bird, leaving in only that portion of the skull-bone which extends from the fore part of the eyes to the bill, parts of the wing-bones, the jaw-bones, and half of the thigh-bones. With a stick shaped like a knitting-needle, he introduced cotton into the skin little by little, taking careful account of every swelling or cavity of the live bird, and of that just proportion which is so often neglected by the taxidermist.

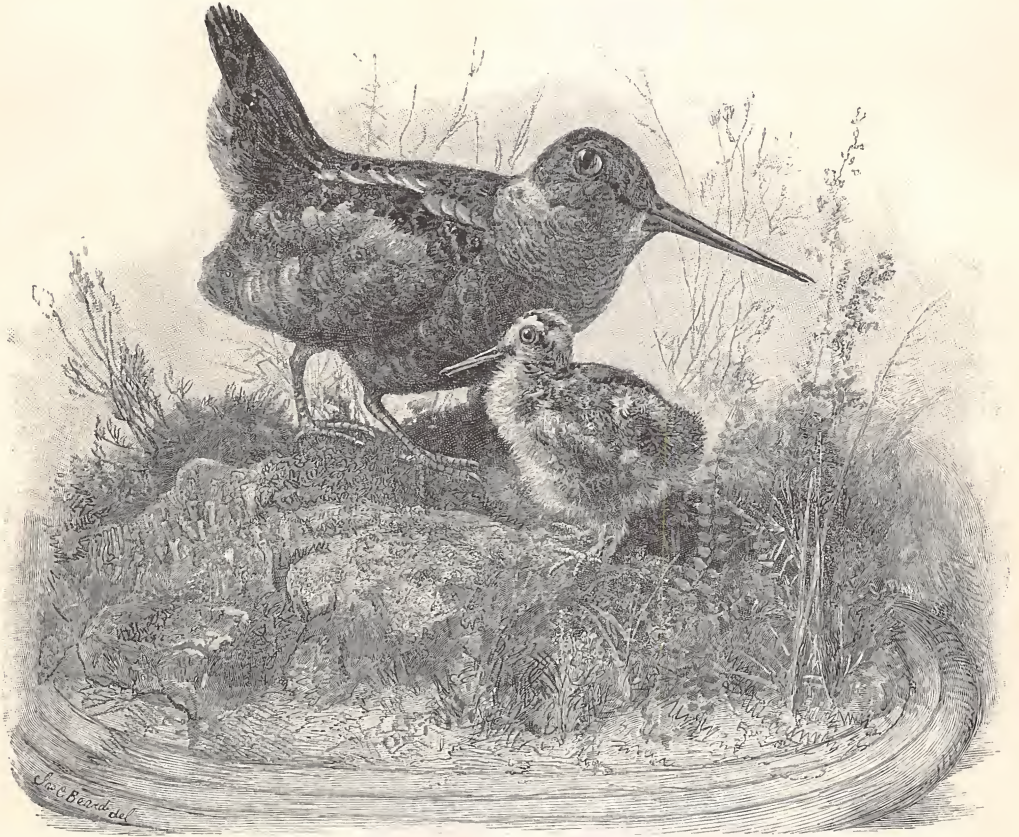


SCARLET IBIS AND YOUNG CROCODILE. (MOUNTED BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.)



Those who have carefully examined a bird are aware that the feathers do not completely cover the body. There are cavities in the region of the shoulders, wings, and thighs that are comparatively bare, and in which the skin fits with extraordinary nicety. The usual manner of treating these parts is by stuffing them into rotund surfaces. This results in a certain loss of symmetry and proportion.

blood must be carefully touched with a wet sponge. In warm countries, the skin should be removed at once; elsewhere, the bird may first be allowed to grow cold. Beginning at the breast-bone, the skin is slowly removed by forcing a blunt instrument beneath it, while at the same time care should be taken not to stretch it. The bones of the wings are cut at the shoulder-joints, and, after the back of the



WOODCOCK AND YOUNG. (MOUNTED BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.)

Waterton exercised great care in this regard, being unwilling that even those portions of a bird which, by reason of the interposition of plumage, are hidden from the sight of the ordinary spectator, should be otherwise than true to nature. At the present time, as may be imagined, such work as Waterton's is rare,—not, however, from a lack of men capable of successfully imitating it, but for reasons which will be dwelt upon farther on in this paper.

The most approved mode of preserving a bird's skin necessitates a careful attention from the moment it is brought to bag up to the time when it is ready for mounting. The wounds must be stopped with cotton or tow, and the feathers that have been discolored by

skull is exposed, the vertebrae of the neck are separated from the head. The brains are now taken out of the skull, and the eyes are removed by breaking the little bones which separate the orbits and the roof of the mouth. From the under mandible the flesh is removed, care being taken not to injure the ear openings nor the eyelids. In the case of sea-birds, which are commonly oily, powdered chalk is profusely used. The skin is now rubbed with arsenical soap, or a solution of corrosive sublimate, and preparations are made to dry it. A copy of the notes taken when the bird was bagged, giving exact dimensions, color of eyes and legs, sex, and season of the year, should accompany



the skin. If it is to be sent far away to be mounted, the skin should be packed in a box with camphor and strong aromatics, all crevices being stopped with pitch to keep out insects. A naturalist traveling in Abyssinia laid his cured bird-skins between sheets of paper, as in an herbarium, and thus they made the voyage to England without injury, and when mounted, they made fair specimens.

Before the stuffing of a bird is begun, the skull is washed with corrosive sublimate and replaced by way of the neck. Then the wings and legs are adjusted by means of bits of wire connected with a central piece, which is made to extend longitudinally from the head to the tip of the tail, where it forms a triangle for the support of the spreading feathers or rectrices. One of the principal faults of stuffed birds is an apparent elongation of the leg. The three bones which compose the leg of a bird are articulated so as almost to form the letter Z, and though, in the case of the waders, such as the stork, the heron, and the crane, the upper joint of the thigh bone is less inclined than in the birds of the wood, it is never straight. In stuffing, an operation that must of necessity be slow, chopped flax, tow, or cotton is used. Great care must be taken not to stretch the skin or distort the parts while stuffing or sewing up. With a pair of forceps, chopped cotton is inserted into the orbits in order to prepare them for the reception of the eyes, which are affixed to the head by means of calcareous cement. Should the nictitating membrane protrude, it should be pressed back with the point of the lancet. When the pose of the bird has been decided upon and arranged, cotton thread is carefully wound round and round the plumage. This is to hold the feathers in position until the skin is thoroughly dry.

The preservation of fish-forms is a distinctive branch of taxidermy, and while many taxidermists attempt it, few are really successful. Fish, when first taken out of the water, have a bloom upon their skins that might be likened to the bloom upon a ripe plum. To retain this, they must be skinned and stuffed almost immediately after capture—say within a half hour's time—by a careful and experi-



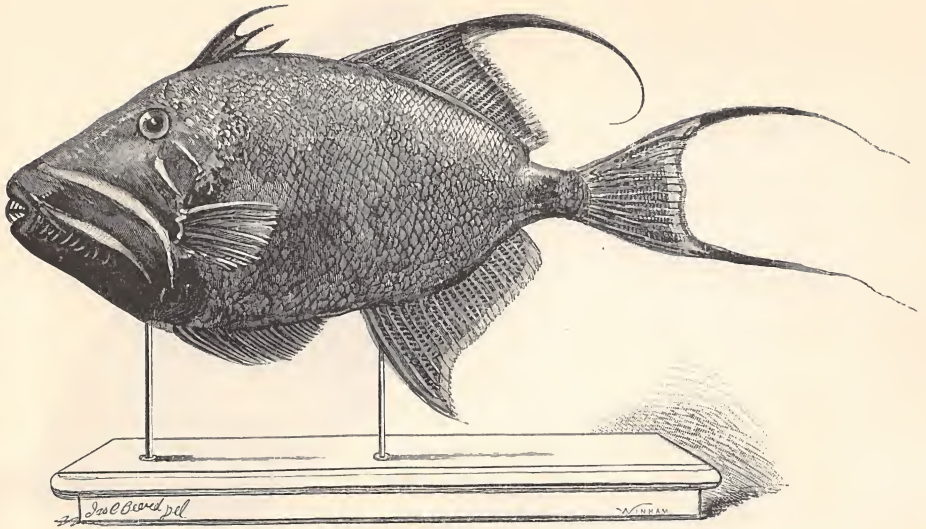
HARLEQUIN DUCK WRAPPED. (MOUNTED BY F. S. WEBSTER.)

enced hand. According to the authorities, in order to protect the scales and colors, cambric or tissue-paper should be applied before the skin is removed. When this is effected, it is wrapped in a moist cloth to keep it pliable.

The old custom of mounting birds on twigs or moss-covered bases has largely been abandoned. Moss and all such material is the resort of insects, and when near animal matter is a favorite place for moths and the like to lay their eggs. A stand composed of two pieces of polished mahogany, or rosewood, in the shape of the letter T, affixed to an elliptical-shaped base of the same material, has been adopted by the principal museums of natural history.

The French or German taxidermist usually serves a long and laborious apprenticeship in the study of animal forms, anatomy, and drawing, before he considers himself sufficiently equipped for the practical work of his vocation. But even the skilled taxidermist, when competing for contracts, will sometimes turn out work which, if not absolutely worthless, is at least unsatisfactory. A fair example of this was recently to be seen in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Desiring some fine work done to serve as criteria for his own work, Professor Baird sent to Herr Martin, a famous taxidermist of Stuttgart, asking him to bid for the restoration of





TRIGGER FISH. (MOUNTED BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.)

a large collection of birds' skins. Now, Martin, supposing he was competing with the English and French taxidermists, made what proved to be a very low estimate, and obtained the contract. When the collection arrived from Stuttgart it was a most deplorable sight, and, so far as the study of ornithology was concerned, utterly worthless. Yet Martin has done some of the best and most conscientious work to be found on the continent of Europe. He has mounted swans so exquisitely, with such truth to nature, that it has been said that live swans could rival them in form only when they were at their very best.

What might not inappropriately be called the antithesis of Martin's cheap and inaccurate work is done by Edwin Ward, of London. Though by no means superior to that of many others, it commands by far the best price, and it is by means of this excessive price that Ward is enabled to turn out such satisfactory work. Indian officers and wealthy persons who have shown prowess in the jungle are pretty sure to save the skins for Ward to mount. Starting with an accurate knowledge of the subject, he repairs to the "Zoo," and there makes elaborate drawings of the particular subject in hand. Slowly and carefully he brings the lion, tiger, cheetah, or whatever else it may be, into its natural form and attitude. The feelers about the nose of the king of beasts stand out with their wonted vigor, the great muscles of the shoulder and flank yield gracefully to the joints which they cover, and the wire-like tendons of the herculean fore-arm may be as easily traced in the restoration as in the caged beast.

Before those famous taxidermists and hunters, the Verreaux Frères, established themselves in Paris, museums of natural history were compelled to rely upon picking up their specimens in all parts of the world. The keen intelligence of the Verreaux was not long in discovering a means of serving the cause of science and advancing their own fortunes at the same time. They established a sort of clearing-house for wild beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, with branches in every quarter of the globe, and from them you could order a stuffed elephant, giraffe, or Bengal tiger, as you would a fitch of bacon from your butcher or a boiled lobster from the fish-monger.

While the Verreaux were gaining a world-wide reputation, an American lad, Henry A. Ward by name, was pursuing his studies in Paris at the Sorbonne, L'École des Mines, and the Jardin des Plantes. When his means were all but exhausted, young Ward left his lodgings in the Latin Quarter and sought for fossils in the chalk and limestone quarries in the suburbs of Paris. For these he found a ready sale in London, bringing back with him to Paris fine collections of minerals purchased from the Cornwall miners. Among difficulties that would have appalled most young men, he worked his way through an elaborate course of studies, without help or encouragement. To-day, he supplies the largest museums in the world with stuffed specimens, from the elephant down to the smallest rodent, and, the Verreaux Frères being now dead, he has established, as they did, stations upon every continent for the collection of natural history specimens. At his American head-



quarters at Rochester, N. Y., there are over twenty thousand mammals, birds, fishes, and reptiles, ready for stuffing and mounting. Among these are one thousand kangaroos, one hundred tigers, three elephants, sixty bears, thirty cynocephali, one thousand serpents and snakes, two hundred seals and sea-lions, thirty orang-outang, five chimpanzees, one hundred bison and buffalo, three gorillas, and three hundred antelope.

When the news came that Corea was open to Americans, Ward at once dispatched a man

Not long ago, Ward dispatched a man to India to shoot an elephant. He obtained permission from the Governor of the Madras Presidency (for the elephant is protected by the laws), and after a long hunt, in which the natives joined, finally secured the largest stuffed specimen in the country, now in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, Mass. The elephant was shot through the head. Careful measurements were first made of the body and limbs, and then the skin was removed in three sections. One



ROOM IN A TAXIDERMIST'S SHOP.

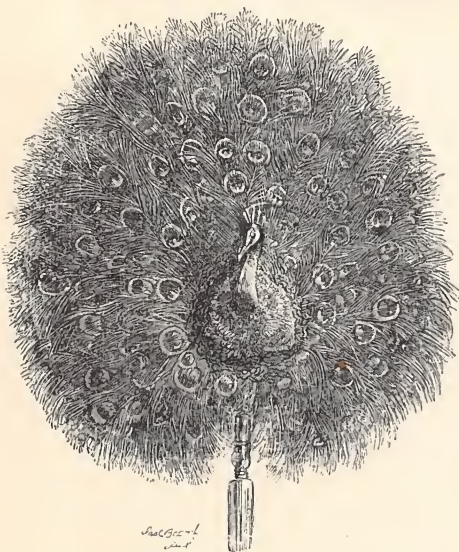
to secure skins of the various animals indigenous to that country. A German baron, Von Hoppenfeld by name, is hunting the gorilla for him in African wilds,—a means of utilizing the German baron not previously discovered. In this quest Von Hoppenfeld has penetrated so far into the interior that he can only indicate his whereabouts by his latitude and longitude.

Ward is capable of doing quick as well as excellent work. The Fishery Exhibition of 1880 opened in Berlin, April 18th. In March, President White, of Cornell University, then United States Minister to Germany, sent to Ward, then in Paris, asking him to make an exhibit of American fishes. Two days after the opening of the exposition, an almost complete collection arrived at Berlin, consisting of fifteen hundred forms, all of which had been labeled, classified, packed, and sent from the American headquarters on a month's notice.

incision was made at the top of the neck, along the back to the tail; another divided the skin from the throat, along the middle of the body underneath, meeting the first incision at the tail; and a third cut severed the head from the body. On the inside of each leg an incision was made from the sole of the foot to the abdominal opening. The skin was removed by working from the latter and the back cuts at the same time, the legs being cut off at the joints. Then the body was rolled over, and the operation was repeated. Finally the head and trunk were skinned. The absence of hair from the skin facilitated the treatment of both sides with preservatives. Both sides were washed with arsenical soap and salt, and rubbed with a flat stone. The skin was then rolled up and packed away. Two days later it was spread out, and the pieces of flesh adhering were removed. After being again treated with arsenic, it was left undisturbed for

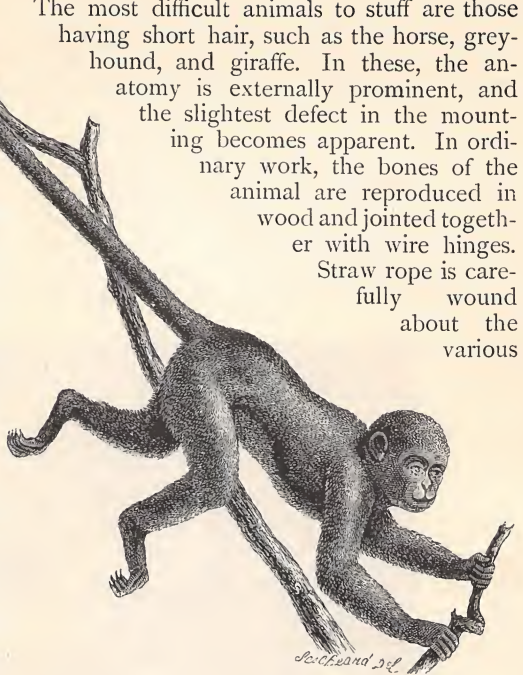


a week, at the expiration of which time the fibers were found to be hardened, and the epidermis thoroughly set. Powdered alum was now freely used, and the skin left to dry in the shade. Twenty days after the commencement of the operation, the skin, then weighing only two hundred and forty pounds, was shipped to America. Upon its arrival hither, four bars of wrought iron, each twelve feet long and one and a quarter inches thick, were bent into shape for the legs and firmly bolted to a beam sixteen feet long and four inches thick. This was to serve as a backbone for the attachment of ribs, pelvis, and scapulæ. Semicircular-shaped bones were attached to the backbone, and laths nailed thereon. Then a wooden pelvis and shoulder-blades were set, and at each joint of the legs a round piece of wood was fitted about the leg-iron, and laths nailed from one joint to the other. An exact copy of the skull in wood was bolted on in position. Then the several parts were wrapped with wisps of straw, and the manikin was covered with the skin of the elephant. From the measurements that had been made, the distances between the various extremities were copied, and the protrusions imitated by stuffing. The trunk was filled with straw, and the wooden imitation of the skull covered with clay and molded into shape. After the skin was thoroughly dry,—for previous to mounting it had been in the relapsing tank,—the seams were sewed together, and the elephant was complete.



PEACOCK SCREEN. (MOUNTED BY F. S. WEBSTER.)

The most difficult animals to stuff are those having short hair, such as the horse, greyhound, and giraffe. In these, the anatomy is externally prominent, and the slightest defect in the mounting becomes apparent. In ordinary work, the bones of the animal are reproduced in wood and jointed together with wire hinges. Straw rope is carefully wound about the various



SOUTH AMERICAN BLACK-FACED MONKEY. (MOUNTED BY F. S. WEBSTER.)

imitation bones until the original dimensions are reached. Then the muscles and tendons are imitated, and the skin is pinched from the outside along the line of the false tendons. In this work the taxidermist is aided by the retention by the articular surfaces of their old creases.

A serious obstacle in the path of the conscientious stuffer of animals is the inability of many of his patrons to distinguish between the ideal and the real. This can not be better illustrated than by citing the case of the buffalo. The ideal buffalo has very heavy fore legs, short neck, depressed head, and light flanks. The attitude of the ideal buffalo is always rampant. The real buffalo is disappointing in comparison. If a line were drawn midway between the end of the nose and the termination of the flanks, only three-fifths of the animal would be found forward and two-fifths back of it. But, in the ideal buffalo, three-fourths of the body is forward of this point and only one-fourth behind it. Again, the pelage is by no means so thick nor so shaggy as is usually represented. Nor is the real buffalo of threatening mien; his expression is rather one of timidity.

The most important part of the work of the taxidermist is the preservation of skins of birds and mammals. Many of the specimens mounted by taxidermists ten years



ago, some of even more recent date, which may be seen in the various museums, show signs of decay and of decomposition, while instances are not rare where the work of their predecessors is yet sound and free from blemish. In order to protect the skin of bird or mammal effectually against the assault of insects, it must be thoroughly penetrated by that which will so change its internal chemistry as to make it proof against yielding,

the shade, where the wind blows, it will soon dry without deterioration. In a good-sized bird all but the head of the humerus should be permitted to remain; in birds as large as the red-shouldered hawk, the secondaries must not be detached from the ulna. The muscles and tendons of a bird may be removed by cutting underneath the wing from the elbow and beyond. In long-legged birds and waders an incision should be made back of the heel,



SCREECH-OWL AND YOUNG. (WALL-CASE, MOUNTED BY F. S. WEBSTER.)

cracking, and other deterioration to which organic tissue is subject. According to the best authorities, a bath of arsenical solution, corrosive sublimate, or chloride of zinc, will effect this.

The metropolitan taxidermist is constantly in the receipt of skins sent in from the field, which, through the carelessness or ignorance of the owner, have been injured beyond repair. According to the best authorities, the legs and feet of a mammal and the head of a bird should be skinned. The leg bones and skull, though permitted to adhere to the skin, should be freed from flesh. The skin should be treated with arsenic or arsenical soap, dry alum or salt, or placed in strong alcohol or brine. It must not be allowed to dry while yet stained with blood, nor be stretched or left in the sun. If it is placed in

that is to say, in the tibio-tarsal joint, and another in the fleshy part of the foot, and by this means the tendon at the back of the leg should be removed. This will greatly facilitate the work of the taxidermist in wiring the leg, and will go far to preserve the scutellæ of the tarsus.

Of commercial naturalists, Frank, of Amsterdam, now dead, held high rank. He devoted himself particularly to the mammals of the Dutch archipelago. His specimens may be seen at the museum in his native city, as well as at the museums of Lyons, Bordeaux, Hamburg, Berlin, and Vienna. Hermann Plonquet, also dead, formerly of the Royal Natural History Museum in Stuttgart, excelled in preparing and mounting ornithological subjects, wisely refraining from the mammalia on the ground that a man could not do justice to both,—an



assertion, by the way, which may be verified in almost any large museum. It is said that no taxidermist has yet appeared who excels in both classes. A Pole, Bielowski by name, of the Museum of the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg and the museum at Moscow, is said to be among the best, hav-



GOLDEN EAGLE. (MOUNTED BY F. S. WEBSTER.)

ing executed some really superior work, as the cases and corridors of the British Museum and the museums of Liverpool, Edinburgh, Florence, and Madrid will bear witness.

That there is much excellent taxidermal work done in and about New York—work that will safely vie with the best productions of European masters—few will deny; but it is also true that a vast amount of inferior work is yearly turned out. There are several reasons for this. One is that the prices now prevailing do not warrant the taxidermist in devoting the time to his work that the subject requires, and another, that a certain class of work now in popular demand does not call for, nor does it compensate, the careful attention of the master. The poulterer wishes stuffed hens for his window; the florist, swans and doves; the furrier, bears rampant; the milkman, cows couchant, and so on.

Among taxidermal curiosities, mention should be made of that department of "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-

mals" which might, not inappropriately, be called its Museum of Horrors, and which Mr. Henry Bergh has collected to give the emphasis of reality to his effective arguments against brutality to dumb animals. Here the taxidermist has portrayed the sufferings of the game-cock after the main; of the dog after the fight with his fellow; of the pigeon when wounded by the sportsman, and of the overdriven horse. The horrors of vivisection are graphically set forth by means of skillfully prepared animals, whose apparent sufferings, even in dumb show, it is painful to contemplate.

Several celebrated horses have been preserved by taxidermy. Sheridan's war-horse "Rienzi," which carried him to "Winchester twenty miles away," may be seen on Governor's Island. Sherman's famous horse "Tecumseh," which he rode "from Atlanta to the sea," is in the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, and General Robert E. Lee's war-horse "Traveller" is in the museum of the Washington and Lee University, Virginia. The famous trotter "Lexington" was recently exhumed on Alexander's breeding-farm in Kentucky, and remodeled from a sketch taken during life.

One of the first objects to catch the eye of the visitor in the Arsenal, in Central Park, is a group representing an Arab courier attacked by lions. This is a masterpiece from the hands of the late Édouard Verreaux, of Paris, and at the Exposition of 1867, where it was greatly admired, secured a gold medal. Hard by is a grizzly bear, stuffed nearly half a century ago, but, owing to the care of Superintendent Conklin, it does not yet show signs of deterioration.

An important branch of the taxidermist's business is the stuffing of favorite animals and birds. Conspicuously displayed at one New York shop is a sign with the legend, "Cats and dogs must be paid for in advance!" This is only a necessary precaution of the taxidermist to protect himself from loss. His most frequent visitors are women who have lost a pet dog or cat. At first the mistress is inconsolable, and orders her favorite stuffed and mounted in the best manner. This requires time, and when the work is done its owner has usually so far recovered from her grief as to be indifferent concerning it. Were it a bird of fine plumage or a rare animal, the taxidermist would be willing to have it left on his hands; but there is no demand for miscellaneous stuffed cats and dogs. It is remarkable how many canaries are brought to be mounted. "Here's 'Dickie!'" says a little girl as she enters the shop, and, carefully unwinding a handkerchief, takes out a diminutive



tive yellow bird. "Ma wants you to stuff 'm!" Then she whispers tearful directions regarding her pet, concluding with: "You must make him look just exactly as if he was alive."

Skins of birds and animals from all over the country are sent to New York to be mounted. Oftentimes the owner desires information regarding the curious changes of color in the plumage, particularly of shore birds, or regarding that *crux* of ornithological science, "What constitutes a species?" Many ornithologists throughout the country rely upon pictorial representation to decide upon bird-forms, and while there are some very accurate ornithological publications to be had, it is a well-known fact that the market is flooded with works illustrated from badly stuffed specimens instead of from live or freshly killed birds.

A serious obstacle in the path of taxidermal progress has been the unwillingness of American taxidermists to compare notes. The physician, the surgeon, and the scientist publish to the world the results of their experiments, and to keep secret important discoveries for purposes of money-getting is looked upon by the members of these several fraternities as a species of quackery. Such has not been the case among taxidermists. If a man by experiment has learned a better method of restoring skins, or protecting them from the attack of parasites, it has been his habit to conceal the discovery from other members of his guild. Two years ago the Society of American Taxidermists was organized, with a view of bringing the workmen together. The first meeting was held at Rochester, N. Y., the second at Boston, Mass., and the third is about to be held in New York city, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. At these meetings the best work done in the country is placed on exhibition. Notable features in the last meeting were an excellent taxidermal representation of the story of Cock Robin, and a chorus of open-mouthed birds perched upon a bough, with one of their number armed with a baton as leader. There were also mammals in groups, and many single specimens of birds, mammals, and fishes. The specialists openly ply their several branches of the taxidermal art each day of the exhibition, and thus the spectator may enlarge his knowledge of the art without hinderance. The officers of the society say that there are already signs of improvement in American taxidermy. At former exhibitions old workmen have obtained valuable hints from sources which at first seemed unpromising,



A GROTESQUE.

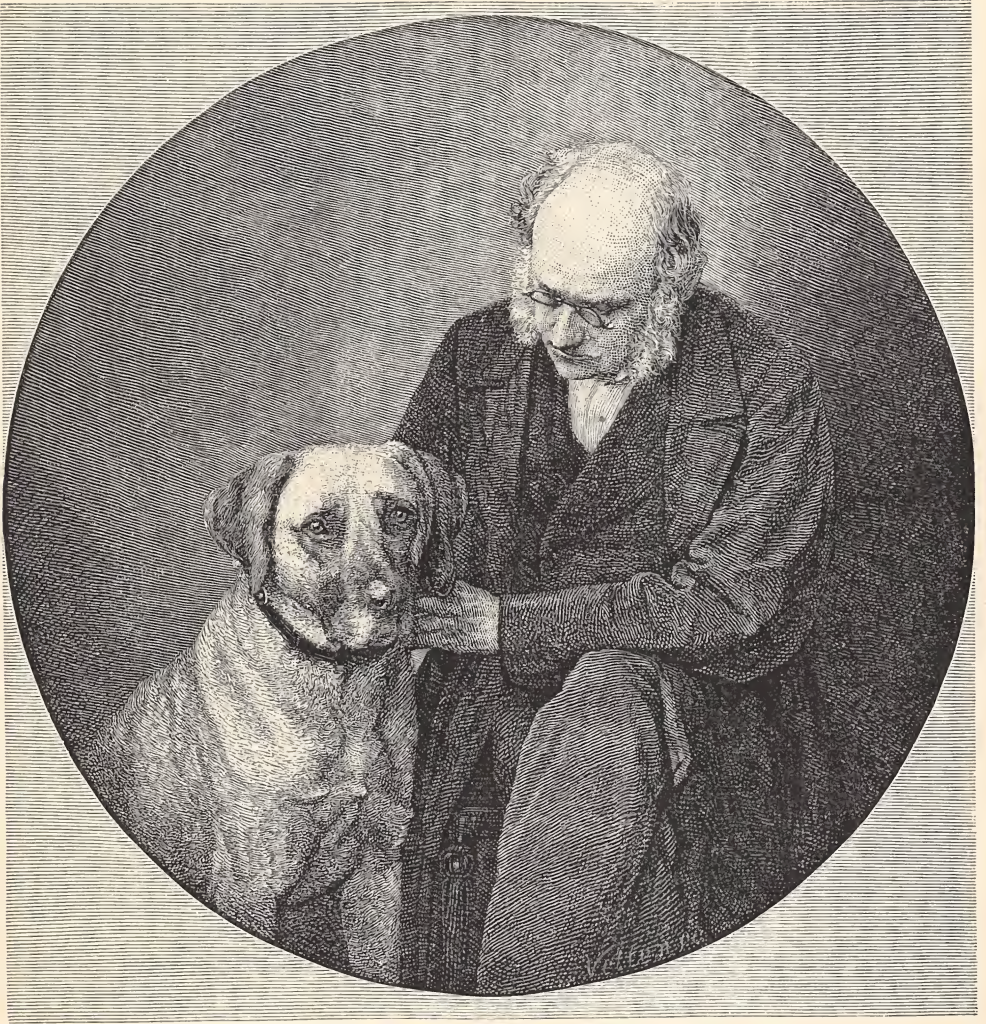
while the younger members of the guild have been partly disabused of the idea that celerity of execution will make amends for inartistic treatment.

There is a species of taxidermy which might not inappropriately be called "plastic," and of which Mr. P. T. Barnum, if not the originator, is at least a patron. In this, fabulous or costly specimens are modeled out of parts of other and not necessarily similar natural forms. Several years since, a New York taxidermist constructed a whale thirty-six feet long. It was made like a balloon, to be blown up with gas. The covering was silk, upon which dog-fish and shark-skins were carefully attached. The jaws were made to work like an alligator's, and the interior of the mouth was lined with whalebone. This whale was purchased by a Western showman, for whom it proved a phenomenal attraction. Its career as a curiosity was, however, brought to a close by an accident which could hardly have been foreseen by either its builder or its owner. Contrary to his usual custom, the latter permitted its exhibition in a tent at a county fair. The man employed to describe in stentorian tones the habits of the "monsters of the deep" had arrived at about the middle of his discourse, when a cross-beam fell from the peak of the tent and struck the whale in the back. There was a sharp, hissing sound as the gas escaped, and the whale gradually flattened. "There she blows!" shouted one of the surrounding rustics, and whales ceased to draw in that part of the West.

Franklin H. North.



## RAB'S FRIEND.



DR. JOHN BROWN AND RAB.

TO SAY what ought to be said concerning Dr. John Brown, a man should have known him well and long, and should remember much of that old generation of Scotchmen to which the author of "Rab and his Friends" belonged. But that generation has departed. One by one these wits and scholars of the North, these *epigoni*, who were not, indeed, of the heroes, but who had seen and remembered Scott and Wilson, have passed away. Aytoun and Carlyle and Dr. Burton, and last, Dr. Brown, are gone. In her recent memoir of Dr. Burton,—the historian of Scot-

land, and author of "The Book-hunter,"—Mrs. Burton remarks that, in her husband's later days, only Dr. John Brown and Professor Blackie remained of all her husband's ancient friends and coevals, of all who remembered Lockhart, and Hogg, and their times. But many are left who knew Dr. Brown far better and more intimately than the author of this notice. I can hardly say when I first became acquainted with him; probably it was in my childhood. Ever since I was a boy, certainly, I have seen him at intervals, especially in the Christmas vacations. But he seldom moved



from Edinburgh, except in summer, which he frequently passed in the country house of certain friends of his, whose affection made much of the happiness of his latest years, and whose unfailing kindness attended him in his dying hours. Living always in Scotland, Dr. Brown was seen but rarely by his friends who resided in England. Thus, though Dr. Brown's sweetness of disposition and charm of manner, his humor, and his unfailing sympathy and encouragement, made one feel toward him as to a familiar friend, yet, of his actual life I saw but little, and have few reminiscences to contribute. One can only speak of that singular geniality of his, that temper of goodness and natural tolerance and affection, which, as Scotchmen best know, is so rare among the Scotch. Our race does not need to pray, like the mechanic in the story, that Providence will give us "a good conceit of ourselves." But we must acknowledge that the Scotch temper is critical if not captious, argumentative, inclined to look at the seamy side of men and of their performances, and to dwell on imperfections rather than on merits and virtues. An example of these blemishes of the Scotch disposition, carried to an extreme degree in the nature of a man of genius, is offered to the world in the writings and "Reminiscences" of Mr. Carlyle. Now, Dr. John Brown was at the opposite pole of feeling. He had no mawkish toleration of things and people intolerable, but he preferred not to turn his mind that way. His thoughts were with the good, the wise, the modest, the learned, the brave of times past, and he was eager to catch a reflection of their qualities in the characters of the living, of all with whom he came into contact. He was, for example, almost optimistic in his estimate of the work of young people in art or literature. From everything that was beautiful or good, from a summer day by the Tweed, or from the eyes of a child, or from the humorous saying of a friend, or from treasured memories of old Scotch worthies, from recollections of his own childhood, from experience of the stoical heroism of the poor, he seemed to extract matter for pleasant thoughts of men and the world, and nourishment for his own great and gentle nature. I have never known any man to whom other men seemed so dear,—men dead, and men living. He gave his genius to knowing them, and to making them better known, and his unselfishness thus became not only a great personal virtue, but a great literary charm. When you met him, he had some "good story" or some story of goodness to tell,—for both came alike to him, and his humor was as unfailing as his kindness. There was in his face a singular charm,

blended, as it were, of the expressions of mirth and of patience. Being most sensitive to pain, as well as to pleasure, he was an exception to that rule of Rochefoucauld's,—"*nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui.*"\* He did not bear easily the misfortunes of others, and the evils of his own lot were heavy enough. They saddened him; but neither illness, nor his poignant anxiety for others, could sour a nature so unselfish. He appeared not to have lost that anodyne and consolation of religious hope, which had been the strength of his forefathers, and was his best inheritance from a remarkable race of Scotchmen. Wherever he came, he was welcome; people felt glad when they had encountered him in the streets,—the streets of Edinburgh, where almost every one knows every one by sight,—and he was at least as joyously received by the children and the dogs as by the grown-up people of every family. A friend has kindly shown me a letter in which it is told how Dr. Brown's love of dogs, his interest in a half blind old Dandy which was attached to him, was evinced in the very last hours of his life. But enough has been said, in general terms, about the character of "the beloved physician," as Dr. Brown was called in Edinburgh, and a brief account may be given, in some detail, of his life and ways.

Dr. John Brown was born in Biggar, one of the gray, slaty-looking little towns in the pastoral moorlands of southern Scotland. These towns have no great beauty that they should be admired by strangers, but the natives, as Scott said to Washington Irving, are attached to their "gray hills," and to the Tweed, so beautiful where man's greed does not pollute it, that the Border people are all in love with it, as Tyro, in Homer, loved the divine Enipeus. We hold it "far the fairest of the floods that run upon the earth." How dear this border scenery was to Dr. John Brown, and how well he knew and could express its legendary magic, its charm woven of countless ancient spells, the music of old ballads, the sorcery of old stories, may be understood by readers of his essay on "Minchmoor."† The father of Dr. Brown was the third in a lineage of ministers of the sect called Seceders. To explain who the Seceders were, it would be necessary to explore the sinking morasses of Scotch ecclesiastical history. The minister was proud of being not only a "Seceder" but a "Burgher." He inherited, to be brief, the traditions of a most spiritually minded and most spirited set of

\* It is easy to bear the misfortunes of others.

† In the third volume of his essays.



men, too much bent, it may appear to us, on establishing delicate distinctions of opinions, but certainly most true to themselves and to their own ideals of liberty and of faith. Dr. Brown's great-grandfather had been a shepherd boy, who taught himself Greek that he might read the New Testament; who walked twenty-four miles—leaving his folded sheep in the night—to buy the precious volume in St. Andrews, and who, finally, became a teacher of much repute among his own people. Of Dr. Brown's father, he himself wrote a most touching and beautiful account in his "Letter to John Cairns, D. D." This essay contains, perhaps, the very finest passages that the author ever penned. His sayings about his own childhood remind one of the manner of Lamb, without that curious fantastic touch which is of the essence of Lamb's style. The following lines, for example, are a revelation of childish psychology, and probably may be applied, with almost as much truth, to the childhood of our race:

"Children are long of seeing, or at least of looking at what is above them; they like the ground, and its flowers and stones, its 'red sodgers' and lady birds, and all its queer things; *their world is about three feet high*, and they are more often stooping than gazing up. I know I was past ten before I saw, or cared to see, the ceilings of the rooms in the manse at Biggar."

I have often thought that the earliest fathers of our race, child-like in so many ways, were child-like in this, and worshiped, not the phenomena of the heavens, but objects more on a level with their eyes,—the "queer things" of their low-lying world. In this essay on his father, Dr. Brown has written lines about a child's first knowledge of death, which seem as noteworthy as Steele's famous passage about his father's death and his own half-conscious grief and anger. Dr. Brown describes a Scottish funeral—the funeral of his own mother—as he saw it with the eyes of a boy of five years old, while his younger brother, a baby of a few months,

"leaped up and crowed with joy at the strange sight,—the crowding horsemen, the coaches, and the nodding plumes of the hearse. \* \* \* Then, to my surprise and alarm, the coffin, resting on its bearers, was placed over the dark hole, and I watched with curious eye the unrolling of those neat black bunches of cords, which I have often enough seen since. My father took the one at the head, and also another much smaller, springing from the same point as his, which he had caused to be placed there, and unrolling it, put it into my hand. I twisted it firmly round my fingers, and awaited the result; the burial men with their real ropes lowered the coffin, and when it rested at the bottom it was too far down for me to see it. The grave was made very deep, as he used afterward to tell us, that it might hold us all. My father first and

abruptly let his cord drop, followed by the rest. This was too much. I now saw what was meant, and held on and fixed my fist and feet, and I believe my father had some difficulty in forcing open my small fingers; he let the little black cord drop, and I remember, in my misery and anger, seeing its open end disappearing in the gloom."\*

The man who wrote this, and many another passage as true and tender, might surely have been famous in fiction, if he had turned his powers that way. He had imagination, humor, pathos; he was always studying and observing life; his last volume, especially, is like a collection of fragments that might have gone toward making a work, in some ways not inferior to the romances of Scott. When the third volume of Essays was published, in the spring of this year, a reviewer, who apparently had no personal knowledge of Dr. Brown, asked why he did not write a novel. He was by that time over seventy years of age, and, though none guessed it, within a few weeks of his death. What he might have done, had he given himself to literature only, it is impossible to guess. But he caused so much happiness, and did so much good, in that gentle profession of healing which he chose, and which brought him near to many who needed consolation more than physic, that we need not regret his deliberate choice. Literature had only his *horæ Subsecivæ*, as he said: *Subsecivæ quadam tempora quæ ego perire non patior*, as Cicero writes, "shreds and waste ends of time, which I suffer not to be lost."

The kind of life which Dr. Brown's father and his people lived at Biggar, the austere life of work, and of thought intensely bent on the real aim of existence, on God, on the destiny of the soul, is perhaps rare now, even in rural Scotland. From what one reads in American books, this earnest and always present interest in spiritual things is more common among the rural people of the United States, who are described as obedient to the motto of that ring found on Magus Moor, where Archbishop Shairp was murdered, *Remember upon Death*. If any reader has not yet made the acquaintance of Dr. Brown's works, one might counsel him to begin with the "Letter to John Cairns, D. D.," the fragment of biography and autobiography; the description of the fountain-heads from which the genius of the author flowed. In his early boyhood,

\* "I remember I went into the room where my father's body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin and calling 'Papa,' for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there."—Steele, "The Tatler," June 6, 1710.



John Brown was educated by his father, a man who, from his son's affectionate description, seems to have confined a fiery and romantic genius within the channels of Seceder and Burgher theology. When the father received a call to the "Rose Street Secession Church," in Edinburgh, the son became a pupil of that ancient Scotch seminary, the High School,—the school where Scott was taught not much Latin and no Greek worth mentioning. Scott was still alive and strong in those days, and Dr. Brown describes how he and his school companions would take off their hats to the Shirra as he passed in the streets. "Though lame, he was nimble, and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store farmer, come of gentle blood,—'a stout, blunt carle,' as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills,—a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and stooping shoulders was set that head which, with Shakspeare's and Bonaparte's, is the best known in all the world." Scott was then living in 39 Castle street. I do not know whether the American pilgrims, whom one meets moving constantly in the direction of Melrose and Abbotsford, have thought of making pilgrimage to Castle street, and to the grave, there, of Scott's "dear old friend,"—his dog Camp. Of Dr. Brown's school-boy days, one knows little,—days when "Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwined, as only lovers and boys know how or why." Concerning the doctor's character, he has left it on record that he liked a dog-fight. "'A dog-fight,' shouted Bob and was off, and so was I, both of us all hot, praying that it might not be over before we were up. \* \* \* Dogs like fighting; old Isaac [Watts, not Walton] says they 'delight' in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. This is a very different thing from a love of making dogs fight." And this was the most famous of all dog-fights,—since the old Irish Brehons settled the laws of that sport, and gravely decided what was to be done if a child interfered, or an idiot, or a woman, or a one-eyed man,—for this was the dog-fight in which Rab first was introduced to his historian. Six years passed after this battle, and Dr. Brown was a medical student and a clerk at Minto Hospital. How he renewed his acquaintance there, and in what sad circumstances, with Rab and his friends, it is superfluous to tell, for every one who reads at all has read that story, and

most readers not without tears. As a medical student in Edinburgh, Dr. Brown made the friendship of Mr. Syme, the famous surgeon,—a friendship only closed by death. I only saw them once together, a very long time ago, and then from the point of view of a patient. These occasions are not agreeable, and patients, like the old cock which did not crow when plucked, are apt to be "very much absorbed"; but Dr. Brown's attitude toward the man whom he regarded with the reverence of a disciple, as well as with the affection of a friend, was very remarkable. When his studies were over, Dr. Brown practised for a year as assistant to a surgeon in Chatham. It must have been when he was at Chatham that a curious event occurred. Many years later, Charles Dickens was in Edinburgh, reading his stories in public, and was dining with some Edinburgh people. Dickens began to speak about the panic which the cholera had caused in England: how ill some people had behaved. As a contrast, he mentioned that, at Chatham, one poor woman had died, deserted by every one except a young physician. Some one, however, ventured to open the door, and found the woman dead, and the young doctor asleep, overcome with the fatigue that mastered him on his patient's death, but quite untouched by the general panic. "Why that was Dr. John Brown," one of the guests observed; and it seems that, thus early in his career, the doctor had been setting an example of the courage and charity of his profession. After a year spent in Chatham, he returned to Edinburgh, where he spent the rest of his life, busy partly with his art of healing, partly with literature. He lived in Rutland street, near the railway station, by which Edinburgh is approached from the west, and close to Prince's street, the chief street of the town, separated by a green valley, once a loch, from the high Castle Rock. A view of the drawing-room in the house in Rutland street accompanies this paper. It was the room in which his friends were accustomed to see Dr. Brown, and a room full of interest it was. In his long life, the doctor had gathered round him many curious relics of artists and men of letters; a drawing of a dog by Turner I remember particularly, and a copy of "Don Juan," in the first edition, with Byron's manuscript notes. Dr. Brown had a great love and knowledge of art and of artists, from Turner to Leech; and he had very many friends among men of letters, such as Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Thackeray. Dr. Brown himself was a clever designer of rapid little grotesques, rough sketches of dogs and men. One or





DR. JOHN BROWN'S DRAWING-ROOM.\*

two of them are engraved in the little paper-covered booklets in which some of his essays were separately published,—booklets which he was used to present to people who came to see him and who were interested in all that he did [see next page]. I remember some vivacious grotesques which he drew for one of my brothers when we were school-boys. These little things were carefully treasured by boys who knew Dr. Brown, and found him friendly, and capable of sustaining a conversation on the points of a Dandy Dinmont terrier and other mysteries important to youth. He was a bibliophile,—a taste which he inherited from his father, who “began collecting books

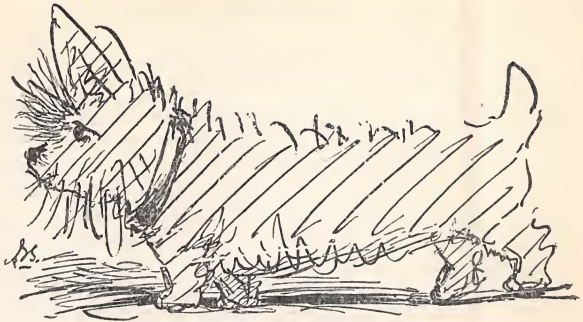
when he was twelve, and was collecting up to his last hours.” The last time I ever saw Dr. Brown, about a year ago, he was kind enough to lend me one of the rarest of his treasures, “Poems,” by Mr. Ruskin. Probably Mr. Ruskin had presented the book to his old friend; in no other way were it easy to procure writings which the author has withdrawn from publication, if, indeed, they ever were, properly speaking, published. Thus Dr. Brown was all things to all men, and to all boys. He “had a word for every one,” as poor people say, and a word to the point, for he was as much at home with the shepherd on the hills, or with the

\* “The room is crowded with pictures, engravings, books, and pretty things of all kinds,—nothing, perhaps, very valuable, but nearly all of them with a history—nearly all given to him, in one way or another, by some one who admired or loved him. The frame in the middle line, on the extreme right of the fireside, contains five of Leech's little original drawings; and there is a famous larger one on the same line, beyond the head of Tennyson, while beneath is the grand Goldsmith, ‘in his new suit,’ from Thackeray's ‘Humorists.’ The black picture diagonally to the right, above him, contains the original sketch by George Harvey, of the girl's head (including his daughter and Dr. Brown's) made for his picture of ‘Leaving the Manse,’ and afterward utilized as ‘Rab's Friends’ in the illustrated edition. Above the bust, to the left, is the best of the heads of ‘Rab,’ by the very clever young animal painter, Edwin Douglass. The white frame to the left of the gas-globe shows, by a slight penciled profile likeness, the beautiful head of Mrs. Brown in her prime; that partially concealed by the other glass globe is her likeness as a young girl, and immediately below it is her bust, the other bust on the mantelpiece being that of Dr. John Scott, the Edinburgh physician, while the portrait behind is that of John Scott of the ‘London Magazine,’ who was an uncle or cousin of Mrs. Brown. The engraving in middle line, immediately to the left of the mantelpiece, is Turner's ‘Devil's Bridge,’ over the Reuss in the Altdorf Valley; and the bull-dog's head to the left of it,—a fine engraving,—bears the inscription: ‘Not an approach to the great Rab, but—Yours truly, E. Landseer.’ The pictures to the left of young John's bust are, first, a very beautiful and characteristic landscape of Harvey's,—much akin in character to that engraved in the illustrated Rab,—for ‘Rab's Grave’: and, next, a small, but very good likeness of old Dr. Brown, Dr. Brown's father. There is also a wonderfully clever spaniel dog drawn by Turner, and a drawing by Ruskin, both being, I think, presented by Ruskin. Of the books on the table, may be noticed two volumes of O. W. Holmes's poetical works, the gift of the ‘Autocrat,’ with a letter which gave Dr. Brown as much pleasure as anything that had come to him for years.”—*From a letter from a friend of Dr. Brown.*



angler between Hollylea and Clovenford, as with the dusty book-hunter, or the doggy young Border yeoman, or the child who asked him to "draw her a picture," or the friend of genius famous through all the world, Thackeray, when he "spoke, as he seldom did, of divine things."

Three volumes of essays are all that Dr. Brown has left in the way of compositions: a light, but imperishable literary baggage. His studies are usually derived from personal experience, which he reproduced with singular geniality and simplicity, or they are drawn from the tradition of the elders, the reminiscences of long-lived Scotch people, who, themselves, had listened attentively to those who went before them. Since Scott, these ancient ladies with wonderful memories have had no such attentive listener or appreciative reporter as Dr. Brown. His paper called "Mystifications," a narrative of the pranks of Miss Stirling Graham, is a brief, vivid record of the clever and quaint society of Scotland sixty years ago. Scotland, or at least Scottish society, is now only English society,—a little narrower, a little prouder, sometimes even a little duller. But old people of position spoke the old Scotch tongue sixty years ago, and were full of wonderful genealogies, full of reminiscences of "the '45," and the adventures of the Jacobites. The very last echoes of that ancient world are dying now from memory, like the wide reverberations of that gun which Miss Nelly MacWilliam heard on the day when Prince Charles landed, and which resounded strangely all through Scotland. The children of this generation, one fears, will hardly hear of these old raids and duels, risings and rebellions, by oral tradition handed down, unbroken, through aunts and grandmothers. Scott reaped a full, late harvest of the mem-



THE DUCHESS. [FROM "OUR DOGS."]

ories of clannish and feudal Scotland; Dr. Brown came as a later gleaner, and gathered these stirring tales of "A Jacobite Family" which are published in the last volume of his essays. When he was an observer, not a hearer only, Dr. Brown chiefly studied and best wrote of the following topics: passages and characters of humor and pathos



ORAT, FLORAT, ET ADORAT. [FROM "OUR DOGS."]

which he encountered in his life and profession; children, dogs, Border scenery, and fellow-workers in life and science. Under one or other of these categories all his best compositions might be arranged. The most famous and most exquisite of all his works in the first class is the unrivaled "Rab and his Friends"—

a study of the stoicism and tenderness of the Lowland character worthy of Scott. In a minor way the little paper on "Jeems," the doorkeeper in a Dissenting house of the Lord, is interesting to Scotch people, though it must seem a rather curious revelation to all others. "Her Last Half Crown" is another study of the honesty that survived in a starving and outcast Scotch girl, when all other virtues, as we commonly reckon virtue, had gone before her character to some place where, let us hope, they may rejoin her; for if we are to suffer for the vices which have abandoned us, may we not get some credit for the virtues that we have abandoned, but that once were ours, in some heaven paved with bad resolutions unfulfilled? "The Black Dwarf's Bones" is a sketch of the misshapen creature from whom Scott borrowed the character that gives a name to one of his minor Border stories. The real Black Dwarf (David Ritchie he was called among men) was fond of poetry, but hated Burns. He was polite to the fair, but classed mankind at large with his favorite aversions: ghosts, fairies, and robbers. There



WULL OO RIPP'ER UP NOO? [FROM "JEEMS, THE DOORKEEPER."]



was this of human about the Black Dwarf, that "he hated folk that are aye gaun to dee, and never do't." The village beauties were wont to come to him for a Judgment of Paris on their charms, and he presented each with a flower, which was of a fixed value in his standard of things beautiful. One kind of rose, the prize of the most fair, he only gave thrice. Paris could not have done his dooms more courteously, and, if he had but made judicious use of rose, lily, and lotus, as prizes, he might have pleased all the three Goddesses; Troy still might be standing, and the lofty house of King Priam.

Among Dr. Brown's papers on children, that called "Pet Marjorie" holds the highest place. Perhaps certain passages are "wrote too sentimentally," as Marjorie Fleming herself remarked about the practice of many authors. But it was difficult to be perfectly composed when speaking of this wonderful fairy-like little girl, whose affection was as warm as her humor and genius were precocious. "Infant phenomena" are seldom agreeable, but Marjorie was so humorous, so quick-tempered, so kind, that we cease to regard her as an intellectual "phenomenon." Her memory remains sweet and blossoming in its dust, like that of little Penelope Boothby, the child in the mob cap whom Sir Joshua painted, and who died very soon after she was thus made immortal. It is superfluous to quote from the essay on Marjorie Fleming; every one knows about her and her studies: "Isabella is teaching me to make simme collings, nots of interrignations, peorids, commoes, etc." Here is a Shaksperian criticism, of which few but Mr. Burnand (who thinks Shakspeare tedious to a nineteenth century audience) will deny the correctness: "*Macbeth* is a pretty composition, but awful one." Again, "I never read sermons of any kind, but I read novelettes and my Bible." "Tom Jones and Gray's Elegey in a country churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." Her Calvinistic belief in "*unquestionable* fire and brimston" is unhesitating, but the young theologian appears to have substituted "unquestionable" for "unquenchable." There is something humorous in the alteration, as if Marjorie refused to be put off with an "excellent family substitute" for fire and brimstone, and demanded the "unquestionable" article, no other being genuine, please observe trade-mark.

Among Dr. Brown's contributions to the humorous study of dogs, "Rab," of course, holds the same place as Marjorie among his sketches of children. But as his "Queen Mary's Child Garden," the description of the

little garden which Mary Stuart played in when a child, is second to "Marjorie," so "Our Dogs" is a good second to "Rab." Perhaps Dr. Brown never wrote anything more mirthful than his description of the sudden birth of the virtue of courage in Toby, a comic but cowardly mongrel, a cur of low degree.

"Toby was in the way of hiding his culinary bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighboring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-faced man—*torvo vultu*—was, by law of contrast, a great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but non-existence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day, his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on paper and on a stick Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it up with his shovelling nose, when S. spied him through the inner glass door, and was out upon him, like the Assyrian, with a terrific *gowl*. I watched them. Instantly Toby made at him with a roar, too, and an eye more torve than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself with proclaiming his victory at the door, and, returning, finished his bone-planting at his leisure; the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass-door, glaring at him. From this moment Toby was an altered dog. Pluck at first sight was lord of all. \* \* \* That very evening he paid a visit to Leo, next door's dog, a big tyrannical bully and coward. \* \* \* To him Toby paid a visit that very evening, down into his den, and walked about, as much as to say, 'Come on, Macduff'; but Macduff did not come on."

This story is one of the most amazing examples of instant change of character on record, and disproves the skeptical remark that "no one was ever converted, except prize-fighters, and colonels in the army." I am sorry to say that Dr. Brown was too fond of dogs to be very much attached to cats. I never heard him say anything against cats, or, indeed, against anybody; but there are passages in his writings which tend to show that, when young and thoughtless, he was not far from regarding cats as "the higher vermin." He tells a story of a Ghazi puss, so to speak, a victorious cat, which, intrenched in a drain, defeated three dogs with severe loss, and finally escaped unharmed from her enemies. Dr. Brown's family gloried in the possession of a Dandy Dinmont named John Pym, whose cousin (Auld Pepper) belonged to one of my brothers. Dr. Brown was much interested in Pepper, a dog whose family pride was only matched by that of the mother of Candide, and, at one time, threatened to result in the extinction of this branch of the House of Pepper. Dr. Brown had remarked, and my own observations confirm it, that when a Dandy is not game, his apparent lack of courage arises "from kindness of heart."



Among Dr. Brown's landscapes, as one may call his descriptions of scenery, and of the ancient historical associations with Scotch scenery, "Minchmoor" is the most important. He had always been a great lover of the Tweed. The walk which he commemorates in "Minchmoor" was taken, if I am not mistaken, in company with Principal Shairp, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and author of one of the most beautiful of Tweedside songs, a modern "Bush aboon Traquair":

"And what saw ye there,  
At the bush aboon Traquair;  
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?  
I heard the cushie croon  
Thro' the gowden afternoon,  
And the Quair burn singing doun to the vale o' Tweed."

American pilgrims to the country of Scott will find no pleasanter walk than that which Dr. Brown took in the summer afternoon. Within a few miles, many places famous in history and ballad may be visited: the road by which Montrose's men fled from Philiphaugh fight; Traquair House, with the bears on its gates, as on the portals of the Baron of Bradwardine; Williamhope, where Scott and Mungo Park, the African explorer, went their several ways. From the crest of the road you see all the Border hills, the Maiden Paps, the Eildons cloven in three, the Dunion, the Windburg, and so to the distant Cheviots, and Smailholme Tower, where Scott lay when a child, and clapped his hands at the flashes of the lightning, *haud sine Dis animosus infans*, like Horace. From the crest of the hill you follow Dr. Brown into the valley of Yarrow, and the deep black pools, now called the "dowie dens," and so, "through the pomp of cultivated nature," as Wordsworth says, to the railway at Selkirk, passing the plain where Janet won back Tamlane from the queen of the faeries. All this country was familiar to Dr. Brown, and on one of the last occasions when I met him, he was living at Hollylea, on the Tweed, just above Ashiestiel, Scott's home while he was happy and prosperous, before he had the unhappy thought of building Abbotsford. At the time I speak of, Dr. Brown had long ceased to write, and his health suffered from attacks of melancholy, in which the world seemed very dark to him. I have been allowed to read some letters which he wrote in one of these intervals of depression. With his habitual unselfishness, he kept his melancholy to himself, and, though he did not care for society at such times, he said nothing of his own condition that could distress his correspondent. In the last year of his life, everything around him seemed to brighten: he was unusually well, he even re-

turned to his literary work, and saw his last volume of collected essays through the press. They were most favorably received, and the last letters which I had from him spoke of the pleasure which this success gave him. Three editions of his book ("John Leech, and Other Essays") were published in some six weeks. All seemed to go well, and one might even have hoped that, with renewed strength, he would take up his pen again. But his strength was less than we had hoped. A cold settled on his lungs, and, in spite of the most affectionate nursing, he grew rapidly weaker. He had little suffering at the end, and his mind remained unclouded. No man of letters could be more widely regretted, for he was the friend of all who read his books, as, even to people who only met him once or twice in life, he seemed to become dear and familiar.

In writing of Dr. Brown in an American periodical, one ought not to forget to say that his popularity in America was probably greater than in his own country. He was often visited by Americans whom he hospitably received. The praise which Dr. Wendell Holmes gave his work afforded him much pleasure. Mr. Clemens was also among his friends. Of Americans he said: "They are more alive than we are."

In one of his very latest writings, "On Thackeray's Death," Dr. Brown told people (what some of them needed, and still need to be told) how good, kind, and thoughtful for others was our great writer,—our greatest master of fiction, I venture to think, since Scott. Some of the lines Dr. Brown wrote of Thackeray might be applied to himself: "He looked always fresh, with that abounding silvery hair, and his young, almost infantine face"—a face very pale, and yet radiant, in his last years, and mildly lit up with eyes full of kindness, and softened by sorrow. In his last year, Mr. Swinburne wrote to Dr. Brown this sonnet, in which there seems something of the poet's prophetic gift, and a voice sounds as of a welcome home.

"Beyond the north wind lay the land of old,  
Where men dwelt blithe and blameless, clothed  
and fed  
With joy's bright raiment, and with love's sweet  
bread,—  
The whitest flock of earth's maternal fold.  
None there might wear about his brows enrolled  
A light of lovelier fame than rings your head,  
Whose lonesome love of children and the dead  
All men give thanks for; I, far off, behold  
A dear dead hand that links us, and a light  
The blithest and benignant of the night,—  
The night of death's sweet sleep, wherein may be  
A star to show your spirit in present sight  
Some happier isle in the Elysian sea  
Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie."

Andrew Lang.



## THE POINT OF VIEW.

### I.

FROM MISS AURORA CHURCH,\* AT SEA, TO  
MISS WHITESIDE, IN PARIS.

\* \* \* My dear child, the bromide of sodium (if that's what you call it) proved perfectly useless. I don't mean that it did me no good, but that I never had occasion to take the bottle out of my bag. It might have done wonders for me if I had needed it; but I didn't, simply because I have been a wonder myself. Will you believe that I have spent the whole voyage on deck, in the most animated conversation and exercise? Twelve times round the deck makes a mile, I believe; and by this measurement I have been walking twenty miles a day. And down to every meal, if you please, where I have displayed the appetite of a fish-wife. Of course the weather has been lovely; so there's no great merit. The wicked old Atlantic has been as blue as the sapphire in my only ring (a rather good one), and as smooth as the slippery floor of Madame Galopin's dining-room. We have been for the last three hours in sight of land, and we are soon to enter the Bay of New York, which is said to be exquisitely beautiful. But of course you recall it, though they say that everything changes so fast over here. I find I don't remember anything, for my recollections of our voyage to Europe, so many years ago, are exceedingly dim; I only have a painful impression that Mamma shut me up for an hour every day in the state-room, and made me learn by heart some religious poem. I was only five years old, and I believe that as a child I was extremely timid; on the other hand, Mamma, as you know, was dreadfully severe. She is severe to this day; only I have become indifferent; I have been so pinched and pushed—morally speaking, *bien entendu*. It is true, however, that there are children of five on the vessel to-day who have been extremely conspicuous,—ranging all over the ship, and always under one's feet. Of course they are little compatriots, which means that they are little barbarians. I don't mean that all our compatriots are barbarous; they seem to improve, somehow, after their first communion. I don't know whether it's that ceremony that improves them,—especially as so few of them go in for

\* The author takes the liberty of referring the reader to a little tale entitled "The Pension Beaurepas."

it; but the women are certainly nicer than the little girls; I mean, of course, in proportion, you know. You warned me not to generalize, and you see I have already begun, before we have arrived. But I suppose there is no harm in it so long as it is favorable. Isn't it favorable when I say that I have had the most lovely time? I have never had so much liberty in my life, and I have been out alone, as you may say, every day of the voyage. If it is a foretaste of what is to come, I shall take to that very kindly. When I say that I have been out alone, I mean that we have always been two. But we two were alone, so to speak, and it was not like always having Mamma, or Madame Galopin, or some lady in the *pension*, or the temporary cook. Mamma has been very poorly; she is so very well on land, it's a wonder to see her at all taken down. She says, however, that it isn't the being at sea; it's, on the contrary, approaching the land. She is not in a hurry to arrive; she says that great disillusionments await us. I didn't know that she had any illusions—she's so stern, so philosophic. She is very serious; she sits for hours in perfect silence, with her eyes fixed on the horizon. I heard her say yesterday to an English gentleman—a very odd Mr. Antrobus, the only person with whom she converses—that she was afraid she shouldn't like her native land, and that she shouldn't like not liking it. But this is a mistake—she will like that immensely (I mean not liking it). If it should prove at all agreeable, Mamma will be furious, for that will go against her system. You know all about Mamma's system; I have explained that so often. It goes against her system that we should come back at all; that was *my* system—I have had at last to invent one! She consented to come only because she saw that, having no *dot*, I should never marry in Europe; and I pretended to be immensely preoccupied with this idea, in order to make her start. In reality *cela m'est parfaitement égal*. I am only afraid I shall like it too much (I don't mean marriage, of course, but one's native land). Say what you will, it's a charming thing to go out alone, and I have given notice to Mamma that I mean to be always *en course*. When I tell her that, she looks at me in the same silence; her eye dilates, and then she slowly closes it. It's as if the sea were affecting her a little, though it's so beautifully calm. I ask her if she will try my bromide, which is



there in my bag; but she motions me off, and I begin to walk again, tapping my little boot-soles upon the smooth, clean deck. This allusion to my boot-soles, by the way, is not prompted by vanity; but it's a fact that at sea one's feet and one's shoes assume the most extraordinary importance, so that we should take the precaution to have nice ones. They are all you seem to see, as the people walk about the deck; you get to know them intimately and to dislike some of them so much. I am afraid you will think that I have already broken loose; and for aught I know, I am writing as a *demoiselle bien-élevée* should not write. I don't know whether it's the American air; if it is, all I can say is that the American air is very charming. It makes me impatient and restless, and I sit scribbling here because I am so eager to arrive, and the time passes better if I occupy myself. I am in the saloon, where we have our meals, and opposite to me is a big round port-hole, wide open, to let in the smell of the land. Every now and then I rise a little and look through it, to see whether we are arriving. I mean in the Bay, you know, for we shall not come up to the city till dark. I don't want to lose the Bay; it appears that it's so wonderful. I don't exactly understand what it contains, except some beautiful islands; but I suppose you will know all about that. It is easy to see that these are the last hours, for all the people about me are writing letters to put into the post as soon as we come up to the dock. I believe they are dreadful at the custom-house, and you will remember how many new things you persuaded Mamma that (with my preoccupation of marriage) I should take to this country, where even the prettiest girls are expected not to go unadorned. We ruined ourselves in Paris (that is part of Mamma's solemnity); *mais au moins je serai belle!* Moreover, I believe that Mamma is prepared to say or to do anything that may be necessary for escaping from their odious duties; as she very justly remarks, she can't afford to be ruined twice. I don't know how one approaches these terrible *douaniers*, but I mean to invent something very charming. I mean to say, "*Voyons, Messieurs*, a young girl like me, brought up in the strictest foreign traditions, kept always in the background by a very superior mother—*la voilà*; you can see for yourself!—what is it possible that she should attempt to smuggle in? Nothing but a few simple relics of her convent!" I wont tell them that my convent was called the *Magasin du Bon Marché*. Mamma began to scold me three days ago for insisting on so many trunks, and the truth is that, between us, we have not fewer than seven. For relics, that's a good

many! We are all writing very long letters—or at least we are writing a great number. There is no news of the Bay as yet. Mr. Antrobus, Mamma's friend, opposite to me, is beginning on his ninth. He is an Honorable, and a Member of Parliament; he has written, during the voyage, about a hundred letters, and he seems greatly alarmed at the number of stamps he will have to buy when he arrives. He is full of information; but he has not enough, for he asks as many questions as Mamma when she goes to hire apartments. He is going to "look into" various things; he speaks as if they had a little hole for the purpose. He walks almost as much as I, and he has very big shoes. He asks questions even of me, and I tell him again and again that I know nothing about America. But it makes no difference; he always begins again, and indeed, it is not strange that he should find my ignorance incredible. "Now, how would it be in one of your South-western States?"—that's his favorite way of opening conversation. Fancy me giving an account of the South-western States! I tell him he had better ask Mamma—a little to tease that lady, who knows no more about such places than I. Mr. Antrobus is very big and black; he speaks with a sort of brogue; he has a wife and ten children; he is not very romantic. But he has lots of letters to people *là-bas* (I forget that we are just arriving), and Mamma, who takes an interest in him in spite of his views (which are dreadfully advanced, and not at all like Mamma's own), has promised to give him the *entrée* to the best society. I don't know what she knows about the best society over here to-day, for we have not kept up our connections at all, and no one will know (or, I am afraid, care) anything about us. She has an idea that we shall be immensely recognized; but really, except the poor little Rucks, who are bankrupt, and, I am told, in no society at all, I don't know on whom we can count. *C'est égal*. Mamma has an idea that, whether or not we appreciate America ourselves, we shall at least be universally appreciated. It's true that we have begun to be, a little; you would see that by the way that Mr. Cockerel and Mr. Louis Leverett are always inviting me to walk. Both of these gentlemen, who are Americans, have asked leave to call upon me in New York, and I have said, *Mon Dieu, oui*, if it's the custom of the country. Of course I have not dared to tell this to Mamma, who flatters herself that we have brought with us in our trunks a complete set of customs of our own, and that we shall only have to shake them out a little and put them on when we arrive. If only the two gentlemen I just spoke of don't call at



the same time, I don't think I shall be too much frightened. If they do, on the other hand, I won't answer for it. They have a particular aversion to each other, and they are ready to fight about poor little me. I am only the pretext, however; for, as Mr. Leverett says, it's really the opposition of temperaments. I hope they won't cut each other's throats, for I am not crazy about either of them. They are very well for the deck of a ship, but I shouldn't care about them in a *salon*; they are not at all distinguished. They think they are, but they are not; at least, Mr. Louis Leverett does; Mr. Cockerel doesn't appear to care so much. They are extremely different (with their opposed temperaments), and each very amusing for a while; but I should get dreadfully tired of passing my life with either. Neither has proposed that, as yet; but it is evidently what they are coming to. It will be in a great measure to spite each other, for I think that *au fond* they don't quite believe in me. If they don't, it's the only point on which they agree. They hate each other awfully; they take such different views. That is, Mr. Cockerel hates Mr. Leverett—he calls him a sickly little ass; he says that his opinions are half affectation, and the other half dyspepsia. Mr. Leverett speaks of Mr. Cockerel as a "strident savage," but he declares he finds him most diverting. He says there is nothing in which we can't find a certain entertainment, if we only look at it in the right way, and that we have no business with either hating or loving; we ought only to strive to understand. To understand is to forgive, he says. That is very pretty, but I don't like the suppression of our affections, though I have no desire to fix mine upon Mr. Leverett. He is very artistic, and talks like an article in some review. He has lived a great deal in Paris, and Mr. Cockerel says that is what has made him such an idiot. That is not complimentary to you, dear Louisa, and still less to your brilliant brother; for Mr. Cockerel explains that he means it (the bad effect of Paris) chiefly of the men. In fact, he means the bad effect of Europe altogether. This, however, is compromising to Mamma; and I am afraid there is no doubt that (from what I have told him) he thinks Mamma also an idiot. (I am not responsible, you know,—I have always wanted to go home.) If Mamma knew him, which she doesn't, for she always closes her eyes when I pass on his arm, she would think him disgusting. Mr. Leverett, however, tells me he is nothing to what we shall see yet. He is from Philadelphia (Mr. Cockerel); he insists that we shall go and see Philadelphia, but Mamma says she saw it in

1855, and it was then *affreux*. Mr. Cockerel says that Mamma is evidently not familiar with the march of improvement in this country; he speaks of 1855 as if it were a hundred years ago. Mamma says she knows it goes only too fast—it goes so fast that it has time to do nothing well; and then Mr. Cockerel, who, to do him justice, is perfectly good-natured, remarks that she had better wait till she has been ashore and seen the improvements. Mamma rejoins that she sees them from here, the improvements, and that they give her a sinking of the heart. (This little exchange of ideas is carried on through me; they have never spoken to each other.) Mr. Cockerel, as I say, is extremely good-natured, and he carries out what I have heard said about the men in America being very considerate of the women. They evidently listen to them a great deal; they don't contradict them, but it seems to me that this is rather negative. There is very little gallantry in not contradicting one; and it strikes me that there are some things the men don't express. There are others on the ship whom I've noticed. It's as if they were all one's brothers or one's cousins. But I promised you not to generalize, and perhaps there will be more expression when we arrive. Mr. Cockerel returns to America, after a general tour, with a renewed conviction that this is the only country. I left him on deck an hour ago, looking at the coast-line with an opera-glass, and saying it was the prettiest thing he had seen in all his tour. When I remarked that the coast seemed rather low, he said it would be all the easier to get ashore. Mr. Leverett doesn't seem in a hurry to get ashore; he is sitting within sight of me in a corner of the saloon—writing letters, I suppose, but looking, from the way he bites his pen and rolls his eyes about, as if he were composing a sonnet and waiting for a rhyme. Perhaps the sonnet is addressed to me; but I forget that he suppresses the affections! The only person in whom Mamma takes much interest is the great French critic, M. Lejaune, whom we have the honor to carry with us. We have read a few of his works, though Mamma disapproves of his tendencies and thinks him a dreadful materialist. We have read them for the style; you know he is one of the new Academicians. He is a Frenchman like any other, except that he is rather more quiet; and he has a gray mustache and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He is the first French writer of distinction who has been to America since De Tocqueville; the French, in such matters, are not very enterprising. Also, he has the air of wondering what he is



doing *dans cette galère*. He has come with his *beau-frère*, who is an engineer, and is looking after some mines, and he talks with scarcely any one else, as he speaks no English and appears to take for granted that no one speaks French. Mamma would be delighted to assure him of the contrary; she has never conversed with an Academician. She always makes a little vague inclination, with a smile, when he passes her, and he answers with a most respectful bow; but it goes no further, to Mamma's disappointment. He is always with the *beau-frère*, a rather untidy, fat, bearded man,—decorated, too, always smoking and looking at the feet of the ladies, whom Mamma (though she has very good feet) has not the courage to *aborder*. I believe M. Lejaune is going to write a book about America, and Mr. Leverett says it will be terrible. Mr. Leverett has made his acquaintance, and says M. Lejaune will put him into his book; he says the movement of the French intellect is superb. As a general thing he doesn't care for Academicians, but he thinks M. Lejaune is an exception, he is so living, so personal. I asked Mr. Cockerel what he thought of M. Lejaune's plan of writing a book, and he answered that he didn't see what it mattered to him that a Frenchman the more should make a monkey of himself. I asked him why he hadn't written a book about Europe, and he said that, in the first place, Europe isn't worth writing about, and, in the second, if he said what he thought, people would think it was a joke. He said they are very superstitious about Europe over here; he wants people in America to behave as if Europe didn't exist. I told this to Mr. Leverett, and he answered that if Europe didn't exist America wouldn't, for Europe keeps us alive by buying our corn. He said, also, that the trouble with America in the future will be that she will produce things in such enormous quantities that there won't be enough people in the rest of the world to buy them, and that we shall be left with our productions—most of them very hideous—on our hands. I asked him if he thought corn a hideous production, and he replied that there is nothing more unbeautiful than too much food. I think that to feed the world too well, however, that will be, after all, a *beau rôle*. Of course I don't understand these things, and I don't believe Mr. Leverett does; but Mr. Cockerel seems to know what he is talking about, and he says that America is complete in herself. I don't know exactly what he means, but he speaks as if human affairs had somehow moved over to this side of the world. It may be a very good place for them, and Heaven knows I am extremely tired of Europe, which Mamma

has always insisted so on my appreciating; but I don't think I like the idea of our being so completely cut off. Mr. Cockerel says it is not we that are cut off, but Europe, and he seems to think that Europe has deserved it somehow. That may be; our life over there was sometimes extremely tiresome, though Mamma says it is now that our real fatigues will begin. I like to abuse those dreadful old countries myself, but I am not sure that I am pleased when others do the same. We had some rather pretty moments there, after all; and at Piacenza we certainly lived on four francs a day. Mamma is already in a terrible state of mind about the expenses here; she is frightened by what people on the ship (the few that she has spoken to) have told her. There is one comfort, at any rate—we have spent so much money in coming here that we shall have none left to get away. I am scribbling along, as you see, to occupy me till we get news of the islands. Here comes Mr. Cockerel to bring it. Yes, they are in sight; he tells me that they are lovelier than ever, and that I must come right up right away. I suppose you will think that I am already beginning to use the language of the country. It is certain that at the end of a month I shall speak nothing else. I have picked up every dialect, wherever we have traveled; you have heard my Platt-Deutsch and my Neapolitan. But, *voyons un peu* the Bay! I have just called to Mr. Leverett to remind him of the islands. "The islands—the islands? Ah, my dear young lady, I have seen Capri, I have seen Ischia!" Well, so have I, but that doesn't prevent \* \* \* (*A little later.*) —I have seen the islands; they are rather queer.

## II.

MRS. CHURCH, IN NEW YORK, TO MADAME GALOPIN, AT GENEVA.

October 17, 1880.

If I felt far away from you in the middle of that deplorable Atlantic, *chère* Madame, how do I feel now, in the heart of this extraordinary city? We have arrived,—we have arrived, dear friend; but I don't know whether to tell you that I consider that an advantage. If we had been given our choice of coming safely to land or going down to the bottom of the sea, I should doubtless have chosen the former course; for I hold, with your noble husband, and in opposition to the general tendency of modern thought, that our lives are not our own to dispose of, but a sacred trust from a higher power, by whom we shall be held responsible. Nevertheless, if I had



foreseen more vividly some of the impressions that awaited me here, I am not sure that, for my daughter at least, I should not have preferred on the spot to hand in our account. Should I not have been less (rather than more) guilty in presuming to dispose of *her* destiny, than of my own? There is a nice point for dear M. Galopin to settle—one of those points which I have heard him discuss in the pulpit with such elevation. We are safe, however, as I say; by which I mean that we are physically safe. We have taken up the thread of our familiar *pension*-life, but under strikingly different conditions. We have found a refuge in a boarding-house which has been highly recommended to me, and where the arrangements partake of that barbarous magnificence which in this country is the only alternative from primitive rudeness. The terms, per week, are as magnificent as all the rest. The landlady wears diamond ear-rings; and the drawing-rooms are decorated with marble statues. I should indeed be sorry to let you know how I have allowed myself to be *rançonnée*; and I should be still more sorry that it should come to the ears of any of my good friends in Geneva, who know me less well than you and might judge me more harshly. There is no wine given for dinner, and I have vainly requested the person who conducts the establishment to garnish her table more liberally. She says I may have all the wine I want if I will order it at the merchant's, and settle the matter with him. But I have never, as you know, consented to regard our modest allowance of *eau rouge* as an extra; indeed, I remember that it is largely to your excellent advice that I have owed my habit of being firm on this point. There are, however, greater difficulties than the question of what we shall drink for dinner, *chère* Madame. Still, I have never lost courage, and I shall not lose courage now. At the worst, we can re-embark again, and seek repose and refreshment on the shores of your beautiful lake. (There is absolutely no scenery here!) We shall not, perhaps, in that case have achieved what we desired, but we shall at least have made an honorable retreat. What we desire—I know it is just this that puzzles you; dear friend; I don't think you ever really comprehended my motives in taking this formidable step, though you were good enough, and your magnanimous husband was good enough, to press my hand at parting in a way that seemed to say that you would still be with me, even if I was wrong. To be very brief, I wished to put an end to the reclamations of my daughter. Many Americans had assured her that she was wasting her youth in those historic lands,

which it was her privilege to see so intimately, and this unfortunate conviction had taken possession of her. "Let me at least see for myself," she used to say; "if I should dislike it over there as much as you promise me, so much the better for you. In that case we will come back and make a new arrangement at Stuttgart." The experiment is a terribly expensive one; but you know that my devotion never has shrunk from an ordeal. There is another point, moreover, which, from a mother to a mother, it would be affectation not to touch upon. I remember the just satisfaction with which you announced to me the betrothal of your charming Cécile. You know with what earnest care my Aurora has been educated,—how thoroughly she is acquainted with the principal results of modern research. We have always studied together; we have always enjoyed together. It will perhaps surprise you to hear that she makes these very advantages a reproach to me,—represents them as an injury to herself. "In this country," she says, "the gentlemen have not those accomplishments; they care nothing for the results of modern research; and it will not help a young person to be sought in marriage that she can give an account of the last German theory of Pessimism." That is possible; and I have never concealed from her that it was not for this country that I had educated her. If she marries in the United States, it is, of course, my intention that my son-in-law shall accompany us to Europe. But when she calls my attention more and more to these facts, I feel that we are moving in a different world. This is more and more the country of the many; the few find less and less place for them; and the individual—well, the individual has quite ceased to be recognized. He is recognized as a voter, but he is not recognized as a gentleman—still less as a lady. My daughter and I, of course, can only pretend to constitute a *few*! You know that I have never for a moment remitted my pretensions as an individual, though, among the agitations of *pension*-life, I have sometimes needed all my energy to uphold them. "Oh, yes, I may be poor," I have had occasion to say, "I may be unprotected, I may be reserved, I may occupy a small apartment in the *quatrième*, and be unable to scatter unscrupulous bribes among the domestics; but at least I am a *person*, with personal rights." In this country the people have rights, but the person has none. You would have perceived that if you had come with me to make arrangements at this establishment. The very fine lady who condescends to preside over it kept me waiting twenty minutes, and then came



sailing in without a word of apology. I had sat very silent, with my eyes on the clock; Aurora amused herself with a false admiration of the room,—a wonderful drawing-room, with magenta curtains, frescoed walls, and photographs of the landlady's friends—as if one cared anything about her friends! When this exalted personage came in, she simply remarked that she had just been trying on a dress—that it took so long to get a skirt to hang. “It seems to take very long, indeed!” I answered. “But I hope the skirt is right at last. You might have sent for us to come up and look at it!” She evidently didn't understand, and when I asked her to show us her rooms, she handed us over to a negro as *dégingandé* as herself. While we looked at them, I heard her sit down to the piano in the drawing-room; she began to sing an air from a comic opera. I began to fear we had gone quite astray; I didn't know in what house we could be, and was only reassured by seeing a Bible in every room. When we came down our musical hostess expressed no hope that the rooms had pleased us, and seemed quite indifferent to our taking them. She would not consent, moreover, to the least diminution, and was inflexible, as I told you, on the subject of wine. When I pushed this point, she was so good as to observe that she didn't keep a *cabaret*. One is not in the least considered; there is no respect for one's privacy, for one's preferences, for one's reserves. The familiarity is without limits, and I have already made a dozen acquaintances, of whom I know, and wish to know, nothing. Aurora tells me that she is the “belle of the boarding-house.” It appears that this is a great distinction. It brings me back to my poor child and her prospects. She takes a very critical view of them herself; she tells me that I have given her a false education, and that no one will marry her to-day. No American will marry her, because she is too much of a foreigner, and no foreigner will marry her, because she is too much of an American. I remind her that scarcely a day passes that a foreigner, usually of distinction, doesn't select an American bride, and she answers me that in these cases the young lady is not married for her fine eyes. Not always, I reply; and then she declares that she would marry no foreigner who should not be one of the first of the first. You will say, doubtless, that she should content herself with advantages that have not been deemed insufficient for Cécile; but I will not repeat to you the remark she made when I once made use of this argument. You will doubtless be surprised to hear that I have ceased to argue; but it is time I should tell

you that I have at last agreed to let her act for herself. She is to live for three months à l'*Américaine*, and I am to be a mere spectator. You will feel with me that this is a cruel position for a *cœur de mère*. I count the days till our three months are over, and I know that you will join with me in my prayers. Aurora walks the streets alone. She goes out in the tramway; a *voiture de place* costs five francs for the least little *course*. (I beseech you not to let it be known that I have sometimes had the weakness \* \* \*) My daughter is sometimes accompanied by a gentleman—by a dozen gentlemen; she remains out for hours, and her conduct excites no surprise in this establishment. I know but too well the emotions it will excite in your quiet home. If you betray us, *chère* Madame, we are lost; and why, after all, should any one know of these things in Geneva? Aurora pretends that she has been able to persuade herself that she doesn't care who knows them; but there is a strange expression in her face, which proves that her conscience is not at rest. I watch her, I let her go, but I sit with my hands clasped. There is a peculiar custom in this country—I shouldn't know how to express it in Genevese—it is called “being attentive,” and young girls are the object of the attention. It has not necessarily anything to do with projects of marriage,—though it is the privilege only of the unmarried, and though, at the same time (fortunately, and this may surprise you), it has no relation to other projects. It is simply an invention by which young persons of the two sexes pass their time together. How shall I muster courage to tell you that Aurora is now engaged in this *délassement*, in company with several gentlemen? Though it has no relation to marriage, it happily does not exclude it, and marriages have been known to take place in consequence (or in spite) of it. It is true that even in this country a young lady may marry but one husband at a time, whereas she may receive at once the attentions of several gentlemen, who are equally entitled “admirers.” My daughter, then, has admirers to an indefinite number. You will think I am joking, perhaps, when I tell you that I am unable to be exact—I who was formerly *l'exactitude même*. Two of these gentlemen are, to a certain extent, old friends, having been passengers on the steamer which carried us so far from you. One of them, still young, is typical of the American character, but a respectable person, and a lawyer in considerable practice. Every one in this country follows a profession; but it must be admitted that the professions are more highly remunerated than *chez vous*. Mr. Cockerel,



even while I write you, is in complete possession of my daughter. He called for her an hour ago in a "boghiey,"—a strange, unsafe, rickety vehicle, mounted on enormous wheels, which holds two persons very near together; and I watched her from the window take her place at his side. Then he whirled her away, behind two little horses with terribly thin legs; the whole equipage—and most of all her being in it—was in the most questionable taste. But she will return, and she will return very much as she went. It is the same when she goes down to Mr. Louis Leverett, who has no vehicle, and who merely comes and sits with her in the front *salon*. He has lived a great deal in Europe, and is very fond of the arts, and though I am not sure I agree with him in his views of the relation of art to life and life to art, and in his interpretation of some of the great works that Aurora and I have studied together, he seems to me a sufficiently serious and intelligent young man. I do not regard him as intrinsically dangerous; but, on the other hand, he offers absolutely no guarantees. I have no means whatever of ascertaining his pecuniary situation. There is a vagueness on these points which is extremely embarrassing, and it never occurs to young men to offer you a reference. In Geneva I should not be at a loss; I should come to you, *chère Madame*, with my little inquiry, and what you should not be able to tell me would not be worth knowing. But no one in New York can give me the smallest information about the *état de fortune* of Mr. Louis Leverett. It is true that he is a native of Boston, where most of his friends reside; I cannot, however, go to the expense of a journey to Boston simply to learn, perhaps, that Mr. Leverett (the young Louis) has an income of five thousand francs. As I say, however, he does not strike me as dangerous. When Aurora comes back to me, after having passed an hour with the young Louis, she says that he has described to her his emotions on visiting the home of Shelley, or discussed some of the differences between the Boston Temperament and that of the Italians of the Renaissance. You will not enter into these *rapprochements*, and I can't blame you. But you won't betray me, *chère Madame*?

## III.

FROM MISS STURDY, AT NEWPORT, TO  
MRS. DRAPER, IN FLORENCE.

September 30.

I PROMISED to tell you how I like it, but the truth is, I have gone to and fro so often that

I have ceased to like and dislike. Nothing strikes me as unexpected; I expect everything in its order. Then, too, you know, I am not a critic; I have no talent for keen analysis, as the magazines say; I don't go into the reasons of things. It is true I have been for a longer time than usual on the wrong side of the water, and I admit that I feel a little out of training for American life. They are breaking me in very fast, however. I don't mean that they bully me; I absolutely declined to be bullied. I say what I think, because I believe that I have, on the whole, the advantage of knowing what I think—when I think anything—which is half the battle. Sometimes, indeed, I think nothing at all. They don't like that over here; they like you to have impressions. That they like these impressions to be favorable appears to me perfectly natural; I don't make a crime to them of that; it seems to me, on the contrary, a very amiable quality. When individuals have it, we call them sympathetic; I don't see why we shouldn't give nations the same benefit. But there are things I haven't the least desire to have an opinion about. The privilege of indifference is the dearest one we possess, and I hold that intelligent people are known by the way they exercise it. Life is full of rubbish, and we have at least our share of it over here. When you wake up in the morning you find that during the night a cartload has been deposited in your front garden. I decline, however, to have any of it in my premises; there are thousands of things I want to know nothing about. I have outlived the necessity of being hypocritical; I have nothing to gain and everything to lose. When one is fifty years old—single, stout, and red in the face—one has outlived a good many necessities. They tell me over here that my increase of weight is extremely marked, and though they don't tell me that I am coarse, I am sure they think me so. There is very little coarseness here—not quite enough, I think—though there is plenty of vulgarity, which is a very different thing. On the whole, the country is becoming much more agreeable. It isn't that the people are charming, for that they always were (the best of them, I mean, for it isn't true of the others), but that places and things as well have acquired the art of pleasing. The houses are extremely good, and they look so extraordinarily fresh and clean. European interiors, in comparison, seem musty and gritty. We have a great deal of taste; I shouldn't wonder if we should end by inventing something pretty; we only need a little time. Of course, as yet, it's all imitation, except, by the way, these piazzas. I am



sitting on one now; I am writing to you with my portfolio on my knees. This broad, light *loggia* surrounds the house with a movement as free as the expanded wings of a bird, and the wandering airs come up from the deep sea, which murmurs on the rocks at the end of the lawn. Newport is more charming even than you remember it; like everything else over here, it has improved. It is very exquisite to-day; it is, indeed, I think, in all the world, the only exquisite watering-place, for I detest the whole genus. The crowd has left it now, which makes it all the better, though plenty of talkers remain in these large, light, luxurious houses, which are planted with a kind of Dutch definiteness all over the green carpet of the cliff. This carpet is very neatly laid and wonderfully well swept, and the sea, just at hand, is capable of prodigies of blue. Here and there a pretty woman strolls over one of the lawns, which all touch each other, you know, without hedges or fences; the light looks intense as it plays upon her brilliant dress; her large parasol shines like a silver dome. The long lines of the far shores are soft and pure, though there are places that one hasn't the least desire to visit. Altogether the effect is very delicate, and anything that is delicate counts immensely over here, for delicacy, I think, is as rare as coarseness. I am talking to you of the sea, however, without having told you a word of my voyage. It was very comfortable and amusing; I should like to take another next month. You know I am almost offensively well at sea,—that I breast the weather and brave the storm. We had no storm fortunately, and I had brought with me a supply of light literature; so I passed nine days on deck in my sea-chair, with my heels up, reading Tauchnitz novels. There was a great lot of people, but no one in particular, save some fifty American girls. You know all about the American girl, however, having been one yourself. They are, on the whole, very nice, but fifty is too many; there are always too many. There was an inquiring Briton, a radical M. P., by name Mr. Antrobus, who entertained me as much as any one else. He is an excellent man; I even asked him to come down here and spend a couple of days. He looked rather frightened, till I told him he shouldn't be alone with me, that the house was my brother's, and that I gave the invitation in his name. He came a week ago; he goes everywhere; we have heard of him in a dozen places. The English are very simple, or at least they seem so over here. Their old measurements and comparisons desert them; they don't know whether it's all a joke, or whether it's too serious by half.

We are quicker than they, though we talk so much more slowly. We think fast, and yet we talk as deliberately as if we were speaking a foreign language. They toss off their sentences with an air of easy familiarity with the tongue, and yet they misunderstand two-thirds of what people say to them. Perhaps, after all, it is only *our* thoughts they think slowly; they think their own often to a lively tune enough. Mr. Antrobus arrived here at eight o'clock in the morning; I don't know how he managed it; it appears to be his favorite hour; wherever we have heard of him he has come in with the dawn. In England, he would arrive at 5:30 P.M. He asks innumerable questions, but they are easy to answer, for he has a sweet credulity. He made me rather ashamed; he is a better American than so many of us; he takes us more seriously than we take ourselves. He seems to think that an oligarchy of wealth is growing up here, and he advised me to be on my guard against it. I don't know exactly what I can do, but I promised him to look out. He is fearfully energetic; the energy of the people here is nothing to that of the inquiring Briton. If we should devote half the energy to building up our institutions that they devote to obtaining information about them, we should have a very satisfactory country. Mr. Antrobus seemed to think very well of us, which surprised me, on the whole, because, say what one will, it's not so agreeable as England. It's very horrid that this should be; and it's delightful, when one thinks of it, that some things in England are, after all, so disagreeable. At the same time, Mr. Antrobus appeared to be a good deal pre-occupied with our dangers. I don't understand, quite, what they are; they seem to me so few, on a Newport piazza, on this bright, still day. But, after all, what one sees on a Newport piazza is not America; it's the back of Europe! I don't mean to say that I haven't noticed any dangers since my return; there are two or three that seem to me very serious, but they are not those that Mr. Antrobus means. One, for instance, is that we shall cease to speak the English language, which I prefer so much to any other. It's less and less spoken; American is crowding it out. All the children speak American, and as a child's language it's dreadfully rough. It's exclusively in use in the schools; all the magazines and newspapers are in American. Of course, a people of fifty millions, who have invented a new civilization, have a right to a language of their own; that's what they tell me, and I can't quarrel with it. But I wish they had made it as pretty as the mother-tongue, from which, after all, it is more or less derived. We ought to



have invented something as noble as our country. They tell me it's more expressive, and yet some admirable things have been said in the Queen's English. There can be no question of the Queen over here, of course, and American no doubt is the music of the future. Poor dear future, how "expressive" you'll be! For women and children, as I say, it strikes one as very rough; and moreover they don't speak it well, their own though it be. My little nephews, when I first came home, had not gone back to school, and it distressed me to see that, though they are charming children, they had the vocal inflexions of little newsboys. My niece is sixteen years old; she has the sweetest nature possible; she is extremely well-bred, and is dressed to perfection. She chatters from morning till night; but it isn't a pleasant sound! These little persons are in the opposite case from so many English girls, who know how to speak, but don't know how to talk. My niece knows how to talk, but doesn't know how to speak. *A propos* of the young people, that is our other danger; the young people are eating us up,—there is nothing in America but the young people. The country is made for the rising generation; life is arranged for them; they are the destruction of society. People talk of them, consider them, defer to them, bow down to them. They are always present, and whenever they are present there is an end to everything else. They are often very pretty; and physically, they are wonderfully looked after; they are scoured and brushed, they wear hygienic clothes, they go every week to the dentist's. But the little boys kick your shins, and the little girls offer to slap your face! There is an immense literature entirely addressed to them, in which the kicking of shins and the slapping of faces is much recommended. As a woman of fifty, I protest. I insist on being judged by my peers. It's too late, however, for several millions of little feet are actively engaged in stamping out conversation, and I don't see how they can long fail to keep it under. The future is theirs; maturity will evidently be at an increasing discount. Longfellow wrote a charming little poem, called "The Children's Hour," but he ought to have called it "The Children's Century." And by children, of course, I don't mean simple infants; I mean everything of less than twenty. The social importance of the young American increases steadily up to that age, and then it suddenly stops. The young girls, of course, are more important than the lads; but the lads are very important too. I am struck with the way they are known and talked about; they are little celebrities; they have reputations and pretensions; they are

taken very seriously. As for the young girls, as I said just now, there are too many. You will say, perhaps, that I am jealous of them, with my fifty years and my red face. I don't think so, because I don't suffer; my red face doesn't frighten people away, and I always find plenty of talkers. The young girls themselves, I believe, like me very much; and as for me, I delight in the young girls. They are often very pretty; not so pretty as people say in the magazines, but pretty enough. The magazines rather overdo that; they make a mistake. I have seen no great beauties, but the level of prettiness is high, and occasionally one sees a woman completely handsome. (As a general thing, a pretty person here means a person with a pretty face. The figure is rarely mentioned, though there are several good ones.) The level of prettiness is high, but the level of conversation is low; that's one of the signs of its being a young ladies' country. There are a good many things young ladies can't talk about; but think of all the things they can, when they are as clever as most of these. Perhaps one ought to content one's self with that measure, but it's difficult if one has lived for a while by a larger one. This one is decidedly narrow; I stretch it sometimes till it cracks. Then it is that they call me coarse, which I undoubtedly am, thank Heaven! People's talk is of course much more *châtée* over here than in Europe; I am struck with that wherever I go. There are certain things that are never said at all, certain allusions that are never made. There are no light stories, no *propos risqués*. I don't know exactly what people talk about, for the supply of scandal is small, and it's poor in quality. They don't seem, however, to lack topics. The young girls are always there; they keep the gates of conversation; very little passes that is not innocent. I find we do very well without wickedness; and, for myself, as I take my ease, I don't miss my liberties. You remember what I thought of the tone of your table in Florence, and how surprised you were when I asked you why you allowed such things. You said they were like the courses of the seasons; one couldn't prevent them; also that to change the tone of your table you would have to change so many other things. Of course, in your house one never saw a young girl; I was the only spinster, and no one was afraid of me! Of course, too, if talk is more innocent in this country, manners are so, to begin with. The liberty of the young people is the strongest proof of it. The young girls are let loose in the world, and the world gets more good of it than *ces demoiselles* get harm. In



your world—excuse me, but you know what I mean—this wouldn't do at all. Your world is a sad affair, and the young ladies would encounter all sorts of horrors. Over here, considering the way they knock about, they remain wonderfully simple, and the reason is that society protects them instead of setting them traps. There is almost no gallantry, as you understand it; the flirtations are child's play. People have no time for making love; the men, in particular, are extremely busy. I am told that sort of thing consumes hours; I have never had any time for it myself. If the leisure class should increase here considerably, there may possibly be a change; but I doubt it, for the women seem to me in all essentials exceedingly reserved. Great superficial frankness, but an extreme dread of complications. The men strike me as very good fellows. I think that at bottom they are better than the women, who are very subtle, but rather hard. They are not so nice to the men as the men are to them; I mean, of course, in proportion, you know. But women are not so nice as men, "anyhow," as they say here. The men, of course, are professional, commercial; there are very few gentlemen pure and simple. This personage needs to be very well done, however, to be of great utility; and I suppose you wont pretend that he is always well done in your countries. When he's not, the less of him the better. It's very much the same, however, with the system on which the young girls in this country are brought up. (You see, I have to come back to the young girls.) When it succeeds, they are the most charming possible; when it doesn't, the failure is disastrous. If a girl is a very nice girl, the American method brings her to great completeness,—makes all her graces flower; but if she isn't nice, it makes her exceedingly disagreeable,—elaborately and fatally perverts her. In a word, the American girl is rarely negative, and when she isn't a great success she is a great warning. In nineteen cases out of twenty, among the people who know how to live—I wont say what *their* proportion is—the results are highly satisfactory. The girls are not shy, but I don't know why they should be, for there is really nothing here to be afraid of. Manners are very gentle, very humane; the democratic system deprives people of weapons that every one doesn't equally possess. No one is formidable; no one is on stilts; no one has great pretensions or any recognized right to be arrogant. I think there is not much wickedness, and there is certainly less cruelty than with you. Every one can sit; no one is kept standing. One is much less liable to be

snubbed, which you will say is a pity. I think it is, to a certain extent; but, on the other hand, folly is less fatuous, in form, than in your countries; and as people generally have fewer revenges to take, there is less need of their being stamped on in advance. The general good nature, the social equality, deprive them of triumphs on the one hand, and of grievances on the other. There is extremely little impertinence; there is almost none. You will say I am describing a terrible society,—a society without great figures or great social prizes. You have hit it, my dear; there are no great figures. (The great prize, of course, in Europe, is the opportunity to be a great figure.) You would miss these things a good deal,—you who delight to contemplate greatness; and my advice to you, of course, is never to come back. You would miss the small people even more than the great; every one is middle-sized, and you can never have that momentary sense of tallness which is so agreeable in Europe. There are no brilliant types; the most important people seem to lack dignity. They are very *bourgeois*; they make little jokes; on occasion they make puns; they have no form; they are too good-natured. The men have no style; the women, who are fidgety and talk too much, have it only in their *coiffure*, where they have it superabundantly. But I console myself with the greater *bonhomie*. Have you ever arrived at an English country-house in the dusk of a winter's day? Have you ever made a call in London, when you knew nobody but the hostess? People here are more expressive, more demonstrative; and it is a pleasure, when one comes back (if one happens, like me, to be no one in particular), to feel one's social value rise. They attend to you more; they have you on their mind; they talk to you; they listen to you. That is, the men do; the women listen very little—not enough. They interrupt; they talk too much; one feels their presence too much as a sound. I imagine it is partly because their wits are quick, and they think of a good many things to say; not that they always say such wonders. Perfect repose, after all, is not *all* self-control; it is also partly stupidity. American women, however, make too many vague exclamations,—say too many indefinite things. In short, they have a great deal of nature. On the whole, I find very little affectation, though we shall probably have more as we improve. As yet, people haven't the assurance that carries those things off; they know too much about each other. The trouble is that over here we have all been brought up together. You will think this a picture of a dreadfully insipid society; but I hasten to



add that it's not all so tame as that. I have been speaking of the people that one meets socially; and these are the smallest part of American life. The others—those one meets on a basis of mere convenience—are much more exciting; they keep one's temper in healthy exercise. I mean the people in the shops, and on the railroads; the servants, the hackmen, the laborers, every one of whom you buy anything or have occasion to make an inquiry. With them you need all your best manners, for you must always have enough for two. If you think we are *too* democratic, taste a little of American life in these walks, and you will be reassured. This is the region of inequality, and you will find plenty of people to make your courtesy to. You see it from below—the weight of inequality is on your own back. You asked me to tell you about prices; they are simply dreadful.

## IV.

FROM THE HONORABLE EDWARD ANTROBUS,  
M. P., IN BOSTON, TO THE HONORABLE MRS.  
ANTROBUS.

October 17.

MY DEAR SUSAN: I sent you a post-card on the 13th and a native newspaper yesterday; I really have had no time to write. I sent you the newspaper partly because it contained a report—extremely incorrect—of some remarks I made at the meeting of the Association of the Teachers of New England; partly because it is so curious that I thought it would interest you and the children. I cut out some portions which I didn't think it would be well for the children to see; the parts remaining contain the most striking features. Please point out to the children the peculiar orthography, which probably will be adopted in England by the time they are grown up; the amusing oddities of expression, etc. Some of them are intentional; you will have heard of the celebrated American humor, etc. (remind me, by the way, on my return to Thistleton, to give you a few examples of it); others are unconscious, and are perhaps on that account the more diverting. Point out to the children the difference (in so far as you are sure that you yourself perceive it). You must excuse me if these lines are not very legible; I am writing them by the light of a railway-lamp, which rattles above my left ear; it being only at odd moments that I can find time to look into everything that I wish to. You will say that this is a very odd moment, indeed, when I tell you that I am in bed in a sleeping-car. I occupy the upper

berth (I will explain to you the arrangement when I return), while the lower forms the couch—the jolts are fearful—of an unknown female. You will be very anxious for my explanation; but I assure you that it is the custom of the country. I myself am assured that a lady may travel in this manner all over the Union (the Union of States) without a loss of consideration. In case of her occupying the upper berth I presume it would be different; but I must make inquiries on this point. Whether it be the fact that a mysterious being of another sex has retired to rest behind the same curtains, or whether it be the swing of the train, which rushes through the air with very much the same movement as the tail of a kite, the situation is, at any rate, so anomalous that I am unable to sleep. A ventilator is open just over my head, and a lively draught, mingled with a drizzle of cinders, pours in through this ingenious orifice. (I will describe to you its form on my return.) If I had occupied the lower berth I should have had a whole window to myself, and by drawing back the blind (a safe proceeding at the dead of night), I should have been able, by the light of an extraordinarily brilliant moon, to see a little better what I write. The question occurs to me, however,—Would the lady below me in that case have ascended to the upper berth? (You know my old taste for contingent inquiries.) I incline to think (from what I have seen) that she would simply have requested me to evacuate my own couch. (The ladies in this country ask for anything they want.) In this case I suppose I should have had an extensive view of the country, which, from what I saw of it before I turned in (while the lady beneath me was going to bed), offered a rather ragged expanse, dotted with little white wooden houses, which looked in the moonshine like pasteboard boxes. I have been unable to ascertain as precisely as I should wish by whom these modest residences are occupied; for they are too small to be the homes of country gentlemen, there is no peasantry here, and (in New England, for all the corn comes from the far West) there are no yeomen nor farmers. The information that one receives in this country is apt to be rather conflicting, but I am determined to sift the mystery to the bottom. I have already noted down a multitude of facts bearing upon the points that interest me most,—the operation of the school-boards, the co-education of the sexes, the elevation of the tone of the lower classes, the participation of the latter in political life. Political life, indeed, is almost wholly confined to the lower-middle class, and the upper section of the lower class. In some of the large towns,



indeed, the lowest order of all participates considerably,—a very interesting phase, to which I shall give more attention. It is very gratifying to see the taste for public affairs pervading so many social strata; but the indifference of the gentry is a fact not to be lightly considered. It may be objected, indeed, that there are no gentry; and it is very true that I have not yet encountered a character of the type of Lord Bottomley,—a type which I am free to confess I should be sorry to see disappear from our English system, if system it may be called, where so much is the growth of blind and incoherent forces. It is nevertheless obvious that an idle and luxurious class exists in this country, and that it is less exempt than in our own from the reproach of preferring inglorious ease to the furtherance of liberal ideas. It is rapidly increasing, and I am not sure that the indefinite growth of the dilettante spirit, in connection with large and lavishly expended wealth, is an unmixed good, even in a society in which freedom of development has obtained so many interesting triumphs. The fact that this body is not represented in the governing class, is perhaps as much the result of the jealousy with which it is viewed by the more earnest workers as of its own—I dare not, perhaps, apply a harsher term than—levity. Such, at least, is the impression I have gathered in the Middle States and in New England; in the South-west, the North-west, and the Far West, it will doubtless be liable to correction. These divisions are probably new to you; but they are the general denomination of large and flourishing communities, with which I hope to make myself at least superficially acquainted. The fatigue of traversing, as I habitually do, three or four hundred miles at a bound, is, of course, considerable; but there is usually much to inquire into by the way. The conductors of the trains, with whom I freely converse, are often men of vigorous and original minds, and even of some social eminence. One of them, a few days ago, gave me a letter of introduction to his brother-in-law, who is president of a Western university. Don't have any fear, therefore, that I am not in the best society! The arrangements for traveling are, as a general thing, extremely ingenious, as you will probably have inferred from what I told you above; but it must at the same time be conceded that some of them are more ingenious than happy. Some of the facilities, with regard to luggage, the transmission of parcels, etc., are doubtless very useful when explained, but I have not yet succeeded in mastering the intricacies. There are, on the other hand, no cabs and no porters, and I have calculated

that I have myself carried my *impedimenta*—which, you know, are somewhat numerous, and from which I cannot bear to be separated—some seventy or eighty miles. I have sometimes thought it was a great mistake not to bring Plummeridge; he would have been useful on such occasions. On the other hand, the startling question would have presented itself—Who would have carried Plummeridge's portmanteau? He would have been useful, indeed, for brushing and packing my clothes, and getting me my tub; I travel with a large tin one,—there are none to be obtained at the inns,—and the transport of this receptacle often presents the most insoluble difficulties. It is often, too, an object of considerable embarrassment in arriving at private houses, where the servants have less reserve of manner than in England; and, to tell you the truth, I am by no means certain at the present moment that the tub has been placed in the train with me. "On board" the train is the consecrated phrase here; it is an allusion to the tossing and pitching of the concatenation of cars, so similar to that of a vessel in a storm. As I was about to inquire, however, Who would get Plummeridge *his* tub, and attend to his little comforts? We could not very well make our appearance, on coming to stay with people, with *two* of the utensils I have named; though, as regards a single one, I have had the courage, as I may say, of a life-long habit. It would hardly be expected that we should both use the same; though there have been occasions in my travels as to which I see no way of blinking the fact that Plummeridge would have had to sit down to dinner with me. Such a contingency would completely have unnerved him; and, on the whole, it was doubtless the wiser part to leave him respectfully touching his hat on the tender in the Mersey. No one touches his hat over here, and though it is doubtless the sign of a more advanced social order, I confess that when I see poor Plummeridge again, this familiar little gesture—familiar, I mean, only in the sense of being often seen—will give me a measurable satisfaction. You will see from what I tell you that democracy is not a mere word in this country, and I could give you many more instances of its universal reign. This, however, is what we come here to look at, and, in so far as there seems to be proper occasion, to admire; though I am by no means sure that we can hope to establish within an appreciable time a corresponding change in the somewhat rigid fabric of English manners. I am not even prepared to affirm that such a change is desirable; you know this is one of the points on which I do not as yet see my way to



going as far as Lord B——. I have always held that there is a certain social ideal of inequality as well as of equality, and if I have found the people of this country, as a general thing, quite equal to each other, I am not sure that I am prepared to go so far as to say that, as a whole, they are equal to—excuse that dreadful blot! The movement of the train and the precarious nature of the light—it is close to my nose, and most offensive—would, I flatter myself, long since have got the better of a less resolute diarist! What I was not prepared for was the very considerable body of aristocratic feeling that lurks beneath this republican simplicity. I have on several occasions been made the confidant of these romantic but delusive vagaries, of which the stronghold appears to be the Empire City,—a slang name for New York. I was assured in many quarters that that locality, at least, is ripe for a monarchy, and if one of the Queen's sons would come and talk it over, he would meet with the highest encouragement. This information was given me in strict confidence, with closed doors, as it were; it reminded me a good deal of the dreams of the old Jacobites, when they whispered their messages to the king across the water. I doubt, however, whether these less excusable visionaries will be able to secure the services of a Pretender, for I fear that in such a case he would encounter a still more fatal Culloden. I have given a good deal of time, as I told you, to the educational system, and have visited no fewer than one hundred and forty-three schools and colleges. It is extraordinary, the number of persons who are being educated in this country; and yet, at the same time, the tone of the people is less scholarly than one might expect. A lady, a few days since, described to me her daughter as being always "on the go," which I take to be a jocular way of saying that the young lady was very fond of paying visits. Another person, the wife of a United States senator, informed me that if I should go to Washington in January, I should be quite "in the swim." I inquired the meaning of the phrase, but her explanation made it rather more than less ambiguous. To say that I am on the go describes very accurately my own situation. I went yesterday to the Pognanuc High School, to hear fifty-seven boys and girls recite in unison a most remarkable ode to the American Flag, and shortly afterward attended a ladies' lunch, at which some eighty or ninety of the sex were present. There was only one individual in trowsers—his trowsers by the way, though he brought a dozen pair, are getting rather seedy. The men in America do not partake of this meal, at which ladies assemble in large numbers to

discuss religious, political, and social topics. These immense female symposia (at which every delicacy is provided) are one of the most striking features of American life, and would seem to prove that men are not so indispensable in the scheme of creation as they sometimes suppose. I have been admitted on the footing of an Englishman—"just to show you some of our bright women," the hostess yesterday remarked. ("Bright" here has the meaning of *intellectual*.) I perceived, indeed, a great many intellectual foreheads. These curious collations are organized according to age. I have also been present as an inquiring stranger at several "girls' lunches," from which married ladies are rigidly excluded, but where the fair revelers are equally numerous and equally bright. There is a good deal I should like to tell you about my study of the educational question, but my position is somewhat cramped, and I must dismiss it briefly. My leading impression is that the children in this country are better educated than the adults. The position of a child is, on the whole, one of great distinction. There is a popular ballad of which the refrain, if I am not mistaken, is "Make me a child again, just for to-night!" and which seems to express the sentiment of regret for lost privileges. At all events they are a powerful and independent class, and have organs, of immense circulation, in the press. They are often extremely "bright." I have talked with a great many teachers, most of them lady-teachers, as they are called in this country. The phrase does not mean teachers of ladies, as you might suppose, but applies to the sex of the instructress, who often has large classes of young men under her control. I was lately introduced to a young woman of twenty-three, who occupies the chair of Moral Philosophy and Belles-Lettres in a Western college, and who told me with the utmost frankness that she was adored by the undergraduates. This young woman was the daughter of a petty trader in one of the South-western States, and had studied at Amanda College, in Missourah, an institution at which young people of the two sexes pursue their education together. She was very pretty and modest, and expressed a great desire to see something of English country-life, in consequence of which I made her promise to come down to Thistleton in the event of her crossing the Atlantic. She is not the least like Gwendolen or Charlotte, and I am not prepared to say how they would get on with her; the boys would probably do better. Still, I think her acquaintance would be of value to Miss Bumpus, and the two might pass their time very pleasantly in the



school-room. I grant you freely that those I have seen here are much less comfortable than the school-room at Thistleton. Has Charlotte, by the way, designed any more texts for the walls? I have been extremely interested in my visit to Philadelphia, where I saw several thousand little red houses with white steps, occupied by intelligent artisans, and arranged (in streets) on the rectangular system. Improved cooking-stoves, rose-wood pianos, gas and hot water, æsthetic furniture, and complete sets of the British Essayists. A tramway through every street; every block of equal length; blocks and houses scientifically lettered and numbered. There is absolutely no loss of time, and no need of looking for anything, or, indeed, *at* anything. The mind always on one's object; it is very delightful.

## V.

FROM LOUIS LEVERETT, IN BOSTON, TO  
HARVARD TREMONT, IN PARIS.

November.

THE scales have turned, my sympathetic Harvard, and the beam that has lifted you up has dropped me again on this terribly hard spot. I am extremely sorry to have missed you in London, but I received your little note, and took due heed of your injunction to let you know how I got on. I don't get on at all, my dear Harvard—I am consumed with the love of the farther shore. I have been so long away that I have dropped out of my place in this little Boston world, and the shallow tides of New England life have closed over it. I am a stranger here, and I find it hard to believe that I ever was a native. It is very hard, very cold, very vacant. I think of your warm, rich Paris; I think of the Boulevard St. Michel on the mild spring evenings. I see the little corner by the window (of the Café de la Jeunesse) where I used to sit; the doors are open, the soft, deep breath of the great city comes in. It is brilliant, yet there is a kind of tone, of body, in the brightness; the mighty murmur of the ripest civilization in the world comes in; the dear old *peuple de Paris*, the most interesting people in the world, pass by. I have a little book in my pocket; it is exquisitely printed, a modern Elzevir. It is a lyric cry from the heart of young France, and is full of the sentiment of form. There is no form here, dear Harvard; I had no idea how little form there was. I don't know what I shall do; I feel so undraped, so uncurtained, so uncushioned; I feel as if I were sitting in

the center of a mighty "reflector." A terrible crude glare is over everything; the earth looks pallid and excoriated; the raw heavens seem to bleed with the quick, hard light. I have not got back my rooms in West Cedar street; they are occupied by a mesmeric healer. I am staying at an hotel, and it is very dreadful. Nothing for one's self; nothing for one's preferences and habits. No one to receive you when you arrive; you push in through a crowd, you edge up to a counter; you write your name in a horrible book, where every one may come and stare at it and finger it. A man behind the counter stares at you in silence; his stare seems to say to you, "What the devil do *you* want?" But after this stare he never looks at you again. He tosses down a key at you; he presses a bell; a savage Irishman arrives. "Take him away," he seems to say to the Irishman; but it is all done in silence; there is no answer to your own speech,—“What is to be done with me, please?” “Wait and you will see,” the awful silence seems to say. There is a great crowd around you, but there is also a great stillness; every now and then you hear some one expectorate. There are a thousand people in this huge and hideous structure; they feed together in a big white-walled room. It is lighted by a thousand gas-jets, and heated by cast-iron screens, which vomit forth torrents of scorching air. The temperature is terrible; the atmosphere is more so; the furious light and heat seem to intensify the dreadful definiteness. When things are so ugly, they should not be so definite; and they are terribly ugly here. There is no mystery in the corners; there is no light and shade in the types. The people are haggard and joyless; they look as if they had no passions, no tastes, no senses. They sit feeding in silence, in the dry, hard light; occasionally I hear the high, firm note of a child. The servants are black and familiar; their faces shine as they shuffle about; there are blue tones in their dark masks. They have no manners; they address you, but they don't answer you; they plant themselves at your elbow (it rubs their clothes as you eat), and watch you as if your proceedings were strange. They deluge you with iced water; it's the only thing they will bring you; if you look round to summon them, they have gone for more. If you read the newspaper,—which I don't, gracious Heaven! I can't,—they hang over your shoulder and peruse it also. I always fold it up and present it to them; the newspapers here are indeed for an African taste. There are long corridors defended by gusts of hot air; down the middle swoops a pale little girl on parlor-skates. “Get out of my way!” she shrieks as she



passes; she has ribbons in her hair and frills on her dress; she makes the tour of the immense hotel. I think of Ariel, who put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, and wonder what he said as he flitted by. A black waiter marches past me, bearing a tray, which he thrusts into my spine as he goes. It is laden with large white jugs; they tinkle as he moves, and I recognize the unconsoling fluid. We are dying of iced water, of hot air, of gas. I sit in my room thinking of these things—this room of mine which is a chamber of pain. The walls are white and bare, they shine in the rays of a horrible chandelier of imitation bronze, which depends from the middle of the ceiling. It flings a patch of shadow on a small table covered with white marble, of which the genial surface supports at the present moment the sheet of paper on which I address you; and when I go to bed (I like to read in bed, Harvard) it becomes an object of mockery and torment. It dangles at inaccessible heights; it stares me in the face; it flings the light upon the covers of my book, but not upon the page—the little French Elzevir that I love so well. I rise and put out the gas, and then my room becomes even lighter than before. Then a crude illumination from the hall, from the neighboring room, pours through the glass openings which surmount the two doors of my apartment. It covers my bed, where I toss and groan; it beats in through my closed lids; it is accompanied by the most vulgar, though the most human, sounds. I spring up to call for some help, some remedy; but there is no bell, and I feel desolate and weak. There is only a strange orifice in the wall, through which the traveler in distress may transmit his appeal. I fill it with incoherent sounds, and sounds more incoherent yet come back to me. I gather at last their meaning; they appear to constitute a somewhat stern inquiry. A hollow, impersonal voice wishes to know what I want, and the very question paralyzes me. I want everything—yet I want nothing,—nothing this hard impersonality can give! I want my little corner of Paris; I want the rich, the deep, the dark Old World; I want to be out of this horrible place. Yet I can't confide all this to that mechanical tube; it would be of no use; a mocking laugh would come up from the office. Fancy appealing in these sacred, these intimate moments, to an "office"; fancy calling out into indifferent space for a candle, for a curtain! I pay incalculable sums in this dreadful house, and yet I haven't a servant to wait upon me. I fling myself back on my couch, and for a long time afterward the orifice in the wall emits strange murmurs and

rumblings. It seems unsatisfied, indignant; it is evidently scolding me for my vagueness. My vagueness, indeed, dear Harvard! I loathe their horrible arrangements; isn't that definite enough? You asked me to tell you whom I see, and what I think of my friends. I haven't very many; I don't feel at all *en rapport*. The people are very good, very serious, very devoted to their work; but there is a terrible absence of variety of type. Every one is Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown; and every one looks like Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown. They are thin; they are diluted in the great tepid bath of Democracy! They lack completeness of identity; they are quite without modeling. No, they are not beautiful, my poor Harvard; it must be whispered that they are not beautiful. You may say that they are as beautiful as the French, as the Germans; but I can't agree with you there. The French, the Germans, have the greatest beauty of all,—the beauty of their ugliness,—the beauty of the strange, the grotesque. These people are not even ugly; they are only plain. Many of the girls are pretty; but to be only pretty is (to my sense) to be plain. Yet I have had some talk. I have seen a woman. She was on the steamer, and I afterward saw her in New York,—a peculiar type, a real personality; a great deal of modeling, a great deal of color, and yet a great deal of mystery. She was not, however, of this country; she was a compound of far-off things. But she was looking for something here—like me. We found each other, and for a moment that was enough. I have lost her now; I am sorry, because she liked to listen to me. She has passed away; I shall not see her again. She liked to listen to me; she almost understood!

## VI.

FROM M. GUSTAVE LEJAUNE, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, TO M. ADOLPHE BOUCHE, IN PARIS.

WASHINGTON, October 5.

I GIVE you my little notes; you must make allowances for haste, for bad inns, for the perpetual scramble, for ill-humor. Everywhere the same impression,—the platitude of unbalanced democracy intensified by the platitude of the spirit of commerce. Everything on an immense scale—everything illustrated by millions of examples. My brother-in-law is always busy; he has appointments, inspections, interviews, disputes. The people, it appears, are incredibly sharp in conversation, in argument; they wait for you in silence at the corner of the road, and then they suddenly



discharge their revolver. If you fall, they empty your pockets; the only chance is to shoot them first. With that, no amenities, no preliminaries, no manners, no care for the appearance. I wander about while my brother is occupied; I lounge along the streets; I stop at the corners; I look into the shops; *je regarde passer les femmes*. It's an easy country to see; one sees everything there is; the civilization is skin-deep; you don't have to dig. This positive, practical, pushing *bourgeoisie* is always about its business; it lives in the street, in the hotel, in the train; one is always in a crowd—there are seventy-five people in the tramway. They sit in your lap; they stand on your toes; when they wish to pass, they simply push you. Everything in silence; they know that silence is golden, and they have the worship of gold. When the conductor wishes your fare, he gives you a poke, very serious, without a word. As for the types—but there is only one—they are all variations of the same—the *commis-voyageur* minus the gayety. The women are often pretty; you meet the young ones in the streets, in the trains, in search of a husband. They look at you frankly, coldly, judicially, to see if you will serve; but they don't want what you might think (*du moins on me l'assure*); they only want the husband. A Frenchman may mistake; he needs to be sure he is right, and I always make sure. They begin at fifteen; the mother sends them out; it lasts all day (with an interval for dinner at a pastry-cook's); sometimes it goes on for ten years. If they haven't found the husband then, they give it up; they make place for the *cadettes*, as the number of women is enormous. No *salons*, no society, no conversation; people don't receive at home; the young girls have to look for the husband where they can. It is no disgrace not to find him—several have never done so. They continue to go about unmarried—from the force of habit, from the love of movement, without hopes, without regrets—no imagination, no sensibility, no desire for the convent. We have made several journeys,—few of less than three hundred miles. Enormous trains, enormous *wagons*, with beds and lavatories, and negroes who brush you with a big broom, as if they were grooming a horse. A bounding movement, a roaring noise, a crowd of people who look very tired, a boy who passes up and down throwing pamphlets and sweetmeats into your lap—that is an American journey. There are windows in the *wagons*—enormous, like everything else; but there is nothing to see. The country is a void—no features, no objects, no details, nothing to show you that you are in one place more

than another. *Aussi*, you are not in one place; you are everywhere, anywhere; the train goes a hundred miles an hour. The cities are all the same; little houses ten feet high, or else big ones two hundred; tramways, telegraph-poles, enormous signs, holes in the pavement, oceans of mud, *commis-voyageurs*, young ladies looking for the husband. On the other hand, no beggars and no *cocottes*—none, at least, that you see. A colossal mediocrity, except (my brother-in-law tells me) in the machinery, which is magnificent. Naturally, no architecture (they make houses of wood and of iron), no art, no literature, no theater. I have opened some of the books; *mais ils ne se laissent pas lire*. No form, no matter, no style, no general ideas; they seem to be written for children and young ladies. The most successful (those that they praise most) are the facetious; they sell in thousands of editions. I have looked into some of the most *vantés*; but you need to be forewarned, to know that they are amusing; *des plaisanteries de croquemort*. They have a novelist with pretensions to literature, who writes about the chase for the husband and the adventures of the rich Americans in our corrupt old Europe, where their primeval candor puts the Europeans to shame. *C'est proprement écrit*; but it's very pale. What isn't pale is the newspapers—enormous, like everything else (fifty columns of advertisements), and full of the *commérages* of a continent. And such a tone, *grand Dieu*! The amenities, the personalities, the recriminations, are like so many *coups de revolver*. Headings six inches tall; correspondences from places one never heard of; telegrams from Europe about Sarah Bernhardt; little paragraphs about nothing at all; the *menu* of the neighbor's dinner; articles on the European situation *à pouffer de rire*; all the *tripotage* of local politics. The *reportage* is incredible; I am chased up and down by the interviewers. The matrimonial infelicities of M. and Madame X. (they give the name), *tout au long*, with every detail—not in six lines, discreetly veiled, with an art of insinuation, as with us; but with all the facts (or the fictions), the letters, the dates, the places, the hours. I open a paper at hazard, and I find *au beau milieu, à propos* of nothing, the announcement—"Miss Susan Green has the longest nose in Western New York." Miss Susan Green (*je me renseigne*) is a celebrated authoress; and the Americans have the reputation of spoiling their women. They spoil them *à coups de poing*. We have seen few interiors (no one speaks French); but if the newspapers give an idea of the domestic *mœurs*, the *mœurs* must be curious.



The passport is abolished, but they have printed my *signalement* in these sheets,—perhaps for the young ladies who look for the husband. We went one night to the theater; the piece was French (they are the only ones), but the acting was American—too American; we came out in the middle. The want of taste is incredible. An Englishman whom I met tells me that even the language corrupts itself from day to day; an Englishman ceases to understand. It encourages me to find that I am not the only one. There are things every day that one can't describe. Such is Washington, where we arrived this morning, coming from Philadelphia. My brother-in-law wishes to see the Bureau of Patents, and on our arrival he went to look at his machines, while I walked about the streets and visited the Capitol! The human machine is what interests me most. I don't even care for the political—for that's what they call their government here—"the machine." It operates very roughly, and some day, evidently, it will explode. It is true that you would never suspect that they have a government; this is the principal seat, but, save for three or four big buildings, most of them *affreux*, it looks like a settlement of negroes. No movement, no officials, no authority, no embodiment of the State. Enormous streets, *comme toujours*, lined with little red houses where nothing ever passes but the tramway. The Capitol—a vast structure, false classic, white marble, iron and stucco, which has *assez grand air*—must be seen to be appreciated. The goddess of liberty on the top, dressed in a bear's skin; their liberty over here is the liberty of bears. You go into the Capitol as you would into a railway station; you walk about as you would in the Palais Royal. No functionaries, no doorkeepers, no officers, no uniforms, no badges, no restrictions, no authority—nothing but a crowd of shabby people circulating in a labyrinth of spittoons. We are too much governed perhaps in France; but at least we have a certain incarnation of the national conscience, of the national dignity. The dignity is absent here, and I am told that the conscience is an abyss. "*L'état c'est moi*" even—I like that better than the spittoons. These implements are architectural, monumental; they are the only monuments. *En somme*, the country is interesting, now that we too have the Republic; it is the biggest illustration, the biggest warning. It is the last word of democracy, and that word is—flatness. It is very big, very rich, and perfectly ugly. A Frenchman couldn't live here; for life with us, after all, at the worst is a sort of appreciation. Here, there is nothing

to appreciate. As for the people, they are the English *minus* the conventions. You can fancy what remains. The women, *pour-tant*, are sometimes rather well turned. There was one at Philadelphia—I made her acquaintance by accident—whom it is probable I shall see again. She is not looking for the husband; she has already got one. It was at the hotel; I think the husband doesn't matter. A Frenchman, as I have said, may mistake, and he needs to be sure he is right. *Aussi*, I always make sure!

## VII.

FROM MARCELLUS COCKEREL, IN WASHINGTON, TO MRS. COOLER, NÉE COCKEREL, AT OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

October 25.

I OUGHT to have written to you long before this, for I have had your last excellent letter for four months in my hands. The first half of that time I was still in Europe; the last I have spent on my native soil. I think, therefore, my silence is owing to the fact that over there I was too miserable to write, and that here I have been too happy. I got back the 1st of September—you will have seen it in the papers. Delightful country, where one sees everything in the papers—the big, familiar, vulgar, good-natured, delightful papers, none of which has any reputation to keep up for anything but getting the news! I really think that has had as much to do as anything else with my satisfaction at getting home—the difference in what they call the "tone of the press." In Europe it's too dreary—the sapience, the solemnity, the false respectability, the verbosity, the long disquisitions on superannuated subjects. Here the newspapers are like the railroad trains, which carry everything that comes to the station, and have only the religion of punctuality. As a woman, however, you probably detest them; you think they are (the great word) vulgar. I admitted it just now, and I am very happy to have an early opportunity to announce to you that that idea has quite ceased to have any terrors for me. There are some conceptions to which the female mind can never rise. Vulgarity is a stupid, superficial, question-begging accusation, which has become to-day the easiest refuge of mediocrity. Better than anything else, it saves people the trouble of thinking, and anything which does that succeeds. You must know that in these last three years in Europe I have become terribly vulgar myself; that's one service my travels



have rendered me. By three years in Europe I mean three years in foreign parts altogether, for I spent several months of that time in Japan, India, and the rest of the East. Do you remember when you bade me good-bye in San Francisco, the night before I embarked for Yokohama? You foretold that I should take such a fancy to foreign life that America would never see me more, and that if *you* should wish to see me (an event you were good enough to regard as possible), you would have to make a rendezvous in Paris or in Rome. I think we made one (which you never kept), but I shall never make another for those cities. It was in Paris, however, that I got your letter; I remember the moment as well as if it were (to my honor) much more recent. You must know that, among many places I dislike, Paris carries the palm. I am bored to death there; it's the home of every humbug. The life is full of that false comfort which is worse than discomfort, and the small, fat, irritable people give me the shivers. I had been making these reflections even more devoutly than usual one very tiresome evening toward the beginning of last summer, when, as I reëntered my hotel at ten o'clock, the little reptile of a portress handed me your gracious lines. I was in a villainous humor. I had been having an over-dressed dinner in a stuffy restaurant, and had gone from there to a suffocating theater, where, by way of amusement, I saw a play in which blood and lies were the least of the horrors. The theaters over there are insupportable; the atmosphere is pestilential. People sit with their elbows in your sides; they squeeze past you every half-hour. It was one of my bad moments; I have a great many in Europe. The conventional, perfunctory play, all in falsetto, which I seemed to have seen a thousand times; the horrible faces of the people; the pushing, bullying *ouvreuse*, with her false politeness and her real rapacity, drove me out of the place at the end of an hour; and, as it was too early to go home, I sat down before a *café* on the Boulevard, where they served me a glass of sour, watery beer. There on the Boulevard, in the summer night, life itself was even uglier than the play, and it wouldn't do for me to tell you what I saw. Besides, I was sick of the Boulevard, with its eternal grimace and the deadly sameness of the *article de Paris*, which pretends to be so various—the shop-windows a wilderness of rubbish and the passers-by a procession of manikins. Suddenly it came over me that I was supposed to be amusing myself—my face was a yard long—and that you probably at that moment were saying to your husband: "He stays

away so long! What a good time he must be having!" The idea was the first thing that had made me smile for a month; I got up and walked home, reflecting, as I went, that I was "seeing Europe," and that, after all, one *must* see Europe. It was because I had been convinced of this that I came out, and it is because the operation has been brought to a close that I have been so happy for the last eight weeks. I was very conscientious about it, and, though your letter that night made me abominably homesick, I held out to the end, knowing it to be once for all. I shan't trouble Europe again; I shall see America for the rest of my days. My long delay has had the advantage that now, at least, I can give you my impressions—I don't mean of Europe; impressions of Europe are easy to get—but of this country, as it strikes the re-instated exile. Very likely you'll think them queer; but keep my letter, and twenty years hence they will be quite commonplace. They won't even be vulgar. It was very deliberate, my going round the world. I knew that one ought to see for one's self, and that I should have eternity, so to speak, to rest. I traveled energetically; I went everywhere and saw everything; took as many letters as possible, and made as many acquaintances. In short, I held my nose to the grindstone. The upshot of it all is that I have got rid of a superstition. We have so many, that one the less—perhaps the biggest of all—makes a real difference in one's comfort. The superstition in question—of course you have it—is that there is no salvation but through Europe. Our salvation is here, if we have eyes to see it, and the salvation of Europe into the bargain; that is, if Europe is to be saved, which I rather doubt. Of course, you'll call me a bird o' freedom, a braggart, a waver of the stars and stripes; but I'm in the delighted position of not minding in the least what any one calls me. I haven't a mission; I don't want to preach; I have simply arrived at a state of mind; I have got Europe off my back. You have no idea how it simplifies things, and how jolly it makes me feel. Now I can live; now I can talk. If we wretched Americans could only say once for all, "Oh, Europe be hanged!" we should attend much better to our proper business. We have simply to live our life, and the rest will look after itself. You will probably inquire what it is that I like better over here, and I will answer that it's simply—life. Disagreeables for disagreeables, I prefer our own. The way I have been bored and bullied in foreign parts, and the way I have had to say I found it pleasant! For a good while this appeared to be a sort of congenital ob-



ligation, but one fine day it occurred to me that there was no obligation at all, and that it would ease me immensely to admit to myself that (for me, at least) all those things had no importance. I mean the things they rub into you in Europe; the tiresome international topics, the petty politics, the stupid, social customs, the baby-house scenery. The vastness and freshness of this American world, the great scale and great pace of our development, the good sense and good nature of the people, console me for there being no cathedrals and no Titians. I hear nothing about Prince Bismarck and Gambetta, about the Emperor William and the Czar of Russia, about Lord Beaconsfield and the Prince of Wales. I used to get so tired of their Mumbo-Jumbo of a Bismarck, of his secrets and surprises, his mysterious intentions and oracular words. They revile us for our party politics; but what are all the European jealousies and rivalries, their armaments and their wars, their rapacities and their mutual lies, but the intensity of the spirit of party? what question, what interest, what idea, what need of mankind, is involved in any of these things? Their big, pompous armies, drawn up in great silly rows, their gold lace, their salaams, their hierarchies, seem a pastime for children; there's a sense of humor and of reality over here that laughs at all that. Yes, we are nearer the reality—we are nearer what they will all have to come to. The questions of the future are social questions, which the Bismarcks and Beaconsfields are very much afraid to see settled; and the sight of a row of supercilious potentates holding their peoples like their personal property, and bristling all over, to make a mutual impression, with feathers and sabers, strikes us as a mixture of the grotesque and the abominable. What do we care for the mutual impressions of potentates who amuse themselves with sitting on people? Those things are their own affair, and they ought to be shut up in a dark room to have it out together. Once one feels, over here, that the great questions of the future are social questions, that a mighty tide is sweeping the world to democracy, and that this country is the biggest stage on which the drama can be enacted, the fashionable European topics seem petty and parochial. They talk about things that we have settled ages ago, and the solemnity with which they propound to you their little domestic embarrassments make a heavy draft on one's good nature. In England they were talking about the Hares and Rabbits Bill, about the extension of the County Franchise, about the Dissenters' Burials, about the Deceased Wife's Sister, about the abolition of the House of

Lords, about heaven knows what ridiculous little measure for the propping-up of their ridiculous little country. And they call *us* provincial! It is hard to sit and look respectable while people discuss the utility of the House of Lords and the beauty of a State Church, and it's only in a dowdy, musty civilization that you'll find them doing such things. The lightness and clearness of the social air, that's the great relief in these parts. The gentility of bishops, the propriety of parsons, even the impressiveness of a restored cathedral, give less of a charm to life than that. I used to be furious with the bishops and parsons, with the humbuggery of the whole affair, which every one was conscious of, but which people agreed not to expose, because they would be compromised all round. The convenience of life over here, the quick and simple arrangements, the absence of the spirit of routine, are a blessed change from the stupid stiffness with which I struggled for two long years. There were people with swords and cockades who used to order me about; for the simplest operation of life I had to kootoo to some bloated official. When it was a question of my doing a little differently from others, the bloated official gasped as if I had given him a blow on the stomach; he needed to take a week to think of it. On the other hand, it's impossible to take an American by surprise; he is ashamed to confess that he has not the wit to do a thing that another man has had the wit to think of. Besides, being as good as his neighbor, he must therefore be as clever,—which is an affliction only to people who are afraid he may be cleverer. If this general efficiency and spontaneity of the people—the union of the sense of freedom with the love of knowledge—isn't the very essence of a high civilization, I don't know what a high civilization is. I felt this greater ease on my first railroad journey,—felt the blessing of sitting in a train where I could move about, where I could stretch my legs and come and go, where I had a seat and a window to myself, where there were chairs and tables and food and drink. The villainous little boxes on the European trains, in which you are stuck down in a corner, with doubled-up knees, opposite to a row of people—often most offensive types—who stare at you for ten hours on end—these were part of my two years' ordeal. The large, free way of doing things here is everywhere a pleasure. In London, at my hotel, they used to come to me on Saturday to make me order my Sunday's dinner, and when I asked for a sheet of paper, they put it into the bill. The meagerness, the stinginess, the perpetual expecta-



tion of a sixpence, used to exasperate me. Of course, I saw a great many people who were pleasant; but as I am writing to you, and not to one of them, I may say that they were dreadfully apt to be dull. The imagination among the people I see here is more flexible; and then they have the advantage of a larger horizon. It's not bounded on the north by the British aristocracy, and on the south by the *scrutin de liste*. (I mix up the countries a little, but they are not worth the keeping apart.) The absence of little conventional measurements, of little cut-and-dried judgments, is an immense refreshment. We are more analytic, more discriminating, more familiar with realities. As for manners, there are bad manners everywhere, but an aristocracy is bad manners organized. (I don't mean that they may not be polite among themselves, but they are rude to every one else.) The sight of all these growing millions simply minding their business, is impressive to me,—more so than all the gilt buttons and padded chests of the Old World; and there is a certain powerful type of "practical" American (you'll find him chiefly in the West), who doesn't brag as I do (I'm not practical), but who quietly feels that he has the Future in his vitals,—a type that strikes me more than any I met in your favorite countries. Of course you'll come back to the cathedrals and Titians, but there's a thought that helps one to do without them,—the thought that though there's an immense deal of plainness, there's little misery, little squalor, little degradation. There is no regular wife-beating class, and there are none of the stultified peasants of whom it takes so many to make a European noble. The people here are more conscious of things; they invent, they act, they answer for themselves, they are not (I speak of social matters) tied up by authority and precedent. We shall have all the Titians by-and-by, and we shall move over a few cathedrals. You had better stay here if you want to have the best. Of course, I am a roaring Yankee; but you'll call me that if I say the least, so I may as well take my ease and say the most. Washington's a most entertaining place; and here at least, at the seat of government, one isn't overgoverned. In fact, there's no government at all to speak of; it seems too good to be true. The first day I was here I went to the Capitol, and it took me ever so long to figure to myself that I had as good a right there as any one else,—that the whole magnificent pile (it is magnificent by the way) was in fact my own. In Europe one doesn't rise to such conceptions, and my spirit had been broken in Europe. The doors were gaping wide—

I walked all about; there were no door-keepers, no officers, nor flunkeys,—not even a policeman to be seen. It seemed strange not to see a uniform, if only as a patch of color. But this isn't government by livery. The absence of these things is odd at first; you seem to miss something, to fancy the machine has stopped. It hasn't, though; it only works without fire and smoke. At the end of three days, this simple negative impression—the fact is that there are no soldiers nor spies, nothing but plain black coats—begins to affect the imagination, becomes vivid, majestic, symbolic. It ends by being more impressive than the biggest review I saw in Germany. Of course, I'm a roaring Yankee; but one has to take a big brush to copy a big model. The future is here, of course; but it isn't only that—the present is here as well. You will complain that I don't give you any personal news; but I am more modest for myself than for my country. I spent a month in New York, and while I was there I saw a good deal of a rather interesting girl who came over with me in the steamer, and whom for a day or two I thought I should like to marry. But I shouldn't. She has been spoiled by Europe!

## VIII.

FROM MISS AURORA CHURCH, IN NEW YORK,  
TO MISS WHITESIDE, IN PARIS.

January 9.

I TOLD you (after we landed) about my agreement with Mamma—that I was to have my liberty for three months, and if at the end of this time I shouldn't have made a good use of it, I was to give it back to her. Well, the time is up to-day, and I am very much afraid I haven't made a good use of it. In fact, I haven't made any use of it at all—I haven't got married, for that is what Mamma meant by our little bargain. She has been trying to marry me in Europe, for years, without a *dot*, and as she has never (to the best of my knowledge) even come near it, she thought at last that, if she were to leave it to me, I might do better. I couldn't certainly do worse. Well, my dear, I have done very badly—that is, I haven't done at all. I haven't even tried. I had an idea that this affair came of itself over here; but it hasn't come to me. I won't say I am disappointed, for I haven't, on the whole, seen any one I should like to marry. When you marry people over here, they expect you to love them, and I haven't seen any



one I should like to love. I don't know what the reason is, but they are none of them what I have thought of. It may be that I have thought of the impossible; and yet I have seen people in Europe whom I should have liked to marry. It is true, they were almost always married to some one else. What I *am* disappointed in is simply having to give back my liberty. I don't wish particularly to be married; and I do wish to do as I like—as I have been doing for the last month. All the same, I am sorry for poor Mamma, as nothing has happened that she wished to happen. To begin with, we are not appreciated, not even by the Rucks, who have disappeared, in the strange way in which people over here seem to vanish from the world. We have made no sensation; my new dresses count for nothing (they all have better ones); our philological and historical studies don't show. We have been told we might do better in Boston; but, on the other hand, Mamma hears that in Boston the people only marry their cousins. Then Mamma is out of sorts because the country is exceedingly dear and we have spent all our money. Moreover, I have neither eloped, nor been insulted, nor been talked about, nor—so far as I know—deteriorated in manners or character; so that Mamma is wrong in all her previsions. I think she would have rather liked me to be insulted. But I have been insulted as little as I have been adored. They don't adore you over here; they only make you think they are going to. Do you remember the two gentlemen who were on the ship, and who, after we arrived here, came to see me *à tour de rôle*? At first I never dreamed they were making love to me, though Mamma was sure it must be that; then, as it went on a good while, I thought perhaps it *was* that; and I ended by seeing that it wasn't anything! It was simply conversation; they are very fond of conversation over here. Mr. Leverett and Mr. Cockerel disappeared one fine day, without the smallest pretension to having

broken my heart, I am sure, though, it only depended on me to think they had! All the gentlemen are like that; you can't tell what they mean; everything is very confused; society appears to consist of a sort of innocent jilting. I think, on the whole, I *am* a little disappointed—I don't mean about one's not marrying; I mean about the life generally. It seems so different at first, that you expect it will be very exciting; and then you find that, after all, when you have walked out for a week or two by yourself and driven out with a gentleman in a buggy, that's about all there is of it, as they say here. Mamma is very angry at not finding more to dislike; she admitted yesterday that, once one has got a little settled, the country has not even the merit of being hateful. This has evidently something to do with her suddenly proposing three days ago that we should go to the West. Imagine my surprise at such an idea coming from Mamma! The people in the *pension*—who, as usual, wish immensely to get rid of her—have talked to her about the West, and she has taken it up with a kind of desperation. You see, we must do something; we can't simply remain here. We are rapidly being ruined, and we are not—so to speak—getting married. Perhaps it will be easier in the West; at any rate, it will be cheaper, and the country will have the advantage of being more hateful. It is a question between that and returning to Europe, and for the moment Mamma is balancing. I say nothing: I am really indifferent; perhaps I shall marry a pioneer. I am just thinking how I shall give back my liberty. It really won't be possible; I haven't got it any more; I have given it away to others. Mamma may recover it, if she can, from *them*! She comes in at this moment to say that we must push farther—she has decided for the West. Wonderful Mamma! It appears that my real chance is for a pioneer—they have sometimes millions. But, fancy us in the West!

Henry James, Jr.





## THE PROBLEM OF SPELLING REFORM.

IN the year 1867, Professor W. D. Whitney contributed to the New York "Nation" a series of articles on the subject of English spelling. At the outset he took the pains to describe the feeling then existing in regard to the desirability of reform, and there is no question that he described it accurately. According to his statement public sentiment was more unanimous and more bitter in its hostility to any change in orthography than it had been for a long period before. Movements which had once made some headway had either been abandoned or were on the point of being abandoned. The favorers of even the slightest reform were not only insignificant as regards numbers, they were even more insignificant as regards influence. If any feeling existed besides that of unquestioning acquiescence in what had come to be established, it was of a reactionary nature, for there was a growing disposition in this country to re-introduce any absurdity still found in the spelling used in Great Britain, which, by accident or design, or a lucky attack of common sense, had dropped out of the spelling used in America. The outlook was certainly gloomy enough to every one who felt that the present condition of English orthography was not merely a barrier to the spread of our tongue, but both a disgrace and an intellectual injury to the men who speak it.

Little more than fifteen years have gone by, and the change which has already taken place is remarkable. Whatever else it shows, it proves that there is no insuperable obstacle to the success of the movement, if its advocates are not only willing to labor, but are also willing to wait. It has already attained to a certain degree of popular favor. It is no longer ridiculed; it begins to be feared. The minds of most men, moreover, are now in a state in regard to it such as they have never been in before,—in a state in which they are prepared to examine fairly and dispassionately the arguments for or against change. This is certainly a great advance. There are some, accordingly, who think that public sentiment is already nearly ripe for a wide-reaching and radical reform. Anxious as I should be to find myself a false prophet, I see no such clear evidence of the speedy triumph of reason over prejudice and prescription. As most of the hostility to any change has been and still is due to pure ignorance of the condition in which our orthography is, so it is to be feared

that some of the favor with which a reform of it is regarded is also due to ignorance of what reform really means. In fact, from the very beginning, there have been in the present movement two parties holding widely different views. They may unite against a common foe; but a triumph there would be certain to be followed by a division among the conquerors. In this respect spelling reform is no different from any other reform. But while it is nothing to its discredit that this should be the case, it may be very much to its disadvantage if the fact is not recognized from the outset.

Moreover, it ought to be premised, that as no reform ever yet proved an unmixed blessing, neither will a reform of the spelling prove such, if actually accomplished. Especially will this be true of it at its introduction. A change on any wide scale in English orthography will involve for the time being grave disadvantages. Do the best we can, there must be a period of chaos. The conflict between the old that is going out and the new which is coming in, can not fail to produce more or less of confusion. Such a state of things has about it, on a small scale, much that is annoying, and, perhaps, some things even harmful. One peculiar difficulty, invariably attendant upon changes in the established spelling, deserves especial mention. This is the fact that any alteration of the usual form of a word, no matter how slight, is sure at first to attract the attention to the symbol, and distract it from the meaning which the symbol was intended to convey. These disadvantages and these disturbances last, indeed, only for a time; but they are very real while they do last. Those of us who believe that the permanent benefits accruing to the users of our tongue from a radical reform outweigh immensely the temporary inconveniences and annoyances to which they will be subject, can well afford to bear with the hesitation of those who like the end in view, but dislike the toil and trouble that must be gone through to reach it. The reasons of such for a reluctance to unsettle the existing condition of things are widely different from the pretentious objections urged against change by men who show by every word they utter, that it is a subject about which they have no knowledge and upon which they have spent no thought. The existence of a class of persons who look upon the present state of our



orthography as an evil, but an evil that can not be got rid of without costing more than the benefit received in return, must always be taken into consideration. When we add to them the large number of those who are opposed to change here, because they are opposed to change everywhere, we get some glimpse of the labor that will have to be done before the public mind has been educated up to the point of desiring to have a theoretical reform put into actual practice.

It would, therefore, be no hard task to show that a long time must elapse before any new system of orthography, however perfect, could hope for general adoption. For the purposes of this discussion, however, let it be assumed that this point has been reached; that a reform of some kind is generally looked upon not only as desirable, but as practicable. At once arises the question what shall be its nature? How far shall it be carried? On this very subject, as it has been intimated, there exist two parties; indeed, they have existed from a period long before the present movement was contemplated. They may be characterized by a slight difference in wording. One of them favors reform *in* English orthography, the other favors reform *of* English orthography. In one sense the second party would be included in the first, just as in the contest which led to the American civil war, those who sought the abolition of slavery could be reckoned among those who were opposed to its extension. Still the differences between the two are marked, and from certain points of view are fundamental. As to the one or other of these have belonged all those concerned in previous efforts for reform, and now do belong all those interested in the present effort, an exact account of the position each party occupies will show the different forces at work in this field, and the relation they bear to one another.

Reform *in* English orthography does not imply any sweeping change whatever. The spelling is to be left essentially what it is now. A number of simplifications only are to be adopted. One of the most important of these would naturally be the dropping of useless letters, particularly in those cases where the useless letter is misleading as to the derivation, as, for instance, the *h* in *rhyme*, the *c* in *scent*, and the *g* in *foreign* and *sovereign*. Another would be the reduction to uniformity of ending of words belonging to the same class. An illustration of this, familiar to all, would be the rejection of one of the two terminations *our* and *or*. A more marked change still would be a modification of spelling where the pronunciation required it.

Thus, the passive participle in *ed* would be written with *t*, when it was so sounded, as *mixt* and *fixt* for *mixed* and *fixed*. This already prevails to a certain degree; and the effort made here would simply be to extend a principle, which is now applied to some words, to every one of the class to which they belong.

All the changes which the advocates of reform *in* English orthography propose are of this nature. It is evident at a glance that alterations such as these are far from revolutionary. So little, indeed, are they of that character, that, if carried out completely, they would not materially affect the external appearance of the spelling. This is both the claim and the boast of those who seek for improvement in our orthography, but no thorough reconstruction of it. They pride themselves upon the fact that the changes which they wish to bring about are not radical and sweeping. They are in favor of what they call a judicious reform,—reform which, because it is judicious, is therefore practicable. Certainly it might seem at first view that a movement of this kind would need only to attract the attention of men in order to succeed. A believer in sweeping changes might find fault with it for falling far short of what it claimed to do; but what serious objection could be made by an advocate of the existing system against alterations, slight in themselves, and having no other effect, scarcely, than that of producing uniformity where there is now only arbitrary diversity? It would surely seem hard for a being, who believes that he has intellect enough to be lost or saved, to pretend that he sees any reason why the plural of words ending in *o* should in some cases be spelled with simple *s*, in other cases with *es*. Yet, as a matter of fact, against such changes as these the bitterest hostility has been shown in the past. Who is ignorant of the strife in regard to words ending in *or* or *our*, and the absurd arguments brought forward to sustain incorrect statements? Or take as even a more signal illustration the controversy about the terminations *er* or *re*, in which the assertion was often made by some, and believed by most, that in words like *theater*, *meter*, and *center* the spelling, with the ending *er* instead of *re*, was an unauthorized innovation of Webster's. The truth is, if my own special reading represents fairly the general practice, that in the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, while both ways of writing these words existed side by side, the termination *er* is far more common than that in *re*. Let any one consult the original editions of Spenser, Ben Jonson, and Shak-



sphere, for the spelling of *theater*, at a time when the theater was in its highest glory, and it is safe to say that where the word is found ending in *re* once, it will be found three times, at the very least, ending in *er*. Particular facts may perhaps carry more weight than general assertions. The first complete edition of Shakspeare's plays was published in 1623. In that work *sepulcher* occurs thirteen times; it is spelled eleven times with *er*. *Scepter* occurs thirty-seven times; it is not once spelled with *re*, but always with *er*. *Center* occurs twelve times, and in nine instances out of the twelve it ends in *er*. It is needless to multiply further examples.

All these attempts, however, at so-called judicious reform have met, as has been said, with neglect as marked or with attacks as bitter as could have followed the most revolutionary suggestions. In part this result was a deserved one. A piecemeal restoration of anything, by one who does not intend to restore the whole in conformity, will always leave not only much to be desired, but introduce a great deal to be deprecated; and of this last the opponents of even the slightest change will be sure to make the most. It may be added, indeed, that much of the discredit which has attached to movements in favor of spelling reform in the past has been in many instances due to the imperfect knowledge of those who have been concerned in them. They saw that there was an evil, but they did not see what the evil was. They did not propose their half-way measures as preparations for something better; they looked upon them as final in themselves. It will be instructive to glance at some of these efforts, designed merely to improve, but not to reconstruct. It need hardly be said that reform of this partial kind could never be pressed conscientiously as reform, until after uniformity of spelling had been established; and, consequently, changes in orthography as distinguished from change of orthography do not go back to an early period, at least on any extensive scale. Nearly all of them took place in the latter half of the eighteenth century or the first half of the nineteenth, more especially in the former. Johnson's method of spelling was then felt, more than it was later, as a tyranny; for it was so new that all had not become used to it, and none had learned to love it, at least with the gushing affection of our time. Many there were who still remembered the former state of comparative freedom; a few who sought to set up rival thrones of their own. The crotchets, moreover, in which individual writers have indulged, have been numberless; but, as in the vast majority of cases the changes proposed by them have

been based upon no scientific principles, still less have been the product of any thoroughly worked-out theory; they have served little other purpose than to arrest momentarily the attention of the curious, and have had absolutely no influence whatever upon the orthography generally received. It is not necessary to remind readers familiar with the writings of the historian Mitford, of Archdeacon Hare, and of Walter Savage Landor, of the strange spellings they sometimes employed. One favorite object of hatred with all these partial reformers was the *s* of *island*; and, certainly, if it be just to single out one thing for abuse where there is so much contemptible, this would be a fair case; for it is one of the worst fruits of that alliance—too common with us—between writers who knew too much and printers who knew too little. The *s* of *island* was never pronounced. It did not belong to the word from which it came; it was never so written for several hundred years in English. But the blundering etymology of the sixteenth century inserted an *s*, and the printing-offices of the seventeenth century established *s* and perpetuated it. It is now so firmly fixed in the affections of most of us that the thought of its rejection from the word brings grief to many a happy household and burdens the columns of the newspapers with many an indignant protest.

Most of these attempts at reform have, in fact, not only been partial, but they have been merely in the direction of a mechanical uniformity which had not the slightest reason in the nature of things upon which to base itself. One illustration of this effort to bring about change which was not improvement can be found in the alterations proposed at the end of the last century by Joseph Ritson. To scholars, Ritson is well known as the fiercest of antiquaries, who loved accuracy with the same passion that other men love persons, and who hated a mistake, whether arising from ignorance or inadvertence, as a saint might hate a deliberate lie. He is equally well known for his devotion to a vegetable diet, and for the exhibition, at least in criticism, of a bloodthirstiness of disposition which the most savage of carnivorous animals might have contemplated with envy. The alterations he proposed and carried out in his published works tended in certain ways toward formal regularity; but they also tended to make the divergence between the spelling and the pronunciation still wider. For instance, the so-called regular verb in English usually adds *ed* to form the preterite. Ritson made the general rule universal, and appended the termination, also, to words ending in *e*; so that the past tense, for example,



of *love*, *oblige*, and *surprise*, would appear as *loveed*, *obligeed*, and *surpriseed*. As no body pronounces the one *e* which already exists in these preterites, the insertion of another unnecessary letter could have only the effect of adding an extra weight to the burden which these unfortunate words were carrying, as it was. Other changes proposed by Ritson were not so bad as this, but they were all valueless. He himself, however, was too thoroughly honest a man to pretend that he had arrived at any knowledge of the principles which underlie the reconstruction of our orthography, and appeared at last to lose all confidence in his own alterations. Under his influence his nephew had also been affected with the fever of reform, and spelled many words in a way different from that commonly followed. Ritson, in a letter written in 1795, informed his kinsman that he—the latter—was entirely ignorant of the principles both of orthography and pronunciation, and rather wished to be singular than studied to be right. "For my part," he added, "I am as little fitted for a master as you are for a scholar."

Such changes as these of Ritson provoked amusement rather than opposition. The knowledge of them, indeed, hardly came to the ears of those devoted but never very well informed idolaters of the existing orthography, who feel that the future of the English language and literature depends upon its present spelling, and that the preservation of that spelling in its purity, or rather in its impurity, rests mainly upon them. They did not attack Ritson's views, because they never heard of them. These changes, again, were too unscientific in their nature to be worthy of serious consideration by one who had the least comprehension of the difficulties under which our orthography labors. Ritson himself lived long enough not only to doubt the value of his own efforts, but to see that his efforts had been attended by positive pecuniary disadvantage to himself. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, written in 1803, he tells that author that his publishers, the Longmans, thought that the orthography made use of in his life of King Arthur had been unfavorable to its sale. Yet this was a work addressed to a class of persons who might be supposed peculiarly free from prejudices of this sort. A fact of such a kind speaks stronger than volumes of dissertations, as to the opposition which reform of spelling must overcome before it can be by any means even fairly considered.

But of these partial reforms it is the one proposed by Webster that is most familiar to Americans, and, perhaps, to all English-speaking readers; for the storm which it raised was violent enough at one time to be felt in all

lands where our tongue was employed. Nor has it so completely subsided that occasional mutterings of it are not even yet heard. The Websterian orthography, it is to be remarked at this point, is found only in its primitive, unadulterated purity in the edition of 1828. All dictionaries bearing other dates than that must be neglected by him who seeks to penetrate to the very well-head of this movement; for the author himself, or his revisers for him, bent before the orthographic gale, and silently struck out in the late editions every method of spelling which the popular palate could not be brought to endure, or inserted everything which it craved. No more than those who preceded him did Webster go to work upon correct principles, even when looked at from the point of view of a partial reform. One main defect pervading his plan was that it was an effort to alter the orthography, partly according to analogy and partly according to derivation. He could not well do both; and, moreover, he was often not consistent in the one, and very often not correct in the other. As far back as 1806 Webster had published an octavo dictionary of the English language. From that time for the next twenty years his attention was mainly directed to the compilation of such a work on a large scale. He soon found it necessary, he tells us, to discard the etymological investigations of his predecessors as being insufficient and untrustworthy, which they most certainly were; but, by way of remedying this defect, he devoted years to getting up a series of derivations which were more insufficient and untrustworthy still. In the process of doing this he made a study of some twenty languages, and formed a synopsis of the principal words in these, arranged in classes under their primary elements or letters. The results of this study were embodied in his dictionary of 1828, and the orthography was occasionally made to conform to it. Webster took a serene satisfaction in his new spellings; but it was upon his etymology that he prided himself. In his view it furnished a revelation of the hidden mysteries of language, and a solution of the problem of its origin. With his eyes intently fixed upon the tower of Babel, he probably never felt so happy as when he fancied he had come upon the trace of some English word found in the tongues made use of in the courts of Nimrod or Chedorlaomer. Nothing, indeed, could be absurder than the theory upon which he went, even had his assumed facts been trustworthy. The remote derivation of a word has little influence, either upon the present spelling or meaning; and the attempt to make it do full service in either capacity shows a total misconception of the



principles which regulate the development of both. The science of comparative philology was then, indeed, in its infancy, and Webster cannot be held blameworthy for not anticipating discoveries subsequently made; but that man can never be regarded as a safe guide, in any department of investigation, who contents himself with an imperfect theory and forces his facts to accommodate themselves to it. Especially is he an unsafe guide who, in the matter of derivation, leaves the domain of the historical and certain for the plausible and possible. Webster had just enough of that half-learning which enables a man, when he arrives at correct conclusions, to give wrong reasons for them; and it was a natural consequence that there should be a mixture of truth and error in his statements. One noted instance may be cited. In the edition of 1828 *bridegroom* appears as *bridegoom*, and the existing form is censured as a gross corruption which ought no longer to remain as a reproach to philology. It may be asked, Why? Because the second syllable is derived directly from the Anglo-Saxon *guma*, which means a "man," and the letter *r* has etymologically no business there whatever. So far as regards the derivation, the answer is well enough; equally true it is that, if the pronunciation is to be considered, there is a good deal of business for the letter *r*. But Webster went on to add that the corruption sprang from confounding the *groom* of the compound *bridegroom* with the simple word *groom*; so that *bridegroom*, as usually written, instead of being a bride's man, really means a bride's hostler,—a position to which the humblest of suitors could hardly be expected to look forward with longing eyes, at any rate as a permanent situation. For the original of *groom*, accordingly, he abandoned Europe and ventured into Asia, and there found a Persian word *germa*, meaning "hostler." This he captured and impressed into service, and made it do duty as the ancestor of *groom*; though when and under what circumstances it took its journey of several thousand miles to reach the English he did not think it worth while to tell us. There is scarcely any reasonable doubt that the *groom* of our simple word and of the compound is precisely the same, an *r* having been inserted in it, as in *vagrant*, *hoarse*, and several other words.

Strange to say, this weak and absurd etymologizing is even to this day spoken of with respect by many of Webster's critics, who have no feeling but horror for the conduct of the man that could seriously propose to spell *center* with *er* instead of *re*. It is a hard thing to say of a work which has taken up the greater part of the life-time of an earnest

student, that it is of little value; but there is not the slightest doubt that nearly all of Webster's supposed philological discoveries were the merest rubbish, and all inferences based upon them, in regard to the proper method of spelling, were utterly unworthy of respect. The derivation, indeed, had at last to follow the fate which had already overtaken a great deal of the new orthography. Its retention was a little too much for the last revisers of the dictionary, who in the edition of 1864 swept away at one fell swoop, into the limbo of forgettable and forgotten things, the fruits of twenty years of etymological study, and put in their place derivations which fairly represented the latest and best results of modern scholarship. Those conclusions, which in the eyes of the author had given him the key to unlock the hidden secrets of language, are no longer allowed to appear on the pages of the very work which perpetuates his name.

The changes of another sort, based upon analogy, which Webster introduced with the idea of making the spelling of certain classes of words uniform, are liable to little positive objection, at least by those who advocate merely a partial reform. A few of them, in spite of violent opposition, have in this country fully held their own. The consequence is, that in case of a certain number of words we have two methods of spelling in common use,—a state of things which, it seems to me, every one who has the reform of our orthography at heart must contemplate with unqualified satisfaction. Not that Webster's proposed changes, even had they been generally adopted, would have gone to the real root of the evil. Far from it. At best they merely touch the surface, and then in only a few places. But one effect they have produced. They have in some measure prevented us, and do still prevent us, from falling into the dead level of an unreasoning uniformity. By bringing before us two methods of spelling, they keep open the question of the legitimacy of each, and expose to every unprejudiced investigator the utter shallowness of the argument that opposes change. Slight as these alterations were, however, they met with the bitterest hostility on their introduction. The love of little things is deeply implanted in the human mind. It is, therefore, natural, perhaps, that the minor changes in spelling which Webster proposed should have met with an attack far more violent than that which was directed against his tremendous etymological speculations; and on the publication of Worcester's dictionary, which adhered to the generally received orthography, a wordy war arose which lasted



for years. Combatants from every quarter leaped at once into the arena. They were easily equipped for the contest, for virulence was the main thing required. Intellect was not essential to the discussion, and knowledge would have been a death-blow to it. The war of the dictionaries, as it was called, is therefore of interest to us at this point of time, not for any principle involved in it, but mainly as an illustration of how earnestly and even furiously men can be got to fight for a cause they do not understand. There is no question, indeed, but Webster laid himself open to attack. Perfect consistency is not to be looked for in this world; but the man who sets out to make only a partial reform of English orthography cannot help being inconsistent, and inadvertence will add failures of its own to the contradictions involved in the very incompleteness of his scheme. In both respects the lexicographer did not carry out the principles he had avowed. There were whole classes of words which he hesitated to change; and the reformer, no less than the woman who hesitates, is lost. Of these half-measures, whether due to oversight or to doubt, one illustration will suffice. No man who seeks to make orthography etymologically uniform can have failed to notice the difference in spelling in words derived from the compounds of the Latin *cedo*. Why should *proceed* be written with *ceed* and *precede* with *cede*? Here was a glaring anomaly which, on the principles of analogy, demanded to be removed, if anything did. But Webster was unequal to the occasion. He spelled, for instance, in the edition of 1828, *exceed* with *ceed* and *accede* with *cede*, which every one does, to be sure, but which he personally had no business to do. In conformity with his avowed views he was bound to make uniform the orthography of all the words which come from the Latin *cedo*. As he failed to do this, the same sort of contumely fell upon him that awaits every reformer who shrinks from the logical results of his own principles. The fact of the matter is that Webster was so much under the sway of the devil of derivation that spelling by analogy occupied a very subordinate position in his mind. His work is only deserving of notice because it happened in some cases to be successful. Its chief value, as has already been implied, consists in the fact that it has kept alive a feeling of hostility to the present orthography of the English tongue; that it has saved many from paying a silly and slavish deference to the opinions of a not very well-informed lexicographer of the eighteenth century; and that by these means it has given to some a hope, to others a fear, to all a warning, that, however long

Philistia may cling to her idols, they will be broken at last.

These slight attempts at change have met with unreasoning opposition in the past. Still the world does move. Many will now be found who, while utterly disapproving any project of radical reform, have yet got on to a point at which they are willing to admit that we are not so absolutely perfect that we cannot be improved. Some of those who naturally belong to the party of opposition to all change now go so far as to express themselves in favor of certain modifications and alterations. It is, of course, understood that these must be judicious—for that adjective always plays a conspicuous part when men are talking about measures which they do not thoroughly comprehend. It need hardly be said that none of these so-called judicious reforms, which consist merely in simplifying the spelling of certain words or certain classes of words, could ever be satisfactory, as a final result, to any one who had a clear conception of the nature of the problem to be solved, and, as a consequence, had in view a real and not pretended reformation of English orthography. True, he would sympathize with a movement of this kind, so far as it went. In fact, he would go farther. Nearly all the advocates of reform of orthography would unite in saying that it must be preceded by reform in orthography; that, imperfect and unsatisfactory as is the latter, it is a step necessary to be taken in order to arrive at the former. It is only thus that the tyranny of the existing system can be broken down, with all the absurd notions that have flourished under its shade,—notions of its sacredness, of its historical interest, of its etymological value, of its close connection with the literature of our tongue. But any movement that stopped short with changing the spelling of certain classes of words would be little improvement on the chaos in which we are at present; so little, indeed, that if it is not to be a stepping-stone to something better and complete, it would hardly be worth the time and trouble it would cost to bring it about. For this partial reform, this judicious alteration is not in any proper sense of the word a reform at all. At this point of the discussion it becomes a matter of first importance to bring out plainly and sharply the exact character of the evil which afflicts English orthography; for, often as it has been stated, it is evidently not yet comprehended by large numbers of even educated men. When once the nature of the disease is understood, it may not be easy to find the remedy that will cure it; but it



does become at once very manifest that certain nostrums which find favor with many will not cure it.

The fundamental evil does not lie in the existence of useless letters, which in so many cases are, in addition to their uselessness, the records of fictitious history or perverted etymology. This is something that needs especially to be insisted upon, because it is against these "interesting encumbrances and anomalies," as the London "Times" calls them, that efforts at reform are naturally at first directed; and what is only a side issue, though an important one, becomes to the minds of many the main issue. This fundamental evil, as it is generally stated, lies in the fact that our language, as at present spelled, has a multitude of signs for the same sound, and a multitude of sounds for the same sign. But an abstract statement of this kind means little or nothing to the mass of men; a few examples may make it mean a great deal. Let us take, for instance, the vowel-sound which is seen in the words *met*, *sweat*, *any*, *said*, *says*, and *jeopard*. Here is one sound, that of short *e*, which is represented in these various words by six different signs, by *e*, by *ea*, by *a*, by *ai*, by *ay*, by *eo*. Take again the vowel-sound heard in *rude*, *move*, *rood*, *routine*, *rheum*, *drew*, *shoe*, *rued*, and *bruise*. Here the same sound is represented by nine signs: by *u*, by *o*, by *oo*, by *ou*, by *eu*, by *ew*, by *oe*, by *ue*, and by *ui*. Take again the sound which we call "long *e*," which was originally with us represented by *i*, and which is still so represented in other languages. It is found in *meet*, *mete*, *meat*, *machine*, *grief*, *receive*, *key*, *people*, *ægis*, and is thus denoted by the nine different signs of *ee*, of *e*, of *ea*, of *i*, of *ie*, of *ei*, of *ey*, of *eo*, of *æ*. This will do for one side of the shield; the other cannot be said to present a more attractive view. The sign *ou* has six different sounds, according to it is found in the words *sour*, *pour*, *would*, *tour*, *sought*, and *couple*; the sign *ea* has five different sounds as seen in *heat*, *sweat*, *great*, *heart*, and *heard*. Illustrations similar to these could be multiplied; but enough have been given to show the nature of the evil under which we suffer. These, moreover, are neither accidental nor extreme instances of the lawlessness which runs riot in the spelling of our tongue. What is true of these vowels, or of these combinations of vowels, is true of all the others, and of the sounds denoted by them; and as there is no word into which a vowel does not enter, it follows that there is no English word which cannot be justifiably spelt according to the analogy of the received orthography in a variety of ways.

*Kind*, for illustration, can be written *keind*, for in this way is written *height*; it can be written *kuind*, for so is *guile*; it can be written *keynd*, for so is *eye*; it can be written *kynd*, for so is *type*; it can be written *kuynd*, for so is *buy*; it can be written *kaind*, for so is *aisle*; it can be written *kiend*, for so is *relied*. The whole vowel-system is in a state of chaos; and if confusion existed to the same extent among the consonants, the acquisition of English orthography would be the work of a life-time. Fortunately, the latter have largely remained true to the office for which they were created, though even here there are anomalies enough to give plenty of employment to those who favor partial measures of reform. Thus *d* has sometimes the sound of *t*, *f* that of *v*, *g* that of *j*, and the sound of *k* or "c hard" is not only represented by these two letters, but by *ch* and by *q*. But the trouble with the consonants is not only slight in itself, comparatively speaking, but, in the majority of cases where it exists, it is not that they are pronounced improperly, but that they are not pronounced at all.

It is a necessary consequence of the arbitrary and varying sounds given to the vowels, or the combinations of vowels, that learning to spell has become with us a purely mechanical process. As an intellectual discipline it is as utterly valueless as mere memorizing, where the student does not understand what he is going over. Like that, it is also a positive intellectual injury. At the very outset of his education the child is introduced into a study in which one natural process, that of reasoning from analogy, is summarily suppressed. He finds at once, because the sound in one word is represented one way, that it does not follow, as it ought, that in the next word he comes to it will be represented the same way. On the contrary, he finds it denoted by an entirely different combination of letters, for no reason which he can possibly discover. Instead of spelling doing the proper and legitimate business of teaching him the knowledge and distinction of sounds, it takes the speediest and most effectual method of preventing his attainment of any such knowledge; for it not merely neglects to call his attention to it, it forces him to disregard it, to look upon it as an element not properly to be considered. He does not learn to forget, for he never has known that there is any particular value to any vowel, or to any combination of vowels; and when he grows up he is naturally ready to despise what he is unable to comprehend. In the case of the consonants he is somewhat better off; and this is what saves our orthography from total anarchy, and makes it possi-



ble for any large number to learn it at all. An indirect but striking result of this lawlessness is that the English race, as a race, has no knowledge whatever of sounds; that one whole important domain of knowledge, which ought to have come to them through their spelling, almost without their being aware of it, is lost to them entirely. Evidences of this wide-spread and profound ignorance exist on every side, though they naturally find their most conspicuous public manifestation in the writings of those who argue in favor of the present orthography. Two or three years ago, a series of articles appeared in a Western periodical, attacking the movement in favor of a reform, and in it occur these sentences: "We are asked," says the author, "to spell *are* without the *e*, because that letter is not pronounced. Very well; then drop the *a*, for that is not pronounced either." In the same spirit the writer goes on to say that fanatical advocates of change should denote the words *see* and *sea* simply by *c* — "spelling only the letter sounded." Here is a person producing a series of articles on orthography who is so utterly unacquainted with the primary elementary facts of spelling as to fancy that the sound of *r* and *c* by themselves is the same as the name we give to those letters; who does not know that the name cannot be pronounced unless a vowel precedes the *r* and follows the *c*. Yet it is safe to say that nine out of every ten readers of these articles did not notice the absurdity of the statement which declares that *a* is not pronounced in *are*, or that *sea* and *see* could be properly spelled by simple *c*. It will be hard for many to comprehend it, even after their attention is called to it. This unnecessary ignorance reacts upon the feelings with which the idea of reform is regarded. The educated class have so largely with us come to look upon the alphabet as a mere mechanical contrivance, they have so entirely lost sight of the object for which it exists, that they are, in many cases, almost disposed to resent the proposition that they should employ it for the purposes for which it was created. It would be thinking too meanly of human nature, however, to infer that men could delight in this condition of things if they once came fully to appreciate it. But to that point very few of them ever arrive; and ignorance of the real evil disposes them to look with distrust upon any attempts to remedy it. Inaccurate assertions, based upon the loosest thinking, are constantly uttered. One writer gravely informs us that it is an insuperable objection to change of our orthography, that it would make necessary another formative period in the history of our language;

and, for fear that the full force of this terrible indictment should be overlooked, he prints it in italics. What possible conception can exist in the mind of such an objector as to what constitutes a formative period in the history of speech? Does spelling reform introduce new words or give new meanings to old ones? Does it destroy existing inflections or add any to their number? Does it vary in the slightest the order of words in the sentence or cause the least modification of the least important rule of syntax? It might just as reasonably be said that the putting on of a new suit of clothes makes necessary a new formative period in the history of a man's life. Yet the current objections to spelling reform are largely made up of assertions of this kind, which are nothing more than the results of inaccurate knowledge or careless thinking. The ignorance of the whole subject is sometimes amusing, sometimes disheartening; it is always appalling.

Owing, therefore, to the confusion into which our orthography has fallen and the attitude of mind which the men of our race have assumed toward the subject, the problem of reforming it would, under the most favorable circumstances, be a hard one. But it is, with us, complicated by difficulties of another kind. To get a proper conception of these, it is necessary to fix our eyes on an ideally correct condition of things. This can be stated briefly but clearly. In order that a language shall be spelled properly, it is necessary that every letter or combination of letters should have a fixed and unalterable sound wherever appearing; and, in turn, that every sound should have its fixed and unalterable representation in a particular letter or combination of letters. The moment a word is seen, the reader must know how to pronounce it; the moment it falls upon his ear the hearer must know how to spell it. Of all the cultivated tongues of Christendom we stand at the farthest remove from this ideally correct state. After us, though at a long distance, follows the French. It is partly our fault, and partly our misfortune, that this should be the case. If it continues to be such, it is wholly our fault. In exhibiting our exact condition, it is necessary to bring into sharp contrast the number of sounds existing in the language and the means of representing them afforded by the English alphabet. It is a view that not only makes clear the desirability of reform, but also the long and sustained effort that will be needed before it can be carried into practical effect.

Let us give its full weight here to one objection to spelling reform which has, what most objections have not, a show of reason.



The number of sounds belonging to our speech is differently given by different orthoëpists of established reputation. If here there were important and radical variations, this might justly be considered fatal to any scheme of reform. But this variation is very far from being either important or radical. It is confined to the representation of two or three vowel-sounds. It may possibly be due to differences of analysis, according to which a particular sound is looked upon by one man as entirely distinct from some other sound, and, by another man, as a mere shade of it; but far more probably, in fact, pretty certainly, it arises from actual difference of pronunciation. In any spelling reform, authoritatively established, such disagreements must be, and would be settled by compromise, by general concurrence in what was to be regarded as the proper pronunciation. Outside of the vowel-sounds referred to, there is no essential disagreement between leading orthoëpists; and, in consequence, the number of sounds in our language is stated almost invariably as somewhat over forty. The precise number is of no importance in the following discussion; and, for the sake of convenience, I shall follow the analysis of them as laid down for his own usage by Professor Whitney, in his essay on the Elements of English Pronunciation, contained in the volume forming the second series of his "Oriental and Linguistic Studies." In this analysis there are twenty-four sounds given to the consonants, and nineteen to the vowels and diphthongs; consequently, forty-three in all.

Before going farther, however, it may be well to give a passing notice to one ghastly specter of an argument that haunts the imagination of many opposers of spelling reform. This is, that variation of sounds are almost numberless, and cause a marked difference of pronunciation in different districts of the same country. They are, moreover, often so delicate as to defy representation. You could not denote them, they tell us, if you would; and if you could, you would be encumbered, rather than aided, by the multiplicity of signs. Of all the hallucinations that disturb the mental vision of the advocates of the existing orthography, this is, perhaps, the most dismal, as well as the most unreal. The answer is a simple and easy one: These differences would go unrepresented. No alphabet that is intended to be a working one would ever set out to distinguish any but broadly marked and clearly defined sounds. The philologist can get up for his own use characters conveying delicate distinctions, even of intonation; the common man does not need them. For the latter, it is no more important that

shades of sounds should be denoted in his alphabet than it would be important for him to lug about an astronomical clock, with a compensation pendulum warranted to preserve uniformity of movement in all temperatures and in all climates. It is, in truth, with our pronunciation as it is with our time-pieces. None of our watches run precisely alike. Few, if any, can be called unqualifiedly correct; yet, by the aid of these imperfect and always disagreeing instruments, we manage to transact, with little friction and delay, the daily business of a life in which we have constantly to depend upon one another. So, in the matter of sounds, a phonetic alphabet would mark only those broad and clear distinctions which are apparent to the ear of ordinary men. Orthography based upon such an alphabet would assume, as the very foundation upon which to build itself, the existence of a standard pronunciation. It is that alone which the spelling would recognize. Provincial speakers, as a consequence, would have always before their eyes, in the form of the word itself, the proper pronunciation of it, by which they would be able to compare, and, if necessary, to correct their own.

The real difficulties in the way, however, are great enough without troubling our thoughts about these imaginary ones, which are merely the offspring of limited knowledge or of limited capacity, or, more usually, of the combination of limited knowledge with large incapacity. The very statement of the problem itself shows how hard a one it is to solve. Assuming for our purposes the precise correctness of the analysis above given, there are forty-three sounds to be represented; there are twenty-six letters to represent them. Or, taking out of consideration the diphthongs, which can easily be indicated by the combination of the two vowels that enter into them, and the vocalic *n* and *l*, which would need no separate symbols, we have thirty-eight simple sounds to be represented by twenty-six letters.

Unfortunately, even this does not fairly state the difficulties of the problem. In our alphabet, as it now exists, some of the signs are superfluous. One of these is *g*, which has invariably the sound of *k*, or "*c* hard." It did not belong to the original English alphabet, but in that its place was supplied by *c*. *X* is another useless letter. At the beginning of words it is pronounced as *z*; in the middle as *ks* or *gz*; at the end as *ks*. Again, either *c* or *k* is unnecessary; for the former has ordinarily either the sound of the latter or that of *s*. Consequently the original statement of the problem needs modification. For



our thirty-eight sounds we have really but twenty-three signs, eighteen belonging to the consonants and five to the vowels. Of the thirty-eight sounds, orthoëpists agree in giving twenty-four to the so-called consonants. It follows, therefore, that in our present alphabet six of these consonant sounds have no special signs for their representation. These six are the sounds represented by the *ch* of *church*; by the *ng* of *sing*; by the *sh* of *ship*; by the *s* of *pleasure*, by the surd and sonant sounds of *th*, found respectively in *thin*, *bath*, and in *then*, *bathe*. It is not to be understood that these sounds are invariably represented by these letters or combinations of letters; far from it. The *sh* of *ship* is also represented by *ti* in *nation*, by *ci* in *gracious*, by *xi* in *anxious*, by *ce* in *ocean*, by *sci* in *conscience*, and by *s* in *sure*; the *s* of *pleasure* is also represented by the *z* of *azure*, the *si* of *occasion*, the *zi* of *glazier*. So much for the consonants. For the remaining fourteen vowel-sounds there are five signs. Assuming in theory what might be found difficult in practice, that each sign could be made properly to do the double duty of denoting the long and short sounds of the same vowel, there will still be left, according to this analysis, four vowel-sounds for which special signs are lacking.

Here, then, in the condition of the alphabet, is the great problem, stated briefly, that meets us in any real reform of our spelling. There are other difficulties to be overcome; but all together are insignificant as compared with this one. It is far from being a new problem. It has engaged the attention of men from an early period. There were several projects for reforming the spelling on phonetic principles during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but all of them were the work of scholars, acting independently, and with little means of bringing their schemes to the attention of the public. They excited, in consequence, little if any notice at the time, and need not be described here. Some mention, however, is due, at least from us, of an attempt at reform undertaken in the latter half of the eighteenth century by one of the greatest of Americans. This was Benjamin Franklin. His ever active mind, busying itself with all matters that concern the welfare of the human race, was not apt to let this subject pass unobserved. In the sixth volume of the collected edition of his writings will be found discussions on a vast variety of topics, such as the properties of linseed oil, experiments on the culture of grass in meadows, the defects of modern music, and the cause and cure of smoky chimneys. Conspicuous among them is the scheme of a

new alphabet and a reformed mode of spelling. Into his alphabet Franklin introduced six new characters. Two of these were for the vowels, one representing the sound heard in the words *ball*, *song*, *haul*, *law*, *bought*, and *broad*; the other the sound heard in the words *but*, *love*, *flood*, and *touch*. The other four were for the consonants, representing the *sh* of *ship*, the *ng* of *sing*, and the two sounds clumsily represented in modern English by the *th* of *thin* and *then*. But, while he added six, Franklin omitted six of the present alphabet, *c*, *q*, *w*, *x*, *y*, and *z*, their places being taken by others or by combinations of others. To his account of this alphabet—an account which ends abruptly and is apparently unfinished—are appended examples of the new orthography, and a reply to objections brought against it. So firm was Franklin's faith in his scheme of reform that he set about compiling a dictionary, and procured types to be cast, which he subsequently offered to Webster with a view to engage him in the prosecution of his design. The latter declined the gift, as he himself declares, because he deemed the introduction of new characters into the language neither practicable nor expedient. Franklin's scheme was produced in 1768; but duties, at once graver and more stirring, not only distracted his attention from the project, but deprived him of both leisure and opportunity to carry it out. But, though he never published anything more bearing directly on this subject, there is no doubt that to his dying day he continued to entertain the most profound contempt for the existing orthography of the English tongue. Nor did he hesitate to express what he felt. In 1786, four years before his death, he referred to the subject in a letter written to a lady with whom he was in correspondence. "You need not," he said, "be concerned in writing to me about your bad spelling; for in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sounds of the letters and of the words." This is, to say the least, stating it rather strongly; much more strongly, perhaps, than the most radical of modern reformers would be inclined to state it, unless he, too, were writing to a lady whose orthography deviated decidedly from the orthodox pattern.

The most noteworthy attempt, however, at reforming orthography on pure phonetic principles, has taken place during the present century. More than thirty years ago, Mr. Isaac Pitman, and Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, two names well known to linguistic students, perfected the invention of a new alphabet, in which every sound would be represented by



one character, and by one only. It consisted of forty letters. Books were printed in it, and during 1848 a phonetic journal was begun, or rather succeeded a so-called phonotypic journal previously existing. For a time the scheme met with some degree of favor, and the movement extended even to this country; but as a popular reform it attained notoriety rather than success. The public mind was not in the least prepared for a change so bold and sweeping in its character. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the influence of the attempt then made ever died out. To this day the phonetic periodical begun in 1848 has continued to appear regularly. It is still conducted by Mr. Pitman; its weekly circulation is over twelve thousand, and is steadily increasing. The influence, directly and indirectly exerted by it, especially in England, in furthering the movement now in progress, is something that can not well be estimated, or, perhaps, it would be more proper to say, can not well be over-estimated. It ought to be added that the phonetic alphabet now used by Mr. Pitman differs in certain respects from that previously devised by him and Mr. Ellis. His present one consists of forty-one letters, or combinations of letters, twenty-four being given to the consonants and seventeen to the vowels and diphthongs.

The details of these attempts, so far as they have been given, have been introduced mainly to make clear the nature of a fallacy that underlies many of the arguments of the reformers themselves. It is no unfrequent assertion on the part of some of them that such and such a proposed change cannot be carried through; and the reason invariably given has been that it has been tried in previous efforts and has failed. This is a mistaken inference drawn from an incorrect statement. The English-speaking race has never had an opportunity as yet to pronounce decisively whether it would favor or oppose any special scheme of reform; unless it is meant to be asserted that because some particular person has proposed a change which has been let alone by the rest of the world, that, therefore, the rest of the world is opposed to it and would always be opposed to it. For it is not by scattered and independent efforts that even slight reforms are carried; and the reform of English orthography is a very great one. It is not in such ways that the feelings of men are tested or their understandings enlightened. No reform of any kind ought to succeed, or ought to be expected to succeed, until it has been fully canvassed and discussed, until all possible objections have been urged against it, and all reasons for it made clear to those most interested. Nothing

of this has ever been done in the case of our orthography, save on a most limited scale. Even when the minds of many are fully convinced, such is the power of actual possession, that it would require positive and prolonged effort to dislodge what the judgments of men really disapproved, but which has been linked to their feelings by the associations of a life-time. The failures of the past are not at all surprising, if indeed it is right to apply the word failures to projects which, so far from gaining coöperation, have not been successful enough even to attract attention. From nothing which has been attempted can we draw any just inferences as to what can be done. Because individual men, or small companies of men, making inroads upon a kingdom disconnectedly, or at wide intervals of time, are unable to make upon it any perceptible impression, it does not follow that the attack of a great and regularly organized army will not succeed in overthrowing it. Moreover, the conditions now are different from what they have ever been before. For the first time all linguistic scholars are unanimous in regard to the desirability of change. Hitherto they have been divided in opinion, or, perhaps, it would be truer to say that the vast majority have been opposed to any interference with what has come to be established. As this unanimity of scholars can no longer be questioned, it is not at all unnatural that we should now be assured by the friends of the existing orthography that it is, after all, a matter of no real consequence; that, in truth, for a man's opinion to be of value on the subject of spelling reform, it is a decided disqualification that he should know too much about language generally, or about the particular language that is undergoing investigation. Such persons, we are told, come to look upon speech as a subject of historical inquiry, of analysis, of comparison; and long devotion to these topics so deadens their natural feelings that they cease to think of it as an instrument of communication. This doctrine of the advantages resulting from the lack of knowledge is so consolatory in its nature to its originators that its soundness will seem suspicious to most from that very fact. A ridiculous deference will, without doubt, still continue to be paid by many to the opinions of those who know something about the subject; at least until those who do not have authoritatively laid down the precise amount of ignorance of language it is necessary for one to acquire in order to constitute him a proper judge of what ought to be done in this matter of spelling reform.

I have sought to make clear the immense difficulties in the way of any genuine reform



of our orthography; to point out that these consist not merely in the hold it has upon the prejudice and ignorance of men, but in the lawlessness which pervades the whole of our spelling, and in the imperfection of the alphabet which aims to represent it. Languages that are already written, almost as they are pronounced, find no great hardship in introducing the few further improvements that are needed to bring them into perfect conformity. But the task before us is something so toilsome and perplexing that we cannot afford to have any false conceptions of its exact nature, or to underrate the exertions necessary to accomplish it. Least of all can we afford to engage in schemes which would imperil if not sacrifice ultimate success for the sake of a possible but partial reform which would prove so imperfect that it would require at some future time to be done over again. The movement can make its way only by slow steps. It is far better that it should be so, as it most certainly will be so. The point most to be insisted upon is, that the slight reforms which are adopted now shall be in the line of a thorough-going scientific reform. It is mere prejudices that must first be overthrown; and these always give way reluctantly. But the education of the public mind is already going on with us under the lead of a portion of the press, which has adopted and is, in consequence, making familiar new modes of spelling certain words; and the influence of this sort of education increases not arithmetically, but geometrically. It is efforts such as these that must and will pave the way to that general coöperation which is essential to complete success. True, it is quite possible that such coöperation will never be attained until after the failure of many particular projects. On details of the movement, opinion among the advocates of change is now divided. It is inevitable that this should be so; though by some it seems to be regarded as a subject of special reproach, that in reference to a great and wide-spread evil there should be difference of views as to what would best effect its cure. So long as this difference of view exists, however, it may not be improper in any one to express his opinion upon certain questions which are now to some extent matters of discussion, provided he does not assume to represent the sentiments of any besides himself.

The very first point of divergence among advocates of thorough reform is in regard to the manner of denoting sounds. All agree that each should have its special sign. Shall this be done by a combination of the present letters, or by the introduction of new ones? In reference to this question two parties exist,

though it is to be added that they do not differ as to the desirability of new characters, but as to the practicability of their adoption. It must certainly be admitted that the introduction of new letters is something that, in the present state of public opinion, would not meet with wide acceptance. But the Roman alphabet is so utterly inadequate to the demand made upon it for the representation of English sounds that the creation of new characters seems to me a necessity of the situation. Nor would they be more difficult of acceptance than the clumsy combinations which would be required if we confined ourselves to the existing imperfect alphabet. Our language, in the course of its history, has taken to itself letters that it did not need; unfortunately, it has let go some that it did need. To restore these latter and to introduce others would be a task far harder now than at any previous period; but, from what will be said farther on, it will be seen to be a task harder in appearance than in reality.

Another point of controversy is the necessity of a uniform, and therefore, in a certain sense, of a fixed orthography corresponding to pronunciation. There is a party among the advocates of reform who do not believe in this. Their number is apparently very small; but at the head of them is a scholar so distinguished as Mr. Alexander J. Ellis. It is a curious illustration of how extremes meet, that these men, despising and even spitting upon the existing orthography, as they do, are as hostile to the slightest change in it as its most fanatical advocates. "Alter our present spelling in detail," says Mr. Ellis, "and you destroy its sole merit. I have an intense dislike to *honor*, *favor*, *humor* (without *u*), *emperour* (plus *u*), *furnisht*, *announct*, *rhymes* (minus *h*), and so on. I have 'given in' to *drafft* for *draught*, but have not yet reached *laft* for *laughed*, and so on." Mr. Ellis believes only in an orthography that reflects the pronunciation of the speaker; and as the pronunciation would vary with the individual, so necessarily would the spelling. The existing method he would keep as a mechanical means of classifying words in a dictionary, and for that reason would have it fixed. "However much the language may hereafter vary," he says, in another place, "this crystallized form should remain. No change of any kind or from any cause should be permitted. Otherwise, to the enormous practical evil of an orthography which has no connection with sound, which helps no one to read and no one to spell, will be added the last stage of uncertainty."

According to his own theory it is obvious at a glance, that if Mr. Ellis's ideas could be carried into effect, the acquisition of the



standard spelling would still be a necessity for all of us in order to enjoy the advantage of the classification of it as found in the dictionary; and so long as we have to learn it, there is no reason why we should not use it for every purpose. But the conditions of modern life are utterly opposed to individuality of pronunciation or of its representation. Whatever may have been true of the past, a uniform orthography is a necessity of the present. Men now learn a large share of the language they use by the eye; and much of it which occurs in writing rarely enters into conversation. This is a state of things which renders reasoning inapplicable now which would have been true enough of a speech that was acquired wholly or almost wholly by the ear. The day has gone by when every man could be his own Webster or Worcester. The philologist who is in the habit of seeing the same word under different forms may not care for one that is fixed; to him who never reads at all, the subject would, of course, be a matter of indifference. But to the vast majority of men the word as spelled, and as spelled in a particular way, comes to have certain associations connected with it, by which it is made familiar and finally dear. It is in this fact that the strength of the present system lies; and any system which is to take its place must recognize and defer to a feeling which general habits of reading have made nearly universal. For it will increase, rather than decline, with the further spread of education. So marked is even now the influence of the training of the eye, as compared with that of the ear, that there is an effort consciously or unconsciously going on to modify the sound of the word as we have heard it, to the form of it which we have been accustomed to see. It is no unusual thing to hear persons painfully striving to pronounce the final *n* of *condemn*, *contemn*, and verbs like these, and making themselves very miserable when they fail, and others very miserable when they succeed. But the gap between the present spelling and pronunciation is with us too wide and impassable for the latter ever to close up. The most it can do is in the process of time to take up a few letters that are now silent, or substitute a few forms etymologically correct for the corruptions by which they have been supplanted.

It is for the reason just stated, if others were wanting, that a uniform orthography becomes a necessity. But this is something that seems to many a fatal objection to phonetic spelling. It is in reality one of the strongest arguments in its favor. Let me state fully and fairly the case of those who look upon this as a damaging admission. "You believe," they say, "in spelling accord-

ing to sound. Assuming that a standard pronunciation exists, that pronunciation is constantly changing: it is to that fact mainly that we owe the present divergence between it and its representation. Your orthography cannot be uniform, because your pronunciation is not uniform; it cannot remain fixed, because pronunciation does not remain fixed." This is an ancient and plausible objection, and, before the history of language was as well understood as it is now, appeared to some an insurmountable one. Uniform phonetic spelling, it has already been pointed out, assumes the existence of a standard classical pronunciation to be determined, if need be, by investigation, but, at any rate, to be determined. But phonetic spelling, when once established, will have the most marked influence upon fixity of form. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that radical reform of English orthography is a conservative movement. A phonetic spelling, once generally adopted, will as certainly check change in utterance as an established literature checks changes in inflections or in syntactical constructions. Pronunciation with us has been and is constantly varying, because there has not existed, nor does there exist, anywhere, a rule of right to which it feels called upon to conform. We are all at the mercy of this lawlessness. The life of every one of us is in this respect a series of surprises, as day by day we meet with some fresh illustration of that perpetual conflict which in our tongue is waged between the form of a word and its sound. No small share of our time is spent in the consultation of dictionaries for the purpose of ascertaining some authorized pronunciation; no insignificant part of our conversation is taken up with the discussion of this ever-present topic. But a phonetic spelling, once established, would teach its own pronunciation without help from any other quarter. Its existence would be the greatest barrier that could be erected against change of sound. The degradation of the fundamental vowel-tone of the voice, the *a* as heard in *father*, has been and is still going on rapidly; a fixed sign for the sound would at once arrest the process in all words in which it is now taking place. Variation in pronunciation there cannot fail to be while our language is a living one, just as there is variation in grammar and vocabulary; but, as with the latter that variation is reduced to the lowest possible limits when once a standard literature is created, so will it be with the former when once a standard phonetic spelling is established. Change of sound which then occurs will not as now be lawless,



subject to the freaks of fashion and the caprices of a fickle taste carrying into effect the fancies of a particular class. It will be too firmly fixed to be affected by agencies so slight as these. All the mighty influence wielded by education imposing its laws upon the child, and a printed literature appealing constantly to the eye of the adult, will be unceasingly at work to hold pronunciation steadily to its place. Whatever movement it undergoes will be in accordance with a general tendency, in which all members of the English-speaking race will share. As changes in grammar are now made only at long intervals of time, and are adopted slowly and sometimes imperceptibly, and without inconvenience to the users of speech, so it will be in the changes of sound which will take place when a phonetic spelling is employed by all. The influence of an agency so imperfect and so little referred to as the pronouncing dictionary has been conspicuously manifest during the past hundred years in arresting alteration in the utterance of words. How infinitely more conservative would be a method of representation which men do not consult occasionally and in particular instances, but every time they open a book and during every moment they read!

There is one further consideration connected with the practical adoption of any such reform. To me it seems utterly hopeless to expect that any large body of grown-up men, who have once learned a particular method of spelling, however wretched, will give it up and adopt another, however perfect. Individuals, in some cases from choice, in more cases from necessity, will doubtless do it; but never the great mass of the users of speech. Life is too short to go through that fiery trial a second time. A reformed orthography may be taught to a rising generation; it will never be widely received by one that has risen. It is not the man who has come, but the coming man, who will carry this work forward to a successful completion. Not that phonetic spelling, even with new characters, is difficult to acquire or to use. On the contrary, it is quite the reverse. The gravest objection that can be made against it by those who examine it is that they do not like the look of it. But, to employ in writing an unaccustomed spelling, even in the case of a single word, requires attention; and that in the hurry of life, and still more in the hurricane of business, the ordinary man has not the time to give. The most we can ask from such persons is sympathy with, or simple acquiescence in a reform in which they are not expected to take a part. To secure that will be of itself a great

achievement. In science, a revolution in nomenclature, such, for instance, as has taken place in chemistry, can be carried through with comparative ease. The class of persons affected by it is not large, and, moreover, they are persons who can be reasoned with,—persons with whom custom and prejudice weigh little, and to whom the inherent advantages of a proposed reform will outweigh the temporary inconveniences that necessarily belong to all change. But it is not so in language. A vast number must be consulted, each one of whom feels himself thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and the less he knows the more confident he is apt to be on that point. Add to this that with our race, especially the English portion of it, there seems to be a real affection for an anomaly, provided it has come down from a remote period; and the more uncouth and inconvenient and unreasonable the anomaly is, the fonder they are of it, and the closer they cling to it. Therefore, it is only little that has been done, when a select circle of scholars has been convinced of the desirability, and even the practicability of a proposed change. It must be made evident to the great body of educated men everywhere; it must have the favor of at least a majority of these before it can be put into successful operation. No royal academy, as in Spain, can, with us, issue recommendations which shall have the force of commands. No minister of state can, with us, as in Germany, prohibit the use of text-books that are not printed in the reformed spelling. But it is that last method alone that points out the only way in which success can be secured in such a tongue as ours. When authority enough of the whole body of educated men can be collected to consent to the introduction of a reformed orthography in our schools, its triumph will practically have been achieved; but it will not be till then. As it was to the spelling-book that we owe the establishment and perpetuation of the tyranny which the type-setters imposed upon us, so it is to the spelling-book that we must look for our deliverance. Where, indeed, the custom arose of teaching orthography, as it is now taught, it is hard to tell. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers apparently knew nothing of it. With them a spelling-book was a book of stories or of homilies; and in the stormy times that then existed and followed, it was as much as a man could do to read and write; to write uniformly would have seemed as useless as to paint the lily or to add perfume to the violet. We know the peaceful friar who, far back in the tumult of the fifteenth century, compiled for school-boys the first important Latin-English dictionary. But tale of tradition or record of history



has failed to hand down the name of him who conceived the idea, and perpetrated the deed of preparing the first of modern spelling-books. Hardly can it be deemed a matter of regret; for little regard can be felt for the villain of a schoolmaster who leagued himself with the printing-office to fasten upon the children the yoke which indifference and ignorance had bound about the neck of the father; who employed the authority of education to turn a swindle and a fraud into an object of reverence. The deed may have been a necessary one; but even if so, it was a necessity to be deplored and not to be welcomed.

But the slightest consideration will show that it is only through the enginery of education that a reconstruction of our orthography can ever take place. It is, therefore, of first importance that any system which is to be accepted by all should be the work of the representatives of all. When once a standard phonetic spelling is agreed upon, and accepted by those who favor reform, its adoption in schools is the only further practical measure that will be essential to its success. Here are no prejudices to be overcome. Here, where the old characters themselves are new, new characters can be introduced without difficulty. Here alone can be accomplished, without the slightest trouble, that reform of the alphabet which must precede any real reform of the spelling. In this way, too, the active opposition will be disarmed of that large body of men who have no hostility to change which does not put them personally to additional annoyance or labor. Nor does it seem probable that the most inveterate admirer of the present anarchy could long hold out against the system of law and order which would then take its place. He might love the former for himself; yet he, in time, would hesitate to impose its burden upon those who are to come after him. If, because our fathers have eaten sour grapes, our teeth have been set on edge, there is no need of our insisting that that particular sensation shall be felt by all the generations to come. To children gifted

by nature, not necessarily with force of intellect, but with force of memory, learning to spell is, with our present orthography, mainly a tedious task, but not inevitably a difficult and sometimes not a particularly disagreeable one. To others, inferior only in the power of memorizing, it is something far different. It may be doubted, indeed, if in the mansions dolorous, which, while passing through life, we for a longer or shorter time inhabit, there is any sadder chamber for some than that which requires of us, before leaving its portals behind, a mastery of the separate parts of that clumsy and cast-iron frame-work in which we have inclosed the visible representation of our speech. The sorrows of childhood, keen as they are at the time, leave little impress upon the mind, and are soon effaced from the memory by profounder though not necessarily more painful sorrows. Arrived at the journey's end, we forget the toil and trouble of the journey itself. Nay, we do more than this. We insist that all who come after us shall suffer as we have suffered; shall turn over the same pages already wet with our tears; shall tread the same paths which our worn and blistered feet have trodden before. So far as we do this from ignorance, or from inability to see any better way, we are entitled to all that lenient judgment to which those are fairly entitled who know not what they do. But, to make an idol of the abomination of our present system of spelling, to cherish it and adore it as something precious in itself, and, therefore, to be perpetuated for all time, is a mark of irrationality which it will be hard to find surpassed amid the countless methods in which superstition has manifested itself. We speak feelingly of the degradation of those who bow down to gods made of stocks and stones; we send missionaries to turn them from the error of their ways; but I have yet to learn that, considering the difference of circumstances, there is among the most savage tribes any fetichism more senseless and more stupid than that which, with educated men among us, treats as worthy of respect or reverence the present orthography of the English tongue.

*T. R. Lounsbury.*





## THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

BUT Bertha did not go abroad, and the season reached its height and its wane, and though Miss Jessup began to refer occasionally to the much-to-be-regretted delicacy of the charming Mrs. Amory's health, there seemed but little alteration in her mode of life.

"I will confide to you," she said to Colonel Tredennis, "that I have set up this effective little air of extreme delicacy as I might set up a carriage,—if I needed one. It is one of my luxuries. Do you remember Lord Farintosh's tooth, which always ached when he was invited out to dinner and did not want to go—the tooth which Ethel Newcome said nothing would induce him to part with? My indisposition is like that. I refuse to become convalescent. Don't prescribe for me, I beg of you."

It was true, as she had said, that the Colonel presented himself at the house less often than had been his wont, and that his visits were more frequently for Janey than for herself. "You will never hold out your hand to me when I shall not be ready to take it," he had said; but she did not hold out her hand, and there was nothing that he could do, and if he went to her he must find himself confronted with things he could not bear to see, and so he told himself that, until he was needed, it was best that he should stay away, or go only now and then.

But he always knew what she was doing. The morning papers told him that she was involved in the old unceasing round of excitement,—announcing that she was among the afternoon callers; that she received at home; that she dined, lunched, danced, appeared at charitable entertainments, and was seen at the theater. It became his habit to turn unconsciously to the society column before he read anything else, though he certainly found himself none the happier for its perusal.

But, though he saw Bertha less frequently, he did not neglect Richard. At this time he managed to see him rather often, and took some pains to renew the bloom of their first acquaintance, which had, perhaps, shown

itself a little on the wane, as Richard's friendships usually did in course of time. And perhaps, this waning having set in, Richard was not at first invariably so enthusiastically glad to see the large military figure present itself in his office. He had reasons of his own for not always feeling entirely at ease before his whilom favorite. As he had remarked to Planefield, Philip Tredennis was not a malleable fellow. He had unflinching habits of truth and remorseless ideas of what a man's integrity should be, and would not be likely to look with lenient or half-seeing eyes upon any palterings with falsehood and dishonor, however colored or disguised. And he did not always appear at the most convenient moment; there were occasions, indeed, when his unexpected entrance had put an end to business conferences of a very interesting and slightly exciting nature. These conferences had, it is true, some connection with the matter of the Westoria lands, and the Colonel had lately developed an interest in the project in question which he had not shown at the outset. He had even begun to ask questions about it, and had shown a desire to inform himself as to the methods most likely to be employed in manipulating the great scheme. He amassed, in one way and another, a large capital of information concerning subsidies and land grants, and exhibited remarkable intelligence in his mental investment of it. Indeed, there were times when he awakened in Richard a rather uneasy sense of admiration by the clearness of his insight and the practical readiness of his views.

"He has always been given to digging into things," Amory said to Planefield, after one of their interviews. "That is his habit of mind, and he has a steady business capacity you don't expect to find."

"What is he digging into this thing for?" Planefield asked. "He will be digging up something, one of these days, that we are not particularly anxious to have dug up. I am not overfond of the fellow myself. I never was."

Richard laughed a trifle uneasily.

"Oh, he's well enough," he said; "though I'll admit he has been a little in the way once or twice."

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It is quite possible that the Colonel himself had not been entirely unaware of this latter fact, though he had exhibited no signs of his knowledge, either in his countenance or bearing; indeed, it would be difficult, for one so easily swayed by every passing interest as Richard Amory was, to have long resisted his manly courtesy and good nature. Men always found him an agreeable companion, and he made the most of his powers on the occasions which threw him, or in which he threw himself, in Amory's way. Even Plane-field admitted reluctantly, once or twice, that the fellow had plenty in him. It was not long before Richard succumbed to his personal influence with pleasurable indolence. It would have cost him too much effort to combat against it; and, besides this, it was rather agreeable to count among one's friends and supporters a man strong enough to depend on and desirable enough to be proud of. There had been times during the last few months when there would have been a sense of relief in the feeling that there was within reach a stronger nature than his own,—one on whose strength he knew he could rely. As their intimacy appeared to establish itself, if he did not openly confide in Tredennis, he more than once approached the borders of a confidence in his moments of depression. That he had such moments had become plain. He did not even look so bright as he had looked; something of his care-free, joyous air had deserted him, and now and then there were to be seen faint lines on his forehead.

"There is a great deal of responsibility to be borne in a matter like this," he said to Tredennis, "and it wears on a man." To which he added, a few seconds later, with a delightfully unconscious mixture of petulance and protest: "Confound it! why can't things as well turn out right as wrong?"

"Have things been turning out wrong?" the Colonel ventured.

Richard put his elbows on the table before him, and rested his forehead on his hands a second.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "Several things, and just at the wrong time, too. There seems a kind of fate in it,—as if, when one thing began, the rest must follow."

The Colonel began to bite one end of his long mustache reflectively as he looked at the young man's knitted brow.

"There is one thing you must understand at the outset," he said, at length. "When I can be made useful—supposing such a thing were possible—I am here."

Richard glanced up at him quickly. He looked a little haggard for the moment.

"What a steady, reliable fellow you are!"

he said. "Yes, I should be sure of you if—if the worst came to the worst."

The Colonel bit the ends of his mustache all the way home, and more than one passer-by on the avenue was aroused to wonder what the subject of his reflections might be, he strode along with so absorbed an air and frowned so fiercely.

"I should like to know what the worst is," he was saying to himself. "I should like to know what that means."

It was perhaps his desire to know what it meant which led him to cultivate Richard more faithfully still, to join him on the street, to make agreeable bachelor dinners for him, to carry him off to the theaters, and, in a quiet way, to learn something of what he was doing each day. It was, in fact, a delicate diplomatic position the Colonel occupied in these days, and it cannot be said that he greatly enjoyed it or liked himself in it. He was too honest by nature to find pleasure in diplomacy, and what he did for another he would never have done for himself. For the sake of the woman who rewarded his generosity and care with frivolous coldness and slight, he had undertaken a task whose weight lay heavily upon him. Since his first suspicions of her danger had been aroused, he had been upon the alert continually, and had seen many things to which the more indifferent or less practical were blind. As Richard had casually remarked, he was possessed of a strong business sense and faculty of which he was not usually suspected, and he had seen signs in the air which he felt boded no good for Richard Amory or those who relied on his discretion in business affairs. That the Professor had innocently relied upon it when he gave his daughter into his hands, he had finally learned; that Bertha never gave other than a transient thought—more than half a jest—to money matters, he knew. Her good fortune it had been to be trammelled neither by the weight of money nor the want of it,—a truly enviable condition which had, not unnaturally, engendered in her a confidence at once unquestioning and somewhat perilous. Tredennis had recalled more than once of late a little scene he had taken part in on the occasion of her signing a legal document Richard had brought to her.

"Shall I sign it here?" she had said, with exaggerated seriousness, "or shall I sign it there? What would happen to me if I wrote on the wrong line? Could not Laurence sign it for me in his Government hand, and give it an air of distinction? Suppose my hand trembled and I made a blot? I am not obliged to read it, am I?"

"I think I should insist that she read it,"



the Colonel had said to Richard, with some abruptness.

Bertha had looked up and smiled.

"*Shall* you insist that I read it?" she said. "I know what it says. It says 'whereas' and 'moreover' and 'in accordance' with 'said agreement' and 'in consideration of.' Those are the prevailing sentiments, and I am either the 'party of the first part' or the 'party of the second part'; and if it was written in Sanskrit, it would be far clearer to my benighted mind than it is in its present lucid form. But I will read it if you prefer it,—even though delirium should supervene."

It was never pleasant to Colonel Tredennis to remember this trivial episode, and the memory of it became a special burden to him as time progressed and he saw more of Amory's methods and tendencies. But it was scarcely for him to go to her, and tell her that her husband was not as practical a business man as he should be, that he was visionary and too easily allured by glitter and speciousness. He could not warn her against him and reveal to her the faults and follies she seemed not to have discovered. But he could revive something of Richard's first fancy for him, and make himself in a measure necessary to him, and perhaps gain an influence over him which might be used to good purpose. Possibly, despite his modesty, he had a half-conscious knowledge of the power of his own strong will and nature over weaker ones, and was resolved that this weak one should be moved by them, if the thing were possible.

Nor was this all. There were other duties he undertook, for reasons best known to himself. He became less of a recluse socially, and presented himself more frequently in the fashionable world. He was no fonder of gayety than he had been before, but he faced it with patience and courage. He went to great parties, and made himself generally useful. He talked to matrons who showed a fancy for his company, and was the best and most respectful of listeners; he was courteous and attentive to both chaperones and their charges, and by quietly persistent good conduct won additional laurels upon each occasion of his social appearance. Those who had been wont to stand somewhat in awe of him, finding nothing to fear on more intimate acquaintance, added themselves to the list of his admirers. Before the season was over, he had made many a staunch friend among matronly leaders of fashion, whose word was law. If such a thing could be spoken of a person of habits so grave, it might have been said that he danced attendance upon these ladies; but, though

such a phrase would seem unfitting, it may certainly be remarked that he walked attendance on them, and sought their favor and did their bidding with a silent faithfulness wonderful to behold. He accepted their invitations and attended their receptions; he escorted them to their carriages, found their wraps, and carried their light burdens with an imperturbable demeanor.

"What!" said Bertha one night, when she had seen him in attendance on the wife of the Secretary of State, whose liking for him was at once strong and warm, "what! is it Colonel Tredennis who curries the favor of the rich and great? It has seemed so lately! Is there any little thing in foreign missions you desire, or do you think of an Assistant-Secretaryship?"

"There is some dissatisfaction expressed with regard to the Minister to the Court of St. James," was his reply. "It is possible that he will be recalled. In that case may I hope to command your influence?"

But, many a time as he carried his shawls, or made his grave bow over the hand of a stately dowager, a half-sad smile crossed his face as he thought of the true reason for his efforts, and realized with a generous pang the depth of his unselfish perfidy. They were all kind to him, and he was grateful for their favors; but he would rather have been in his room at work, or trying to read, or marching up and down, thinking in his solitude. Janey entertained him with far more success than the prettiest *débutante* of the season could hope to attain, though there was no *débutante* among them who did not think well of him and admire him not a little. But, the reason which brought him upon this brightly lighted stage of action? Well, there was only one reason for everything now, he knew full well,—for his being sadder than usual, or a shade less heavy of heart, for his wearing a darker face or a brighter one, for his interest in society, or his lack of interest in it, for his listening anxiously and being upon the alert. The reason was Bertha. When he heard her name mentioned, he waited in silent anxiety for what followed; when he did not hear it, he felt ill at ease, lest it had been avoided from some special cause.

"What she will not do for herself," he said, "I must try to do for her. If I make friends and win their good opinions, I may use their influence in the future, if the worst should come to the worst, and she should need to be upheld. It is women who sustain women or condemn them. God forbid that she should ever lack their protection!"

And so he worked to earn the power to call upon this protection if it should be re-



quired, and performed his part with such steadfastness of purpose, that he made a place for himself such as few men are fortunate enough to make.

There was one friendship he made in these days, which he felt would not be likely to fade out or diminish in value. It was a friendship for a woman almost old enough to have been his mother,—a woman who had seen the world and knew it well, and yet had not lost her faith or charitable kindness of heart. It was the lady whom Bertha had seen him attending when she had asked him what object he had in view,—the wife of the Secretary of State, whose first friendly feeling for him had become a most sincere and earnest regard, for which he was profoundly grateful.

"A man to whom such a woman is kind must be grateful," he had said, in speaking of her to Agnes Sylvestre. "A woman who is good and generous, who is keen, yet merciful, whose judgment is ripe, and whose heart is warm, who has the discernment of maturity and the gentleness of youth,—it is an honor to know her and be favored by her. One is better every time one is thrown with her, and leaves her presence with a stronger belief in all good things."

It had perhaps been this lady's affection for Professor Herrick which had at the outset directed her attention to his favorite; but, an acquaintance once established, there had been no need of any other impetus than she received from her own feminine kindliness, quickness of perception, and sympathy. The interest he awakened in most feminine minds he had at once awakened in her own.

"He looks," she said to herself, "as if he had a story, and hardly knew the depth of its meaning himself."

But, though she was dexterous enough at drawing deductions, and heard much of the small talk of society, she heard no story. He was at once soldier and scholar; he was kind, brave, and generous; men spoke well of him, and women liked him; his past and present entitled him to respect and admiration—but there was no story mentioned in any discussion of him. He seemed to have lived a life singularly uneventful, so far as emotional experiences were concerned.

"Nevertheless," she used to say, when she gave a few moments to sympathetic musing upon him, "nevertheless—"

She observed his good behavior, notwithstanding he did not enjoy himself greatly in society. He was attentive to his duties without being absorbed in them, and, when temporarily unoccupied, wore a rather weary and abstracted look.

"It is something like the look," she once

remarked inwardly, "*something* like the look I have seen in the eyes of that bright and baffling little Mrs. Amory, who seems at times to be obliged to recall herself from somewhere."

She had not been the leader of this world of hers without seeing many things and learning many lessons, and, as she had stood, giving her greeting to the passing multitude week after week, she had gained a wonderful amount of experience and knowledge of her kind. She had seen so many weary faces, so many eager ones, so many stamped with care and disappointment; bright eyes had passed before her which one season had saddened; she had heard gay voices change and soft ones grow hard; she had read of ambitions frustrated and hopes denied, and once or twice had seen with a pang that somewhere a heart had been broken.

Naturally, in thus looking on, she had given some attention to Bertha Amory, and had not been blind to the subtle changes through which she had passed. She thought she could date the period of these changes. She remembered the reception at which she had first noted that the girlish face had begun to assume a maturer look, and the girlish vivacity had altered its tones. This had happened the year after the marriage, and then Jack had been born, and when society saw the young mother again the change in her seemed almost startling. She looked worn and pale, and showed but little interest in the whirl about her. It was as if suddenly fatigue had overtaken her, and she had neither the energy nor the desire to rally from it. But, before the end of the season she had altered again, and had a touch of too brilliant color, and was gayer than ever.

"Rather persistently gay," said the older woman. "That is it, I think."

Lately there had been a greater change still and a more baffling one, and there had appeared upon the scene an element so new and strange as to set all ordinary conjecture at naught. The first breath of rumor which had wafted the story of Planefteld's infatuation and the Westoria schemes had been met with generous displeasure and disbelief; but, as time went on, it had begun to be more difficult to make an effort against discussion which grew with each day and gathered material as it passed from one to another. The most trivial circumstance assumed the proportions of proof when viewed in the light of the general too vivacious interest. When Senator Planefteld entered a room, people instantly cast about in search of Mrs. Amory, and reposed entire confidence in the immediately popular theory that, but for the pres-



ence of the one, the absence of the other would have been a foregone conclusion. If they met each other with any degree of vivacity, the fact was commented upon in significant asides; if Bertha's manner was cold or quiet, it was supposed to form a portion of her deep-laid plan for the entire subjugation of her victim. It had indeed come to this at last, and Tredennis's friend looked on and listened bewildered to find herself shaken in her first disbelief by an aspect of affairs too serious to be regarded with indifference. By the time the season drew toward its close, the rumor, which had at first been accepted only by rumor-lovers and epicures in scandal, had found its way into places where opinion had weight and decision was a more serious matter. In one or two quiet establishments there was private debating of various rather troublesome questions, in which debates Mrs. Amory's name was frequently mentioned. Affairs as unfortunate as the one under discussion had been known to occur before, and it was not impossible that they might occur again; it was impossible to be blind to them, it was impossible to ignore or treat them lightly, and certainly something was due to society from those who held its reins in their hands for the time being.

"It is too great leniency which makes such things possible," some one remarked. "To a woman with a hitherto unspotted reputation and in an entirely respectable position, they should be impossible."

It was on the very evening that this remark was made that Bertha expressed a rather curious opinion to Laurence Arbuthnot.

"It is dawning upon me," she said, "that I am not quite so popular as I used to be, and I am wondering why."

"What suggested the idea?" Laurence inquired.

"I scarcely know," she replied, a little languidly, "and I don't care so much as I ought. People don't talk to me in so animated a manner as they used to—or I fancy they don't. I am not very animated myself, perhaps. There is a great deal in that. I know I am deteriorating conversationally. What I say hasn't the right ring exactly, and I suppose people detect the false note, and don't like it. I don't wonder at it. Oh, there is no denying that I am not so much overpraised and noticed as I used to be."

And then she sat silent for some time and appeared to be reflecting, and Laurence watched her with a dawning sense of anxiety he would have been reluctant to admit the existence of, even to himself.

A FEW days after this, she told Richard that she wished to begin to make her arrangements for going away for the summer.

"What, so early!" he exclaimed with an air of some slight discontent. "It has been quite cool so far!"

"I remained too late last year," she answered. "And I want to make up for lost time."

They were at dinner, and he turned his wine-glass about restlessly on the table-cloth.

"Are you getting tired of Washington?" he asked. "You seem to be."

"I am a little tired of everything just now," she said, "even——" with a ghost of a laugh, "of the Westoria lands and Senator Planeffeld."

He turned his wine-glass about again.

"Oh!" he said, his voice going beyond the borders of petulance, "it is plain enough to see that you have taken an unreasonable dislike to Planeffeld."

"He is too large and florid, and absorbs too much of one's attention," she replied coldly.

"He does not always seem to absorb a great deal of yours," Richard responded, knitting his delicate, dark brows. "You treated him cavalierly enough last night, when he brought you the roses."

"I am tired of his roses!" she exclaimed with sudden passion. "They are too big and red and heavy! They cost too much money! They fill all the air about me! They weight me down, and I never seem to be rid of them! I won't have any more! Let him give them to some one else!" And she threw her bunch of grapes on her plate, and dropped her forehead on her hands with a childish gesture of fatigue and despair.

Richard knitted his brows again. He regarded her with a feeling very nearly approaching nervous dread. This would not do, it was plain.

"What is the matter with you?" he said. "What has happened? It isn't like *you* to be unreasonable, Bertha."

She made an effort to recover herself, and partly succeeded. She lifted her face and spoke quite gently and deprecatingly.

"No," she said. "I don't think it is; so you will be all the readier to overlook it, and allow it to me as a luxury. The fact is, Richard, I am not growing any stronger, and——"

"Do you know," he interrupted, "I don't understand that. You used to be strong enough."

"One has to be very strong to be strong



enough," she replied, "and I seem to have fallen a little short of the mark."

"But it has been going on rather a long time, hasn't it?" he inquired. "Didn't it begin last winter?"

"Yes," she answered in a low voice, "it began then."

"Well, you see, that is rather long for a thing of that sort to go on without any special reason."

"It has seemed so to me," she responded, without any change of tone.

"Haven't you a pretty good appetite?" he inquired.

She raised her eyes suddenly, and then dropped them again. He had not observed what a dozen other people had seen.

"No," she answered.

"Don't you sleep well?"

"No."

"Are you thinner? Well, yes," giving her a glance of inspection. "You are thinner. Oh! come, now, this won't do at all!"

"I am willing to offer any form of apology you like," she said.

"You must get well," he answered, "that is all." And he rose from his seat, went to the mantel for a cigarette, and returned to her side, patting her shoulder encouragingly. "You would not be tired of Planefteld, if you were well. You would like him well enough."

The change which settled upon her face was one which had crossed it many a time without his taking note of it. Possibly the edge of susceptibilities so fine and keen as his is more easily dulled than that of sensitiveness less exquisite. She arose herself.

"That offers me an inducement to recover," she said. "I will begin immediately—to-day—this moment. Let me light your cigarette for you."

After it was done, they sauntered into the library together and stood for a moment looking out of the window.

"Do you know," she said at length, laying her hand on his sleeve, "I think even you are not quite yourself. Are you an invalid too?"

"I?" he said. "Why do you think so?"

"For a very good reason," she answered. "For the best of reasons. Two or three times lately you have been a trifle out of humor. Are you aware of it? Such, you see, is the disadvantage of being habitually amiable. The slightest variation of your usually angelic demeanor lays you open to the suspicion of bodily ailment. Just now, for instance, at table, when I spoke to you about going away, you were a little—not to put too fine a point upon it—cross."

"Was I?"

Her touch upon his sleeve was very soft

and kind, and her face had a gentle, playful appeal on it.

"You really were," she returned. "Just a little—and so was I. It was more a matter of voice and manner, of course, but we didn't appear to our greatest advantage, I am afraid. And we have never done things like that, you know, and it would be rather bad to begin now, wouldn't it?"

"It certainly would," he replied. "And it is very nice in you to care about it."

"It would not be nice in me not to care," she said. "Just for a moment, you know, it actually sounded quite—quite married. It seemed as if we were on the verge of agreeing to differ about—Senator Planefteld."

"We won't do it again," he said. "We will agree to make the best of him."

She hesitated a second.

"I will try not to make the worst," she returned. "There is always a best, I suppose. And so long as you are here to take care of me, I need not—need not be uncomfortable."

"About what?" he asked.

She hesitated again, and a shade of new color touched her cheek.

"I don't think I am over fastidious," she said, "but he has a way I don't like. He is too fulsome. He admires me too much. He pays me too many compliments. I wish he would not do it."

"Oh! come, now," he said gayly, "that is prejudice! It is worse than all the rest. I never heard you complain of your admirers before, or of their compliments."

She hesitated a moment again. It was not the first time she had encountered this light and graceful obstinacy, and found it more difficult to cope with than words apparently more serious.

"I have never had an admirer of exactly that quality before," she said.

"Oh!" he said, airily, "don't argue from the ground that it is a bad quality."

"Has it never struck you," she suggested, "that there is something of the same quality, whether it is good, bad, or indifferent, in all the persons who are connected with the Westoria lands? I have felt once or twice lately, when I have looked around the parlors, as if I must suddenly have emigrated, the atmosphere was so different. They have actually rather crowded out the rest—those men."

It was his turn to pause now, and he did so, looking out of the window evidently ill at ease, and hesitant for the moment.

"My dear child," he said, at length, "there may be truth in what you say; but—I may as well be frank with you—the thing is necessary."



"Richard," she said quickly, prompted to the question by a sudden, vague thought, "what have *you* to do with the Westoria lands? Why do you care so much about them?"

"I have everything to do with them—and nothing," he answered. "The legal business connected with them, and likely to result from the success of the scheme, will be the making of me, that is all. I haven't been an immense success so far, you know, and it will make me an immense success and a man of property. Upon my word, a nice little lobbyist *you* are, to look frightened at the mere shadow of a plot!"

"I am not a lobbyist," she exclaimed. "I never wanted to be one! That was only a part of the nonsense I have talked all my life. I have talked too much nonsense. I wish—I wish I had been different!"

"Don't allow your repentance to be too deep," he remarked dryly. "You won't be able to get over it."

"It is too late for repentance; but I shall not be guilty of that particular kind of folly again. It was folly—and it was bad taste—"

"As I had not observed it, you might have been content to let it rest," he interrupted.

She checked herself in the reply she was about to make, clasping her hands helplessly.

"Oh, Richard!" she said, "we are beginning again!"

"So we are," he responded, coolly; "we seem to have a tendency in that direction."

"And it always happens," she said, "when I speak of Senator Planeffield, or of going away."

"You have fallen into the habit of wanting to go away lately," he answered. "You wanted to go to Europe —"

"I want to go still," she interposed, "very much."

"And I wish you to remain here," he returned petulantly. "What is the use of a man's having a wife at the other side of the globe?"

She withdrew a pace and leaned against the side of the window, letting her eyes rest upon him with a little, bitter smile. For the moment she had less care of herself and of him than she had ever had before.

"Ah!" she said, "then you keep me here because you love me?"

"Bertha!" he exclaimed.

Even his equable triviality found a disturbing element in the situation.

"Richard," she said, "go and finish your cigarette out of doors. It will be better for both of us. This has gone far enough."

"It has gone too far," he answered nervously. "It is deucedly uncomfortable, and it isn't our way to be uncomfortable. Can't we make it smooth again? Of course we can! It would not be like you to be implacable.

I am afraid I was a trifle irritable. The fact is, I have had a great deal of business anxiety lately,—one or two investments have turned out poorly,—and it has weighed on my mind. If the money were mine, you know—but it is yours —"

"I have never wished you to feel the difference," she said.

"No," he replied. "Nothing could have been nicer than your way about it. You might have made me very uncomfortable, if you had been a hard, business-like creature; but, instead of that, you have been charming."

"I am glad of that," she said, and she smiled gently as he put his arm about her, and kissed her cheek.

"You have a right to your caprices," he said. "Go to your summer haunts of vice and fashion, if you wish to, and I will follow you as soon as I can; but we won't say any more about Europe, just at present, will we? Perhaps next year."

And he kissed her again.

"Perhaps next year or the year after," she repeated, with a queer little smile. "And—and we will take Senator Planeffield with us."

"No," he answered, "we will leave him at home to invest the millions derived from the Westoria lands."

And he went out with a laugh on his lips.

A week later Colonel Tredennis heard from Richard that Bertha and the children were going away.

"When?" asked the Colonel. "That seems rather sudden. I saw Janey two days ago, and did not understand that the time was set for their departure."

"It is rather sudden," said Richard. "The fact is, they leave Washington this morning. I should be with them now if it were not for a business engagement."

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE next few weeks were not agreeable ones to Richard Amory. There was too much feverish anxiety and uncertainty in them. He had not yet acquired the coolness and hardihood of experience, and he felt their lack in himself. He had a great deal at stake, more than at the outset it had seemed possible he could have under any circumstances. He began to realize with no little discomfort that he had run heavier risks than he had intended to allow himself to be led into running. When they rose before him in their full magnitude, as they did occasionally when affairs assumed an unencouraging aspect, he wished his enthusiasm had been less great. It could



not be said that he had reached remorse for, or actual repentance of, his indiscretions; he had simply reached a point when discouragement led him to feel that he might be called upon to repent by misfortune. Up to this time it had been his habit to drive up to the Capitol in his coupé, to appear in the galleries, to saunter through the lobby, and to flit in and out of committee-rooms with something of the air of an amateur rather enjoying himself; he had made himself popular, his gayety, his magnetic manner, his readiness to be all things to all men, had smoothed his pathway for him, while his unprofessional air had given him an appearance of harmlessness.

"He's a first-rate kind of fellow to have on the ground when a thing of this sort is going on," one of the smaller satellites once remarked. "Nobody's afraid of being seen with him. There's an immense deal in that. There are fellows who come here who can half ruin a man with position by recognizing him on the street. Regular old hands they are—working around here for years, making an honest living out of their native land. Every one knows them and what they are up to. Now, this one is different, and that wife of his —"

"What has she been doing?" flung in Plane-field, who was present. "What has she got to do with it?"

He said it with savage uneasiness. He was full of restive jealousy and distrust in these days.

"I was only going to say that she is known in society," he remarked, "and she is the kind the most particular of those fellows don't object to calling on."

But, as matters took form and a more critical point was neared, as the newspapers began to express themselves on the subject of the Westoria lands scheme, and prophesy its failure or success, as it became the subject of editorials applauding the public-spiritedness of those most prominent in it, or of paragraphs denouncing the corrupt and self-seeking tendency of the times, as the mental temperature of certain individuals became a matter of vital importance, and the degree of cordiality of a greeting an affair of elation or despair, Richard felt that his air of being an amateur was becoming a thing of the past. He was too anxious to keep it up well; he did not sleep at night, and began to look fagged, and found it required an effort to appear at ease.

"Confound it!" he said to Plane-field, "how can one be at ease with a man when his yes or no may be success or destruction to you. It makes him of too much consequence. A fellow finds himself trying to please, and it spoils his manner. I never knew what it was

to feel a human being of any particular consequence before."

"You have been lucky," commented Plane-field not too tolerantly.

"I have been lucky," Richard answered, "but I'm not lucky now, and I shall be deucedly unlucky if that bill doesn't pass. The fact is, there are times when I half wish I hadn't meddled with it."

"The mistake *you* made," said Plane-field, with stolid ill-humor, "was in letting Mrs. Amory go away. Now is the time you need her most. There's no denying that there are some things women can do better than men; and when a man has a wife as clever as yours, and as much of a social success, he's blundering when he doesn't call on her for assistance. One or two of her little dinners would be the very things just now for the final smoothing down of one or two rough ones who haven't opinions unless you provide them with them. She'd provide them with them fast enough. They'd only have one opinion when she'd done with them, if she was in one of the moods I've seen her in sometimes. Look how she carried Bowman and Pell off their feet the night she gave them the description of that row in the House. And Hargis, of North Carolina, swears by her; he's a simple, domesticated fellow, and was homesick the night I brought him here, and she found it out, heaven knows how, and talked to him about his wife and children until he said he felt as if he'd seen them. He told me so with tears in his eyes. It is that kind of thing we want now."

"Well," said Richard, nervously, "it isn't at our disposal. I don't mind telling you that she was rather out of humor with the aspect of affairs before she went away, and I had one interview with her which showed me it would be the safest plan to let her go."

"Out of humor!" said Plane-field. "She has been a good deal out of humor lately, it seems to me. Not that it's any business of mine; but it's rather a pity, considering circumstances."

Richard colored, walked a few steps, put his hands in his pockets and took them out again. Among the chief sources of anxious trouble to him had been that, of late, he had found his companion rather difficult to get along with. He had been irritable, and even a trifle overbearing, and had at times exhibited an indifference to results truly embarrassing to contemplate, in view of the crisis at hand. When he intrenched himself behind a certain heavy stubbornness in which he was specially strong, Richard felt himself helpless. The big body, the florid face, the doggedly unresponsive eye, were too much to combat



against. When he was ill-humored, Richard knew that he endeavored to conciliate him; but when this mood held possession he could only feel alarm and ask himself if it could be possible that, after all, the man might be brutal and false enough to fail him. There were times when he sat and looked at him unwillingly, fascinated by the likeness he found in him to the man who had sent poor Westor to his doom. Naturally, the old story had been revived of late, and he heard new versions of it and more minute descriptions of the chief actors, and it was not difficult for an overwrought imagination to discover in the two men some similarity of personal characteristic. Just at this moment there rose within him a memory of a point of resemblance between the pair which would have been extremely embarrassing to him if he had permitted it to assume the disagreeable form of an actual fact. It was the resemblance between the influences which had moved them. In both cases it had been a woman—in this case it was his own wife, and if he had not been too greatly harassed he would have appreciated the indelicacy of the situation. He was not an unrefined person in theory, and his sensitiveness would have caused him to revolt at the grossness of such a position if he had not had so much at stake and been so overborne by his associates. His mistakes and vices were always the result of circumstance and enthusiasm, and he hurried past them with averted eyes and refused to concede to them any substantiality. There is nothing more certain than that he had never allowed himself to believe that he had found Bertha of practical use in rendering Planefteld docile and attracting less important luminaries. Bertha had been very charming and amiable, that was all; she was always so; it was her habit to please people,—her nature, in fact,—and she had only done what she always did. As a mental statement of the case, nothing could be more simple than this, and he was moved to private disgust by his companions' aggressive clumsiness, which seemed to complicate matters and confront him with more crude suggestions.

"I am afraid she would not enjoy your way of putting it," he said.

Planefteld shut his teeth on his cigar and looked out of the window. That was his sole response, and was a form of bullying he enjoyed.

"We must remember that—that she does not realize everything," continued Richard, uneasily; "and she has not regarded the matter from any serious standpoint. It is my impression," he added, with a sudden sense of growing irritation, "that she wouldn't have

anything to do with it if she thought it was a matter of gain or loss!"

Planefteld made no movement. He was convinced that this was a lie, and his look out of the window was his reply to it.

Richard put his hands into his pockets again and turned about, irritated and helpless.

"You must have seen yourself how impractical she is," he exclaimed. "She is a mere child in business matters. Any one could deceive her."

He stopped and flushed without any apparent reason. He found himself looking out of the window too, with a feeling of most unpleasant confusion. He was obliged to shake it off before he spoke again, and when he did so it was with an air of beginning with a fresh subject.

"After all," he said, "everything does not depend upon influence of that sort. There are other things to be considered. Have you seen Blundel?"

"You can't expect a man like Blundel," said Planefteld, "to be easy to manage. Blundel is the possessor of a moral character, and when a man has a capital like that—and Blundel's sharpness into the bargain—he is not going to trifle with it. He's going to hold on to it until it reaches its highest market value, and then decide which way he will invest it."

Richard dropped into a seat by the table. He felt his forehead growing damp.

"But if we are not sure of Blundel?" he exclaimed.

"Well, we are not sure of Blundel," was the answer. "What we have to hope is that he isn't sure of himself. The one thing you can't be sure of is a moral character. Impeccability is rare, and it is never easy for an outsider to hit on its exact value. It varies, and you have to run risks with it. Blundel's is expensive."

"There has been a great deal of money used," hesitated Richard, "a great deal."

Planefteld resorted to the window again. It had not been his money which had been used. He had sufficient intellect to reap advantages where they were to be reaped, and to avoid indiscreet ventures.

"You had better go and see Blundel yourself," he said after a pause. "I have had a talk with him, and made as alluring a statement of the case as I could, with the proper degree of caution, and he has had time to put the matter in the scales with his impeccability and see which weighs the heavier, and if they can't be made to balance. He will try to balance them, but if he can't — You must settle what is to be done between you. I have done my best."



"By Jove!" exclaimed Richard, virtuously, "what corruption!"

It was an ingenuous ejaculation, but he was not collected enough to appreciate the native candor of it himself at the moment. He felt that he was being hardly treated, and that the most sacred trusts of a great nation were in hands likely to betray them at far too high a figure. The remark amounted to an outburst of patriotism.

"Have they *all* their price?" he cried.

Plane-field turned his head slowly and glanced at him over his shoulder.

"No," he said; "if they had, you'd find it easier. There's your difficulty. If they were all to be bought, or none of them were to be sold, you'd see your way."

It did not seem to Richard that his way was very clear at the present moment. At every step of late he had found new obstacles in his path and new burdens on his shoulders. People had so many interests and so many limitations, and the limitations were always related to the interests. He began to resolve that it was a very sordid and business-like world in which human lot was cast, and to realize that the tendency of humanity was to coarse prejudice in favor of itself.

"Then I had better see Blundel at once," he said, with feverish impatience.

"You haven't any time to lose," was Plane-field's cool response. "And you will need all the wit you can carry with you. You are not going to offer *him* inducements, you know; you are only going to prove to him that his chance to do something for his country lies before him in the direction of the Westoria lands. After that —"

"After that," repeated Richard, anxiously.

"Do what you think safest and most practicable."

As the well-appointed equipage drew up under the archway before the lower entrance to the north wing of the Capitol, a group of men who stood near the doorway regarded it with interest. They did so because three of them were strangers and sightseers, and the fourth, who was a well-seasoned Washingtonian, had called their attention to it.

"There," he said, with an experienced air, "there is one of them this moment. It is beginning to be regarded as a fact that he is mixed up with one of the biggest jobs the country has ever known. He is up to his ears in this Westoria business, it's believed, though he professes to be nothing more than a sort of interested looker-on and a friend of the prime movers. He's a gentleman, you see, with a position in society, and a pretty wife who is a favorite, and the pretty wife entertains his friends; and when a man is in an un-

certain frame of mind, the husband invites him to dinner, and the pretty wife interests herself in him. She knows how to do it, they say—and he goes away a wiser and a better man, and more likely to see his way to making himself agreeable. Nothing professional about it, don't you see. All quite proper and natural. No lobbying about that, you know—but it helps a bill through wonderfully. I tell you there's no knowing what goes on in these tip-top parlors about here."

He said it with modest pride and exultation, and his companions were delighted. They represented the average American with all his ingenuous eagerness for the dramatic exposure of crime in his fellow-man. They had existed joyously for years in the belief that Washington was the seat of corruption, bribery, and fraud; that it was populated chiefly with brilliant female lobbyists and depraved officials who carried their privileges to market and bartered and sold them with a guileless candor, whose temerity was only to be equaled by its brazen cheerfulness of spirit. They were, probably, not in the least aware of their mental attitude toward their nation's government, but they reveled in it none the less, and would have felt a keen pang of disappointment if they had been suddenly confronted with the fact that there was actually an element of most unpicturesque honesty in the House and a flavor of shameless impeccability in the Senate. They had heard delightful stories of "jobs" and "schemes" and had hoped to hear more. When they had been taken to the visitors' gallery, they had exhibited an earnest anxiety to be shown the members connected with the last Investigation, and had received with private rapture all anecdotes connected with the ruling political scandal. They decided that the country was in a bad way, and felt a glow of honest pride in its standing up at all in its present condition of rottenness. Their ardor had been a little dampened by an incautious statement made by their friend and guide, to the effect that the subject of the Investigation seemed likely to clear himself of the charges made against him, and the appearance of Richard Amory, with his personal attractions, his neat equipage, and his air of belonging to the great world, was something of a boon to them. They wished his wife had been with him; they had only seen one female lobbyist as yet, and she had been merely a cheap, flashy woman, with thin, rouged cheeks and sharp, eager eyes.

"Looks rather anxious, doesn't he?" one asked the other, as Amory went by. He certainly looked anxious as he passed them; but, once inside the building, he made an



effort to assume something of his usual air of gay good cheer. It would not do to present himself with other than a fearless front. So he walked with a firm and buoyant tread through the great vaulted corridors and up the marble stairways, exchanging a salutation with one passer-by and a word of greeting with another. He found Senator Blundel in his committee-room, sitting at the green-covered table, looking over some papers. He was a short, stout man, with a blunt-featured face, grayish hair, which had a tendency to stand on end, and small, shrewd eyes. When he had been in the House, his rising to his feet had generally been the signal for his fellow-members to bestir themselves and turn to listen, as it was his habit to display a sharp humor of a rough-and-ready sort. Richard had always felt this humor coarse, and having but little confidence in Blundel's possessing any other qualification for his position, regarded it as rather trying that circumstances should have combined to render his sentiments of such importance in the present crisis. Looking at the thick-set figure and ordinary face, he felt that Planefteld had been right, and that Bertha might have done much with him, principally because he presented himself as one of the obstacles whose opinions should be formed for them all the more on account of their obstinacy when once biased in a wrong direction.

But there was no suggestion of these convictions in his manner when he spoke. It was very graceful and ready, and his strong points of good-breeding and mental agility stood him in good stead. The man before him, whose early social advantages had not been great, was not too dull to feel the influence of the first quality and find himself placed at a secretly acknowledged disadvantage by it. After he had heard his name, his small, sharp eyes fixed themselves on his visitor's handsome countenance, with an expression not easy to read.

"It is not necessary for me to make a new statement of our case," said Richard easily. "I won't fatigue you and occupy your time by repeating what you have already heard stated in the clearest possible manner by Senator Planefteld."

Blundel thrust his hands into his pockets and nodded.

"Yes," he responded. "I saw Planefteld, and he said a good deal about it."

"Which, of course, you have reflected upon?" said Richard.

"Well, yes. I've thought it over—along with other things."

"I trust favorably!" Richard suggested.

Blundel stretched his legs a little and

pushed his hands farther down into his pockets.

"Now, what would you call favorably?" he inquired.

"Oh!" replied Richard, with self-possessed promptness, "favorably to the connecting branch."

It was a rather fine stroke, this airy candor, but he had studied it beforehand thoroughly and calculated its effect. It surprised Blundel into looking up at him quickly.

"You would, eh?" he said, "let us hear why."

"Because," Richard stated, "that would make it favorable to us."

Blundel was beguiled into a somewhat uneasy laugh.

"Well," he remarked, "you're frank enough."

Richard fixed upon him an open, appreciative glance.

"And why not?" he answered. "There is our strong point—that we can afford to be frank. We have nothing to conceal. We have something to gain, of course—who has not?—but it is to be gained legitimately—so there is no necessity for our concealing that. The case is simplicity itself. Here are the two railroads. See," and he laid two strips of paper side by side upon the table. "A connecting branch is needed. If it runs through this way," making a line with his finger, "it makes certain valuable lands immeasurably more valuable. There is no practical objection to its taking this direction instead of that—in either case it runs through the Government reservations,—the road will be built,—somebody's property will be benefited. Why not that of my clients?"

Blundel looked at the strips of paper, and his little eyes twinkled mysteriously.

"By George!" he said, "that isn't the way such things are generally put. What you ought to do is to prove that nobody is to be benefited, and that you're working for the good of the Government."

Richard laughed.

"Oh!" he said, "I am an amateur, and I should be of no use whatever to my clients if they had anything to hide or any special reason to fear failure. We have opposition to contend with, of course. The southern line is naturally against us, as it wants the connecting branch to run in the opposite direction; but if it has no stronger claim than we have, the struggle is equal. They are open to the objection of being benefited by the subsidies, too. It is scarcely ground enough for refusing your vote—that some one will be benefited by it. The people is the Government in America, and the Government the people, and



the interest of both are too indissolubly connected to admit of being easily separated on public measures. As I said, I am an amateur, but I am a man of the world. My basis is a natural, human one. I desire to attain an object, and though the Government will be benefited, I am obliged to confess I am arguing for my object more than for the Government."

This was said with more delightful, airy frankness than ever. But, concealed beneath this genial openness was a desperate anxiety to discover what his companion was thinking of, and if the effect of his stroke was what he had hoped it would be. He knew that frankness so complete was a novelty, and he trusted that his bearing had placed him out of the list of ordinary applicants for favor. His private conviction, to which he did not choose to allow himself to refer mentally with any degree of openness, was that, if the man was honest, honesty so bold and simple must disarm him; and, if he was not, ingenuousness so reckless must offer him inducements. But it was not easy to arrive at once at any decision as to the tenor of Blundel's thoughts. He had listened, and it being his habit to see the humor of things, he had grinned a little at the humor he saw in this situation, which was perhaps not a bad omen, though he showed no disposition to commit himself on the spot.

"Makes a good story," he said; "pretty big scheme, isn't it?"

"Not a small one," answered Richard, freely. "That is one of its merits."

"The subsidies won't have to be small ones," said Blundel. "That isn't one of its merits. Now, let us hear your inducements?"

Richard checked himself on the very verge of a start, realizing instantaneously the folly of his first flashing thought.

"The inducements you can offer to the Government," added Blundel. "You haven't gone into a thing of this sort without feeling you have some on hand."

Of course there were inducements, and Richard had them at his fingers' ends, and was very fluent and eloquent in his statement of them. In fact, when once fairly launched upon the subject, he was somewhat surprised to find how many powerful reasons there were for its being to the interest of the nation that the land grants should be made to the road which ran through the Westoria lands and opened up their resources. His argument became so brilliant, as he proceeded, that he was moved by their sincerity himself, and gained impetus through his confidence in them. He really felt that he was swayed by a generous desire to benefit his

country, and enjoyed his conviction of his own honesty with a refinement which, for the moment, lost sight of all less agreeable features of the proceeding. All his fine points came out under the glow of his enthusiasm,—his grace of speech and manner, his picturesque habit of thought, which gave color and vividness to all he said,—his personal attractiveness itself.

Blundel bestirred himself to sit up and look at him with a new interest. He liked a good talker; he was a good talker himself. His mind was of a practical business stamp, and he was good at a knock-down blow in argument, or at a joke or jibe which felled a man like a meat-ax; but he had nothing like this, and he felt something like envy of all this swiftness and readiness and polish.

When he finished, Richard felt that he must have impressed him; that it was impossible that it should be otherwise, even though there were no special external signs of Blundel being greatly affected. He had thrust his hands into his pockets as before, and his hair stood on end as obstinately.

"Well," he said, succinctly, "it is a good story and it's a big scheme."

"And you ——?" said Richard. "We are sure of you ——"

Blundel took a hand out of his pocket and ran it over his upright hair, as if in a futile attempt at sweeping it down.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll see you day after to-morrow."

"But ——" exclaimed Richard, secretly agast.

Blundel ran over his hair again and returned his hand to his pocket.

"Oh, yes!" he answered. "I know all about that. You don't want to lose time, and you want to feel sure; but, you see, I want to feel sure, too. As I said, it's a big business; it's too big a business to assume the responsibility of all at once. I'm not going to run any risks. I don't say you want me to run any; but, you know, you are an amateur, and there may be risks you don't realize. I'll see you again."

In his character of amateur, it was impossible for Richard to be importunate, but his temptations to commit the indiscretion were strong. A hundred things might happen in the course of two days; delay was more dangerous than anything else. The worst of it all was that he had really gained no reliable knowledge of the man himself and of how it would be best to approach him. He had seen him throughout the interview just as he had seen him before it. Whether or not his sharpness was cunning and his bluntness a defense, he had not been able to decide.



"At any rate, he is cautious," he thought. "*How* cautious it is for us to find out."

When he left him, Richard was in a fever of disappointment and perplexity, which, to his ease and pleasure-loving nature, was torment.

"Confound it all!" he said. "Confound the thing from beginning to end! It will have to pay well to pay for this."

He had other work before him, other efforts to make, and, after he had made them he returned to his carriage fatigued and overwrought. He had walked through the great corridors, from wing to wing, in pursuit of men who seemed to elude him like will-o'-the-wisps; he had been driven to standing among motley groups, who sent in cards which did not always intercede for them; he had had interviews with men who were outwardly suave and pliable, with men who were ill-mannered and impatient, with men who were obstinate and distrustful, and with men who were too much occupied with their own affairs to be other than openly indifferent; if he had met with a shade of encouragement at one point, he had found it amply balanced by discouragement at the next; he had seen himself regarded as an applicant for favor, and a person to be disposed of as speedily as possible, and, when his work was at an end, his physical condition was one of exhaustion, and his mental attitude marked chiefly by disgust and weariness of spirit.

This being the state of affairs, he made a call upon Miss Varien, who always exhilarated and entertained him.

He found her in her bower, and was received with the unvarying tact which characterized her manner upon all occasions. He poured forth his woes, as far as they could be told, and was very picturesque about them as he reclined in the easiest of easy-chairs.

"It is my opinion that nothing can be done without money," he said, "which is disgraceful!"

"It is, indeed," acknowledged Miss Varien, with a gleam of beautiful little teeth.

She had lived in Washington with her exceptional father and entirely satisfactory mother from her earliest infancy, and had gained from observation—at which she was brilliant, as at all else—a fund of valuable information. She had seen many things, and had not seen them in vain. It may even be suspected that Richard, in his character of amateur, was aware of this. There was a suggestion of watchfulness in his glance at her.

"Things ought to be better or worse to simplify the system," she said.

"That is in effect what I heard said this morning," answered Richard.

"I am sorry it is not entirely new," she returned. "Was it suggested, also, that since we cannot have incorruptibility we might alter our moral standards and remove corruption by making all transactions mere matters of business? If there was no longer any penalty attached to the sale and barter of public privileges, such sale and barter would cease to be dishonor and crime. We should be better if we were infinitely worse. The theory may appear bold at first blush—no, not at first blush, for blushes are to be done away with—at first sight, I will say in preference; it may appear bold, but after much reflection I have decided that it is the only practicable one."

"It is undoubtedly brilliant," replied Richard; "but, as you say it would simplify matters wonderfully, I should not be at such a loss to know what Senator Blundel will do, for instance, and my appetite for lunch would be better."

"It might possibly be worse," suggested Miss Varien.

Richard glanced at her quickly.

"That is a remark which evidently has a foundation," he said. "I wish you would tell me what prompted it."

"I am not sure it was very discreet," was the reply. "My personal knowledge of Senator Blundel prompted it."

"You know him very well," said Richard, with some eagerness.

"I should not venture to say I knew any one very well," she said, in the captivating voice which gave to all her words such value and suggestiveness. "I know him as I know many other men like him. I was born a politician, and existence without my politics would be an arid desert to me. I have talked to him and read his speeches, and followed him in his career for some time. I have even asked questions about him, and, consequently, I know something of his methods. I *think*—you see, I only say I think—I know what he will do."

"In Heaven's name, what is it?" demanded Richard.

She unfurled her fan and smiled over it with that delightful gleam of little white teeth.

"He will take his time," she answered. "He is slow, and prides himself on being sure. Your bill will not be acted upon, it will be set aside to lie over until the next session of Congress."

Richard felt as if he changed color, but he bore himself with outward discretion.

"You have some ulterior motive," he said. "Having invited me to remain to luncheon you seek to render me incapable of doing myself justice. You saw in my eye the wolf—"



ish hunger which is the result of interviews with the savage senator and the pitiless member of Congress. Now I see the value of your theory. If it were in practice, I could win Blundel over with gold. What is your opinion of his conscience as it stands?"

It was said with admirable lightness and answered in a like strain, but he had never been more anxiously on the alert than he was as he watched Miss Varien's vivacious and subtly expressive face.

"I have not reached it yet," she said. "And

consciences are of such different make and material; I have not decided whether his is made of interest or honesty. He is a mixture of shrewdness and crudeness which is very baffling; just when you are arguing from the shrewdness the crudeness displays itself, and *vice versâ*. But, as I said, I *think* your bill will not be acted upon."

And then they went in to lunch, and, as he ate his lobster-salad and made himself agreeable beyond measure, Richard wondered, with an inward tremor, if she could be right.

(To be continued.)



## INDIAN SUMMER.

### I.

AFTER October's biting frosts it seems

That summer days return. The partridge whirs  
A noisy wing to ambush in the firs;  
And for a while the sun retricks his beams.  
It is an autumn that of spring-time dreams.

The warm breeze comes again, and softly stirs  
The silent tree-tops, and the empty burs  
Which, loosened, drop into the leaf-clogged streams.  
Ah! dear, this tardy sunshine, and the last!  
So we shall find—our summer being past,  
And hoar-frost with us—for a little breath  
So fair a country, such a genial air;  
And shall forget our woes, and unaware  
Step over to the border-land of Death!

*Andrew B. Saxton.*

### II.

What heights of rest are in these silences!  
What thirst of plains the sunlight seems to slake!  
The meadows bask. No bitter north-winds wake  
The tree-tops from their fruitless dream of ease.  
The slow brooks murmur like a swarm of bees,  
And some shy creature in the tangled brake  
Darts and is still, and trooping sparrows make  
A moment's chatter in the cedar-trees.  
Then on far skies they quickly seem to cease,  
Or, wheeling, drop behind some stubbled mound;  
But all day long the brooks find no release,  
And lift their wandering undertones of sound.  
This is the year's full flower, the crown of peace,  
The sunlight's harvest, and the south-wind's bound.

*L. Frank Tooker.*



## HARD FARE.

SUCH a winter as was that of 1880-81—deep snows and zero weather for nearly three months—proves especially trying to the wild creatures that attempt to face it. The supply of fat (or fuel) with which their bodies become stored in the fall is rapidly exhausted by the severe and uninterrupted cold, and the sources from which fresh supplies are usually obtained are all but wiped out. Even the fox was very hard pressed and reduced to the unusual straits of eating frozen apples; the pressure of hunger must be great, indeed, to compel Reynard to take up with such a diet. A dog will eat corn, but he cannot digest it, and I doubt if the fox extracted anything more than the cider from the frozen and thawed apples. They perhaps served to amuse and occupy his stomach for the time. The crows appeared to have little else than frozen apples for many weeks; they hung about the orchards as a last resort, and, after scouring the desolate landscape over, would return to their cider with resignation, but not with cheerful alacrity. They grew very bold at times, and ventured quite under my porch, and filched the bones that Lark, the dog, had left. I put out some corn on the wall near by, and discovered that crows will not eat corn in the winter, except as they can break up the kernels. It is too hard for their gizzards to grind. The difficulty, during such a season, of coming at the soil and obtaining gravel-stones, which, in such cases, are really the mill-stones, may also have something to do with it. Corn that has been planted and has sprouted, crows will swallow readily enough, because it is then soft, and is easily ground. My impression has always been that in spring and summer they will also pick up any chance kernels the planters may have dropped. But, as I observed them the past winter, they always held the kernel under one foot upon the wall, and picked it to pieces before devouring it. This is the manner of the jays also. The jays, perhaps, had a tougher time during the winter than the crows, because they do not eat fish or flesh, but depend mainly upon nuts. A troop of them came eagerly to my ash-heap one morning, which had just been uncovered by the thaw, but they found little except cinders for their gizzards, which, maybe, was what they wanted. They had foraged nearly all winter upon my neighbor's corn-crib, and probably their mill-stones were dull and needed re-

placing. They reached the corn through the opening between the slats, and were the envy of the crows, who watched them from the near trees, but dared not venture up.

The general belief among country-people that the jay hoards up nuts for winter use has probably some foundation in fact, though one is at a loss to know where he could place his stores so that they would not be pilfered by the mice and the squirrels. An old hunter told me he had seen jays secreting beech-nuts in a knot-hole in a tree. Probably a red squirrel saw them too, and laughed behind his tail. One day, in October, two friends of mine, out hunting, saw a blue jay carrying off chestnuts to a spruce swamp. He came and went with great secrecy and dispatch. He had several hundred yards to fly each way, but occupied only a few minutes each trip. The hunters lay in wait to shoot him, but so quickly would he seize his chestnut and be off, that he made more than a dozen trips before they killed him. It is a great pity they did not follow him to the swamp and discover where he deposited his booty, and how much he had accumulated.

A lady writing to me from Iowa, says: "I must tell you what I saw a blue jay do last winter. Flying down to the ground in front of the house, he put something in the dead grass, drawing the grass over it, first on one side, then on the other, tramped it down just exactly as a squirrel would, then walked around the spot, examining it to see if it was satisfactory. After he had flown away, I went out to see what he had hidden; it was a nicely shucked peanut that he had laid up for a time of scarcity."

It would seem, therefore, that the jay has the habit of all the crow-tribe, of carrying off and secreting any surplus food it may chance to have, and it is not improbable that these hoardings sometimes help it over the period of winter scarcity.

A bevy of quail in my vicinity got through the winter by feeding upon the little black beans contained in the pods of the common locust. For many weeks their diet must have been almost entirely leguminous. The surface snow in the locust-grove which they frequented was crossed in every direction with their fine tracks, like a chain-stitch upon muslin, showing where they went from pod to pod and extracted the contents. Where quite a large branch, filled with pods, lay upon the snow, it



looked as if the whole flock had dined or breakfasted off it. The wind seemed to shake down the pods about as fast as they were needed. When a fresh fall of snow had blotted out everything, it was not many hours before the wind had placed upon the cloth another course; but it was always the same old course—beans, beans. What would the birds and the fowls do during such winters, if the trees and the shrubs and plants all dropped their fruit and their seeds in the fall, as they do their leaves? They would nearly all perish. The apples that cling to the trees, the pods that hang to the lowest branches, and the seeds that the various weeds and grasses hold above the deepest snows, alone make it possible for many birds to pass the winter among us. The red squirrel, too, what would he do? He lays up no stores like the provident chipmunk, but scours about for food in all weathers, feeding upon the seeds in the cones of the hemlock that still cling to the tree, upon sumac-bobs, and the seeds of frozen apples. I have seen the ground, under a wild apple-tree that stood near the woods, completely covered with the "chonkings" of the frozen apples, the work of the squirrels in getting at the seeds; not an apple had been left, and, apparently, not a seed had been lost. But the squirrels in this particular locality evidently got pretty hard up before spring, for they developed a new source of food-supply. A young bushy-topped sugar-maple, about forty feet high, standing beside a stone fence near the woods, was attacked, and more than half denuded of its bark. The object of the squirrels seemed to be to get at the soft, white, mucilaginous substance (cambium layer) between the bark and the wood. The ground was covered with fragments of the bark, and the white, naked stems and branches had been scraped by fine teeth. When the sap starts in the early spring, the squirrels add this to their scanty supplies. They perforate the bark of the branches of the maples with their chisel-like teeth, and suck the sweet liquid as it slowly oozes out. It is not much as food, but evidently it helps.

I have said the red squirrel does not lay by a store of food for winter use, like the chipmunk and wood-mice; yet in the fall he sometimes hoards in a tentative, temporary kind of way. I have seen his savings—butternuts and black walnuts—stuck here and there in saplings and trees, near his nest; sometimes carefully inserted in the upright fork of a limb, or twig. One day, late in November, I counted a dozen or more black walnuts put away in this manner in a little grove of locusts, chestnuts, and maples, by the road-side, and could but smile at the wise

forethought of the rascally squirrel. His supplies were probably safer that way than if more elaborately hidden. They were well distributed; his eggs were not all in one basket, and he could go away from home without any fear that his store-house would be broken into in his absence. The next week, when I passed that way, the nuts were all gone but two. I saw the squirrel that doubtless laid claim to them, on each occasion.

There is one thing the red squirrel knows unerringly that I do not (there are probably several other things), that is, on which side of the butternut the meat lies. He always gnaws through the shell so as to strike the kernel broadside and thus easily extract it, while to my eyes there is no external mark or indication, in the form or appearance of the nut, as there is in the hickory-nut, by which I can tell whether the edge or the side of the meat is toward me. But, examine any number of nuts that the squirrels have rifled, and you will find they always drill through the shell at the one spot where the meat will be most exposed. It stands them in hand to know, and they do know. Doubtless, if butternuts were a main source of my food, and I were compelled to gnaw into them, I should learn, too, on which side my bread was buttered.

A hard winter affects the chipmunks very little; they are snug and warm in their burrows in the ground and under the rocks, with a bountiful store of nuts or grain. I have heard of nearly a half-bushel of chestnuts being taken from a single den. They usually hole in November, and do not come out again till March or April, unless the winter is very open and mild.

The woodpeckers and chickadees, doubtless, find food as plentiful during severe winters as during more open ones, because they confine their search almost entirely to the trunks and branches of trees, where the latter pick up the eggs of insects and various microscopic tidbits, and where the former find their accustomed fare of eggs and larvæ also. An enamel of ice upon the trees alone puts an embargo upon their supplies. At such seasons the ruffed grouse "buds" or goes hungry; while the snow-birds, snow-bunting, Canada sparrows, goldfinches, shore-larks, and red-polls are dependent upon the weeds and grasses that rise above the snow, and upon the litter of the hay-stack and barn-yard. I have never seen the shore-lark in my locality, and only one season the red-poll; but the former bird has been common the past winter in other parts of New York State. Neither do the deep snows and the severe cold materially affect the supplies of the rabbit. The deeper



the snow the nearer he is brought to the tops of the tender bushes and shoots. I see in my walks where he has cropped the tops of the small, bushy, soft maples, cutting them slantingly as you would do with a knife, and quite as smoothly. Indeed, the mark was so like that of a knife that, notwithstanding the tracks, it was only after the closest scrutiny that I was convinced it was the sharp, chisel-like teeth of the rabbit. He leaves no chips, and apparently makes clean work of every twig he cuts off.

The wild or native mice usually lay up stores in the fall, in the shape of various nuts, grain, and seeds, and the frost and the snow-blockade seem to interfere very little with their enjoyment of life. One may see their tracks everywhere in the woods and fields, and by the road-side. Why they gad about so much, having a full larder and a warm nest at home, is a mystery. Doubtless the motive is sociability and the delights of travel. The deer-mouse is much more common along the fences and in the woods than one would suspect. One winter day I set a mouse-trap—the kind known as the delusion trap—beneath some ledges in the edge of the woods, to determine what species of mouse was most active at this season. The snow fell so deeply that I did not visit my trap for two or three weeks. When I did so, it was literally packed full of deer-mice. There were seven in all, and not room for another. Our woods are full of these little creatures, and they appear to have a happy, social time of it, even in the severest winters. Their little tunnels under the snow and their hurried strides upon its surface may be noted everywhere. They link tree and stump, or rock and tree, by their pretty trails. They are not traveling in quest of food,—for they generally have a well-filled granary or nuttery at home,—but evidently for adventure and to hear the news. They know that foxes and owls are about, and they keep pretty close to cover. When they cross an exposed place, they do it hurriedly.

Such a winter as that of 1880-81 probably destroys a great many of our half-migratory birds. The mortality appears to be the greatest in the Border States, where so many species, like the sparrows, robins, blue-birds, meadow-larks, kinglet, etc., usually pass the cold season. A great many birds are said to have

died in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, including game-birds. A man in Chester County saw a fox digging in the snow; on examining the spot, he found half a dozen quails frozen to death. Game-birds and nearly all other birds will stand the severest weather if food is plenty; but to hunger and cold both the hardest species may succumb.

Meadow-larks often pass the winter as far north as Pennsylvania. A man residing in that State relates how, in the height of the severest cold, three half-famished larks came to his door in quest of food. He removed the snow from a small space, and spread the poor birds a lunch of various grains and seeds. They ate heartily and returned again the next day, and the next, each time bringing one or more drooping and half-starved companions with them, till there was quite a flock of them. Their deportment changed, their forms became erect and glossy, and the feeble mendicants became strong and vivacious birds again. These larks fell in good hands, but I am persuaded that this species suffered more than any other of our birds the past winter. In the spring they were unusually late in making their appearance,—the first one noted by me on the 9th of April,—and they were scarce in my locality during the whole season.

Birds not of a feather flock together in winter. Hard times or a common misfortune makes all the world akin. A Noah's ark with antagonistic species living in harmony is not an improbable circumstance in such a rain. In severe weather, when the snow lies deep on the ground, I frequently see a loose, heterogeneous troop of birds pass my door, engaged in the common search for food; snow-birds, Canada sparrows, and goldfinches, on the ground, and kinglets and nut-hatches in the tree above,—all drifting slowly in the same direction,—the snow-birds and sparrows closely associated, but the goldfinches rather clannish and exclusive, while the kinglets and nut-hatches keep still more aloof. These birds are probably not drawn, even thus loosely together, by any social instincts, but by a common want; all were hungry, and the activity of one species attracted and drew after it another and another. "I will look that way too," the kinglet and creeper probably said, when they saw the other birds busy and heard their merry voices.

*John Burroughs.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Western Careers for Eastern Young Men.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: Why the young men who in the East are crowding by thousands into the professions and mercantile pursuits which are already so full, don't come out West and tackle farming or stock-raising, I cannot, for the life of me, see; and I'm sure that if the matter was properly placed before them, they would whistle at the pursuits named and come out to the free and independent life of the Western farmer and stock-raiser with an enthusiasm which would insure success. I don't know why college-bred men seem to have a low opinion of agricultural life. Perhaps it is because they get their ideas of what it is from the hard-worked farmer of the East, certainly not from his brother of the West, whose life, if he is at all forehanded, is the easiest and most independent in the world.

Why don't the fathers in the East, who, after having expensively educated their sons, spend additional thousands in setting them up in business or starting them in a profession, give the boys a few hundred dollars (the more the better) and send them West to become farmers or stock-raisers? They can soon make themselves independent; and then the law, medicine, banking, or any other pursuit, is open to them. The policy which keeps them at the East in a long and expensive probation is silly; out West they can become self-supporting, and therefore proportionately more manly and self-reliant from the beginning. It costs but a trifle in money to take up a quarter-section of land and put up a comfortable shed in which to live, and buy the necessary tools and stock to work with; after which, cheerful work does the rest. No especial knowledge of husbandry is required at the start that cannot be acquired by a few questions, which any one will cheerfully answer, and if the beginner does make mistakes they are not costly ones.

Young England seems to see this question in a proper light, for there is in this State, at Le Mars, a very large colony of young men from England—mostly college-bred—who are making successful farmers and stock-raisers; I cannot give any details, but can only say that there are some six hundred or more of them, and that they look successful, contented, and happy. They certainly are healthy, as any one would be sure to be, leading the life they do. They work hard, but they have their play with it, as the great number of greyhounds and sporting dogs of all kinds seen in that section, as well as the spring, summer and fall meetings of the Le Mars race-course—where they enter and ride their own ponies and horses—will abundantly testify.

Why should not the young men of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and the other colleges of the East, organize colonies in the West, and, while making homes and careers for themselves, assist in building up this new country?

Yours truly,

NEWTON, IOWA.

W. B. D.

The suggestion of our correspondent is not very novel. We are quite sure that we have heard this kind of advice before,—notably in the days of Mr. Greeley. In fact, there have been times when this

advice, being put forth by some as a sort of social panacea, suffered the ignominious fate of all panaceas. Just now, however, there is a renewal of the Western furore, and our correspondent naturally wants to see educated young men follow the example of some recent English educated colonists. A great many of our young men of education are undoubtedly taking part in the movement, though not in groups like the English, perhaps, and we dare say there are many more who would be wise to follow.

According to a recent report from the General Land Office in Washington, the United States disposed of 15,699,848 acres of public lands during the year ending June 30, 1882. Of this vast area nearly one-half, or 6,347,729 acres, were taken by settlers under the provisions of the Homestead Act,—more than one-third of the Homestead entries being in Dakota. The Western migration of 1881 was regarded as phenomenal, but it has probably been exceeded in volume by that of the season just closed. It is hardly an exaggerated estimate to say that a million of people have transferred themselves, during the past eight months, from the Atlantic seaboard States and the older States of the Mississippi Valley, and from the perennially swarming hive of Europe, to the prairies of Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas, the valleys of the Rocky Mountain system, and to the farther regions of the Pacific slope. So rapidly have the vacant spaces in the center of the continent and on its western shore filled up in recent years, that there is no longer a frontier. Even in the least accessible and least attractive regions some sprinkling of population is found, and there are few sections where one could now travel a hundred miles without coming upon the habitations of civilized men.

The young man in the older communities of the East, reading of the marvelous growth of this new western country, often asks himself whether he could not wisely join the ranks of the next annual migration. No doubt the question, "Shall I go West?" is the uppermost problem in the minds of thousands of the young men of the East, who have still their careers to make, and have not yet gained a secure and promising footing in the business world. It is a question which each must answer for himself, and concerning which no advice can be given that would be of universal application. It would be a grievous mistake to suppose that a change of longitude alone insures success. Idleness, incompetency, and a nerveless, drifting disposition, have no better chance in Montana than in Massachusetts. Indeed, there are some men who run along fairly well in the East, in the grooves of custom and of established acquaintance and business connections, who would make lamentable shipwreck if set adrift in a new Western community.

On the other hand, the chances for a young man of average pluck and energy are unquestionably much better in the West than in the East. He shares the advantages of being among the first to open a fresh



store-house of natural wealth. He gets the first dividend on the increase of value resulting from bringing population upon the soil. The land he buys for three or four dollars an acre, or gets for nothing by homestead settlement, soon becomes worth ten or fifteen. If he embarks in trade or in any mechanical pursuit, his wares or his services are in brisk demand, because all the new-comers around him require goods and implements. Then there is a certain stimulus in the moral atmosphere caused by the ambitions and energies of a new community full of hope and activity, which makes hardships easy to bear and causes buoyancy of spirits.

Western people find it hard to make their friends in the East understand just what they mean when they speak of the difference in the business and social tone of the two sections. It is a difference to be felt rather than defined. There is vastly more energy and more hope *per capita* of the population in new communities than old, and the immigrant feels at once the resulting stimulus. It braces up the listless and the desponding, and makes even the most active man conclude that there is a deal more in him in the way of work and ideas than he supposed. Many a young man who would have remained a clerk or small-salaried employee of some kind all his life, had he stayed in the East, becomes, amid the larger opportunities of the West, a "leading citizen," and the owner of a fine farm or a prosperous business.

The young man going West can, therefore, count upon the opportunities of obtaining good land at small cost, the business openings growing out of the wants of a new community, and the moral incentive that comes from contact with hopeful, enterprising people. If he does not succeed in gaining a full measure of independence in the course of ten years, the reason will lie in his own disposition. He will either lack energy and capacity, or he will be so much a creature of habit and so thoroughly the outgrowth of an older civilization that he cannot adjust himself to the new environments. There are men, as well as trees, that will not thrive when transplanted. The intending emigrant would do well to study his own disposition carefully, and make sure that he is not of that kind.

Finally, the Western emigrant must expect to miss many of the agreeable conditions of life in his own home: to work hard and live plainly, to get along without a hundred comforts and pleasures which have been almost as much a matter of course to him as his three meals a day. He will have to find his enjoyments, for a few years, largely in anticipating the rewards which the future is to bring. He will not have to endure the rude physical hardships suffered by the last generation of pioneers who cleared the forests of Ohio and Indiana, for the railroads now go in advance of settlement, and bring the appliances of comfortable living to those who can pay for them. He can ride on a sulky-plow, sow his grain with a patent drill, reap it with a harvester, and thresh it with swift machinery driven by a straw-burning steam-engine; but, for all that, there are many deprivations to be borne, and trials enough to be endured to test his manly qualities. A feeling that he is building up the country and his own fortunes at the same time will bring him safely through them all, however, if he has the stuff in him for a successful pioneer.

#### The Late Dr. Pusey.

THE death of Dr. Pusey has already drawn from his countrymen, of all theological opinions, an expression of admiration for his character, which, in many quarters, was withheld while his living presence lent a luster to the ritualistic movement which claimed him as one of its fathers. For a moment, at least, his character has become a center of unity in the English Church. The partisanship of religious ideas gives way before the fact of a good life appealing through death to the judgment of the universal moral sense which never refuses its homage to actual righteousness. The unanimity with which opposite Church parties are now pointing to Dr. Pusey's sincerity, courage, singleness of purpose, fairness, gentleness, and practical religion, in which all see the Christian ideal almost realized, ought to admonish theological antagonists that the real issues of spiritual life move far away from their disputes. In England, however, this universal desire to express admiration for his character may delay, for a time, any real estimate of his mental powers. His warmest admirers will soon have to admit that his intellect was inferior to his spirit. Keble in his poetry, and Newman in his exquisitely disguised logic, showed greater ability, and perhaps both did more to enforce "Puseyism" than did Pusey himself. Pusey was not the first reformer whose mind was unable to take large views of really great things. The great ideas of catholicity and spiritual life, when revived by the High Church movement of fifty years ago, found in him a narrow, though intense, expositor. He seemed incapable of conceiving of that true catholicity which includes in the kingdom of God every one faithful to Divine truth, as revealed in every age. For him, "Catholic truth" spoke its last word from the lips of the Church Fathers of the first few centuries. He was among the first to recognize and denounce the deadening provincialism of the Established Church of England; but he sought to escape from it, not, like the poetic Keble, by rising into the ideal aspect of its doctrines and worship, nor, like the courageous Newman, by entering the historic repose of the Roman Catholic communion; but like a practical Englishman, by emigrating to the earliest centuries of Christianity. Amidst the contradictory voices of that troubled epoch, his intellectual narrowness enabled him to hear only the few which happened to be in agreement with one another, and to gather from their somewhat thin harmony that principle of "Catholic authority" which led him to ignore all truth revealed ever since. While men like Dean Stanley rejoiced to hear the voice of God in every age, — a living voice appealing to the living soul through every event in history and in individual experience, — Pusey's faith in divine illumination shrank up into an exclusive attention to the partial truths spoken in the Church's prattling days. To men like Maurice, the formulated doctrines of Christianity were but openings into principles and truths in harmony with the universe itself, and, therefore, too large to find complete expression in any dogma; Pusey regarded Christian doctrines as final verities relating only to a supernatural life and deposited in the Primitive Church, to be guarded by a perpetual succession in the ministry. The true historic spirit which, to so many



earnest minds to-day, supplies the best commentary upon Christian doctrines, seemed to Pusey the bitterest enemy of the faith. The fact is, he was unaware of any divine movement in his own times apart from the "Tractarian" agitation which enlisted his whole life; and perhaps, no other church leader has ever left a mass of writing in which there is such a manifest ignorance of the special light and truth revealed in his own generation.

The depth and reality of Dr. Pusey's own spiritual life are beyond doubt. His intense appeals to his followers to seek holiness of life evidently come from depths of personal realization. At the same time, in common with the teaching of the whole Anglo-Catholic party, he leaves the impression that holiness is not the perfecting of human nature *as such*, but rather the training of the soul in special and peculiar exercises to fit it for Heaven. The conception of spirituality, as a pervading sense of the Divine Presence everywhere and in everything, giving tone to the inmost thoughts and character to the outmost acts, was incomprehensible to him. He seemed to see in God a reluctance to approach man, except through certain prescribed transactions in church and at the altar; and he enforces the necessity of such spiritual acts, as though they were signals of distress to attract the help of a remote and inattentive Providence, rather than as grateful expressions of our sense of His perpetual nearness. Indeed, much of the attractiveness of the extreme High Church view of religion lies in its notion that, in specified times and acts, man can work effects in deity itself. There will probably always exist two contrasted aspects of religion: that which regards the whole world as the family of God, in which spiritual life means the consciousness of the family tie drawing men out of self-hood into brotherhood toward all on earth, and into an aspiring sympathy with all in heaven; and that other view which regards the world as a wreck, and spiritual life as the difficult process of being rescued from it. Men like Dr. Arnold, Maurice, Stanley, and Robertson represented the first view; Pusey and his followers represented the second. The High Church movement has lost much of the intensity which fired the early Puseyites with the idea of rescue, and in its present ritualistic phase has degenerated into that externalization of religion which makes worship an almost physical satisfaction to the modern ritualist. This, indeed, was the sorrow of the great leader's old age—and more than once he lifted his voice against such a misapprehension of his teaching. He was too spiritually great to associate any æsthetic or mediæval whim with the tremendous task of saving souls; and we may say that it was the true greatness of his spiritual purpose which, in spite of his narrow view of catholicity and his one-sided view of personal religion, quickened the spiritual life of the English Church, when it seemed so dead that nothing but the intense call of vehemently earnest men could arouse it. Many other voices helped to work that miracle; but Dr. Pusey's, although not the strongest nor the sweetest, had just the tone to reach the deadened English ear. The church which he helped to arouse needs minds of a different order to guide her energies to enlightened issues, under the inspiration of a wider horizon than Pusey's intellect could discern; but, after all, the most enlightened

church of the future can have no nobler ambition than to multiply *characters* like his. His ecclesiastical and theological views were provincialism itself usurping the tones of catholicity; but his spirit and life witnessed for those universal verities of practical righteousness, which constitute the true catholicity of all earnest and enlightened men.

#### The Archæological Institute of America.

THANKS to the initiative of a number of public-spirited gentlemen of Boston and Cambridge, and the aid of others in many parts of the United States, the Archæological Institute may be said to make promising efforts to fly, if, indeed, it cannot be held to be fully fledged. It is not strong enough to publish all its own reports. The Harvard Art Club and Philological Society have paid the cost of the elaborate *prolegomena* on the ruins of Assos, Asia Minor, forwarded by Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke and his assistants, and the Third Annual Report of the Executive Committee holds an appeal to the liberal for contributions toward a more thorough and comprehensive sifting of the Assos ruins by the same able excavator. It is true that much is said, in forcible language, of the need of work in archæology strictly American. Therein the last report differs favorably from that presented in May, 1880, when the desirability of working the site of Greek settlements led the committee to make unnecessary capital out of certain facts regarding American archæology. The latter, we were told, relates "to the monuments of a race that never attained to a high degree of civilization, and that has left no trustworthy records of continuous history. It was a race whose intelligence was, for the most part, of a low order; whose sentiments and emotions were confined within a narrow range, and whose imagination was never quickened to find expression for itself in poetic or artistic forms of beauty." Not content with this partial and misleading statement, the committee added, entirely untruly: "From what it was, or what it did, nothing is to be learned that has any direct bearing on the progress of civilization." This mistaken zeal appears to have sprung from an undue prominence in the minds of the committee of classical studies. They forgot, or chose to forget, the claims of ethnology. They appear to have been blind to the fact that, notwithstanding the greatness of the Greeks in all departments of thought, there is a large way of looking at archæology, namely, as a study of the appearance of man on the globe through the traces he has left behind him, in which study the Greeks can only take their place as one, though a highly important, race. Without wishing to disparage in the least the results obtained by the Assos expedition, results not brilliant, but sound and extremely useful, or to object to an American archæologist who works in whatever part of the world he thinks best, yet it does seem that Americans ought to labor in America, if there is any preference to be made. And why? Not because the classics are to be despised or classic architecture and art slighted—any part of the globe is open to the archæologist. Nor because there is anything in the Know-Nothing cry of America for the Americans. The world of science knows no boundaries or nationalities, and only admits of the healthy stimulus of



national emulations. Nor because, at times, we are somewhat tartly reminded by Europeans that we had better work on our own ground instead of pottering in their footsteps. Their criticism may or may not be worth considering. But because few, if any Europeans, are working systematically at American archæology; the field is comparatively unoccupied; and because a race of the grade we will call partly civilized (for need of a term more accurate), like the Indians of Mexico and Peru, leave behind them as a rule memorials that are extremely perishable, whether from the rudeness of their art, or the peculiar traits of the climate under which they are found.

Arguments or suggestions similar to this must have been brought to bear on the committee, for in their recent report the need of setting vigorously to work on this continent is fully stated. It is great satisfaction to read: "The work is anything but one of barren antiquarianism. We are dealing, it is true, with savage and barbarous tribes, and aggregations of tribes, who have done nothing for the higher progress of mankind; but the questions involved are as broad and far-reaching as any in the whole field of inquiry

concerning man." "The vast work of American archæology and anthropology is only begun." One may pardon the continued insinuation about the "higher progress of mankind" for the pleasure of seeing the right spirit appear. Other archæology need not be neglected, but American work should absorb the chief powers of the Institute.

We are surprised to find that less than two hundred members were reported at the third meeting of the Institute. The annual dues are only \$10.00, but in America it would seem to be easier to obtain large sums from rich men to put up separate college-buildings, or to carry on separate charitable or other institutions, than to obtain numerous annual subscribers in help of a purely scientific object,—men who will be content, as their reward, to enjoy the interesting special publications of a society, and the consciousness that they are helping on a good cause. It is different in the older countries, and as culture is extended in America this sort of subscription will become more common. Meantime, we hope to see the membership of the American Archæological Institute doubled before the next annual report.

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## LITERATURE.

### Sanborn's "Thoreau."\*

Mr. Sanborn's "Life of Thoreau" will be a disappointment to those who expected a business-like and straightforward biography. He seems to have felt called upon to write the story of Thoreau's environment rather than of his life. Village anecdotes and the genealogies of Barretts, Ripleys, and other families of embattled farmers and parsons, fill half the volume. The book is readable and will have a personal interest for the frequenters of the Concord summer school of philosophy, and for others who have enjoyed the charming society of the transcendental Mecca,—intellectual without stiffness, and simple, yet not provincial. But it is to be feared that readers who have no associations with the town will find the author's pleasant gossip somewhat irrelevant. Three men of genius have illustrated the annals of Concord, and it is as the home of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau that the town is interesting. But a thorough-going Concordian always finds it hard to understand that the world is not equally interested in every other person and thing connected with the sacred soil.

Emerson's little sketch of Thoreau, introducing the latter's "Excursions," remains still the best interpretation of his life and genius, outside his own writings. Of the two other lives that have been written, that by "H. A. Page," a British writer, is mainly a rescript from Thoreau's books, and is stupidly mistaken in its critical positions; while Mr. Ellery Channing's is a study rather than a life, and is, moreover, so disfigured by affectations that it can hardly be read without pro-

fanity. Mr. Sanborn's book is unlike these, in being at once appreciative and sober. But the slenderness of its material suggests a doubt whether his subject's outward life was eventful enough to support a regular biography. A man who stayed at home, who never married, who shunned the society of men for that of nature and his own thoughts, and who has recorded the last quite fully in his journals and published works, leaves his biographers very little to do.

The most individual note in Thoreau was his inhumanity. He tried to free himself from man and to realize the unconscious life of nature,—to get at the heart of it. "What are the trees saying?" "Man is only the point where I stand." It is therefore a little amusing to learn from Mr. Sanborn that Emerson, with an artistic instinct for unity of impression, objected to the insertion, in the collection of Thoreau's letters printed in 1865, of passages containing "Some tokens of natural affection." A further disturbance of our ideal is this recitation of what befell in his last illness. "Once or twice he shed tears. Upon hearing a wandering musician in the street playing some tune of his childhood he might never hear again, he wept and said to his mother, 'Give him some money for me!'" Perhaps the journals which Mr. Blake means to publish will reveal still more of the tenderness underlying that "perfect piece of stoicism" which Emerson wished to exhibit. It is due to the memory of Thoreau, and creditable to Mr. Sanborn's friendship for him, to let us feel that warm side of his nature which he constantly turns away from his readers. But one can easily sympathize with Emerson's fear of marring "his classic statue" by intruding upon the reserve of that fine and lofty spirit which was Thoreau.

\* Henry D. Thoreau. By F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (American Men of Letters Series.)



## American Archaeologists in Greece.\*

THE third year of the Archaeological Institute of America is not entirely barren of results, although the explorers working under its direction have hardly begun to realize the problems before them and to come to useful conclusions on the data gathered. A new and struggling organization, the Institute appears to be able to undertake at least two widely different tasks: the one being in the direction of early American civilizations; the other occupied with the classic land of Greece in Asia Minor. Whether it was wise to divert the energies of the Institute to directions so opposite remains to be seen. In 1880, the lamented Indian archaeologist, Morgan, gave to the Institute the results of his life-long study of the architecture of the half-sedentary Indians of North America, particularly of the Six Nations, with suggestions as to the architecture of older and more sedentary tribes and gentes of Central America, Mexico, and South America. The same year Mr. J. T. Clarke, who had shown much taste for archaeology in connection with the architecture of Greece, offered an interesting paper on the Troad. Mr. Bandelier took up last year the mantle of Mr. Morgan and gave the Institute some of the results of his studies of the great community houses or "towns" of New Mexico. He has pursued the same line elsewhere, and may be expected soon to offer further particulars in regard to Mexican and Yucatanese architecture. The present volume is given over entirely to the gentlemen who have been camping at the site of Assos in the Southern Troad, not far north from the island of Mytelene, and in full sight of Lesbos. The organization seems to have been unusually complete; the exceedingly interesting and well-written report is by Mr. Clarke, while Mr. W. C. Lawton furnishes historical and topographical notes on various sites and ruins in the Troad, and Mr. J. S. Diller notes the geology thereof. The appendix also contains the inscriptions found at Assos during 1881, in fac-simile, in ordinary Greek, and in translation. The most remarked sculptures unearthed, as well as a bronze inscribed tablet, are given in handsome illustration, and nothing is left to ask of the editors as regards maps, type, paper, and good taste in publishing. The profile and ground plan sketches may be noted for special praise. They put the scene before the reader in such a fashion that he is likely to understand more about the locality, the ruins, and the sculptures, than if he had visited Assos.

The chief explorer has the usual story to tell of Turkish evasions and delays, and fanaticism. With ability and clearness he describes and reconstructs the temple of Assos, noting the errors and extravagances of earlier explorers, and for the first time making accurate measurements of all the parts of which specimen stones could be found. The columns of this early model of a Doric temple had, strange to say, no "entasis" or irregularity in the thickness of the drums, whereby the Greek architect (of the Parthenon, for instance) cheated the eye, and gained majesty and grace for his structure in the process. Moreover, though the temple shares with the recently discovered fane at Per-

gamon the unusual trait of being Doric in type, yet, surrounded by a full colonnade of columns, six in front, twelve on the sides, it did not have a symmetrical "epinaos" in the rear of the central fane proper, to balance the vestibule in front. The rear wall ran across without break for door-way and without the two columns that decorated the other or entrance end of the shrine. A mosaic pavement was found partly in place, and some very interesting friezes, in a rough and uneven style of art, were added to those already known to the world through the specimens in the Louvre. They consist of a Hercules shooting at three centaurs with human fore legs and equine quarters, a fragment of the central relief composed of sphinxes, rude figures of two men fighting, and of a man pursuing a woman, several lions, etc., etc. The restorations of an ancient Greek bridge of stone near Assos are highly valuable. Less important are Mr. Clarke's endeavors to connect the reliefs found here with the art of Assyria. Not that the theory is likely to be wrong, but that the materials are not abundant or important enough to stand the weight of the theory. Mr. Clarke cannot claim the popular interest that entirely new and unexplored ruins awaken. He is on the ground of French and English excavators, who have left him only the toilsome part of the work, the measurements and verifications, the weighing of evidence and the collation of authorities. As to this last point the book is most valuable. But in archaeology the race nowadays is not to the swift. The greatest pains and the strictest probity in dealing with apparently unimportant facts are needed now, unless the excavator wishes to see his fondest theories upset, and his own fame as a man of honor impugned. In spite of the apparently meager return of this expedition, in reality, the results are, so far, excellent. Mr. Clarke has shown his fitness for such tasks, and the further work he has laid out, namely, the examination of the Roman and mediæval parts of Assos, more especially of the fortifications, will be looked for with eagerness. To architects and to those who love to examine the architectural creations of man, the work he is doing cannot easily be overpraised.

## Mrs. Oliphant's Literary History.

IT is characteristic of Mrs. Oliphant, as being both a novelist and a woman, to take a personal view of literature. Her book is one to be put on the same shelf with Thackeray's "English Humorists," and we give it high praise when we say that it is not unworthy of such neighborhood. Very much what Thackeray did for the generation of Pope and Swift, she has done for the Georgian era, and with this addition, that while Thackeray dealt almost entirely with the man, she has dealt also with the author. It is true that life and character interest her primarily, but the books that issued from them receive more attention than in the lectures of the great humorist—whose estimate of some of his eighteenth century forerunners was altogether too high. Her book may be described as a biographical history of literature, if we may borrow a title from Lewes. It is something midway

\* Papers of the Archaeological Institute of America. Classical Series I. Report on the Investigations at Assos, 1881, by Joseph Thacher Clarke, Boston: A. Williams & Co.

\* The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.



between a systematic, objective history of literary tendencies and products, and a collection of anecdote and gossip about literary people. The defect of a literary history written from this point of view is apt to be that the writer overlooks or slights that large class of works which have little explainable connection with their author's own personalities. Mrs. Oliphant's method is quite satisfactory when applied to Cowper, Wordsworth, and Byron, who put themselves into all they wrote; but is noticeably unsatisfactory when Shelley, Keats, and Landor are under consideration. Poets often lead a double life, and their poetry must be examined independently. Landor's writing, for example is a thing quite apart from his personal career. The former is high, stately, calm as an antique marble; the latter was full of rages, extravagances, and all manner of whim and unreason.

Mrs. Oliphant has not, of course, the brilliant, satiric style of Thackeray, but her feminine penetration into the weaknesses of character, and her soft irony are almost as effective. Her portraits, if not so highly colored, are more delicately shaded. None but a woman could have written the chapter on Cowper, with its sympathy for all that was womanly in his nature, and a woman's contempt for all that was unmanly in it. This is quite a different touch from Byron's masculine disdain of Cowper as "a coddled poet." As we read Mrs. Oliphant's keen but kindly analysis, we feel that she is of the sex which coddles and yet half resents the weakness of the coddled object. Perhaps the best that has been said about this invalid genius has been said by women; witness the famous lines of Mrs. Browning, herself an invalid.

Remembering Mrs. Oliphant's novels, we are prepared to find that the pleasantest and freshest parts of her literary history are those in which she sketches some one of those humbler schools or coteries of literati which flourish briefly in provincial cities. Of such a kind is the delightful chapter on "The Swan of Lichfield," in which are quaintly and lovingly portrayed the small poms and affectations of a constellation of now forgotten genius, consisting of the great Dr. Darwin, Miss Anna Seward (the Swan), Archdeacon Vyse "of Prioric talents in the metrical impromptu," Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," "the ingenious Mr. Kerr," "the accomplished Dr. Small," and many other lettered gentlemen and ladies who lived under the shadow of the Episcopal towers, and "most of whom could make agreeable verses."

Mrs. Oliphant slightly overpraises the rather drab and old-maidish novels of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Miss Ferrier. She is herself a scholar of that school, and in the case of Miss Ferrier her national feeling as a Scotchwoman probably comes to reinforce the similarity in sex and taste. But, on the principle that a critic is always best worth hearing when criticising what he best loves and understands, the chapter on the three lady novelists is one of the most readable in the book.

Mrs. Oliphant's critical summaries are usually good. Her taste is seldom at fault, and yet as a critic she is not original or authoritative. She seems deficient in grasp and insight. The essential character of a book or a writer often eludes her, and she dwells on the accidents of the thing,—manners, income, personal

appearance, etc. Here is a poet like Byron, for example, whose works have become a part of the intellectual consciousness of the race, and who voiced certain thoughts that came uppermost in his generation more fully and intensely than any other man. It is well, doubtless, to know that this Byron had a dread of growing fat, and that he shaved his front hair to make his forehead look high, but there is a certain triviality in insisting too much on such details. Mrs. Oliphant has a woman's distrust of "classical" literature, and she speaks repeatedly in a petulant tone of the small obligations of literature in England to the universities. *À propos* of a gift of "a handsome rosewood chair," sent to Miss Jane Porter from admirers in America, Mrs. Oliphant writes, not without bitterness: "In default of other acknowledgments, perhaps some of the writers of the present day would not object to similar testimonials from that great transatlantic audience which British writers are expected to minister to, like Spenser's angels, 'all for love and nothing for reward.'" By the way, our author attributes to Cary's Dante "a lasting value which no other translation has attained." Scholarly opinion, we think, holds that there are at least two American translations better than Cary's.

There are occasional reflections in Mrs. Oliphant's pages so acute, or so broadly true, that they put her for the moment on a higher plane of thought than that which she habitually occupies. Thus, in speaking of the reception given to the "Lyrical Ballads" she makes this really profound remark: "It happens sometimes that under the great outcry of indignation or dislike, raised by a certain work or act, there is a subtle, indescribable deposit left by its mere contact with the mind of the reader, which is the foundation of the fullest and truest fame." Have we not seen this verified in the instance of some countrymen and contemporaries? There is Emerson, for example. It is curious to read nowadays the blasphemies uttered in the "Southern Literary Messenger" and other defunct organs of literary opinion, when his first volume of poems was published. And there is Walt Whitman. The armies of the reviews have passed over his body, heavy artillery, baggage-trains, and all; yet still there is that "deposit" sticking obstinately to the minds of many who have not quite made up their opinion whether he is a great genius or a great humbug.

#### Nadal's "Essays at Home and Elsewhere."\*

WE are always glad to get hold of an essay or book by Mr. Nadal. There is a quality about his writing that is peculiar and personal. He sometimes flattens,—says things in a surprisingly tame or vague way;—he very often fails to round out his theme in a perfectly satisfactory manner; he sometimes seems to be writing with an amusing air of patronage,—with a very decided "look from above downward." These traits in Mr. Nadal's writings irritate certain critics, particularly English critics, in an astonishing manner. One sometimes sees his work ridiculed in an English journal with an elaboration that makes one wonder at the inconsistency of the critic who can

\* Essays at Home and Elsewhere. By E. S. Nadal. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.



spend so much time in fixing the status of so inferior a mind as that of the author criticised. One is inclined to ask: If the writing is so poor, why do you find it necessary, O critic, to say so many severe and bright things about it? Why don't you dismiss it with appropriate contempt? Why do you return again and again and again to the charge?

For our part, we believe that the reason the adverse reviewer pays so much attention to Mr. Nadal is that there is something vital in his writings—something, too, that may be called even fascinating. As we have said, it has faults: notably a certain lack of restful completeness. Some of his essays seem rather to cease than to come to an end. But there are plenty of people that can give you a fully rounded opinion on various literary and social subjects, who, after all, are merely summing up what they have learned from others. But Mr. Nadal, in his slightest sketch, is sure to say something original,—something that is apt to be novel and penetrating; something that will leave a permanent impression upon the mind.

Of the thirteen pieces here associated, about half were first printed in this magazine, so that our readers may be supposed to be acquainted with the flavor of the writer, as shown in such papers as the "The Old Boston Road," "Artemus Ward," "A Day or Two in Sussex," "A Trip to a Political Convention," etc., etc. From an essay on Matthew Arnold, which appeared first elsewhere, we quote a passage which seems to us to contain a great deal of timely truth:

"It is not fair that the Philistines of the two countries should be confused. In so far as an American is a Philistine at all, his Philistinism is accidental and ignorant. He is an amiable being. You may go into his camp; he will let you play with his spear and helmet. He errs solely through ignorance, and is very teachable. Your way of thinking may be a little beyond him, perhaps, but he would not oppose you. Now, Mr. Arnold would no doubt assure us that the quality of an English Philistine is a certain angry resistance to everything which he does not comprehend. There are traces, too, that he does not understand the distinctive character of the people of this country. He does not understand that we have one. I do not believe that there is any country in the world which has a more distinct type of individual character than the United States. I know the reverse of this is the common opinion abroad. Lord Beaconsfield said that there is nothing in our manners original and indigenous. Very well, if we select the best of all other peoples and nations, perhaps we need not fret on account of our want of originality. But the common opinion abroad is not true. There is a great deal that is original in the individual American character. What is peculiar in that character does not lie upon the surface, and, I think, is too delicate for the comprehension of the foreigner. It is best understood and quickest recognized by Americans themselves. There may be nothing in his speech, nothing in his accent, manner, dress, or mien, to distinguish him, but you may quickly recognize the man whose mind has received the social education of this country."

We should like to quote many passages,—happily descriptive of natural scenery, or notable for beauty of expression, or for moral insight and bravery,—but must content ourselves with a special recommendation of the concluding chapters to all writers for the press, and a "general recommendation" of the whole book to all thoughtful persons.

#### Mallock's "Social Equality."

MR. MALLOCK has developed an original talent for constituting himself the champion and apologist of causes against which the tide of modern opinion sets with unmistakable strength. Were his style more enthusiastic and captivating, and were his arguments franker, one would be much readier to applaud; for the task might appear chivalrous. He might then be called an intellectual knight-errant, doing battle for the losing side on the broad ground that a fight ought to have some show of evenness on the opposing sides. But it is hardly possible to accept that view of him. He has intellectual force enough to stir one's curiosity, and perhaps stimulate one to think; and, when that is said, very great praise must be understood; for how few writers are capable of so much! There is a taint of the partisan about almost all his books, and of the partisan, moreover, who is not so much enamored of his cause as interested in it after a dilettante fashion. Yet it may be also true that Mr. Mallock represents after a somewhat willful fashion a large and still influential portion of the voters of Great Britain. Whether they recognize him or not, he speaks in his own way as a mouth-piece of the upper classes of Great Britain and Ireland, whether it be in regard to their hankerings after and coquetry with the Roman Church, or their somewhat Parisian code of morals, or their natural aversion to democracy in most of its forms. In this his last venture Mr. Mallock, while basing his arguments mainly on the ground prepared by his opponents for the time being, appears as a fighter for the great cause of caste. He ought to have on his side all the people who aspire to or believe themselves members of "society" in all the civilized nations of the world. He may concede more to the spirit of the age than most of them would allow. He may proceed on lines of argument hardly possible without accepting the ground-work patiently laid by Darwin, and may give more honor to Spencer, while seeking to criticise him, than the orthodox and respectability-preaching Englishman cares to hear. But he is nevertheless one of their fighters, and no mean dialectician withal, considering the dearth of good writing on their side of the quarrel.

Mr. Mallock wishes it known that he has come upon a truth so imperfectly touched upon by political economists that he can call it his own. It is a "missing science," and consists in the fact that human nature, not society, demands social inequality, must have it, will have it; unless it gets it, a stop will be put to the advance of civilization. The maintenance of civilization, indeed—for to stop is to retrograde—depends upon two processes: the constant development of the higher forms of labor and the constant intensification (increase in severity) of the lower. And in each case equally the cause that operates is inequality. In the first it operates by producing a desire for itself in the laborer; in the second it operates by exerting a certain pressure upon him. In the one case it attracts, in the other case it propels. But in both cases, in one way, what it does is the same. In both cases it endows

\* *Social Equality. A Short Study in a Missing Science.* By William Hurrell Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living?" London: Richard Bentley & Son. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



the laborer with powers which, in its absence, would be wholly wanting in him. In its absence there could be no continued industry, just as in its absence there could be no developed skill. Man's power of producing more than a livelihood depends upon causes that are without him, and not within him; and these causes consist essentially, and they always have consisted since the earliest dawn of history, in some arrangement more or less effective of marked social inequalities.

Mr. Mallock shows his address as a dialectician in this, that he nowhere distinctly formulates the creed which he attacks. One does not know whether it is that of the wildest communist, or of a picturesque grasper of a partial truth, like Henry George, or a laborious fashioner of a system of "philosophy" like Herbert Spencer, or a commoner of the stamp of John Bright. He is much too clever to give the reader so much foot-hold. He attacks democracy (with a large D), and the democrats. But one might as well point out a particular wave in the ocean with one's finger. Few believers in democratic and republican systems hope or wish for the dead level of social equality that Mr. Mallock attacks with so much skill. Few will deny that differences must occur, and by their occurrence create a healthy interchange of efforts, and, moreover, keep up the stimulus indefinitely after the first successes are attained. But that is not saying that the old spirit of caste, which lingers on in islands like Great Britain, and until recently in Great Britain's geographical counterpart in the Pacific, Japan, is a desirable thing in itself, or good for either the upper or lower ranks of a commonwealth. For it is that of which Mr. Mallock's book is really the defender. In his attempt to prove that inequality of conditions was the mainspring of all past progress (and therefore of progress hereafter) he denies to general benevolence any place.

"Actions motivated by benevolence have been sufficiently marked in history to show us clearly enough their constant limits and purpose. This purpose has never been the creation of new forms of wealth, it has been simply the alleviation of the existing pains of poverty." (Page 163.)

On page 180 he alludes to this unsupported statement as to an axiom.

"As to benevolence in connection with inventors and discoverers, we have dwelt upon that already; and we have seen that, by itself, even with those men, it is utterly powerless as a motive."

In fine, Mr. Mallock means to say that, if we take away from men all hope of bettering themselves by work, and do not allow the rich and powerful to force the unambitious to labor, civilization will fall off. We have given freedom to slaves. If now we stop capital from goading men to labor, and give the ambitious no prospect of raising themselves above the mass, the whole machine will come to a stop, or, which is the same thing, anarchy will ensue. The natural inference is: keep up social divisions, rank, and titles. They are the corollaries and condition of the healthful working of the human hive. Mr. Mallock's book is full of half-truths which might have been supported better had he more heart in the work. It is not likely that it will make a profound sensation; but no one can read it without some of the pleasure that came from several other of his brighter and more popular efforts.

#### Asbjørnsen's "Folk and Fairy Tales."\*

THE fairy tales collected by Asbjørnsen and Moe (the Brothers Grimm, of Scandinavia) are well known to the English-speaking public. It is many years since Dr. George Webbe Dasent translated the original collection, and since then the best of the tales have become fairly domesticated in our literature. The more ambitious, half-autobiographical "Huldre Eventyr," which Asbjørnsen published later under his own name alone, have never until now been much known outside of Norway and Denmark, and, as they are as charming in style as they are unique in character, they fully deserve to share the popularity of the earlier collection. It was, also, a happy idea to reproduce the illustrations of the Christmas edition of 1879, nearly all of which have a strong flavor of the soil, and are in the most delightful sympathy with the text. Full of the national spirit are, especially, the drawings by Mr. Otto Sinding, although he occasionally lapses from the strength and individuality of such work as *The Lad and the North Wind* (page 163), and *The Foolish Men* (page 203), into a more conventional romanticism; as, for instance, in the pretty figure of the weeping girl in the story "East of the Sun and West of the Moon." The fact that Norway has such a promising school of native artists is, really, in part due to these very tales and the national movement of which they were the first indication. Mr. Asbjørnsen, though his style is cosmopolitan, and has none of the Bjørnsonian marks of nationality, was, nevertheless, one of the earliest pathfinders in the wilderness through which his more famous successor has broken a broad highway. In his capacity of sportsman and government superintendent of forests, he roamed from one end of the land to the other, coming constantly in contact with primitive people of all classes, and noting with keen perception the characteristics of the national physiognomy. The *Huldre* stories, which are interwoven with his personal adventures, have, therefore, a wonderful fascination, and one never wearies of following him on his long tramps through the woods in search of hares and trout and fairy tales. There is a deep poetic feeling, too, in his descriptions of nature; not the vague gorgeousness of William Black and his novelistic compeers, but a definiteness of color and detail, such as one finds in the essays of John Burroughs. Every bird and beast has its right name, and its habits are described with a vividness and felicity of phrase which betray the poet, and an affectionate minuteness which shows the trained eye of the naturalist. It is, therefore, a great pity that the translator has in these very passages adopted a vocabulary which very inadequately reproduces the combined effect of scientific precision and poetic insight which distinguish the original.

Mr. Gosse's introduction is descriptive rather than critical, and gives a very correct estimate of Asbjørnsen as an author, and of his influence upon Norwegian literature. The biographical data are simply and interestingly given. We may, however, be permitted

\* *Folk and Fairy Tales.* By P. Chr. Asbjørnsen. Translated by H. L. Brækstad. With an introduction by Edmund W. Gosse. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.



to remark that Asbjørnsen's name is Peter Christian, not Peter Christen. Possibly this preface was written while Jørgen Moe was Bishop of Christiansand; but, as the American edition bears the date of 1883, his death should have been noted.

#### The Latest Volume of "L'Art."\*

THE second quarter of "L'Art" is naturally in great part devoted to the pictures in the late Salon, and not to the French contingent only, but to the foreign. Very pleasant things are said of the Scandinavian artists who exhibited, and the work of the Hollander Josef Israels, a Hebrew by descent, is appreciated as only French writers know how to appreciate when they set out to praise. It would have been hard if the painter of "Dialogues Silencieux" had not been well spoken of in the chief artistic publication of France, for one might wander far among the French living painters before finding an artist capable of expressing so much quiet pathos as one sees in this picture. M. Israels furnished "L'Art" with a pen-and-ink sketch of his fine painting. It appears that his son Isaac, seventeen years old, shows remarkable talents. Judging from his sketches published in the same article, he is lacking in sentiment and somewhat stiff and hard in his style, but, considering his age, may be looked upon as something of a prodigy. A Chilean artist, named Lira, is also complimented by the critic, who is Paul Leroi—one of the steadiest contributors to "L'Art" and other artistic publications. Artists of Belgium, Russia, Switzerland, are noticed by the same hand. The remarkable falling off in the quality of French painting, which was pointed out in 1880 in letters from Paris to the New York "Times," but which were little heeded at the moment, either here or abroad, causes M. Leroi to give a genuine cry of alarm. What he thinks of the artistic situation in Paris may be gathered from this: "There is not the slightest illusion remaining: France is on the road to a Sedan in the fine arts." He means, however, a Sedan in painting, not in sculpture. "This year her defeat is signal. In painting, the United States, Great Britain, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Germany, etc., are rivals as to who shall beat her most, according to the verdict of every sincere mind." That this is really the opinion of many art critics and connoisseurs may be seen from the fact that the *prix de Florence*, given by "L'Art" every year to the best artist showing work at the Salon, who is of a certain age and will reside for a given time in the city of Florence, was granted to a young Norwegian of some promise,—a certain Hans Heyerdahl. The committee of award was composed of a sculptor, an architect, two engravers, a painter, three art-critics and an amateur, thus offering a pretty wide sweep of taste and opinion on the fine arts. It is not very cheerful reading, this wail from one of the best-informed and most sensitive critics that is writing in France at present; but there is room to hope that his patriotic zeal will be infectious among the artists, and that more strong youngsters like Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, and one or two more, will soon make their appearance, and put France more on an

equality with her former fame in painting. What M. Leroi will have to say to the North American contributors will be very interesting to read.

"L'Art" for this quarter is not of particular strength, compared with what it used to be. The same fact has been noticed more than once of late. Is this the result of the diminished force in French art generally? The etchings are, as usual, a strong "holt." Among them is work by Gaucherel, Greux, Mongin, Jacomin, and Bocourt. Eleuterio Pagliano gives a pleasant etching of his painting, "Washer-woman—Souvenir du Lac Majeur." Not much is to be said of "High Life," by Jean Beraud, whether as an original composition or an etching by Édouard Ramus. It was shown at the Royal Academy. Questionable in taste so far as society goes, the faces as rendered by the etcher are simpering and meaningless, without offering enough point to make a satire felt. The etching is harsh and coarse, instead of bold. The portraits of Courbet etched by Bocourt, and of the promising Scotch painter Orchardson, etched by Mongin, are most admirable. Better still is Bocourt's portrait of Camille Corot; it smiles and almost speaks a humorous phrase. There are the usual short articles on archaeological objects having artistic value, on old tapestries, books, on French painters (Delacroix, Pagnest, and others), and on old masters (two pictures in English hands attributed to Giorgione and Raphael). But the volume, though of course full of interest, does not quite come up to expectation.

#### Robinson's "Under the Sun."\*

THERE is a good deal that is interesting in Mr. Robinson's book, and his stories about the crows, tipsy geese, cats, wolves, bears, mermaids, and tigers of India, have a certain flavor of personal observation about them. Although the value of his *ipse dixit* probably does not extend beyond the domain of the crow and the cat, he has a certain faculty of presenting vividly what he describes. He has the narrator's talent, and with it the common faults of the teller of stories. He makes a great deal of fun of a very poor quality, his style is provincial, and his statements are too often exaggerated or inaccurate to be of value as facts.

To Mr. Robinson's book, Mr. Edwin Arnold has written a short and laudatory preface. The fact is, that Mr. Arnold, who is an enthusiast about India, likes Mr. Robinson's "pleased spirit"—as he calls it—in writing of the country. Mr. Arnold is himself an "old Indian," and might fairly be supposed to understand the value of such sketches as the present; the least he could have done in writing a preface was to warn a confiding public to take the book with a grain of salt. The value of Mr. Arnold's own work is purely philosophical and literary, and as such is very great. But, being full of genius and the doctrines of Gautama, he has unconsciously contributed more to the spreading of erroneous ideas about India than any other living man—as witness the fact that, since the appearance of "The Light of Asia," many English and most American readers believe firmly that Buddhism is the religion of India at the present day, whereas there is not a Buddhist to be found among the two hundred and odd million inhabitants of India.

\* L'Art: Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. Huitième Année. Tome II. Paris and London: Librairie de L'Art. New York: J. W. Bouton.

\* Under the Sun. By Phil. Robinson, with a preface by Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



proper. Similarly,—and the parallel is by no means far-fetched,—Mr. Robinson would persuade the world that modern India is given over to a menagerie of monkeys, snakes, conjurors, and *punkah-wallahs*, all living together in peace and brotherly love under the paternal rule of the kindly British,—the whole being a subject for congratulation and mild, very mild fun.

To a person who has lived for any length of time in India, and especially in the precise part of the country to which Mr. Robinson's journalistic career in the East called him, his sketches must appear incongruous and out of drawing. The style which the author used so effectively in his recent letters from Utah to the New York "World," playful, sanguine, and, like Sigismund's Latin, occasionally *super grammaticam*, is not appropriate to the splendid melancholy of unhappy India. In instance of the provincialism which now and then crops up in Mr. Robinson's writing, we quote the following passages: "At home they [*i. e.*, cats] are silent, but entering a neighbor's premises they at once commence to confide their sorrows to the whole parish in melancholy dialogue, which in the morning are found to have been accompanied by violent saltations upon the flower-beds" (page 219). And again (on page 220): "Sitting on the spouts or chimney-pots of the houses round," etc. The English press is responsible for a good deal in holding up the writer of these sentences to our admiration as "a new genius on the horizon of English literature," and a thoughtful publisher has appended various "press notices" to the volume, apparently in order that the reader may be put to no inconvenience in forming an opinion for himself.

In spite of many faults, however, there is merit in Mr. Robinson's book, of the narrative kind. If he would be less funny, more grammatical, and, above all, a little more conscientious in his judgment of Indian life, he would do better. Nothing is more dangerous than the faculty of drawing vivid pictures of detail so as to convey a distorted impression of the whole; and we have no hesitation in saying that any one, not personally acquainted with India, must of necessity form mistaken ideas about the country and its people from reading these sketches. There is too wide a contrast between the tragic realities of that unhappy empire and the facetious medley presented to us in "Under the Sun." One must be a Voltaire to make fun out of the tragedy of human lives. Farcical sketches from the private life of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra would hardly meet with much success, even at the present day.

"Old Indians" will remember reading the first edition of "My Indian Garden," published by the "Pioneer" press in Allahabad some years ago, and they will also remember that the success it attained was not universal. There is nothing, either of truth or wit, in this volume, worthy of comparison with the

famous Indian sketches by "Ali Baba," published in the London "Vanity Fair," about three years ago; more absurd even are the published comparisons of the author with Charles Lamb, to whom, in substance or flavor, he has not, in our judgment, the remotest literary likeness.

Cox's "March to the Sea" (Campaigns of the Civil War. X.)\*

GENERAL COX labors under a great many disadvantages in the volume now before us. His space is extremely limited for so varied a subject, and the whole ground has been covered by General Sherman, in one of the most entertaining and instructive books of modern times—not to mention a host of minor writers. The subjects dealt with are Sherman's march from Atlanta to Savannah, and thence through the Carolinas to the surrender of Johnston's army; Thomas's campaign in Tennessee, after Sherman's departure; and Stoneman's and Wilson's great cavalry expeditions in the spring of 1865. These movements were widely separated, and, though they all formed parts of one great plan, yet their details were entirely unconnected. In attempting to describe them all within small compass, the most that can be done is to give the outlines of each, and constantly to show the relations which they bore to each other, without attempting to go into details. We fear that this book is open to the criticism of neglecting the general bearing of the various movements, and of attempting to refer to too many minor events, so that, while there is evidence of a constant struggle to compress the story within the prescribed limits, it has somewhat the appearance of a collection of odds and ends—a sort of clearing up of what was left of the war, outside of General Grant's operations, during the last six months of its existence. General Cox was a prominent actor in one series of the events which he describes, and, though he keeps his own personality far in the background, yet he sees the events from a point of view which is altogether too close for the historian, or for the wants of the general reader. On the other hand, his tone is eminently calm, impartial, and judicial, his estimate of the character and intentions of the principal commanders is intended to be fair and unbiased, and his way-side sketches of the life of the troops on the "frolicsome raid" through Georgia, and their patient, hardy endurance through the swamps and rain of the Carolinas, have permanent value as a record, apart from their attractive and picturesque character. But, leaving aside the latter, the story drags a little, and, though it must command respect as a faithful and painstaking account of very important events, yet it is not a book to create enthusiasm among its readers.

\*The March to the Sea. Franklin and Nashville. By Jacob D. Cox, LL. D. (Campaigns of the Civil War. X.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Club Life in America.

THERE are, of course, clubs of some sort in almost every city of a certain size in the United States, and, in some of them, very good clubs; but in all, except

New York and perhaps Boston, club life is overshadowed and dwarfed by the more vigorous domestic life which surrounds it. It exists, as it were, under protest; is suspected of fostering a code of morality



different from that recognized in Christian homes, and of alienating the young from the practice of virtue. In such a hostile atmosphere, clubs must necessarily come to but a stunted growth. It might be suggested, perhaps, that it is from places which are not large cities that we get most of the popular, moral notions prevailing on the subject of clubs—just as we do of theaters, and of many other institutions of city life which, from the rural or provincial point of view, are of doubtful utility. It would be interesting to inquire, in connection with this, whether our whole system of social morality in America is not, to a very great extent, rural, as distinguished from the social morality recognized in older countries. Until within the past generation, society in the United States has been made up of rural or semi-rural communities; that is, it has been almost destitute of any very large cities in which city life could be carried on as such. The result has been the development of a system of morality adapted to semi-rural, but not to urban life. The philosopher might trace to this fact many virtues and many vices. On one side of the account we should have early marriages, fondness for domestic life, steady habits; on the other, a narrow provincialism, leading to national conceit, arrogance, and a profound indifference to the ties of international morality.

Now, we find ourselves in a period in which large cities are springing up on every side, and as large cities will always, in the long run, impose their views of the art of living upon the community, a struggle is arising between the old and the new. It can hardly be doubted that the cosmopolite view of the art of living is making rapid headway in the United States. But it may be doubted whether the change has yet proceeded far enough to give club-life anywhere in America, outside of New York, a distinct importance.

A club, properly speaking, consists of a certain number of men (in England, there are signs of the distinction of sex being swept away, and women been given the right of establishing and carrying on clubs; but of the questions suggested by this innovation, it is not necessary here to speak)—men of kindred tastes, habits, and social conditions, who desire to secure the "comforts, without the responsibilities" of a home, at a moderate cost. It is essential that there should be a community of tastes, habits, and social conditions, for otherwise the street itself is a more agreeable place than a club. Now, English society does furnish an extraordinary number of men who come within this requirement. London is full of young men who have just been called to the bar, who are connected with the army, who are simply men about town, graduates of the same university, men interested in athletic sports, and men connected with the House of Commons, or, in some way, with public life. But it is a fact that the United States, which, of all countries, contains the largest body of persons possessing an average education, at the same time contains a very small body of citizens entitled to be classed as "clubbable" men. In New York, certainly, more are to be found than anywhere else; but the moment a comparison is made with London, the enormous difference becomes apparent. In London there is no profession or calling in life resembling a profession which does not boast at least one, and often two or three, clubs whose members

belong to it for the purpose of living in the society of a number of men with whom they have the nearest social and intellectual sympathy. In New York the really important clubs can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

One cause of this is, no doubt, the severance between politics and society, which in New York is so complete and remarkable. In a capital like London, most of the men connected with politics, the men who form "the governing class," are persons of a certain social position; but, in general, in New York the two worlds of Politics and Society are practically independent of each other, and, what is more, look upon each other with suspicion. Now, politics is the life of clubs. In London, as everybody knows, a very large number of the most prominent of them are made up of men of a like turn of thinking in politics, and among men it is a truism that politics is of all subjects the most naturally interesting. During the war the excitement of the time created a much closer tie than usually exists between politics and society. The wealthy and cultivated classes in the great cities, which usually eschew political life and associations, took a much more active part in public affairs than usual; and, accordingly, the effect of this was at once seen in the formation of clubs in all the large cities, half political and half social in character, but with the object of encouraging the diffusion of a sounder public sentiment. The Union League Club of New York is, perhaps, the only vigorous survival of that period, and, notwithstanding its rapid growth and importance from a social point of view, has not lost its political character.

Clubs in modern time are practically a product of Anglo-Saxon life, and have received their highest development in England. In Italy, Germany, Russia, or even France, they can hardly be said to exist except as exotics. Indeed, in France, since the period of the Revolutionary clubs (which were, of course, not clubs in our sense, though their remarkable development may be cited to prove the close connection between club-life in general and politics), the establishment of clubs has been mainly due to that imitation of England and English fashions which has, within the past quarter of a century, been carried so far in Paris. It would be worth the while of some social philosopher to analyze the causes of this preëminence of the Anglo-Saxon race, famed for its possession of a language which contains the word "home," in that institution which, of all others, is supposed by hostile critics to strike at the foundations of domestic life. It is probably owing to the possession of a larger class of wealthy or tolerably well-off men, who are fonder of comfort than continental men of the same class are; or the English fondness for clubs might be advanced by a friendly observer as an additional proof of the domestic instincts of the race, since its most homeless and undomestic classes insist on providing themselves in their clubs, with the nearest approach to domestic life which their means and tastes afford.

A. G. S.

#### Mothers in American Novels.

IN reading the stories, long and short, which have appeared in *THE CENTURY* during the past year, I



have been struck by one point of similarity in them all, and that is the colorless characters and subordinate positions assigned to the mothers. And upon reflection I think this has become a marked characteristic of American fiction. I recall numberless novels, the heroines of which are bright, intelligent girls, the common American type, on good terms with their fathers, whom they generally resemble. The fathers are of all sorts, but the mothers only vary in being garrulous or silent; they are all essentially commonplace, doing the housework, without influence in the family, domineered over by the daughters, and treated with good-natured contempt by their husbands. Is this a true picture of American life? If so, what becomes of all the vivacious, intelligent girls? If marriage deprives them of the graces of girlhood, and arrests the development of its nobler qualities of maturity, they would be wise to remain unmarried. But I do not think it a true picture. Certainly it is not true of the women of the South-west. I know many noble, intelligent women, of middle age, mothers of grown daughters, on whom their influence is very apparent. They take no very active part in society, for they have no time, being strongly disposed to keep the burden of household labor from their daughters. This is not surprising when one remembers that they must know from experience that in this servant-less land there is little relief from domestic drudgery after marriage. What American girls, with the liberty allowed them, might become without the wise conservative influence of the mothers I dread to contemplate. Nor is the American girl as black as she is painted. Though she generally thinks she is as good a judge of "what is what" as any one, she has an unbounded love and reverence for her mother, and often yields, out of respect to her, to opinions which she considers old-fashioned or prudish. Though the position of the mother must be an inconspicuous one, her influence is the strongest in the world. American novelists should depict American mothers as most of them are: intelligent, devoted, self-sacrificing.

*L. M. Bedinger.*

#### Carbolic Acid in the Household.

FIVE years ago, I was one day reading Tyndall's address before the Glasgow Science Lecture Association on "Fermentation and its Bearings on Disease." In that address he speaks of Professor Lister's wonderful success in the treatment of wounds by spraying them with carbolic acid while they were exposed to the air. While I was reading, a very white face showed itself at the door, and an awe-struck voice said, "Mother, Jane has hurt herself *dreadfully*." Jane was one of the old time "house servants" of Maryland, faithful, brave, plucky, but opinionated to the last degree, and immovably obstinate when she took a stand, which, however, was never done except upon a purely personal question.

Jane was found ghastly with the pallor which only a very black skin can show. She held out her thumb, from the ball of which an enormous splinter, as large as a slender lead-pencil, was projecting about an inch,—a hurt obtained in scrubbing very energetically. "Go for the doctor," were my first words, for I

knew the danger of lockjaw from such a deep, narrow-mouthed wound. Jane replied at once, with perfect respect, but with unflinching determination, "I don't wan' no doctor, Mis' S—. Ef you can't pull it out, I'll jes' let it stay in." Arguments and expositions were ineffectual against her iron resolve.

I did not dare, in my inexperience, to cut into the flesh and muscles to get hold of the proper end of the stick, and I could see nothing else to do but to draw the splinter through before the parts had had time to swell. I happened to own a fine pair of surgical forceps and scissors, with which I laid open the upper part of the wound, where the wood was near the surface. I then caused Jane to be firmly held, and succeeded in drawing the splinter through and out of the wound.

My next thought was of Tyndall's article and Lister's treatment, and, as the best device which I could think of at the moment as a substitute for the carbolic spray, I bound the wound up in a linen bandage wet in cold water, and, when it was on, I placed a few drops of carbolic acid on the wet cloth over the two mouths of the wound. My surgical operation over, I posted off to the doctor to ask him if I had done right. He approved, but said, "Why did you apply carbolic acid?" I answered, "Lister dresses wounds always with it, to prevent the access of germs." He laughed at my medical assumption, and said, with the superior air of the profession: "Well, it can do no harm. Call me in if the wound becomes very sore or suppurates." The doctor did not, however, have to be called; the treatment proved wonderfully effectual. I watched my patient carefully and anxiously. There was no suppuration, and scarcely any fever; the wound healed "by the first intention," and with so little soreness, that in three days Jane could do all her work without the least discomfort. The skin was perfectly formed and natural by the fourth day.

This was my first introduction to carbolic acid as a surgical antiseptic. Since then every wound, great or small, happening to a member of the household, which seemed to deserve any attention at all, has been dressed in the same way, and with the same results.

The reason why carbolic acid is so efficacious in many diseases, as well as in the dressing of wounds, is plain. Molding, fermentation, decay, the souring of milk, the suppuration of wounds, and the propagation of certain diseases are all due to the same cause,—to the presence of the germs of certain fungus-plants. The air we breathe is full of such vegetable germs; every breeze sows them broadcast, and every organic substance which is at all moist offers soil for their growth and development. Myriads are sown everywhere; some of them take root and grow in one substance, some in another; those which do not find the peculiar nutriment they need, perish. It was for a long time supposed that the same germ produced different organisms when deposited in different fluids,—that the mold on an old boot, the fermentation in a jar of preserves, the change of grape-juice into wine, and of wine into vinegar, were merely manifestations of the same living organism under different conditions,—but the exhaustive researches of Pasteur have proved that the stern law which was impressed upon the vegetable world when it came into being, that each was to bear seed "after his kind," is as inexorably true of the organ-



isms which elude all but the most penetrating microscopic power as it is of the mighty forest-oaks and gigantic mountain-pines. The true explanation of the phenomenon was that the air sowed all kinds of seed everywhere, but that these only sprang up where they found congenial soil. The wind-sowed germs falling upon the surface of bread, or cheese, or sweet-meats, grow into airy forests of pearls and emeralds and topazes, which we, with our coarse vision and rude classification, contemptuously name mold.

If, instead of falling on the surface of preserves, the air gets mixed through them, when it finally escapes it leaves the tiny germs behind. If these could find no oxygen, they would as surely be smothered and die as an insect would under the same circumstances; but the fungus has a resource which the superior insects lack. They can manufacture their oxygen out of the sugar in the syrup. Sugar is a compound of several substances, among others, of oxygen. When this oxygen is removed, there is no longer the compound sugar, but there remains some alcohol and other things. The preserves, if the process goes on long enough, lose their sweetness; they have the "tang" of alcoholic spirit in their taste, as well as the acidity which is the absence of sugar. It is not the air which hurts canned goods, but the germs that the air carries with it. When air is perfectly filtered, milk, meat, fruit—anything, no matter how delicate—may be exposed to it for a year or more, and they will not suffer any deterioration.

Decay is an analogous process. Certain germs live and grow at the expense of the substance in which they have been sowed, the substance is thrown out of chemical equilibrium, and we call it popularly "decayed," or "spoiled." An open wound offers just the nutritious garden-spot suitable for the development of certain germs, which are always in the air; they grow, taking out of the living blood some element necessary to its healthy equilibrium, and the blood becomes diseased. Nature attempts to resist this invasion, to restore the balance, and, in the attempt to throw off the diseased particles, suppuration ensues.

Carbolic acid is deadly to these germs. When it is sprayed upon an open wound, all the germs which have found their way into it are destroyed. The curative process becomes very much simplified. It is merely the healing over of torn nerves and muscles and skin. The work of nature is direct; she has no enemy with which to contend at each step in repairing damages.

The other domestic uses of carbolic acid are due to this germ-destroying power. It is used as an antiseptic in cases of typhoid fever, which is a disease of the alimentary canal, and is propagated by germs. It is applied to correct any possible invasion of sewer-gas, whose poison is due to the presence of germs. In cases of small-pox, or virulent chicken-pox, the greatest relief to the pain and soreness and irritation may be found in bathing the patient frequently in hot water with carbolic soap, and then anointing the body with a mixture of glycerine and carbolic acid in the proportions of sixty drops or a teaspoonful of glycerine to one drop of strong carbolic acid.

During the Franco-German war, a remedy in the case of wounds and certain contagious diseases was much used which is now being introduced into this country under the name of Phenol-sodique. Phenol

is only another name for carbolic acid, and this preparation is only more valuable for domestic purposes because it has a uniform and known strength, which it is impossible to get with any certainty in carbolic acid.

It must be borne in mind that carbolic acid is a violent poison from its corrosive power. In case of accident from swallowing it, olive oil, taken in large quantities, is the proper antidote.

S. B. H.

#### To Americans Seeking New Homes.

THOUGH the times are, for the present, prosperous, the cities are nevertheless over-stocked, and so are the professions, trades, and many branches of skilled labor in them. Persons out of employment naturally look to the country, and mostly to the West, with the thought of opening up new tracts of land. We have a word of advice to such as propose to join the migrating band, whether they be lawyers or laborers, cultured or ignorant. If you are past middle age, hesitate before you leave your old home, habits, and ties too far behind you. The strain of such total disorganization of outward life kindles the energies of a young man, but tells terribly on the temper and disposition of an old one. What your boys will gain in the possession of land, they will lose in the influences of a cheerless home, and the companionships of parents over-worked, anxious, and irritable. Trust nobody in the selection of a new home. See for yourself. Examine into the soil, water, markets, business chances, etc., at whatever cost.

In packing to move, take nothing with you for purposes of show, or to impress your new neighbors with a respect for your social position. Fashion and caste are too heavy burdens to carry into a new country. If you have gentle breeding, good sense, and intelligence, be sure your virtues will find you out, and you will have your proper place given you in any community. Economize, if you must, and take a little store of ready money with you. Rainy days are many in the first year of a settler's life: crops are slow, acclimatization brings sickness.

While farming at the East is said to be suffering from the competition of the cheap lands and virgin soil of the West, it should not be forgotten that there are almost unexplored tracts waiting for the tillers in New York and Pennsylvania, to be had at comparatively low rates. Also in the Virginias and the highlands of the Carolinas, there are said to be farms and timber-land as well adapted for the growth of fruit or the cereals as any in the country. Not many years ago, a miner from the Lehigh region of Pennsylvania, tired of strikes and half-pay, put his wife, children and household goods into a wagon, and set off through the Blue Ridge district of Virginia. The family had little else than bread and water to live upon. They found a high, cool table-land in North Carolina, where the soil was rich to blackness, the water good, the climate equable. They bought a farm at fifty cents an acre, and camped down in the unbroken forest. The mountaineers helped them to raise a log-house. The next year, an energetic New Yorker bought the adjoining section. They have long had their broad fields, fruit, and comfortable homes; and a little log school-



house and church, and a post-office, which they were instrumental in erecting, have become the focus of civilization for that mountain country.

*R. H. D.*

#### Sunlight on all Sides of the House.

THERE is one subject of great importance, from a sanitary point of view, that, so far as my knowledge goes, has received little attention. Why is it that, in placing a house or plotting a Western town, village, or city, so much pains is taken, such sacrifices of local characteristics, often made, to have the street lines conform to the cardinal points of the compass? A moment's reflection would show that every building intended for a residence, if it is rectangular, should never be placed, as it almost uniformly is, so that the rooms on the southern aspect are sweltering with mid-day heat while those on the north are molding for the want of the sun's rays, but should be placed diagonally with reference to the cardinal points, or with one corner to the east to receive the sun on two sides in the

forenoon, and the diagonally opposite corner to the west, that the other two sides may get the benefit of the afternoon sun. So situated, there would be no disagreeable north side to the house, and at noon, the hottest part of the day, the sun's rays would not be beating directly upon the walls of the building. It would be excellent to plot a new town according to the same plan, since in the heat of the day there would always be a shady side to every street; also the glare toward sunset on an east and west avenue would be avoided. Perhaps tradition has something to do with the fact that nearly all new towns are laid out as they are, because, forsooth, King Solomon erected a house "north and south"; but his temple was so placed that "the sun at its meridian height could dart no rays of light into the north part thereof," as the north was considered "a place of darkness."

The advantages of sunlight in a hygienic view are very great, and the disadvantages of living on the north side are fully appreciated.

*I. H. Stearns.*

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## THE WORLD'S WORK.

#### New Form of Hydrometer.

A SMALL and convenient apparatus has been recently devised for measuring the amount of moisture in the air, and finding the point or degree of temperature at which dew is formed. The hydrometer consists of a small metallic tube closed at one end with a piece of ground glass, and having a small lens at the other end. The interior of the tube is nickel-plated and highly polished. On looking through the lens, with the opposite end of the tube directed toward a bright light, the ground glass appears as a brightly lighted disc, surrounded by a bright ring. Openings are made at each end for passing the current of air to be tested through the tube. The apparatus is surrounded by a jacket for holding a cooling liquid. In using the apparatus, the current of air to be examined is drawn through it and cooled by the surrounding liquid. Dew is formed on the inside of the tube, and appears on the annular space surrounding the illuminated disc as dark colored spots. A thermometer is placed in the cooling liquid to indicate the temperature at which the dew is formed in the tube. By raising the temperature the dew is caused to disappear, and the point at which it disappears is indicated by the thermometer.

#### Improved Hand-Drill.

THE general use of power rock-drills has naturally led to efforts to produce a machine-drill that could be worked by hand. Of the new tools designed for this purpose, the latest and most promising employs a steel or rubber spring to make the manual labor available. The machine consists essentially of a drill supported by guides, a hammer designed to strike a blow upon the head of the drill, and a cam system that, under the movement of hand levers, causes the tension

of a steel or rubber spring to be applied to the handle of the hammer. The apparatus is supported by a tripod having telescopic legs, and may be set up before the rock to be drilled in any position, high or low, horizontal or vertical, at any angle that may be required. In every position the two hand levers are in convenient reach, and they are operated by simply drawing them forward and backward. Drawing the levers backward or pushing them forward moves one of the two cams in such a way that the hammer is drawn back and the spring is brought into tension. On reaching the limit of the tension of the spring it is suddenly released, bringing the whole force upon the hammer and causing it to strike a heavy blow upon the drill. The same movement, by means of a simple ratchet mechanism, causes the drill to turn on its axis a part of one revolution between each blow. The drill being supported between guides is fed up to its work by each blow, and to prevent its recoil after the blow of the hammer, set screws are provided to bind it to the guides. These set screws are intended to be fastened very lightly, so that the hammer overcomes the resistance of the screws, and yet they are tight enough to keep the drill always in place. In the machines for light quarry-work, the operator sits upon the drill, resting his feet in stirrups on the tripod, and employing his weight to keep the machine steady. In the machines examined, drill-holes were being made in micaceous granite at the rate of an inch a minute, by one man, and apparently with little labor. The holes made by the machine were remarkably smooth, even, and straight. For rapid and heavy work, where two men are employed, two springs are used and the weight of the blows struck on the drill greatly increased. Each machine may be easily moved about, or placed in position by one man, and can be folded up compactly for transportation.



**New Steam-Boiler.**

AN upright tubular boiler has been designed that presents some features of merit. It is made in two parts, a round chamber containing the grate and forming the fire-box, and a steam and water-space immediately above it. The products of combustion pass upward through this upper portion of the boiler through vertical flues that open into the smoke-stack above the boiler. This part is not essentially different from other types of upright tubular boilers. The novel feature is an annular water-space extending entirely round the ash-pit and just below the level of the grate. This water-space is connected with the boiler above by two systems of pipes placed in rings round the fire. The inner circle is next the grate, the pipes being placed close together and bent toward the center and forming a cone-shaped cage round the fire. The outer circle of pipes is upright, and placed next the outer casing of the boiler. The outer pipes, being shielded from the fire by the inner circle, are less exposed to the heat, and, consequently, the tendency of the water is downward. In the inner circle, the movement of the water is upward. By this arrangement a circulation is maintained and all sediment is deposited in the colder annular space below the fire, from which it may be easily withdrawn.

**Railway Conveniences.**

IN some railway cars recently built in New England the pressure of the air in the automatic brakes has been made of use in fire protection and in the toilet conveniences. A water-tank is placed in the end of the car under the wash-stand, and connected with the hand-basin and with the closet on the opposite side of the car. The air reservoir used to store compressed air for the brakes is connected by means of a pipe with the top of the tank. There is also a hose long enough to reach the whole length of the car attached to the tank. When the tank is filled with water, the air from the reservoir is admitted above the water in the tank. The pressure, as may be readily seen, is therefore available to force the water into the basin and closet, and through the hose in case of fire.

**New Building Material.**

THE demand for fire-proof construction in both private and public buildings has led to the introduction of a number of new methods of using ordinary building materials and the invention of new materials. The best of these have already been described here. The most recent invention is based on an improvement in making ordinary terra-cotta, and finds a useful field as a substitute for wood and brick in building walls, partitions, chimneys, floors, and roofs. The material, when finished, is a kind of soft, spongy brick. It is much lighter than any variety of brick, and is entirely free from all grit or sand. It can be cut or sawn by ordinary wood-working tools. It will hold nails, and can be treated in every respect like ordinary heavy lumber. The underlying idea of the invention is the production of a porous or, better, a spongy terra-cotta. To accomplish this, common "top" clay that is perfectly free from sand or grit of any kind is mixed with resinous sawdust and

molded by hand or machinery into slabs or bricks. When properly dried it is placed in kilns and burned. The clay is burned hard, but the sawdust minutely incorporated with it is carbonized and reduced to a fine ash. Each particle of sawdust thus leaves in the burnt clay a cell or hollow space, and the hardened terra-cotta resembles well-baked bread or a solidified sponge. The sawdust being, in bulk, equal or nearly so to the wet clay, the terra-cotta has only one-half the weight of a brick or piece of terra-cotta of the same size. The spongy texture reduces the strength, but for all purposes, except the actual laying up of lofty exterior walls, the material is strong enough. The process of making the new terra-cotta may be briefly described from an inspection of the works. The raw clay is brought directly from the clay bank and mixed by the aid of machinery with fine sawdust. Just enough fresh water is added to make the mixture work well, and it is then formed in an ordinary steam-press into slabs or pipes. The slabs are then placed in sheds, exposed to sun and wind, till dry. The peculiar texture of the material seems to prevent its warping, and in a few days it is ready for firing. The kilns are of the common "beehive" form, and as soon as the water is driven out the fires are urged till the sawdust, mixed with the clay, takes fire and is destroyed. The burning occupies about thirty hours, and the kilns are opened and the slabs, as soon as cool, are taken to the saw-mill and cut up into the dimensions required for floor-beams, between iron beams, roofing boards, partition blocks, and slabs for lining filters. Each piece is planed smooth on each side, and is squared at the edges, tongued and grooved, or cut to any shape required. For roofing, the slabs are laid on the iron rafters and the slates are nailed down upon the slabs. For partitions, the slabs are set on edge and nailed together at the corners. The material is so spongy that no lathing is required, and as the slabs are planed smooth and trimmed square, no plaster is needed, and only a thin finishing coat is put on, which dries hard and smooth in a few hours. If a door is to be cut in such a partition after it has been built, the opening is simply cut out with a saw and the trimmings nailed directly to the wall. For protecting iron columns and for covering steam-boilers and pipes, the material is formed into pipes that may be sawn in two and fitted to the pipes, columns, or other curved surfaces. For chimneys, the slabs are molded or cut into the form of long bricks that may be laid one over the other and nailed down; or, if the bricks are as long as the chimney is wide, they may be dove-tailed and fitted together, nails being used at the joints. The finished material examined was fitted into floor-beams, laid upon an iron roof, and used as a partition, having a facing of plaster (last coat only), and as plank laid on a floor, and in the rough, ready for resawing any shape, and it appeared to be admirably adapted to the work. It also makes an excellent lining for filters.

**Pocket Photometer.**

THE study and comparison of electric lights implies the use of a photometer to measure the comparative intensities of different lamps. The ordinary apparatus is available only in a laboratory, and a small photo-



meter that could be carried in the pocket would prove of value. Such an instrument has been devised and may be briefly described. It consists of a small, square box or frame open at two opposite sides and the top. The sides are covered with opal glass, care being taken to cut the glass from the same sheet, so that both pieces will be of equal translucency. On the top of the box is fitted a small telescopic tube, having a lens at the end, the whole being, of course, light-proof, except at the glass sides and the lens. Within the box are two small mirrors or two pieces of white cardboard placed at a right-angle with each other and forming a prism, the point or edge of which is opposite the lens. On holding the instrument between the two lights to be compared, each side of the prism is illuminated through the glass end; when the prism seen through the lens appears to lose its appearance of relief, or to be equally lighted on both sides, the two lights are equal at that point. By comparing the distance between the observer and the two lights, their comparative photometric value can be estimated according to the usual rules. The chief point of novelty in this apparatus is the use of the lens and telescopic tube, which makes it possible to reduce the photometer to a convenient size for the pocket.

#### Distribution of Power.

THE most recent experiments that have been made to meet the growing demand for low motive power in small shops and manufactories turn upon the familiar idea of moving air through pipes. Unlike the distribution of compressed air through pipes, the new system employs the natural pressure of the atmosphere as the direct source of power, and an exhaust, or suction air-pump, driven by a steam-engine, as the indirect source. At the central station, powerful air-pumps have been set up and provided with steam-power. Wrought-iron pipes, having rubber joints, are laid in the street to form the main, and from the main smaller lead pipes are laid into the buildings where the power is wanted. Upon each lathe, drill, sewing-machine, or other tool, is placed a small oscillating motor, connected with the tools by means of belts. Each motor stands upon a hollow cast-iron stand, or reservoir, that is connected with the air-pipe from the street. The air needed to move the motor is admitted directly, and by means of a simple stop-cock, that, in the case of a sewing-machine or lathe, can be controlled by the foot-pedal, thus leaving the hand free for the work. The admission of the air is cut off before the stroke is completed, and the air is allowed to expand in the piston. The exhaust is allowed to enter the reservoir under the motor, and is then drawn into the pipe. Oil or dust that might clog the pipes is caught in the reservoir, and can be removed as it accumulates. It will be seen that the plan is a negative one. It is not the positive transmission of power, but the creating of pressure in the cylinder of the motor by creating a vacuum at the exhaust. So far the experiments have been limited to a comparatively small space, the mains being only six hundred meters long. The mains are six centimeters (about two inches) in diameter, and the service-pipes much smaller. The power developed in the motors is low, the design being only to furnish light power for small

shops, houses, etc. The experiments already made appear to be satisfactory.

#### Novel Application of Electricity.

THE familiar chemical telegraph has been for some time almost the only useful application of the staining or discoloring effects of a current of electricity. The ribbon of paper in the chemical systems of telegraphy is saturated with certain chemicals, and when the current passes through the paper, the solution is reduced and a blue stain is made on the paper. It is now proposed to use printing-blocks in place of the needle-point used in the telegraphic instruments, and to print designs, letters, and patterns on cloth and paper by electrolysis. From the experiments already made it appears that the fabric is impregnated with a solution of aniline salt, and is then placed on a metal plate that is connected by wire with a dynamo-machine. Another plate containing the lettering or pattern in relief to be produced on the paper is also connected with the dynamo, the two plates forming a circuit. When the printing-plate is laid on the paper under some pressure the circuit is closed, and the current passes from one plate to the other through the paper, the salt is reduced, leaving a permanent stain in aniline black in the exact form of the type or pattern on the paper. By substituting a carbon pencil, held in the hand by an insulated sleeve or handle, writing in black can be traced on the paper by means of the current. This last plan is thought to be likely to prove of great value, as the markings are in indelible black, or in a number of other permanent tints. Another plan is to use engraved rolls that form a part of the electrical circuit, and to pass the fabric between them while the current is passing. By a reversal of the system bleaching has been accomplished. Fabrics dyed indigo blue or Turkey red, impregnated with a solution of saltpetre, have been bleached out white by passing them between rolls that are in an electrical circuit, or under a press having type or a raised pattern and in a circuit. Whenever the current passes, the color is destroyed, leaving the fabric white. In passing such a press the colored fabric has a pattern picked out in white upon it. The process, both in printing in black or colors, and in bleaching dyed fabrics, is believed to promise a method of producing printed, or, more properly, stained fabrics of great sharpness and clearness of design, and in new shades of color.

#### Improved Gas-burners.

THE general introduction of electric lights has naturally led to the invention of improved gas-lamps. Some of these have already been described here. The direction taken by more recent inventions is not so much toward a larger consumption of gas, or the heating of the gas and the air needed for combustion, as in the regenerative systems, but toward the incandescent system. The idea sought is to obtain, first, heat, and then, indirectly, light. A small basket or thimble of platinum wire is placed in the flame of the gas-burner, and the flame is supplied with compressed air for combustion. The result of this blow-pipe arrangement is a non-luminous flame giving great heat. The platinum thimble becomes white-hot, and this gives the



light. By another plan the supply of air is highly heated under pressure, and is then mingled with the gas and burned in the platinum thimble. This light is said to be well suited for lantern projections, the platinum taking the place of the lime cylinder of the calcium light. In another form of incandescent lamp, compressed air is driven through light hydrocarbons, as in the ordinary portable gas-machines, and the saturated air is used to heat the wire thimble. So far these lamps appear to be chiefly experimental, with a fair degree of promise for future usefulness.

#### Novel Grinding-Machine.

A new adaptation of rollers for crushing and grinding stone, ores, etc., has been brought out, that deserves mention for the ingenious arrangement of the rollers. The apparatus consists of four pairs of rollers, each pair turning independently of the others. The first pair are placed directly under the hopper, where the material is fed to the machine. The rollers are set near enough merely to crush and break up the larger lumps. Immediately under this pair is a ridge-shaped or double-inclined shoot, and the material, after passing through the first pair of rollers, falls upon this, and is delivered to the second and third pair of rollers. After passing these rollers, it falls upon a double-inclined screen. This screen is shaken rapidly, and the finer material falls through it, and the coarser pieces drop into the last pair of rollers, which are directly under the first pair. Each pair is set closer together than the preceding, and, after passing, all the material is reduced to powder. Inclosing this system of rollers

is a cylindrical screen that may be continually revolved while the rollers are at work. By this arrangement the material is continually sifted out, and falls from the machine below. Just within this screen is a cylindrical elevator, that in turning with the screen lifts, in buckets, any of the coarser lumps that may have passed the rollers, and drops them between the first pair. A casing or shield covers the whole machine to keep in the dust. The design appears to be novel and to be well carried out in the construction.

#### New Fire-Grate.

THE idea of making the fire-box of a stove, or the grate of a fire-place, rotate or turn over upon its axis, has been made the subject of experiment. A basket grate, supported on trunnions at each end, has been tried with some success, and more recently an iron fire-grate has been made that can be turned over as often as may be needed. The grate is spherical, with an opening on opposite sides, each opening being closed by a cover having perforations. The fire is built inside the grate, and the grate is filled with coal, and the cover put on. When well started, the grate may be turned over, bringing the fire on top of the fuel. When it is desired to remove the ashes, the grate is turned round quickly by means of a handle on the outside of the stove. To hasten the fire, the grate may be turned over, bringing the fire under the fuel, and to extinguish the fire, it is only necessary to close the dampers and turn the grate swiftly for a moment or two. The grate is designed to be applied to any circular stove, and appears to be an improvement on the revolving basket grate.

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## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### To Youngsters.

GOLDEN hair and eyes of blue,—  
What wont they do?—what wont they do?  
Eyes of blue and locks of gold—  
My boy, you 'll learn before you 're old.  
The gaitered foot, the taper waist—  
Be not in haste, be not in haste;  
Before your chin sprout twenty spear,  
My word for 't, youngster, they 'll appear.

Raven hair and eyes of night  
Undo the boys; and 't serves 'em right.  
Eyes of night and raven hair,  
They 'll drive you, lad, to sheer despair.  
The drooping curl, the downward glance,  
They 're only waiting for the chance;  
At nick of time they 'll sure appear,  
Depend upon it, laddie dear.

Shapely hands and arms of snow,  
They know their charm, my boy, they know;  
Flexile wrists and fleckless hands,  
The lass that has them understands.

The cheeks that blush, the lips that smile—  
A little while, a little while—  
Before you know it, they 'll be here,  
And catch you napping, laddie dear.

Hands, and hair, and lips, and eyes,  
'T is there the tyro's danger lies.  
You 'll meet them leagued, or one by one—  
In either case the mischief 's done.  
A touch, a tress, a glance, a sigh,  
And then, my boy, good-bye—good-bye!  
God help you, youngster! keep good cheer;  
Coax on your chin to twenty spear.

*John Vance Cheney.*

### The Lamp-post on the Corner.

LET Dante tell of Heaven and Hell,  
Of meaner themes the scorner;—  
'Tis mine to sing of a modest thing,—  
The lamp-post on the corner.



Throughout the night, serene and bright,  
It stands a beacon cheery,  
To light the way of many a stray  
Belated wanderer weary.

What though the rain on every pane  
Relentlessly be beating!  
Through wet or dry the passer by  
Is certain of its greeting.  
The wind may blow the powdery snow,  
And heap the drifts together;  
But through the storm its smile is warm,  
In spite of freezing weather.

It is a guide whom none deride;  
A helper strong and steady;  
On muddy ways its kindly rays  
Are ever quick and ready.  
To hearts of fear it sendeth cheer  
Along the devious by-way,  
And puts to flight with honest light  
The robbers of the highway.

Against its waist a box is braced,  
For Love's accommodation;  
And many a scrawl therein doth fall  
With tender trepidation.  
It oft has been a go-between  
Of amiable blindness;  
And ne'er betrayed the lad or maid  
Who trusted to its kindness.

Let others write of fairies bright;  
Of marvels, signs, and wonders;  
Of feats of arms and war's alarms;  
Of Cupid's tricks and blunders:—  
But I will sing of a different thing;  
Our century's chief adorning;  
The flame of gas in its frame of glass  
Of the lamp-post on the corner.

*F. W. Clarke.*

#### Dat Yaller Gown.

DAT 's de cutes' pickaninny  
Ebber bo'n in dis heah town;  
Dey 's none sich in ole Virginny  
As him in dat yaller gown.

Yo' nebber seed a chile so kearful  
'Bout his cloze; dey's al'us clean;  
Jes' to speck 'em hurts 'im kearful,—  
De proudest' chile yo' ebber seen!

Bress his heart! Jes' heah 'im holler?  
Han'sum, aint he? Like his dad;  
De gander, now, he 's tryin' to foller;  
Down he goes! Dat makes him mad.

Jump up s pry, now, Alexander;  
Kearful! Doan ye see dat mud?  
Heah me, chile! yo 'll riz my dander,  
If ye s'ile dat bran new dud!

Stop dis instep! stop dat sprawlin'!  
Hi! yo' Alexander Brown!  
Dar 's a puddle, an' yer crawlin'  
To'ard it wid yer yaller gown!

See yo'self, now, jes a-drippin'  
Wid dat black degustful sile,  
Keeps me half de time a-strippin'  
Off yer cloze,—ye nasty chile.

Pay distenshum whan I holler!  
'Fo' de Lawd! chile, suah's yer bo'n,  
If I ebber see yo' waller  
In dat hole agin, yer gone.

Come dis way! Yes, dat's my t'ankin';—  
Nex' time look out whar ye go;  
Yer desarvin' sich a spankin'  
As yer nebber had befo'!

Aint yer 'shamed yeh good-fo'-nuffin'  
Little niggah? 'T sarved ye right,  
'Case yer al'us inter suffin'  
S'ilin', if it 's in yer sight.

Dar; now what's de good in bawlin'?  
Dat won't slick yer gown ag'in;  
Yo' *air* de *wustest* 'coon fer crawlin'  
In de mud, I ebber seen.

*Charles H. Turner.*

#### A Love-Knot.

My love and I,—when I did love my love,  
And my love loved me, ah! so very well,—  
Wandered together, and, our faith to prove,  
Cut in a tree the letters F and L.

We so adored each other, he and I,  
The very winds low whispered through the trees,  
And, breathing soft a tender, little sigh,  
Would murmur: "Where are lovers like to these?"

We were to live in Heaven while yet on earth;  
We were to scorn the gods for very joy;  
We challenged all to equal us in mirth,  
Or in the arts we learned from Cupid-boy!

We met at dawn, at noon, at fall of eve;  
We parted sobbing, but to turn again;  
We each the other could not, would not leave,—  
Pale, wan, and full of Love's enchanting pain.

To-day I chanced to walk—but quite alone—  
Married am I, and married, too, is he!  
I am the love who loved my love, and grown  
Even prettier—so, at least, it seems to me!

And he who loved his love so very well,—  
Where dwells my love, who loved his love so true?  
Oh, long ago chimed out his marriage-bell,  
And, just before it, mine had chimed out, too!

Well, I to-day was walking, when the tree  
(Which I had quite forgotten) caught my eye.  
Romantic still, I feared what I should see,—  
Romantic still, I heaved a little sigh.

But soon I gazed upon the sacred spot  
Where once our twined initials proved our faith;  
The space had closed and formed a rugged knot;  
Letters and love had died a natural death.

*Corra Linn Daniels.*



Come, Pan, and Pipe.

RONDEAU.

COME, Pan, and pipe upon the reed,  
And make the mellow music bleed,  
As once it did in days of yore,  
Along the brook's leaf-tangled shore,  
Through sylvan shade and fragrant mead.

On Hybla honey come and feed,—  
To tempt the Fauns in dance to lead  
The Dryads on the mossy floor,—  
Come, Pan, and pipe!

To-day the ghosts—Gold, Gain, and Greed,  
The world pursues with savage speed:  
Forgotten is your magic lore.  
Oh, bring it back to us once more!  
For simple, rustic song we plead:  
Come, Pan, and pipe!

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

It's Vera Weel.

It's vera weel throughoot the day,  
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,  
To think a man can live alway  
Wi'oot a wify;

But it's anither thing, at night,  
To sit alone by can'le-light,  
Or gang till rest, when shairp winds bite,  
Wi'oot a wify.

It's vera weel when claes are new,  
To think they'll always last just so,  
And look as weel as they do noo,  
Wi'oot a wify;

But when the holes begin to show,  
The stitches rip, the buttons go,  
What in the warl's a man to do  
Wi'oot a wify?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,  
When frien's are true and lassies dear,  
To think ye'll gang through life—nae fear—  
Wi'oot a wify;

But clouds will come the skies athart,  
Lassies will marry, frien's maun part;  
Wha then can cheer your saddened heart  
Like a dear wify?

It's vera weel when young and hale:—  
But when ye're auld, and crazed, and frail,  
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,  
Ye'll want a wify;

But mayhap then the lassies dear  
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer;  
Because ye're cranky, gray, and sere,  
Ye'll get nae wify.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon;  
Rise up and seek aboot the toon,  
And get Heaven's greatest earthly boon—  
A wee bit wify.

*Wallace Dunbar.*

To my Dog "Dick," Lost at Sea.

"The whole creation groaneth."—*St. Paul.*  
"For they, too (the brutes), are immortal."—*John Wesley.*

I LOVE the kindly faith of him who preached  
That God's inferior creatures live again;  
And some high life, by toil or suffering reached,  
Survives, in peace, this lower life of pain;  
And so, my dear old dog, perchance thy gain  
Grew from my loss when thou wast reft from me,  
By the relentless Fates untimely slain,  
Gasping thy soul out in the cruel sea;  
For soul thou hadst (I care not for the sneer  
Of tenuous wits), nay, more, thou hadst a heart,—  
Brave, faithful, kindly, loving, and sincere;  
And, though we find not, on our vital chart,  
By any reckoning, where the region lies,  
Be thine, my dog, the Good Dog's Paradise.

*A. J. W. McNeily.*

Thelga and Ethred.

SESTINA.

[The sestina is the most complicated and difficult of all the old Provencal forms of verse. It is believed that the one below is the only one ever written in America, and the second of its kind in the English language, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse having published the first. There is also a rhyming sestina by Mr. Swinburne.]

ONCE on a time there dwelt Siehild, a king,  
Far to the Northward, in the icy heart  
Of barren peaks that lift their heads to kiss,  
All passionless, the sun, their senile love;  
Rich booty from the merchant seas he won,  
And with a despot's scepter ruled the land.

She who was famed as fairest in the land,  
Was Princess Thelga, daughter of the king,  
Prized by him more than all the spoils he won.  
Gentle and proud, till Ethred came, her heart  
Had never felt the stir of nestled love,  
Her lips ne'er known the spasm of love's kiss.

And old Siehild had sworn that such a kiss—  
By all the treasures of the sea or land!—  
Should never consecrate his daughter's love  
For any suitor save the blustering king  
Who ruled the realm adjoining, and whose heart  
Chaste Thelga all unwillingly had won.

Hers Ethred, young and powerless, had won,  
Unnoted by Siehild until a kiss  
The tyrant caught him stealing:—then his heart  
O'erran with rage that one with goods nor land  
Should dare to woo the daughter of a king,  
And balk a brother monarch of his love.

"Now, by my ships!" he stormed, "thou sayst thy  
love  
By this unfilial damsel has been won;  
I'll prove you then: If you can tell your king  
Of aught, ha! ha! that's sweeter than the kiss  
You gave her, dowered with goods and land  
Her hand is yours, as is, she thinks, her heart!"

"I can!" and Thelga pressed her angered heart  
As Ethred spoke. "Then," roared the king, "your love  
Is false if aught's more sweet, in all the land!"  
"Nay," Ethred said, "I claim that I have won:  
*Sweeter than that I gave her was the kiss  
She gave to me!*" "I yield!" confessed the king.

Ah, happy heart! the royal largess won  
Of voluntary Love, in its one kiss,  
Is more than sea or land can give a king.

*Harrison Robertson.*



## Aphorisms from the Quarters.

NIGGER sleep warm ef his head kivered up.  
Norf wind show you de cracks in de house.  
When you make de jail too nice, you better strenkin'  
de hog-pen.

Mule don't kick 'cordin' to no rule.  
Black sheep hide mighty easy in de dark.  
Sun trabble slow 'cross de new-groun's.  
Better keep de rockin'-cheer in de cabin lof' tell  
Sunday.

You can't coax de mornin'-glory to clam de wrong  
way 'round de corn-stalk.

Sat'day night he'p de roomatiz pow'ful.  
High-larnt nigger aint much service at de log-rollin'.  
Blind bridle can't hide de fodder-stack fum de lean  
horse.

Corn-cob stopper don't hu't de lasses in de jug.  
Hot sun make de blades dull in de harves'-fiel'.  
Mule don't unnerstan' de wheelborrer.  
Smart rabbit go home 'fo' de snow done fallin'.  
Dead limb on de tree show itse'f when de buds  
come out.

De new groun's is de bes' yard-stick to medjer a  
strange nigger by.

Dribin' de steers wid mule-talk is flingin' 'way  
your bref.

Tin plate don't mind drappin' on de flo'.  
Cussin' de weather is mighty po' farmin'.  
De preacher need heap mo' grace when he won't  
pray for rain tell de wind git right.

It takes heap o' licks to drike a nail in de dark.  
Good signs o' rain don't always he'p de young crap.  
Books don't tell when de bee-martin an' de chicken-  
hawk fell out.

Don't take too big a chip on a saplin'.  
De public road aint free for de rattlesnake.  
De plow-p'int is close kin to de meal-bag.  
Dar's some fac's in de wul' dat don't slide 'long on  
de telegraph-wire.

Don't set on your load o' straw to make it little and  
light.

Cross-roads bad place to tell secrets.  
De mole an' de fishin'-wum don't keer ef de sky  
git cloudy.

Thin wheat he'p de harves'-song powerful.  
What you kin l'arn by boxin' wid a left-handed  
nigger cos' mo' 'an it come to.

When de fros' sen' you wud by de norf wind, you  
better git in de punkins.

Tree-frog kin see de rain fur orf as de olmanick.  
De yaller-jacket nes' is a mighty lonesome neigh-  
borhood.

Wum don't see nuffin pretty in de robin's song.  
Green 'simmons mighty safe, day and night.

J. A. Macon.

## A Reminiscence.

'Twas on a glowing summer morn,  
In a cool chalet on the Scheideck,  
Her father, on an Alpine horn,  
Blew with puffed cheeks, shut eyes, and wry neck.

Her snow-white sleeves were neatly starched;  
Her dowry chains bedecked her bodice;  
Her short skirt showed an instep arched,  
An ankle fit to bear a goddess.

She watched the goats (from upper heights  
Their bells ting-tanged)—she and the Hündchen;  
She knitted in the winter nights,  
And had been, once, as far as München.

Puzzling, to me, her *patois* sweet;  
All Greek, to her, my foreign phrasing;  
But pantomime is quite complete  
Enough, when one finds bliss in gazing.

She gave the edelweiss I keep—  
When, suddenly, an August flurry  
Of tempest darkened o'er the steep,  
And warned me to the vale to hurry!

One kiss I stole, as her soft face  
She coyly drooped—the mountain Hebe!  
\* \* \* I wonder if, in the old place,  
The hut still stands—if wedded she be!

C. E. S.

## A Lost Child.

Ye CRYER:

*Here's a reward for who'll find Love!*  
*Love is a-straying*  
*Ever since Maying,*  
*Hither and yon, below, above,*  
*All are seeking Love!*

Ye HAND-BILL:

*Gone astray*—between the Maying  
And the gathering of the hay,  
Love, an urchin ever playing—  
Folk are warned against his play.

How may you know him? By the quiver,  
By the bow he's wont to bear.  
First on your left there comes a shiver,  
Then a twinge—the arrow's there.

By his eye of pansy color,  
Deep as wounds he dealeth iree;  
If its hue have faded duller,  
'T is not that he weeps for me.

By the smile that curls his mouthlet;  
By the mockery of his sigh;  
By his breath, a spicy South, let  
Slip his lips of roses by.

By the devil in his dimple;  
By his lies that sound so true;  
By his shaft-sting, that no simple  
Ever culled will heal for you.

By his beckonings that embolden;  
By his quick withdrawals then;  
By his flying hair, a golden  
Light to lure the feet of men.

By the breast where ne'er a hurt 'll  
Rankle 'neath his kerchief hid—  
*What? you cry; he wore a kirtle?*  
Faith! methinks the rascal did!

*Here's a reward for who'll find Love!*  
*Love is a-straying*  
*Ever since Maying;*  
*Hither and yon, below, above,*  
*I am seeking Love.*

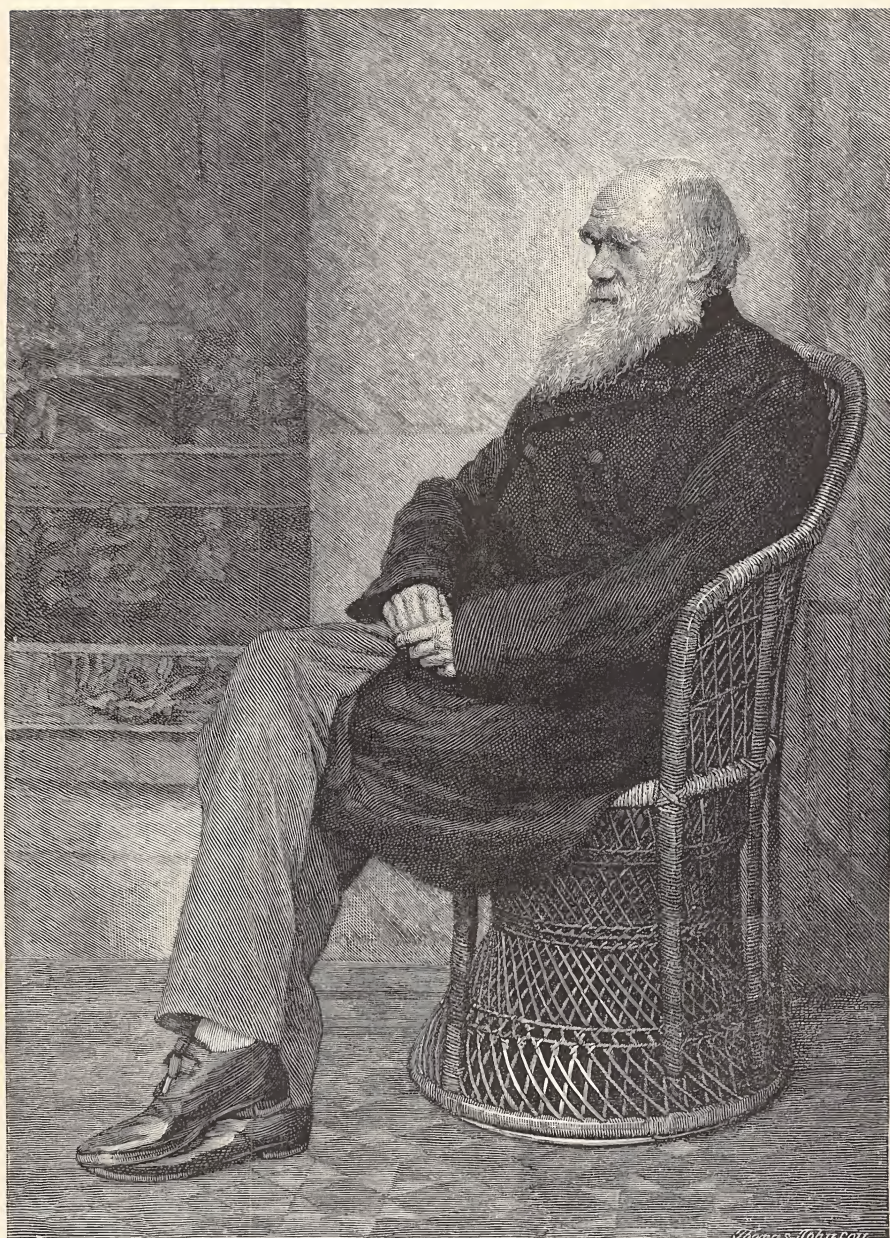
Cryer: H. C. Bunner:  
Grub Street:  
Cry's Weddings:  
Buryings: Lost  
Child, and right  
cheaply.  
Ye Il'd Knocker.

ye finder pray'd  
to bring her to

MASTER CORYDON.

Petticoat Lane.





*Ch. Darwin*



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

## HYDRAULIC MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

HYDRAULIC mining is the modern method of working deep auriferous gravel deposits in California. It is regarded as a California industry,\* deriving its origin and growth from the peculiarities of the auriferous placer-formations in the State. Strictly speaking, however, it is simply the perfect development of the earlier form of placer-mining, as illustrated in the cradle or rocker. The rocker is the rudest and simplest of all machines employed for the separation of gold from the gravel through which it is distributed; but it embodies in a small way, nevertheless, all the essential features of the more elaborate machinery used in other forms of placer-mining, the hydraulic method included. The cradle is an oblong box about four feet in length, mounted on a pair of transverse rockers, and furnished with a set of graded sieves laid in tiers, "riffles," amalgamated plates, and blankets for the separation and arrest of the gold in its descent from the hopper into which the auriferous gravel is placed, to the outlet at the lower end. These devices are all present in hydraulic mining, but they are so enlarged as to be almost unrecognizable. Cradling represents a minimum service of water in gold placer-mining, joined to a maximum service of manual labor; the hydraulic method represents the maximum service of water united with the minimum of human exertion. For all that, the cradle is still in use on river bars and other places where an absence of grade makes any other form of washing auriferous gravel impossible. Such diggings, and the cradle with them, have passed almost entirely into the hands of the Chinese.

The advancement of placer-mining from

\* Pliny (Bohn's translation, Volume VI.) describes a system of hydraulic mines in Spain which resembled, in many respects, the modern method in California.

the puny cradle to the powerful "monitor" which is now used in hydraulic mines to tear down and wash off the high banks of gold-bearing gravel, was accomplished by easy grades. The various stages of development are represented in the "long tom," "sluicing," and "ground-sluicing." The "long tom" was a box, shaped very much like an open coffin with the foot knocked off, the bottom of which was lined with riffles running parallel with the sides. Into this box the gold-bearing earth was dumped, and a stream of water was turned on at the head, while the "pay dirt" was well stirred with a sluice-fork. The stream of water served a double purpose: it released the gold contained in the dirt, which of its own gravity dropped between the riffles, and it washed off the lighter earth and gravel. The coarser gravel was carefully washed and thrown out with the sluice-fork. The escape of the finer gold at the mouth of the long tom made it necessary to add other long and narrow boxes to the lower end of the long tom, much after the manner of an ordinary flume. Riffles were placed in these boxes also for the purpose of arresting the particles of fine gold as they rolled with the stream. This flume was called the "sluice." The "ground-sluice" consisted of making the bed-rock on which the "pay dirt" rested perform the duty of sluices, the stream of water used for washing away the dirt being constantly trained against the bank. The action of the water was precisely the same as that performed by any stream against its natural banks where they happen to offer resistance to the current. The miner assisted the flowing water by a judicious use of his pick. Where the conditions were favorable, "ground-sluicing" was a great improvement on all other methods, inasmuch as a much larger quantity of "pay



dirt" was removed with the same amount of water and manual labor.

The discovery of gold distributed throughout the deep gravel deposits on the high banks of the cañons of the streams in which gold had before been found, suggested the employment of water under pressure to mine it. This was accomplished by the conveyance of a stream of water, in ditches and flumes, from a convenient source to a point above the gold-bearing gravel-bank to be operated upon. It was then led to the base of the bank in pipes, and discharged against it through a small nozzle. Thus the hydraulic method of placer-mining was brought into

use. The hydraulic apparatus consisted of a wooden hopper or cistern, V-shaped, strengthened with cumbersome wooden clamps and suspended on scaffolding in such a position as to receive the discharge from the supply-ditch. To the lower and smaller end of the hopper was attached a hose made of ordinary sail-cloth, and having a diameter of six or eight inches. This hose conveyed the water down the hill-side to the workings. The nozzle through which the stream was discharged had an aperture of one or two inches diameter, and was screwed to the end of a tapering copper or brass pipe attached to the hose, resembling very much the pipes used by firemen. The



THE SLUICE.

flexibility of the hose enabled the miner to direct the stream to any point on the gravel-bank he desired.

The evolution of hydraulic pipes from sail-cloth, through leather and rubber, to iron, was easy. But the transition of the discharge-pipe to the "monitor" of the present day did not occur for years afterward. Since the employment of iron, the pipes have been gradually enlarged and strengthened, and the volume of water and the pressure have been increased, until now pipes from fifteen to thirty inches in diameter, like the water-mains of a great city, may be seen winding through a hydraulic mine. These pipes terminate in monitors, each discharging a gleaming shaft of water so powerful as to toss about rocks, tons in

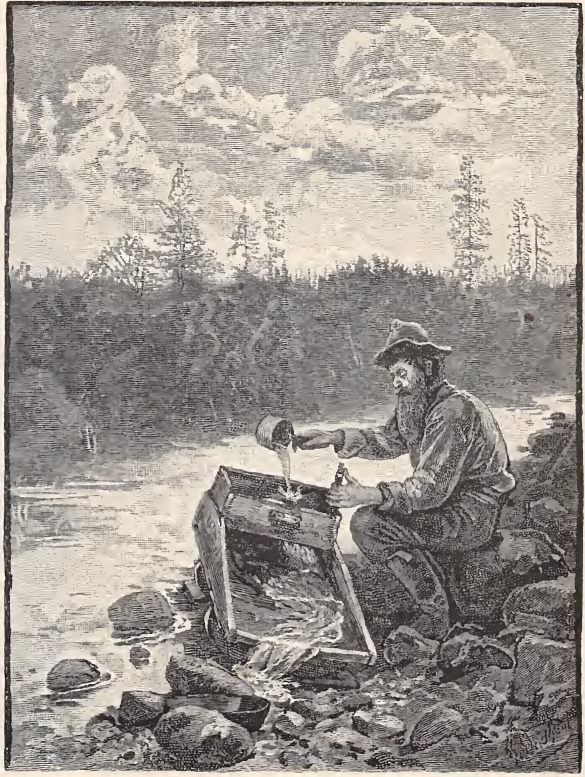
use. The best authorities agree in stating that it was introduced about 1856.

In the earlier history of hydraulic mining one hundred miner's inches of water was considered a full head. It is usual to consider a miner's inch as the quantity of water which will pass through an aperture one inch square, under a pressure of about six inches; that is, the stream issues from a box in which the water stands at a constant level of six inches above the upper edge of the aperture. According to different authorities, a miner's inch, flowing steadily for twenty-four hours, is estimated to equal from 2230 to 2274 cubic feet, or 17,000 gallons of water. One hundred miner's inches would thus represent in twenty-four hours 1,700,000 gallons. The hy-



weight, as if they were mere pebbles. The volume of water supplied to a monitor has increased to one thousand and even fifteen hundred miner's inches, and the pressure ranges from two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet. One thousand miner's inches thus discharged through the nozzle of a monitor is estimated to represent a natural flow of fifteen hundred and seventy cubic feet per minute.

The hydraulic monitor was first used, according to good authority, in 1865. But it was not until a much later date—in 1869 or 1870—that it came into anything like general use. It resembles nothing so much as it does a piece of military or naval ordnance. It is united to the supply-pipe at the breech with a water-tight socket-joint, which is a good substitute for flexibility, as it enables the miner to direct the nozzle in any direction. It is nicely ballasted with a carriage extending backward from the breech and loaded with rocks. It is operated by a very simple and effective arrangement, called a "deflector," and consisting of a sleeve of sheet-iron working on an elbow-joint over the nozzle. To this sleeve is riveted an iron handle four or five feet long, by means of which the "deflector" may be moved so that the lip shall impinge on the column of water emerging from the nozzle of the monitor. An angle is thus formed in the shaft of water. It is so trifling as to be imperceptible to the eye, but



THE CRADLE.

it is enough to affect the monitor, which slowly moves in the opposite direction, so as to relieve the friction and straighten the line of discharge. With the aid of this simple apparatus a child could change the direction of the stream thrown by the largest monitor in use. Without the "deflector" it

would be a difficult and hazardous undertaking for a half-dozen strong men to attempt the operation.

The deep placers of California extend through seventeen counties lying on the west flank of the Sierra Nevada, and are traceable for three hundred or four hundred miles. Their continuity within well-defined channels, having a grade varying from twenty to three hundred feet per



THE MONITOR.



mile, has given rise to the conviction that they constitute the débris of an ancient system of rivers. This auriferous débris consists largely of eroded slate and quartz. The deposit varies in thickness from one hundred to one thousand feet. In many places it is overlaid with a stratum of lava which was undoubtedly emitted by Mt. Shasta and other now extinct volcanoes in its neighborhood, during a period of great volcanic activity which succeeded the geological period when the auriferous gravel deposit was formed. Evidences of this great lava flow are to be found all over Northern California and Oregon. In some of the counties in which the gold-bearing placers exist, the stratum of lava overlying them is so thick that the only way in which they can be worked is by the drift or vein process of mining. Hydraulic mining is confined chiefly to the counties of Nevada, El Dorado, Placer, Yuba, and Butte, where large portions of the lava-sheet is so thin that it offers little or no obstacle to the process. There are also some large hydraulic mines in Plumas, Calaveras, and Stanislaus counties. It is not necessary to discuss the question of the agency which formed the deep gravel deposits,—whether it was ice or water. They may belong to that glacial epoch which John Muir, the California geologist, has so graphically described as having sculptured the Sierra and grooved the Yosemite out of the solid granite.\* They probably belong to an epoch when ice and water were more active than now, for there are some things about them which cannot very well be ascribed to either one of these two agents. But, whatever agent formed them, the course of these dead rivers was different from that of the present streams. Deep cañons through which the streams of the present day flow intersect the ancient riverbeds in many places. Gaps have, consequently, being formed in the ancient river-channels. The material washed out of these gaps, being reduced and concentrated by the modern streams, formed the source of the gold obtained by "the Argonauts of '49." They also exposed those portions of the channels of the ancient rivers which had not been disturbed since the time of their interment. Nor does the grade of the ancient channels correspond with that of the present streams. Near Marysville, the ancient channel dips into the plain below sea-level; forty miles off—at North Columbia—it stands about one thousand feet above the bed of the Forks of the Yuba, and it ultimately attains an altitude of two thousand feet above the modern channel. An artesian well sunk at

Stockton, San Joaquin County, penetrated the same gravel formation at a depth of one thousand feet below the surface. From workings extending over a distance varying from



DISTRIBUTING-RESERVOIR—TURNING ON THE WATER.

one-half mile to four miles in continuous length along these ancient channels, it has been found that they yield from one thousand dollars to two thousand five hundred dollars per lineal foot. Wherever these ancient riverbeds are situated on a plain high enough for the purpose, and are comparatively free from lava, there hydraulic mining will be found.

The heart of the hydraulic mining district is in what is popularly called "The Yuba Ridge." "The Ridge" is an elevated spur of the Sierra Nevada thrust into the Sacramento basin through Nevada and Yuba counties. It lies chiefly within the boundaries of Nevada County. Incidentally it may be noted that "The Ridge" is a section of special interest, for it was along its summit that the overland emigration of Argonauts entered the Sacramento Valley. The old emigrant trail enters the State and "The Ridge" at Emigrant Gap,—a locality on the line of the Central Pacific railroad familiar to those who have traveled overland to or from California, and near the head-waters of the South Yuba and Bear rivers. The old trail may be traced along the summit of "The Ridge" at the present time. Even the trees around which the overland emigrants slipped their ropes in letting their loaded wagons down the steep grades are still standing. The main

\* See "The Glacier Meadows of the Sierra," in this magazine for February, 1879.

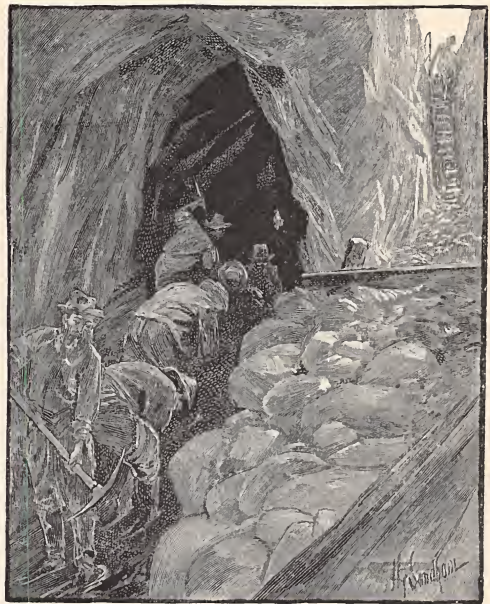


arteries of the ancient river system coursed along "The Ridge." At present the three branches of Yuba River, known respectively as North Fork, Middle Fork, and South Fork, drain "The Ridge." In whatever direction the eye is turned, when on "The Ridge," evidences of the presence of the hydraulic miner are presented, either in the form of a desolate waste of tailings, mammoth excavations in the flanks of the pine-clad and round-topped hills, or in the lines of ditches and flumes winding along the summit of the range or clinging from the precipitous sides of the cañons and conveying water from far-off mountain-reservoirs to the mines.

A hydraulic mine is simply an open cut of huge dimensions excavated in the deep gravel deposits. Sometimes this is accomplished without difficulty from the side of the cañon forming the bed of the modern stream, or through the agency of a conveniently situated ravine. But, in many cases, the rim-rock of the ancient river-bed intervenes between the auriferous deposit and the cañon which the hydraulic miner desires to use as a "dump" or depository for the "tailings" or *débris* of his sluices. To reach the deepest place in the dead river-channel, long tunnels are frequently necessary. The North Bloomfield Mining Company, for instance, in one part of the claim, had to bore a tunnel eight thousand feet in length before the bottom of the auriferous gravel deposit was drained, and a branch tunnel nine hundred feet farther before another part of the company's ground was so drained that it could be effectively worked by the hydraulic process. The original tunnel and its three air-shafts cost the company two million dollars; the branch tunnel was proportionately costly. All the water used in the mine, and all the material removed, passes through this tunnel into the cañon of the South Fork of the Yuba. Such a hydraulic mine looks like an enormous basin hollowed out of the mountain side. Many of the principal hydraulic mines on "The Yuba Ridge" are of this order.

The character of the gravel formation is shown to great advantage in a hydraulic mine. The upper stratum, for a depth of one hundred feet or so, is loose and friable, and of a rusty color, which is caused, no doubt, by the oxidation of iron pyrites, of which the lower stratification is full. The process of oxidation is no doubt facilitated by the percolation of surface-water through the gravel. The lower stratum of gravel is denser, well cemented, coarser, and of a bluish color. Owing to this latter feature, it is called by miners "blue gravel," and, because of the greater proportion of gold found in it, the

term "pay dirt" is also applied to it. Occasionally a stratum of pipe-clay will intrude between the upper and lower strata of gravel, and a layer of gravel varying in thickness almost invariably overlies everything. The gravel deposit is rich in vegetable fossils and curious petrifications. Trunks of sugar-pine, manzanita, and other forest-trees and shrubbery, converted into solid stone, are abundant. Fossil leaves and ferns are plentiful in the pipe-clay, and the foot-prints of birds are numerous in the same formation. Here, then, are evidences of vegetable growth during the formation of these deep placers, which is identical with, and quite as rank as, that which now exists. Who shall interpret the testimony of the deep placers of California? The great openings formed in them by the hydraulic miner furnish the enterprising and intelligent geologist a rare opportunity, which, thus far, has been almost entirely neglected. The only attempt worthy of mention is that of Professor J. D. Whitney's monograph of the deep placers of California, published at Cambridge, Mass. One thing is, however, certain: It was after the great lava flow which overran the State of Oregon and Northern California that the present water-courses were carved out, not only carrying off, in the course of erosion, the lava-cap and gravel deposits, but also grinding



CLEARING UP A TUNNEL.

down the country rock, in some places, two thousand feet deeper than the beds of the dead rivers.

The mode of working a hydraulic mine is very simple. From the distributing-reservoir





HEAD OF FLUME.

—a large artificial lake in the vicinity of the mine, but situated at a much higher elevation—the water is conveyed in ditches and large iron pipes, fifteen, twenty-two, or thirty inches, in diameter, to the monitors. The gravel removed by the stream is led through the ground-slucies into the deep open cuts that have been excavated with powder and pick in the solid bed-rock. These open cuts are from fifteen to forty feet (and sometimes even more) in depth, and from four to six feet in width. They discharge into the tunnel excavated through the rim-rock, and the débris is then delivered to a system of sluices and “under-currents,” by which it is expelled at “the dump.” Great care is taken to prevent the escape of the gold with the outpouring flood and débris. The tunnels and open cuts are paved with heavy boulders or heavy blocks of wood, which pavement has to be frequently renewed, owing to the enormous attrition to which it is subjected. The sluices and under-currents are paved with wooden blocks a foot thick and eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, the end of the fiber of which is presented to the action of the flowing water and débris. Every few weeks these blocks are so far worn that new ones have to be substituted. The forest-timber growing on the surface of a hydraulic mine is, consequently, rapidly destroyed

to supply blocks for riffing. In the spaces between the boulder and block pavements the gold finds a lodgment.

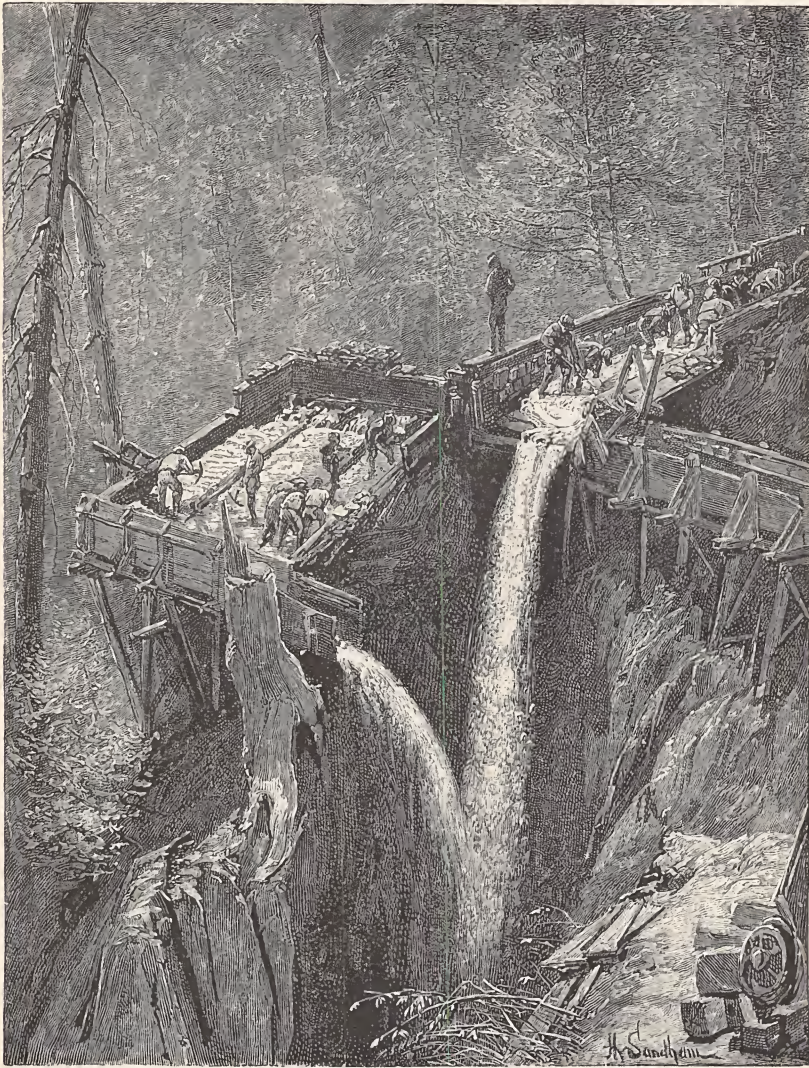
The under-currents are a very useful and ingenious device to utilize the immense fall between the mouth of the tunnel and the bottom of the cañon into which the tailings are dumped. Without them miles of sluices would have to be constructed and maintained at great expense, and the separation of the gold from the gravel would even then scarcely be as thorough. The under-currents are a system of zigzag sluices placed underneath one another, at distances of forty or fifty feet apart. The under-current may be briefly described as follows: The sluice emerging from the tunnel is run out on scaffolding a few feet over the steep side of the cañon. At the end of the sluice, and forming a part of the bottom thereof, is a large and strong iron grating, called the “grizzly,” over which the greater part of the water and the coarser débris are projected by their own momentum, falling a sheer distance of forty or fifty feet, where they are taken up and carried forward by another sim-

ilar set of sluices, to be again discharged in the same way. Through the grating, or grizzly, at the end of each of these sluices, the gold which has traveled thus far, the finer gravel, and a small volume of water drop on to a broad table placed underneath and riffled with blocks. Over this broad table the light material and gold are carried at a greatly reduced speed. The gold drops of its own gravity into the spaces between the blocks, which have been charged with quicksilver, while the water passes off and joins the main stream at the foot of the falls, carrying with it the fine débris. Six or seven of these under-currents suffice to separate the gold thoroughly from the gravel, and the lower under-current in the chain barely pays the cost of maintaining it. One man is constantly employed watching the under-currents and keeping the dump clear at the foot. A jam, which sometimes occurs through the stoppage of tree-stumps or large boulders, turns the stream, freighted with its precious burden, on a wayward course. The watchman must, consequently, be vigilant, active, brave, and energetic. He is usually a broad-shouldered giant, with a quick eye, sinews of steel, and plenty of nerve. He is armed with a rifle, to shoot down any thief that may attempt to rob the sluices. The sluice-



robber usually is a Chinaman. His latest method of sluice-robbing is to supply himself with a silver knife, and when an opportunity is presented by the watchman turning

worked by one man. He has been selected for his superior skill in the management of the machine, and the excellence of his judgment in the use of water. He is known as



CLEARING UP UNDER-CURRENTS.

his back for a few minutes, to thrust the blade of the knife between the riffles of the under-current. Quicksilver having an affinity for silver, the blade comes up covered with auriferous amalgam. A sentry-box on the brow of the hill is the watchman's tower. From it he commands an unobstructed view of every foot of the under-currents, and of the tail-dump down to the river below. Woe betide the sluice-robbler he may detect pursuing the nefarious calling!

Each monitor in a hydraulic mine is  
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the "pipeman," and is, next to the foreman or superintendent, the most important man in the mine. A competent pipeman will work off twice as much gravel as an ordinary miner can do with the same machine in a given time. In the pipeman's hands the monitor is always engaged in the most effective work, and the sluices are kept full to the brim with moving material. Immense blasts of powder have previously loosened the bank so that it dissolves with great rapidity under the influence of the streams of





MONITORS AT WORK ON TERRACES.

of water thrown upon it by the monitors. In the preparation of these blasts a narrow and low drift or passage-way, one hundred feet in length, is run into the bank along the bed-rock at its base. At the inner end of this drift a cross-drift of equal length is excavated. When ready to receive the charge of powder, these underground workings are in the form of the letter T, with chambers at the extremities of the cross-drifts. Kegs of black powder, are then packed in by the ton,—as much as thirty-five tons forming one charge. Telegraph wires connect the mine with an electric battery stationed at a safe distance. After the outer drift has been securely closed up, the mine is sprung, and a bank, containing half a million tons or more of gravel, is lifted and loosened as if by a mighty convulsion of nature. Masses of rock too large to pass through the sluices and under-currents (and the blue gravel is full of them) are also broken up by charges of powder. Sometimes masses of cemented gravel, not affected by the main blast, have to be broken up in a similar manner. Drift-miners are, consequently, constantly at work in a hydraulic mine, and powder forms a considerable item in the current expenses. The powder bills of some hydraulic mining companies

run from thirty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars per annum. On the top of the embankment, and commanding a good view of the face of the workings, watchmen are stationed in large wooden boxes, to signal the workmen below that there is danger from sliding banks. The distributing reservoirs and the mine are connected by telephone, and a telephone or telegraph line also connects the distributing reservoir with the head of the supply-ditch and main reservoir, forty or fifty, or even one hundred miles away.

Hydraulic mining has given birth to an extensive system of artificial reservoirs in the Sierra for the storage of water, and to the construction of artificial water-courses to convey the water thus stored to the scene of mining operations. Were it not for these reservoirs, the hydraulic miner would be able to work only a small portion of the year. The natural streams fail in the early part of July, and they continue low until the melting of the snow in the following spring. With the artificial reservoirs built by the hydraulic miner in the high Sierra, he is able to continue his work almost the year

round, except when frost seals up his ditches. The visitor finds difficulty in believing that the white shaft of water which he sees emerge from the muzzle of the monitor at work has been carried along precipitous cliffs, over deep gorges, and along the flanks of Sierra spurs, a distance of fifty or more miles, and that the source is an artificial lake created by the miner's means and industry in some high Sierra valley, possibly at an elevation of six or eight thousand feet above sea-level. The canals carrying the water have a grade of from four to twenty feet per mile, and carry a volume of two thousand to four thousand miner's inches.

The hydraulic mining-ditches are wonderful specimens of engineering skill. In many places it is impossible to find room along the precipitous sides of the great cañons, for miles, to excavate a canal or rest a flume. In such places the flumes are literally hung to the cliffs. The Miocene Mine has a flume carrying three thousand miner's inches of water, suspended by iron slings and brackets from the face of the perpendicular cliff. The Blue Tent Mining Company's ditch, which carries just as great a volume of water, runs a distance of six miles along the face of a cliff over which the surveyors had to be sus-





MONITOR AT WORK ON BED-ROCK.

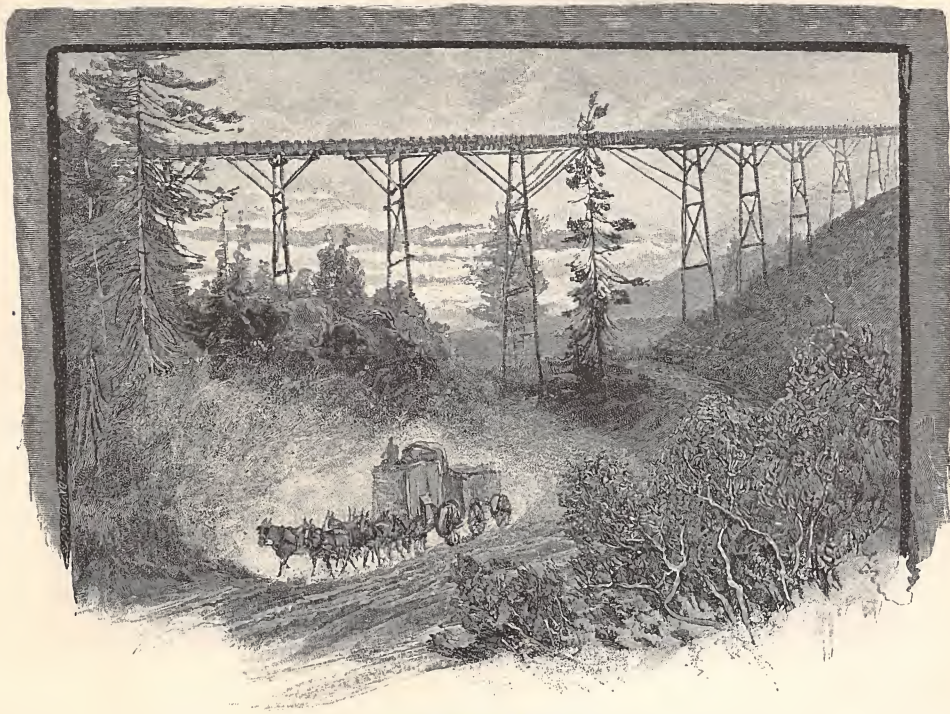
pended by ropes a thousand feet above the bottom of the gorge, to establish the line of the flume. In other places deep gorges are crossed by means of inverted syphons. The Spring Valley Company's Cherokee ditch crosses the cañon of one of the branches of the Feather River in this way. The pipe sustains a columnar pressure equal to eight hundred feet in perpendicular height, and twelve thousand feet of thirty-inch iron pipe, three-eighths of an inch in thickness, is used in making the crossing. This is an engineering feat without its parallel in the world. Before it was undertaken, the most eminent English and French engineers pronounced it impracticable, considering the cost of construction. It is estimated that there are six thousand miles of mining-ditches in the State, which have cost a total of \$15,000,000. Some of them have been built at an expense of \$25,000 per mile. The canals of the South Yuba Canal Company are one hundred and fifty miles in length, and cost over \$1,700,000. Twenty-four and one-half miles of the El Dorado and Deep Gravel Mining Company's ditch cost nearly \$700,000. Mining-ditches cost, to keep in order, from three to three and one-half cents per inch of water. The expense is due to land and snow slides, falling trees, lodgment of snow, frost, and the employment of watchmen and gate-tenders. The hydraulic miner has to maintain a ceaseless contest with the elements,—frost and flood, ice, snow,

wind, and rain. It is estimated that at least \$100,000,000 is represented in the capital stock of hydraulic mining property in Cali-



AN AVALANCHE OF SNOW DESTROYING A FLUME.





FLUME CROSSING A VALLEY.

foria, a large portion of which has been expended in the construction of tunnels, ditches, flumes, and reservoirs. The hydraulic miner's ditches and flumes are, of course,

employed in diverting the streams from their natural channels. In older countries, where law and custom establish what is known as riparian rights, such a diversion would be impossible. The location and other peculiarities pertaining to the working of the deep gravel deposits of California made it necessary so to divert the streams. What was at first the custom, was subsequently recognized by the law, special acts of the legislature being passed granting the hydraulic mining companies water-privileges unknown in other countries.

After heavy snow-storms, the flumes are choked and often destroyed by the snow-slides. The miners and ditch-tenders are sent along the flumes to keep the snow moving along with the water; but this is necessarily a work of considerable danger, as the snow gathers in enormous quantities upon the mountain sides, causing avalanches that sweep all before them, often destroying in an instant hundreds of feet of the flume. In case of an accident of this kind, the first wastegate above the break is opened, and the water is allowed to run off till the gate at the head of the flume can be shut. Owing to the watchfulness of the flume-tenders, fatal accidents seldom occur, but uncomfortably narrow escapes are very common. The ditch-tenders are stationed every five or six miles along

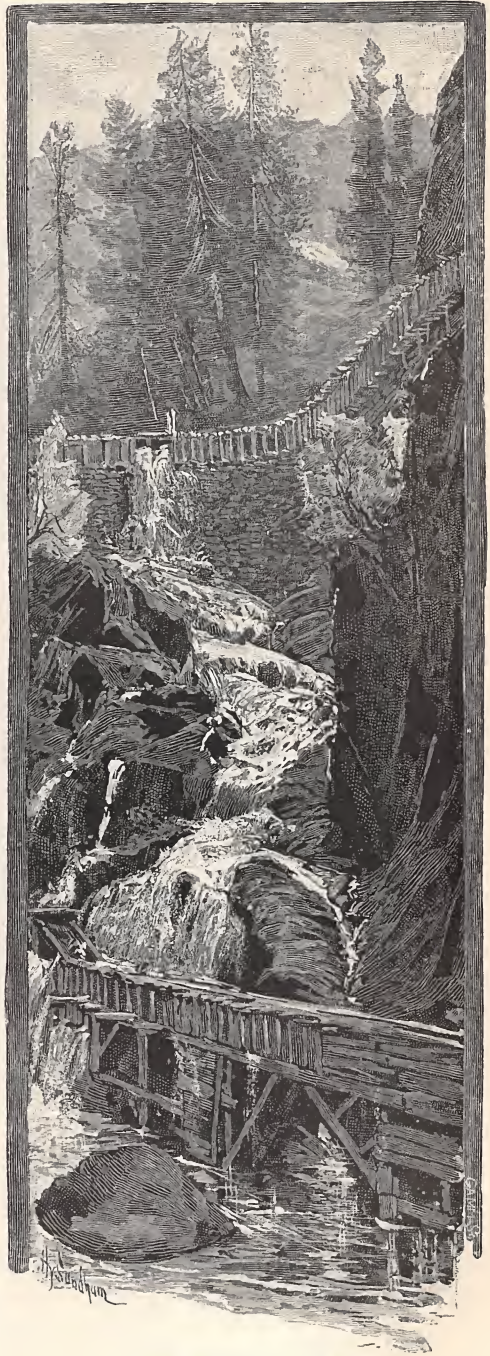


FLUMES PASSING AROUND CAPE HORN.



the flume, and are always on duty. They have a large float in the ditch, to which a rope is attached. The rope passes through a pulley and into the small station-house, where it supports a shelf, upon which are placed all the tinware and iron pots. In case of a break in the night, the float drops, and so does all the tinware, awakening the attendant, who runs out, opens the waste-gate, and then proceeds along the ditch to the next station or the place of accident.

The construction of a hydraulic mine reservoir is no mean undertaking. It involves a vast amount of labor and expense. Suitable valleys are selected for the purpose, near the summit of the Sierra, and almost within the line of perpetual snow. Such valleys are abundant. Huge dams of solid masonry are built across the gorges at the mouths of the valleys selected. The melting snows on the surrounding water-shed supply such a reservoir with water. Water which would otherwise escape into the beds of the natural streams, and be carried off with the spring floods materially increasing them, is thus stored until the natural streams have dried up, or run down so low that they are no longer of any service to the hydraulic miner. The Fordyce reservoir is the largest artificial lake in the Sierra. The dam is ninety feet at the base, which lies on the solid granite; it is seventy feet high and is six feet thick at the top. The inner slope has a rise of one in one, and the outer slope has a rise of five in one. Both slopes are made of dressed granite blocks carefully laid. On the inner slope stringers twelve inches by twelve inches are laid close together, and then covered with three-inch planking. The whole structure is bolted firmly together, and to the rock on which its foundation stands. Every precaution which the best hydraulic engineering skill can suggest is thus employed to make these mining-reservoirs permanently secure. Each dam is equipped with suitable weirs for the escape of overflow, with sluice-gates, etc. The Bowman or Big Cañon reservoir is, next to the Fordyce, the largest of these artificial mining lakes. It covers a mountain valley five thousand four hundred and fifty feet above sea-level, of an area of five hundred and thirty acres, formerly owned by a man named Bowman. Mr. Bowman was also the keeper of an overland stage station situated in the center of the valley. At present a few feet of the tall flag-staff of this stage station sticks out of the water. This reservoir was formed by the construction of just such a dam as has been described, only it is ninety-six feet high. English Reservoir, belonging to the Milton Company, has a dam eighty-



WASTE-GATES IN A FLUME.

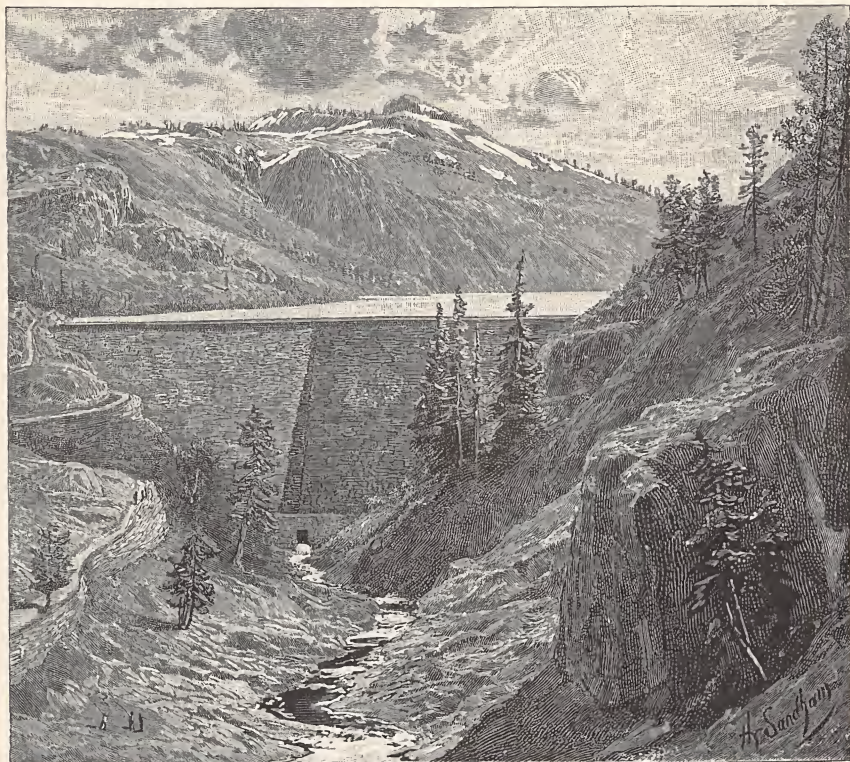
seven feet high, and covers an area of four hundred acres. Silver Lake is an enlarged natural lake, and covers about one thousand two hundred acres. In the construction of these mountain reservoirs no effort is made to remove the timber growing within the valley to be inundated. The great forest-



trees are left standing, and when the waters rise well up to their upper branches they soon wither and die. It is a curious sight to see this dead timber rising out of the clear water.

The storage capacity of artificial reservoirs constructed by those engaged in hydraulic

ous earth that can be washed off within a given time, the smaller is the percentage of gold necessary to make it pay. As a rule, the gold is distributed through the deep gravel deposit. The coarser and larger quantity of gold is found on or near the bed-rock in the blue stratum. The gold found in the top dirt



BIG CAÑON DAM, FORMING AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE ELEVEN MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

mining in California is estimated at 7,600,000,000 cubic feet. The reservoirs of the South Yuba Hydraulic Mining Company have a storage capacity of 1,800,000,000 cubic feet. The Eureka Lake Hydraulic Mining Company's artificial reservoirs have a storage capacity of 1,130,000,000 cubic feet; those of the North Bloomfield Company, 1,050,000,000; the El Dorado and Deep Gravel Mining Company, 1,070,000,000; the Milton Company, 650,000,000; the California Water Company, 600,000,000; the Spring Valley, 300,000,000; the Omega and Blue Tent (united), 300,000,000 cubic feet.

The value and success of the working of a hydraulic mine depends principally upon the volume of water at command. It is astonishing what a small percentage of gold contained in a gravel-bank will yield a profit where abundance of water can be brought to bear upon it. The greater the quantity of aurifer-

ous ground is estimated by the quantity of gold it contains per cubic yard. Whether it will pay to remove it by the hydraulic process must be determined by the cost of water, powder, and labor per cubic yard. For instance: In the North Bloomfield mine, water costs .0755 of a cent per cubic yard of gravel moved, and labor two and one-fourth cents, making a total expense of three cents to remove each cubic yard of gravel. Consequently, it will pay to wash off all gravel containing upward of three cents' worth of gold per cubic yard. An average of the yield of six prominent hydraulic mines during two seasons' work shows only seven and one-fourth cents per cubic yard. But, when it is understood that a twenty-four-hours miner's inch of water—that is, a stream of one miner's inch discharged uninterruptedly during the twenty-four hours by the monitor—is estimated to remove from



two to four and one-half cubic yards of auriferous gravel, according to locality, and that the monitors may be discharging an aggregate volume of 6,000 miner's inches,—equal to 102,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, a larger volume than is needed to supply the wants of the city of London,—the significance of this small average yield per cubic yard will be fully appreciated. For instance, on Auburn Ravine and Rossville Creek, where the volume of water is not large and the gravel deposits are shallow, the minimum service of two cubic yards per miner's inch is obtained; on Bear River, the average is three cubic yards, and, on the American River, four and one-half cubic yards. Computing by the water used, Blue Tent mine yielded from sixty to eighty-seven cents per inch.

Illustrating the wonderful power and execution of water employed against the deep gravel deposits through the hydraulic monitors, it is only necessary to refer to what was actually accomplished in the Miocene mine, near Oroville. In a period of forty days, the monitors in this mine projecting streams aggregating 3,000 miner's inches, removed 300,000 cubic yards of earth, which yielded one thousand dollars per day, or thirteen and one-third cents per cubic yard. The quantity of gravel washed off in a season in a hydraulic mine is measured by acres, and by so many millions of cubic yards. State Engineer William Hammond Hall estimates that, on streams draining into the Sacramento basin, 15,122,000 twenty-four-hours miner's inches of water is used in hydraulic mining, and that 53,404,000 cubic yards of material is washed off by it into the cañons, 22,326,500 cubic yards being dumped into the Yuba and its tributaries—namely, the streams draining "The Ridge." Thus, the degradation of the placer-formations of the mountains, which would take nature ages to accomplish by ordinary agents, is being consummated with great rapidity by the hydraulic miner in his pursuit for the precious metal.

The number of men employed in a hydraulic mine using, say, one thousand miner's inches of water, is from twenty-five to thirty. Chinese laborers are employed in the least important work, in drudgery which it would be difficult to get competent white labor to perform. It is estimated that at least twenty thousand men are employed in hydraulic mining. The last census shows a population of 127,858 in the counties where mining is the chief industry. Some of the most beautiful and most flourishing mining towns are situated in the hydraulic mining districts. Nevada, San Juan, and Smartsville are towns

of considerable population, and rely mostly, or exclusively, for their existence, on hydraulic mining. Of course, most of the buildings in these mining towns are not of a permanent character. In some of them mining operations have compelled a removal of an entire town to a new site. But the hydraulic miner, nevertheless, makes his habitation as comfortable and beautiful as his time and his means will permit. It is no uncommon thing to find the miner's cottage embowered in roses and surrounded by a productive orchard bearing choice fruits.

Most of the hydraulic mines are owned by persons resident in the State. The gold product of California, from the discovery of the precious metal by James W. Marshall, in the tail-race of Sutter's Mill, January 19, 1848, to June 30, 1881, amounted to \$1,170,000,000. Of this sum \$900,000,000 is estimated to have been extracted from the auriferous placers. The remainder represents the yield of gold-quartz mines, of which the State contains many. The yearly product of gold in California is from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. From the date of discovery to 1861 inclusive, the gold product of California aggregated \$700,000,000, derived chiefly from the modern river-beds and shallow placers. A large proportion of the remaining \$200,000,000 has been obtained in the deep gravel deposits, by the hydraulic method. Strange as it may appear, an industry which has contributed so largely to the wealth of the world, and has been the means of the settlement and development of California, has reached a period in its history when it is claimed by a large portion of the community to be a greater evil than blessing, and the question of suppressing the hydraulic method of gold-mining has been the subject of earnest discussion in and out of the halls of legislation. The law has been invoked to suppress or control it. Even the State, through its Attorney-General, has commenced a suit to suppress it. The trouble grows out of the immense amount of débris which the hydraulic miners are discharging constantly into the water-courses of the State. That trouble would finally arise from the great volume of hydraulic mining débris has been apparent for years. The hydraulic miners themselves early saw the impending trouble. Several years ago, when a suit was commenced by a Bear River farmer, named Keyes, against a hydraulic mining company, they prepared to defend their vested rights by organizing what is known as the Hydraulic Miners' Association. Every company in and out of the association fortified its position by securing all needful water-privileges under the State laws, and



a United States patent to the land. The diversion of water from its natural courses was included in these privileges. In most cases patents have been issued to these hydraulic mining companies, the miners paying the Government for hydraulic deposits double

resort was had to the courts. It is a somewhat singular fact, in this bitter controversy between miners and farmers, that circumstances should have compelled Marysville to side against the very industry which created it.

A survey of the Sacramento Valley, made



A MINER'S HOME.

the price of agricultural land. So long as the agricultural products of the State did not exceed home needs, and the damage caused by the down-pouring of mining débris was confined to the filling up of the foot-hill cañon and the destruction of an occasional orchard or small farm adjacent to the mining districts, it received only a passing notice. It was not until the great tributaries of the Upper Sacramento River began to fill with débris so that their beds were unable, during the flood season, to carry the waters which poured down from the Sierra, that the valley men became alarmed. About the same time complaints of the shoaling of the navigable waters of the Sacramento River became common. It led to a unanimous cry from the men of the valley against the men of the mountains. The inundation of the Sacramento Valley, in the spring of 1878, brought matters to a crisis. A Farmers' Association was organized for the purpose of self-protection against the hydraulic miners and as a counter institution to the Hydraulic Miners' Association. The city of Marysville, situated at the confluence of the Feather and Yuba rivers (and which, notwithstanding a costly system of levees, was threatened with inundations, owing to the filling of the beds of the stream) also rose against the miners, and

by the State Engineer in 1878-79, showed that there are 1,742 square miles in it subject to overflow. This territory comprises some of the best wheat-land in the State. A large portion of the million tons and upward of wheat which the State exports each year is grown within this region. Some of the most important towns and cities in the interior of the State are located within the inundatable district, among them Sacramento, the capital. Levees are required to protect these towns from the rising waters, and levees have also been built on a costly and extensive scale, to protect the inundatable land which is under cultivation. But, on various occasions, the floods have overtopped them.

There is some difference of opinion concerning the area of land damaged or buried, and the value of the property destroyed. A committee on "medical topography, meteorology, endemics and epidemics" of the State Medical Society of California, has made the subject a matter of special study and investigation. The chairman of that committee, Dr. M. M. Chipman, of San Francisco, visited the district invaded by the miners' "slickens," and in his report to the society he says: "slickens" has destroyed "40,050 acres of the richest and most valuable fruit and garden land in the State \* \* \* and 270,991 acres



of other valuable lands have sustained great damage and depreciation of value." He estimates the value of the aggregate loss at \$15,944,739. The State Engineer, on the other hand, has placed the damage from mining débris much below Dr. Chipman's figures. He estimates the total area damaged at 43,546 acres, and the total depreciation in value at \$2,597,635.

Great floods are among the periodical natural phenomena of California rivers. The filling-up of the beds of the streams with débris increases their tendency to overflow. The denudation of forest-land in the mountains has also increased the rapidity of their drainage. The sources of this débris are numerous. Agriculture, the construction of roads, the cutting of timber, the disturbance of the surface-soil by live stock, and the degradation by the elements of the volcanic conglomerate which figures largely in the geological formation at the head-waters of some of the principal northern streams, form some of the sources of this débris. But the chief source is mining, and more particularly hydraulic mining. Quartz and drift mining are not unimportant elements in it. At least ten thousand tons of pulverized matter finds its way each day into the beds of the streams from this source. It is the lighter soils of the hydraulic mines and the pulverized matter from the quartz-mills of the mining region which constitute "slickens."

The specific gravity of slickens, as determined by M. Hanks, is  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . After the floods subside, the slimy sediment which has been deposited drains off and hardens, resolving itself into a creamy-colored substance, yielding no vegetation, where lying in large quantities, except willows; a flake of dry slickens looks very much like brick-dust, such as is used by every housewife for burnishing cutlery, etc. The bottom-lands of the Feather, Yuba, Bear, and American rivers have received an enormous deposit of slickens and coarser débris, which is in many places several feet in thickness. A scene of desolation is thus presented to the eye. Slickens has invaded every nook and corner. It blinds one to look at it. It fills the air and stifles the nostrils in moving through it. It has converted clear and high-banked streams of former days into sluggish, turbid, and erratic water-courses, flowing on elevated beds between artificial banks. Land formerly luxuriant with growing crops is barren as Sahara. The first remedy suggested was the enlargement of the drainage capacity of the Sacramento River, by the construction of a canal from a point north of Sacramento to the head of Suisun Bay. It was expected that the city

of Sacramento and the river islands would be saved from inundation by this means. As a matter of fact, the river islands have been under water since 1879, despite an improved system of levees. The canal project was abandoned partly on account of the estimated expense, but more particularly because its failure was almost certain, as the scouring action of the river would be reduced in proportion to the volume of its water diverted into the canal. The next proposition was to impound the débris in the river-cañons, and thus prevent its flow into the valley. Some of the ablest engineers in the country have declared the feasibility of such an undertaking. The plan contemplates the construction of dams of rip-rap at suitable localities (of which there are plenty in the cañons), which shall arrest the downward progress of the heavy débris. For the impounding or storage of débris in the cañons of the Yuba and its tributaries, it was estimated that dams of a capacity of 530,000,000 cubic yards could be constructed at a cost of \$2,453,779. These storage-dams, it is argued by the State Engineer, in a report which he made to the Legislature, would retain the heavier débris of thirty-two years' hydraulic mining on the same ratio as he represents it is now being carried on,—namely, the removal of 22,326,500 cubic yards of gravel per annum,—which would represent the removal of a grand total of 755,000,000 cubic yards. To provide similar impounding dams for the Feather, Bear, and American rivers, State Engineer Hall estimated that the total expense would amount to \$7,000,000. Whether these figures are delusive or not, they had the charming feature about them of leading a great many people to believe that agricultural land worth many times the total cost of these dams might be saved through their construction, and that hydraulic mining, which yields annually double the amount, need not be stopped. But the Legislature hesitated to authorize the undertaking. At this juncture, Captain Eads, of Mississippi jetty fame, was called in as a consulting engineer, and it was afterward determined to construct a brush dam at the mouth of the Yuba, and another of the same material at the mouth of Bear River. These dams were built on the same plan as the jetties built by Captain Eads, to deepen the South Pass of the Mississippi. The Yuba dam was 8,700 feet in length. The Bear dam was somewhat shorter. Half a million dollars of the State's money was spent in the construction of them, and with the first rising of the waters seventeen hundred feet of the Yuba dam was undermined and washed out. Wide gaps were also broken in the Bear River dam.



What the flood spared of Yuba River dam was destroyed by fire during the following summer. A great plain of slickens lies above each of these brush dams, ready for coming floods to sweep into the doomed valleys and towns below.

The failure of the brush dams to fulfill their intended mission was followed by a decision declaring against the constitutionality of the tax levied to build and maintain them. This was the signal for a renewal of hostilities. The mines were enjoined, and for many weeks many of them remained closed. The hydraulic mining companies estimate their losses through these distressing legal restraints at over \$1,000,000.

It is impossible to tell what will be the outcome of the controversy which has grown out of the peculiarities of the drainage of the Great Valley of California and the disposition of the débris of gold-mining. It involves the right of one person so to manage his property as to damage and destroy that of his neighbor. It involves the right of one or more of the industrial classes to say that an industry which was originated under and has been fostered by the laws of the State and the nation, shall no longer exist. It involves the right of the State to interfere with the operations of an individual or corporation in the prosecution of a calling lawfully carried on under rights and privileges derived from the Federal Government, as well as from the Commonwealth of California, and holding the letters-patent of the United States to the land to do with it just that which is being done; in other words, "States' rights under a new form." It

also involves the maintenance of the navigable waters of the State; the support of a large and industrious population in the valleys and in the mountains; questions of drainage, of influence on climate through the denudation of the forest land of the Sierra for mining and other purposes; and it may involve the question of public health, so far as it relates to the valley towns and settlements. It may likewise involve the construction of great and costly works by the nation to impound the moving débris, and to keep open the bays and streams to navigation. The question thus assumes a national aspect. It is brought home to the nation when California's representatives introduce bills in the National Congress to meet the exigencies of the case. In the meantime, some of the hydraulic mining companies in Sierra County have made the best of the situation by building dams across the cañons into which their débris is discharged, to impound it. It is making a virtue of necessity; but it may also be construed as an acknowledgment of the principle that the mines must take care of their own "tailings."

It is not reasonable to presume that hydraulic mining will cease. The great gravel deposits will furnish at least a half-century's vitality to the industry, and they contain, it is estimated from what has been worked already, not less than \$6,000,000,000 in gold. It is not likely that an industry which gives a large percentage of the gold product of the world will be suppressed because engineering skill has not yet devised or put in operation means to neutralize or overcome the evils it creates.

*Taliesin Evans.*

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## EPHEMERA.

MIDGES and moths—ay, all you restless things  
That dance and tourney in the fields of air,  
You—Psyche's postman, trim and debonair,  
With eye-like freckles on your bronzed wings;  
You—candle-elves, whose strange emblazonings  
With sign of death our ancient gossips scare;  
Or, who, when sleeps the humming-bird, repair,  
With stealthy beaks to drain the honey springs:—

Your secret's out! I know you for the souls  
Of all light loves that ever caused heartache,  
Still dancing suit, as some new beauty toles!  
Nor can you e'er your flitting ways forsake,  
Till the just winds strip off your painted stoles,  
And sere leaves follow in your downward wake.

*Edith M. Thomas.*



## THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

### IX.

IN pushing its campaign for the suppression of drunkenness and pauperism in New Albion, the club soon found the need of a work more radical than any it had yet attempted. The streets of the town were thronged every evening with young men from the mills, whose homes were cheap boarding-houses, and to whom the saloons offered about the only place of resort. To prevent or punish the sale of strong drink to such of them as were under age was well, so far as it went; but the call for more efficient measures for restraining and saving those young men and boys began to make itself heard.

"What we want," said Mr. Biddle, one of the delegates from the First Church, "is a Young Men's Christian Association."

"Have you never had one in New Albion," inquired Mr. Thorpe.

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Biddle, "we had a flourishing association here for several years—rooms in Stone's Block; had a secretary who gave his whole time to the work; held several conventions here; sent delegates to all the international conventions; went myself once as delegate."

"What became of it?"

"Oh, it died about five years ago!"

"What ailed it?"

"Well, I don't know. People seemed to lose interest in it; workers dropped off; took the secretary pretty much all the time to raise money to pay his own salary and the rent; the thing fell through."

"But if it was occupying its field and doing its work, I should have thought that the people of New Albion would have refused to let it die."

"That was exactly the trouble," answered Dr. Sampson. "If the association had confined itself to work for the benefit of the young men of the town—providing them a safe place of resort and pleasant companionship and wholesome diversion and good religious influences, it would have justified and prolonged its life. But, led by certain zealous brethren, it undertook to do a great many other things. It began to hold gospel meetings at the jail and the poor-house, and outdoor meetings in the park and in the groves

on Sunday; it undertook to establish mission-schools here and there; it began a series of evangelistic meetings in every town in the county; it seemed ambitious to take into its hands the entire management of religious affairs in all this region. Instead of being a society whose object was to work for young men, it became a society whose chief object was to afford a few zealous young men, and a larger number who were no longer young, an opportunity to exercise their gifts of speech in various places for the general benefit of the human race. It spread itself so thin that it finally soaked in and disappeared.

"But could we not have a new organization, and avoid the old mistakes?" asked Mr. Biddle.

"Possibly," replied the doctor. "Yet it seems to me that the distinctively religious work in behalf of our young men can be done as well by the churches, and that the thing we most want is some sort of a place in which young men may safely spend their evenings together."

"That is what you want," said Mr. Franklin; "and about half the young fellows you want to get in will be kept away from such a place if it purports to be a religious resort. In vain is the net of a Christian Association spread in the sight of most of these birds. But if you would open, say, a 'Young Men's Union Club,' they would come into that; that wouldn't be a scarecrow."

It is not necessary to detail the conversations that followed. There was considerable difference of opinion about methods; but after two or three conferences, a plan was matured by which a building, devoted to the young men of New Albion, was erected on the main street of the town. It was built by private subscription, and was held and managed by a self-perpetuating board of trustees. On the front of the building, cut into the stone, was the simple legend, "Young Men's Club." The first floor was occupied by a coffee-room, a smoking-room, a chess-room, and a reading-room. The second story front room was a library and correspondence room, and the large room in the rear was a gymnasium, which, with a supply of camp-chairs, could be speedily converted into a lecture hall.

The club was not free, save that the coffee-room, opening on the street, was for the use



of the public. Refreshments were furnished at low prices—a good cup of coffee with a sandwich for five cents. For the privileges of the other rooms, and for all the advantages of the club, members paid fifty cents a quarter. For the gymnasium there was a small extra charge. It was found that the young men prized the club the more because it was not free, not wishing to be mendicants in their pleasures. A large number of the young men of the churches joined the club, and took part in its various literary enterprises and diversions. Before the end of its first year it had a membership of several hundred, and had begun to prove a formidable rival to the liquor shop and the minstrel show.

To another of the enterprises set on foot by the Christian League only a passing word can be given. That was the establishment in one of the poor districts of a free kindergarten. Dr. Strickland had visited some of these schools in Boston, and had come back full of enthusiasm for this method of charity. "It is a great discovery," he said. "No other work promises such results in the salvation of the poor. If you can get the little children out of the squalid homes into a clean and bright place, and keep them there four or five hours a day, under the care of patient, cheerful, loving women, who never beat nor scold them,—who teach them the first principles of courtesy and kindness and self-control and keep them happy, with pictures and games and marches and songs,—if you can keep them under such influences until they are six or seven years old, impressions are likely to be made upon their characters that will never be erased. The memory of these happy years will be a daily blessing to them. Besides, through the children, you get such access to their parents as you could secure in no other way; and the children themselves carry the gospel of neatness and gentleness into their homes—the best missionaries you can find. One kindergarten is worth more in the way of civilizing and Christianizing these Arabs in embryo than six mission Sunday-schools. One hour a week doesn't amount to much; four hours a day really tells on a child's life."

Dr. Strickland was so thoroughly in earnest, and he brought so much testimony to support his project, that funds enough were easily raised to set the kindergarten a-going. Once at work it so completely proved its beneficence and justified Dr. Strickland's faith in it, that the churches all rejoiced to bear a share in its support; as its numbers grew its quarters were enlarged, and more teachers were employed; now, at the end of three years, every citizen is ready to testify to a

great improvement in the manners and the morals of that depraved district in the midst of which the kindergarten stands.

# x.

It must not be supposed that the Christian League Club had lived and wrought all these years in New Albion and been heard of by nobody. Its members took no pains to advertise its doings, neither did they have any secrets; many things had come to pass of late in this thriving town; a new spirit of coöperation and of enterprise had taken possession of the churches; their power was more perfectly concentrated and more effectively expended than ever before, and the results were beyond question or cavil. The source from which these good works proceeded could not be hid. At first there was a disposition on the part of some of the uninvited to speak skeptically about "secret conclaves" and "close corporations," but as it became evident that nothing nefarious was hatched in these conferences, that the club assumed no power, and only served as an apparatus for generating and directing public opinion, and that its conclusions had no more force than there might be in the reasons by which they were supported, the ungraciousness of finding fault was recognized by most sensible persons, and the club became a highly popular organization. A little conversation which occurred one day between Captain Conover, a Baptist, and Dr. Duncan, a Methodist, in the office of the latter, fairly illustrates the public sentiment:

"The fact is," said the captain, "that we haven't got but one church here in New Albion. There are several different meetin'-houses, and several different congregations, and they have various ways of workin' and worshipin', but there aint but one church. We all stan' together pretty solid, I tell 'em. We all move as one body. There aint any pushin' of Baptist interests or Meth'dist interests or Congregational interests or 'Piscopal interests; the only thing we're pushin' is the kingdom of heaven. I tell you what it is, it's ben a-comin' faster these three last years 'n I ever see it come before."

As the captain's heart warmed, his dialect strengthened.

"You are right," responded the doctor. "We've got things on a very good basis. I was afraid that when Brother Thorpe went away we might get a minister who wouldn't work in so well with the rest; but Brother Hartwell seems to have been fairly captured by the League, and he will do his part, you may depend. As for the Methodist laymen



of New Albion, you can always count on them. They have some solid reasons for thinking well of this club. It will take them a good while to forget that Sunday afternoon when the little chaps walked up the aisle of our church, one after another, with the letters that proclaimed to us deliverance from our bondage of debt. I don't think so much of shouting as some of our folks do, but I shouted then, as loud as the loudest of them."

"Well," said the captain, "this new way is a pretty old way after all, I guess. It's about the way they did it in Ephesus and Antioch, when the disciples was called Christians,—not Baptists nor Meth'dists. There was only one church there, 'n yit like enough there was half a dozen congregations. P'raps they didn't all have jest the same rules, nor jest the same ways of worshipin', but they all worked together. This is the kind of Christian union that plain and sensible folks believe in. Some of the brothering that run the machines don't think much on't; but the rank 'n file are sound. We've been a-prayin' for years that all Christ's disciples might be one, and makin' no end of talk about it, but it was mostly talk; now we've got down to business."

Captain Conover was a sort of village oracle, and his shrewd comments reflected the prevailing opinion.

Not only within the precincts of New Albion, but beyond its borders, the unity of its churches became a theme of conversation. In three or four of the larger towns in the neighborhood similar clubs had been formed, and the experiences of New Albion were repeated with some variations. The notion that the relations of Christian churches ought to be those of coöperation rather than of competition, began to get a firm lodgment here and there in Bradford County. The small country towns, back among the hills, away from the railroads, were the places into which it was hardest for the new gospel to find entrance. In many of these towns, with populations of less than a thousand persons, there were from three to five churches,—sometimes two of the same sect. The members of these churches generally regarded the peculiarities of their several sects as matters of supreme importance, and repelled with heat any suggestion of closer relations between the churches. The narrowness of the laity in these towns was not likely to be mitigated by their religious teachers,—the feebleness of the churches making it difficult for them to secure pastors of intelligence and breadth,—though this rule was not without shining exceptions.

One Monday forenoon, in November, Mr. Strong with Mr. Hartwell, the new Methodist minister, a man of fine scholarship and

excellent spirit, had dropped in at Dr. Sampson's study, and were holding a rather jovial conference with him, when a weather-beaten covered buggy stopped opposite the house, and a venerable man, with a clean-shaven face, and a fringe of gray beard under his chin, passed by the window of the study and rang the bell.

"That's Father Crane of Monroeville," said the Doctor, going to the door; "come in, Father Crane; come right into the study; I want you to know my friends;" and the Rev. Jonas Crane, pastor of the Baptist Church in Monroeville, was formally presented to the other two clergymen and cordially received by them."

"You must have got an early start," said Mr. Strong, "to have driven eighteen miles this morning."

"Somewhat early," said Father Crane slowly, and precisely. "The denizens of the rural communities find it necessary to use the prime of the morning, and I awake no earlier than is the wont of my parishioners."

"Morning comes a little earlier to the folks on the top of Monroeville hill than it comes to us dwellers in the valley," said Dr. Sampson.

"New ideas strike you up there a little earlier than they do us, I suppose," said Dr. Hartwell, smiling.

Father Crane's face darkened.

"I trust not," he said. "We are not much given to novelties. The old gospel is commensurate to all our exigencies."

At this moment the servant appeared at the study door, announcing that a caller was inquiring for Mr. Strong. The latter, begging to be excused, went out into the hall and soon returned, bringing the caller with him.

"Oh, no; ceremonies are off," he was saying. "Come right in! Dr. Sampson, this is the Reverend Mr. Slade, of the Congregational Church in Monroeville; Mr. Hartwell, of the Methodist Church; you know your neighbor, doubtless." The greeting of Father Crane and Mr. Slade was not unfriendly, but somewhat constrained.

This irruption had not subsided when Mr. Hartwell was called out in the same way, and returned, rejoicing, bringing his man with him.

"You can't outvote me any longer," he said; "the Methodist reënforcements have arrived," and he introduced the Reverend Mr. Towne, of the Methodist Church in Monroeville; whereupon there was hilarity, into which the three ministers from New Albion seemed to enter with rather more spirit than the three ministers from Monroeville.

"Well!" said Mr. Strong, putting that syllable into a heavy expiratory blast, "Mon-



roeville has come down upon us this morning like the wolf on the fold."

"And for the very same reason that the wolf came down, I suspect," said Mr. Slade.

"Hunger, eh?" suggested Mr. Strong. "Getting starved out, are you?"

"My brethren can speak for themselves," said Mr. Slade; "but that's about my case."

"So I inferred from your last letter. And I have a shrewd suspicion that all you Monroeville pastors are here upon the same errand."

"Father Crane had written to me," said Dr. Sampson, "that he wished to consult me with reference to a grant from our Home Evangelization fund."

"Under these circumstances," said Mr. Towne, "I need not blush to confess that I have come down hoping to obtain a few subscriptions from Mr. Hartwell's people toward making up the deficiency in our accounts."

"This is a remarkable coincidence," said Dr. Sampson. "I am inclined to call it providential. And now we are here, altogether, it is a good time to have a frank talk about the work in Monroeville."

"How large a town is Monroeville?" asked Mr. Hartwell.

"About a thousand inhabitants," answered his Methodist brother.

"Eight hundred and twenty-three in 1870," said Dr. Sampson, referring to a gazetteer. "The population is not increasing, I presume?"

"No, it is falling off," answered Mr. Slade.

"Any other churches besides your three?"

"No; the Episcopalians have a small interest and the Adventists also; but neither society has a meeting-house, and neither has a pastor. They hold occasional services in a hall."

"Five religious societies, a population of eight hundred and twenty-three: exactly one hundred and sixty-four souls and three-fourths of a soul for each society."

This was Mr. Strong's arithmetic.

"But when we remember," said Dr. Sampson, "that not more than three-fifths of the population of any town *can* attend church on any Sunday, we reduce the number of possible church-goers to less than one hundred for each congregation."

"I suppose," said Mr. Hartwell, "that there are many families in your town that are not connected with any of your churches."

"Of course," answered Mr. Slade.

"How large a proportion of your people, do you think, are outside all these societies?"

"Counting in the Roman Catholics, of whom there is now a sprinkling, I should say one-third."

Further questioning brought out the fact that the aggregate membership of the three Mon-

roeville churches represented on this occasion was ninety-eight, and the total number of persons present on a fair Sunday morning about one hundred and thirty. It was also testified that the salary of the Congregational pastor was six hundred dollars, two hundred and fifty of which was contributed by the home missionary organization of the county; that the Baptist parson's salary was five hundred dollars, of which one hundred and fifty came from a similar source, and that the Methodist minister subsisted on four hundred and fifty dollars, a portion of which he collected every year by visiting well-to-do Methodists in neighboring towns.

"Now, let us figure a little," Mr. Strong proposed. "The population of Monroeville is not more than eight hundred and twenty-three; the population of New Albion is not less than thirteen thousand; Monroeville has five religious societies, and makes no provision for its Roman Catholics; New Albion has ten, including the Roman Catholic Church. If we had as many churches in proportion to our population as you have, how many churches would there be in New Albion? As eight hundred and twenty-three is to thirteen thousand, so is five to the answer. Cipher it out, Brother Towne. What do you make it?"

"Seventy-eight."

"Yes; that is the number of churches we should have in New Albion, if we were as liberal in our allowance to ourselves of religious privileges as the people of Monroeville are to themselves."

"You don't mean that," protested Mr. Slade.

"Oh, you needn't lay it to me," answered the other. "I haven't invented these facts. I'm not responsible for them. The question is not what I mean, but what the good people of Monroeville mean."

"Your comparisons are odious," laughed Mr. Slade. "But they are not quite fair. We have really but three churches in Monroeville."

"Count out your Episcopalians and your Adventists, then," persisted Mr. Strong. "I doubt whether it is fair to do it, for it is a question whether their congregations are not nearly as large as some of yours; but leave them out of the account and recast the proportion, and it will give us forty-seven churches, as our lawful share in New Albion, provided your standard is a good one. Are your people any richer than ours?"

"I doubt it."

"Is the valuation of your town, *per capita*, greater than ours?"

"I couldn't say, but I should guess not."

"No use in guessing," said Dr. Sampson;



"here are the figures in our State reports, and it is a simple sum in division. The valuation of Monroeville, *per capita*, is exactly four hundred and one dollars, and of New Albion six hundred and seven."

"We are much better able, then," Mr. Strong went on, "to have fifty churches than you are to have three, and what would be said of us if we undertook to maintain fifty separate church organizations in this town? Our ten churches amply provide for all the wants of this community."

"You are bearing down heavily upon us, Brother Strong," said Mr. Towne. "But there are some features of the situation that you do not take into the account. You must remember that these churches on the hills have long been the nurseries in which many of the members of your city churches have been trained. Our young men grow up under the influences of these small churches, and as soon as they are grown they depart to the cities and the large towns. The training they receive while they are with us fits them to be useful men wherever they may go. You will find that the bone and sinew of your own church was reared on these hills."

"I am quite familiar with that fact," replied Mr. Strong, "and I do not wish to leave it out of the account. That churches ought to be supported in the small country towns needs no argument: the only question is whether you need five times as many churches, in proportion to the population, as we find necessary in the larger towns."

"But our population is scattered over a large territory."

"How far apart are those two of your churches that are farthest apart?"

"About a mile."

"Do the people pay much attention to the question of distance in selecting their churches?"

"I cannot say that they do."

"Do those, for example, who live nearer the Methodist Church than any other, all or nearly all attend the Methodist Church?"

"Oh, no."

"Practically, then, so far as distance is concerned, the people of the town, take them all together, would be as well served by one church, located at some central point, as they are now."

"Nearly so; yes."

While this conversation had been going on, Father Crane had been nervously stroking his bald head. Like the dove he had found no rest for the sole of his foot, though he had sought it for both of them by many nervous shifts of his left leg over his right and vice versa. At length he ventured to say:

"Brother Strong seems strangely oblivious of the circumstance that Christian people, in the rural communities as well as the urban, have convictions of their own respecting the doctrines and ordinances of religion which they consider themselves under obligation to maintain. We have, in Monroeville, those who are Baptists because of unfeigned and unalterable persuasion; and Congregationalists, I presume, of whom a similar state of mind might be predicated; and Methodists, who also devotedly desiderate their own peculiar forms and ceremonies. Why have we not an equal right with the dwellers in more populous places to indulge our predilections?" Father Crane's rather pompous sentences were full of the warmth of sincerity.

"Our venerable brother goes for the root of the matter the first time," said Mr. Strong, instinctively opposing his homespun idioms to the country-parson's Johnsonese. "The reason why there are three churches in Monroeville instead of one, is that everybody thinks he must have his pet notions gratified in the fashion of church life and work. These fashions, like many other fashions, may well enough be followed if folks can afford it. Here's my neighbor, with wages enough to live in comfort, if they are wisely expended. But he thinks that his wife must have just so many ribbons on her bonnet and so many laces on her cloak, and that his girls must have just such a style of shoes; and so much money goes for all these fine fixings that he has to come around once or twice a year and ask his neighbors for flour and coal."

"But," protested the old gentleman, "you do not intend to insinuate that there is any similitude between the vain adornments you have mentioned and the distinctive principles of a religious denomination?"

"That is exactly what I mean. Ribbons and laces are not necessarily vain adornments. They are beautiful, and may be indulged in with thanksgiving, if one does not sacrifice in getting them that which is of more consequence. In like manner the various denominational peculiarities are innocent enough; but they add nothing to the real value of the gospel of Christ, any more than the laces add warmth to the cloak. Believing in these denominational peculiarities does no man any good whatever. It nourishes no man's manhood; it saves no man's soul. The only effect of exalting these things is to belittle the manhood and to shrivel the soul. Yet it is by exalting these small distinctions that the Christians of Monroeville maintain three churches when there is barely room for one."

"You fail to see some of the aspects of this case," said Mr. Slade. "I have always



thought it better for every family to have a home by itself, even though it may cost a little more than it would to put three or four families together in the same house. I would rather have my own fire and my own table and my own family altar. Such an arrangement is in the interest of peace and happiness."

"I thank you for that illustration," answered Mr. Strong, "because it is familiar, and because I wish to show that it wholly misses the point. The Christians in Monroeville do not belong to three families. They are all members of one family. The case is like this: An old mother and two daughters have income enough to live together in comfort. But there are some small matters about which they disagree. They like the same kind of bread, but one wants the loaves round, and another prefers them square, and a third insists on twists. They all wish to burn coal, but one desires a grate, and one a base-burner, and one a sheet-iron stove. Their differences are all of this nature. They love one another dearly—so they say; they often get together and tell one another how much they have in common, and yet they insist on living apart. The rent of three houses must be paid, three fires must be fed, three lamps must burn; the expense of living for the three is more than twice as much as it would be if they all lived together. Their income will not support them. So every year they go around among the neighbors and take up a collection to enable them to keep up these three separate establishments. Is it any wonder that the wisdom of this management does not always appear to the persons who are asked to subscribe?"

"You disapprove of denominations, then?" queried Elder Crane.

"Let us stick to Monroeville for the present," Mr. Strong proposed. "The real question now is whether there ought to be three churches in Monroeville."

"Of course," said Mr. Slade, "if you come to that, there ought not to be more than one,—but —"

"Well, go on; complete your statement."

"The real difficulty is to know which two of these churches ought to commit suicide for the benefit of the third. Wendell Phillips tells a story of the discontented wife who said, 'They tell us that in the eyes of the law the man and his wife are one, but I've found out that the man's the one.' I suppose that the Congregationalists of Monroeville are all agreed that there ought to be but one church in that town, and that the Congregational church is the one; and that the Baptists have the same opinion about their church, and the Methodists ditto. For my part, I own

that I am inclined to stand with my own people. Ours is the old church. Your parable of the mother and daughters fits in here. The girls ought to have staid in the homestead."

"I don't know about that. There was a real justification, fifty or a hundred years ago, for the formation of new societies here in New England. The protest of the Baptists against the State church, and of the Methodists against the hyper-Calvinism and the frigidity of the standing order were right and reasonable. They did a good service in coming out from the old church and lifting up their standards. In view of that service they are entitled, I think, to just as much consideration as the Congregationalists, in the settlement of this problem of consolidation. But the real reasons for separation no longer exist. The things against which they protested have disappeared. Your Calvinism, Slade, would never trouble the stoutest Arminian; and the same thing is true of nine-tenths of the Congregational ministers. The old frigidity is gone from our worship; we sing and talk and pray in our social meetings as freely, if not quite so fervidly, as our Methodist brethren; women are finding their voices; the old lines that separated the two sects are substantially obliterated; the old difference between us and the Baptists with reference to state support no longer exists; and our ministers now generally immerse all who desire it. There is a deeper difficulty with respect to communion not yet overcome, but I have strong hopes that even this will not be suffered to stand in the way of consolidation in the small towns."

"So far as I am concerned," said Dr. Sampson, "I am not prepared to abandon the Baptist ground on this subject: but in view of the mischiefs arising from division in small communities, I am ready to go to the verge of my principles in promoting unity."

"Is it not true, brethren," Mr. Strong went on, "that the real differences of doctrine and of worship among the Christians of Monroeville are wholly insufficient to warrant the existence of three separate churches?"

Mr. Towne and Mr. Slade at once confessed, and denied not. Elder Crane was less acquiescent.

"I am now an old man," he said, "and I do not readily accommodate myself to new measures. I acknowledge the justice of much that Mr. Strong has urged,—especially the historical references that he has adduced; but I could not consent to have my little church on the hill abandoned. There are too many precious memories." The old clergyman paused, and there were tears in his voice as well as in his eyes. In a moment he went



on: "My time is nearly come, however. One part of my errand to-day was to consult about laying down the burden that has become too heavy for me. And I shall not stand in the way of any plans of reorganization which my people may wish to adopt."

"I understand and respect the feeling of Elder Crane," said Mr. Strong. "The old associations are sacred. It is hard to give up the old home. But when it costs for repairs more than we can possibly raise, and we are in danger of being buried in its ruins, judgment must prevail over sentiment."

"But here's the rub," said Mr. Towne. "How are you going to make the people of Monroeville see this thing as you do?"

"With your help," answered Mr. Strong, "the thing can be done. Will you not confer together, and then call on us for any help we can render? We have learned, you know, here in New Albion, how to dwell together in unity, and we would be glad to show our neighbors how they may go and do likewise."

The two younger ministers of Monroeville promised to look it over, and to see what could be done, and thus the conference ended.

#### XI.

THE report of the conversation in Dr. Sampson's study furnished a theme for the next meeting of the club.

"Since our talk that morning," said Dr. Sampson, "I have taken pains to get at a few of the facts about the small towns in this county. Monroeville is the type of a class. There is Stapleton, with a population of eleven hundred, and with four churches; Scantico, with six hundred people and three churches; Rowell with nine hundred people and four churches, and so on. Eight towns in this county, with an aggregate population of nine thousand one hundred and thirty-four, support thirty-seven religious societies. Of these at least fifteen are receiving more or less aid from the various home missionary organizations."

"Even when the societies are self-supporting," said Dr. Phelps, "the support is generally meager, the membership is small, and the terms of the pastorates are lamentably short."

"It is plain," said Mr. Hartwell, "that the churches in these small towns ought to unite. What hinders them?"

"First," answered the doctor, "is the strength of the sectarian prejudice,—always more intense in the small places than in the large ones. Then there is a sentiment much less reprehensible,—the attachment to the local organization, around which many grateful memories cling. The people do not like

to give up a church which may have a noble history, and which is sure to be the shrine of sweet associations."

"Certainly," said Mr. Hartwell; "those hindrances are obvious. They may be called sentimental; even so they are not easily overcome. Are there any other practical obstacles?"

"In most of these towns," said Mr. Peters, "the only way of uniting would be to abandon the old organizations and form a new one,—a union church, like ours at Cyprusville."

"But, do you know," Mr. Franklin broke in, "that it is legally impossible to do anything of the sort?"

"What do you mean?" demanded three or four voices.

"Just what I say. The union of two churches of different denominations is a proceeding so rare that no provision for it is made, so far as I can learn, in our statutes, nor in those of any other State. Secular corporations can be legally consolidated, but church corporations cannot be. Christian union seems to be regarded by our legislators as against public policy. Churches have sometimes been brought together, but the act was unwarranted by law. Any troublesome member of either church could have procured an order from the courts tearing them apart again."

"Then," said Mr. Strong, "it is high time that we had an act before the Legislature, enabling churches to obey the Christian law. I hope that unanimous consent will be given to the appointment, by this club, of Mr. Franklin as our agent, to secure the passage of such a law at this session."

Consent was readily given. Concerning the work of Mr. Franklin in the lobby of the Connecticut Legislature the historian of the club is not fully informed; but the facts to be recorded below indicate that he must have been successful.

"There is another practical difficulty," said Mr. Franklin, picking up the thread of the discussion where Mr. Peters had dropped it, "more serious than the legal disability. When you have got your union churches formed, they belong nowhere. Now, people like to feel that they do belong somewhere. If they are weak and small themselves, they enjoy the knowledge that they are members of some respectable body in whose interests they have a part. These union churches have nowhere to go, unless we invite them into our Congregational conferences, as we generally do. But then the other sectarians say that a union church is nothing but a Congregational church. There is truth



enough in what they say to make it necessary to devise some means by which these union churches may find a less ambiguous fellowship; and I propose a convention of all the churches in the county to meet twice a year for consultation about Christian work in the county."

"Who should call such a convention?" asked Mr. Hartwell.

"This club," answered Mr. Franklin. "A committee, consisting of the minister and one layman from each of our churches, should issue the call, summoning every church in the county to send its pastor and a lay delegate to such a convention, at which a permanent organization should be effected."

"What churches should we invite?"

"I would put the Apostles' Creed into the call, and send it to every church in the county—Protestant or Roman Catholic—with a sentence explaining that any church which accepts this creed and conforms to it in its teaching would be welcome in the convention."

"Do you suppose that the Romanists would come?" queried Dr. Strickland.

"I fear they would not; but I would invite them."

"Would you dare to open the doors to heretics?" asked Mr. Peters.

"Any church that makes its teachings conform to the Apostles' Creed is orthodox enough for me. I mean that I am willing to make that creed the basis of union in Christian work. Are not you?"

"I'm not at this moment prepared to say that I would not."

"I trust," said the banker, drily, "that you never will be any better prepared than you are at this moment."

The club discussed the proposed convention vigorously for an hour, and then, no one dissenting, the committee was appointed and the call was speedily issued. The object of the convention, as stated in the call, was "to promote union and efficiency in Christian work, and to secure a more systematic evangelization of the destitute neighborhoods throughout the county." The organization effected was simple. It was named "The Christian League of Bradford County." The only permanent officer was the secretary. An Outlook Committee of five was to be appointed at each meeting, whose duty it should be to make inquiry respecting the feeble churches, and to secure, so far as possible, coöperation or consolidation. Meetings were to be held twice a year, on the first Tuesdays of April and October. Papers and addresses showing the waste and mischief caused by sectarian divisions and the need of unity were to be

provided by the Outlook Committee for each meeting. The principal object of the League, as defined in the preamble, was "to generate and disseminate right opinions respecting the duty of Christians to coöperate, to see that the waste places are cultivated, and to extend the fellowship of all believers to those churches that have no denominational fellowship."

There was some hesitation, at first, about this project; but the representatives of the New Albion churches all threw themselves into it with such heartiness that the doubts and scruples of the rest were vanquished, and the constitution was adopted with some enthusiasm.

Not many days after this, a letter from Monroeville invited a deputation from the churches of New Albion to come up and hold a public meeting in the interests of Christian union. The three ministers who had part in the accidental conference in Dr. Sampson's study responded to this call, taking with them Dr. Strickland, of the Episcopalians, and Elder Bates, of the Adventists. They found the Town Hall crowded with a curious and not very sympathetic assembly. It was evident that there were not a few of these auditors who were quite of the mind of the historic deacon: they were ready to be convinced, if they were in error, and would like to see the man that could do it. But the New Albion delegation had no misgivings. They knew that the idea they advocated was right and reasonable, and they talked like men who expected to carry their point. The speech of the evening, all things considered, was that of Mr. Hartwell. Several years of his earlier ministry had been spent in these small towns, and he spoke from a full experience of the evils of sectarian division.

"I never was in Monroeville before," he said; "but I have lived in towns just like it, and I can tell something about the state of things in this town which will be no news to you, but which it may do you no harm to hear. Your five little societies, living here at a poor, dying rate, do not have a very good time. You cannot live without help from outside; that is confessed. With all the help you can get, none of these churches is able to offer its pastor a decent living. The salaries are so small that the grade of men you are able to secure is extremely low. Now and then a man of good gifts and great fidelity, like the venerable pastor of the Baptist Church, settles in a town like this and stays many years; but the great majority are young men who will not stay more than a year or two, or men who have failed everywhere else, and who sometimes fasten themselves on you and give you



plenty of trouble in getting rid of them. The Methodists have a way of managing such cases; but the Methodist Churches in these small towns rarely keep a man through the three years that the discipline allows, unless he is a man they do not want. Is not that true?

"The consequence is that your Christian work is poorly done. Many waste places in the corners of these towns are sadly neglected, and are becoming rapidly heathenized. The religious wants of these communities are not so well provided for as they were in the days when there was but one church. You say that you are sending down to the cities a constant stream of your young men, and that is true; but the young men that you are sending us now-a-days are not of so good a quality as those you sent fifty years ago. The young men of your town do not get so much benefit from your churches as they got fifty or sixty years ago. How can they? What have you here to attract the attention and command the respect of intelligent young men? Your feeble, half-alive churches, that struggle for existence and are afflicted with chronic debility, do not strongly appeal to the enthusiasm of young men.

"The social life of your town is marred by these hateful divisions. The people of each church are a little clique; there are not enough of them to make it lively when they get together; petty sectarian jealousies keep you apart. If the Methodists have a fair or a supper, very few go but their own folks; if the Congregationalists try to have a course of lectures they must depend mainly on their own congregation for an audience. Of course there is some denominational reciprocity, but it is limited. The barrenness of your social life is largely due to these sectarian divisions. They constitute one of the principal reasons why life here is undesirable—why people, especially young men, get away as soon as ever they can.

"So, then, even as things are now, with all the help you are getting, I am sure that you yourselves can see that you are not succeeding in doing for your town, with your present machinery, what needs to be done.

"The devotion and the earnestness of many men and women here is worthy of all praise; but the results of their work, as they will admit, are meager and unsatisfactory. If, then, things could go on upon the present basis, there would not be much encouragement in the prospect; but I am bound to tell you that I doubt whether things can go on much longer upon the present basis. I do not believe that the Christian people of the country will be willing much longer to contribute money for

the perpetuation of these sectarian divisions. Many are beginning to see pretty clearly the foolishness and sin of them, and to demand that they shall cease. This is a fact to which you must give due heed. You are wise enough to make a virtue of necessity.

"Think, if you can, how much better it would be to have one religious society here instead of five. You could have one good church edifice; you could take the largest and best of your three and renovate and beautify it for your place of worship, and fit up one of the others for a lecture hall and for other social purposes. You could have one first-rate minister, and pay him a good salary, and not need to beg a cent of it from anybody. You could have your pick of all the singers in town for your choir. You would have one fine congregation,—large enough to make preaching, and listening, too, much more inspiring. Your minister would be likely to remain with you several years,—long enough to get acquainted with the absentees of the out-districts, to gain their friendship, and to mature plans of successful work among them. Your social life would be improved. By combining all your forces you could have singing schools, concerts, courses of lectures, reading circles, various literary and musical diversions of an excellent character. Monroeville would be a pleasanter place to live in; people would not be in such a hurry to get away; property would cease to depreciate.

"What is the condition of all this gain? Simply that you should drop your small, sectarian prejudices, and begin to be what the disciples were called at Antioch—Christians, nothing more nor less. Simply that you should learn to love Christ and his cause better than you love your own pet peculiarities of doctrine or worship. Is that impossible? Does anybody mean to say that the members of these churches in Monroeville are so narrow and obstinate that they cannot make so small a sacrifice for so great a good; that they will insist on maintaining, in a town of eight hundred inhabitants, five separate starving sectarian organizations instead of one vigorous, Christian church? Does any man tell me that the people of Monroeville, after coming together and looking this question in the face, are going away to say, 'It is of no use; we are too selfish and bigoted; we cannot live together peaceably; we must stick to our separate churches, though they perish, and religion and virtue and social life perish with them?' No, my friends. I have a better opinion of you. You have remained in this unhappy condition because you saw no good way out of it; now the way is open and you will walk in it."

Mr. Hartwell's speech carried the day. A



committee, consisting of the pastor and two members from each of the societies, was named on the spot and instructed to mature a plan of consolidation, to be presented to each of the churches. Within two months all the old societies had been disbanded, and a new one formed under the style of Unity Church. The meeting-house of the Congregationalists, which was largest and most central, was retained as the house of worship; that of the Baptists was refitted as a social hall, and that of the Methodists was purchased by the town for a school-house,—the money thus obtained being devoted to a renovation of the other houses. The Apostles' Creed served the new church for its confession of faith, and its organization was in most respects similar to that of the church in Cyprusville. Mr. Slade easily found another field of labor in Kansas; the end of the conference year terminated Mr. Towne's stay in Monroeville, and Elder Crane, who continued to reside in the town, gratified the universal wish by taking charge of the new organization until a pastor could be found. The behavior of the good old clergyman in all this experience was eminently judicious and Christian. His rhetoric was turgid and his opinions were not modern, but his heart was sound and the people loved him.

Thus it was that five feeble bands of sectaries in one small town were united into one efficient and self-supporting Christian church.

## XII.

A LITTLE more than two years after the Union mass-meeting in the Town-Hall at Monroeville, on a delightful October evening, Old Major stopped at the parsonage door, and the parson took his seat in the open buggy.

"Let's see; how long have you been gone?"

"Eighteen months next Monday."

"And you've seen pretty much all that's worth seeing of Europe, Asia, and Africa?"

"Not quite, but enough to think of for some time."

"And you're thoroughly rested and well?"

"Never was so well in my life."

"Good! We were very anxious about you at first; but the later news comforted us. The people have taken solid enjoyment all the while in the knowledge that you were resting and recovering your health. They will give you a hearty welcome at the prayer-meeting to-morrow night."

"Bless their faithful hearts!" said the parson, his eyes filling. "How gladly will I spend and be spent for them in the coming days! But tell me the news. I've had family news often, and church news now and then,

but beyond these almost nothing. How goes the Club?"

"Gloriously! It is pushing right on to conquest. At every meeting we have news of some good fruit that has grown from its sowing."

"How fares the work among the poor?"

"We've got that into excellent shape. Mendicancy and pauperism are pretty effectually suppressed. There are no more beggars at our back-doors; the tramps give us a wide berth. We hammered at the overseers of the poor till we got them to stop their careless largesses of alms to the idle and the vicious; they employ our visitors, now, to investigate their cases, and the amount of out-door relief has been reduced sixty per cent."

"But I hope you haven't ended with suppressing pauperism."

"Oh, no. Our visitors are beginning to take hold of the work of caring for the sick and of helping the poor and the discouraged and the shiftless, in a most intelligent way. The work that has been accomplished, not only in ministering to the helpless, but in lifting up degraded families, and in inspiring the miserable with hopefulness and courage and self-respect, is the most genuine Christian work that has ever been done in New Albion."

"How about Dr. Strickland's kindergarten?"

"There are three of them now, all doing excellently."

"The Young Men's Club—is that thriving?"

"It has a membership of six hundred."

"And the County League—how is that flourishing?"

"Now you begin to get down to business with your catechism. The County League, sir, has its foot upon its native hills, but its fame has gone into all the earth. Didn't you hear of it in Moab?"

"Not a syllable," answered the parson, laughing.

"Well, sir, the Moabites may as well set their meeting-houses in order, for it will be after 'em shortly. See. You helped to reconstruct Monroeville. Scantico followed suit; but that was before you went away. Then the Outlook Committee got its eye on Rowell and began to put on a gentle pressure. The result there was different from that in the other two towns. The Methodist church was pretty strong—much stronger than either of the other three, and the committee recommended elimination by subtraction, instead of substitution. The Methodist Church kept its organization, but broadened its methods somewhat, and the other people gave up their own churches and went in with the Methodists. Of course the Methodists did everything they could to make it agreeable for the others; put them into offices, got



a quiet, broad-minded man for their next minister, and exercised a real Christian hospitality in their reception of the members of the other churches. I hear that they have all learned to sing the Jubilee song:

“‘A Methodist, Methodist will I live,  
And a Methodist will I die,’

with the spirit and the understanding also. That's Rowell. In Woodford the Baptist Church was found to be the fittest to survive; the Baptist minister exchanges once a month regularly with the Rowell minister, and then the Baptists in Rowell who can't commune with the rest have a special communion service, and the Pedobaptists in Woodford who want their babies baptized have that service performed for them at their houses. In Tuckerton and Millville, union churches have been formed; and, of the towns in this county where small populations were once split up among several feeble churches, all but two are now happy in the possession of one good church. Besides, our Outlook Committee has been spying out the neglected districts, and stirring up the people of the towns to occupy them; we have reports from them in the meetings of the County League, and I am sure that a great many more people in Bradford County are now under religious influences than there ever were before.”

“Good!” shouted Mr. Strong.

“But you haven't got the whole of it yet,” said Franklin. “To the next meeting of the County League, after you went away, a delegation of Dunham County folks, from Samsonville and Knox and other places came in, and they got into the spirit of the movement, and went back and formed a Christian League in Dunham County. The matter began to be talked about all over the State. The newspapers took hold of it, and pushed it hard; the business men perceived the reasonableness and justice of it, and made their influence felt in favor of it, and soon every county in the State had swung into line. Midland County was the last to organize, and their League was formed last April, five months ago. And week before last the secretaries and Outlook Committees of all the County Leagues held a meeting in Bradford, and formed ‘The Christian League of Connecticut.’ Its object, as stated in the constitution, is ‘to promote efficiency and economy in Christian work, by the suppression and extinction of superfluous organizations, by the occupation of destitute fields, and by the concentration of the efforts of Christian people.’ We are to have one mass meeting every year, in November, to

hear reports from the county secretaries, to read and discuss papers, and to devise measures for the prosecution of our work.”

“*Laus Deo!*” exclaimed the parson. “Who would have believed it? Why, this is more of a miracle than your telephone, that has sprung into being since I went away. *Gloria in excelsis!* The unity of believers in this commonwealth is no longer merely a sentiment, it is a solid fact. Have they heard of this yet up in Massachusetts?”

“Oh, yes, they are talking about it there, and out West, too. The West, you know, is a great deal worse sect-ridden than we are, and sensible people out there are beginning to see that they must organize to protect themselves against the nuisance. A keen fellow from Dakotah, a leading man in one of the churches out there, was in our bank the other day, talking it over. ‘Your Outlook Committees may do very well for this region,’ he said; ‘what we've got to have is a vigilance committee. I go in for hanging every man that proposes the second church in a town of less than five hundred people. On one of our railroads, the other day, away out on the prairie, fifty miles from anywhere, the surveyor got off the train to stake out a new town. He drove four stakes and went away to eat his dinner by a spring, and, I assure you, when he come back, there was a church extension agent a-sitting on every one o' those stakes—a Baptist on one and a Presbyterian on another and a Methodist on another and a Congregationalist on another. They'd all come to locate churches in the new town. That's about the way they do it,’ said my friend, ‘and they've got to stop it.’”

“That will pass, for Dakotah,” laughed Mr. Strong. “There are facts, no doubt, under your friend's hyperbole. But we will trust that something less sanguinary than a vigilance committee may serve to restrain the rampant sectarianism of the West.”

“Ay, ay,” cried the banker. “A little patience and sweet reasonableness, and a great deal of pluck and perseverance will do the business. Let people once see how much better and more Christian is coöperation than competition and conflict, in doing Christian work, and the battle is won.”

“I always knew that the millennium was coming,” said Mr. Strong slowly, resting his eye for a moment on the mingled pearl and gold in the cloudless sky, out of which the sun had just sunk, and then dropping it to take in the soft, purple haze of the hills, and the shining depths of the placid river: “I always knew that it was coming, but I never knew before just how it was coming. Now I see.”



## THE PLANTING OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

### I.

#### FROM SCROOBY TO PLYMOUTH.

IN 1606, about the time that King James was providing with regulations, but not with bread, the forlorn little colony that made the first permanent settlement in Virginia, a movement was in progress in one of the obscurest villages of his kingdom, without the king's knowledge, and in defiance of his commands, which was fraught with the highest significance for America. In Scrooby and the adjacent parts of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire, New England was germinating in Old England. The men in big wigs—Kings, lord-archbishops, and such divinely appointed guides and guardians of English advancement—had no hand in the most notable development of English life and thought in their time. Only by their grinding and vexatious despotism did they contribute to awaken that Saxon stubbornness which planted in New England the spirit of democratic equality, and leavened with it the whole of the present United States. So that Brewster, the master of the post at Scrooby, and Bradford, a yeoman of the neighboring hamlet of Austerfield, who never, to the day of their death, had, in their following more than a few hundred artisans and laborers, have come to stand for more in human story than James and all his court. The divine right of fact and outcome is greater than that of Stuart pedigree.

Since the secession, in the time of Henry VIII., of the Anglican Church from the Roman, there had been two manner of people within her, and Jacob and Esau were striving for precedence. The conservative party, which included many devout people, wished to make few changes and to preserve ecclesiastical dignities, impressive ceremonies, and traditional usages. The extreme Protestant or Puritan party cried out against the retention of any rag of Romanism. They wished to revert to a primitive equality among ministers, and to assimilate modes of worship to those of the reformed churches of the continent, while they sought also to introduce a severe ecclesiastical discipline and a Scotch rigor in Sabbath observance. Each party strove to gain the ascendancy, each was ready to oust

and persecute the other. In the reign of Elizabeth many ineffectual compromises were attempted, and some of the more moderate Puritans were tolerated. But the Queen, with a calculated and worldly policy, sought to put down Puritans with one hand and Papists with the other.

When, in 1603, James VI. of Scotland, who among his Scotch subjects had shown himself an ardent Presbyterian, succeeded to the English throne as James I., the hopes of the Puritans were raised to the highest pitch. They met the king in his progress southward with a petition signed by nearly eight hundred clergymen. But when James was once freed from the "Scot's presbytery," as he called it, his opinions, so often vaunted, underwent a rapid change. Like Dickens's Bagstock, however, the king was openly and ostentatiously sly. After frightening the cringing bishops with a threat of doing away with their order, he summoned four Puritan divines to meet with nine bishops and seven deans in conference before him at Hampton Court. He delighted as much in the recreation of a puttering theological debate, as some of the Roman emperors did in gladiatorial slaughter. The Puritans found to their surprise that the real antagonist whom they had to meet was James himself, who started with the maxim, "No bishop, no king," and declared that he would "have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion in substance and in ceremony." He promised that he would "make the Puritans conform, or harry them out of the land, or else worse." Whereupon the courtiers, like good claqueurs, pronounced James a Solomon. The aged Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, thought that the king spoke "by the special assistance of God's spirit." Bancroft, the Bishop of London, fell upon his knees, crying: "I protest my heart melteth for joy, that Almighty God, of his singular mercy, has given us such a king as since Christ's time hath not been." And indeed the bishop was partly right; it would be hard to find the like of King James, who may have furnished to the great poet of his reign the happy conception of a man unconsciously wearing an ass's head. The king wrote to a friend, when the conference was over, that he had "peppered the Puritans soundly," and the Puritans were no more able to dispute



his victory than was the lamb in the fable to reply to the cogent arguments of the wolf.

During the later years of Elizabeth's reign, and at the accession of James I., there dwelt at Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, one William Brewster, who had seen the great world in his time, having been in the service and friendly confidence of William Davison, the queen's ambassador to Holland,—the same Davison who was later the unfortunate secretary of state on whom Elizabeth was pleased to throw the blame for the execution of Mary of Scotland. Brewster seems to have had some property, and he held the office of "Post" or master of the post at Scrooby. Brewster, like Davison, was a man of deep religious feeling and strong Protestant convictions. Desiring a reformation of the church by the abolition of those ceremonies which he considered to be of human invention and savoring of Romanism, he took especial pains to secure incumbents of his own way of thinking for the neighboring parishes. But when these revered men were silenced by episcopal authority, and their devout followers vexed with persecutions, Brewster, like many others, came presently to believe that "the lordly, tyrannous power of the prelates ought not to be submitted to." He thus passed from Puritanism to Separatism, and became what in that day was called a Brownist. And so, as one after another, the Puritan clergymen who officiated among the hamlets and wheat-fields about Scrooby were silenced for non-conformity, there grew up among those who had been influenced by their preaching, a Separatist congregation, meeting for the most part in the large old house of Brewster, which was a bishop's manor, surrounded by a moat. Here assembled all those scrupulous spirits who could not worship where the parson wore a surplice, read prayers from a book, and made the sign of the cross in baptism. These were trifles to fall out about, but they stood for more than they do now; they were outward signs of the great conflict between the middle age and modern life, priestly domination and human advancement. However slight the ground of scruple may be, the human conscience is no trifle; the strict Separatist defied king and bishop for what he deemed to be duty, and thus ennobled his life in joining the long line of martyrs and patriots. Turning his back every Sunday upon the picturesque and venerable churches of his forefathers, the humble husbandman took the foot-path that wound through lovely fields and along hawthorn hedge-rows until it brought him to Scrooby, to the house of the post-master, revered by him as the Ruling Elder of the true believers who had separated themselves

from the corrupt Babylon of the bishops, with all its "base, beggarly ceremonies," which in his eyes were "monuments of idolatry." Here the worship was conducted with apostolic plainness. There was no reading of "stinted prayers" out of a book, but good, long, exhaustive petitions delivered extemporaneously. Even the psalm must not be read by the minister before it was sung, though, in after times, out of pity for one good brother, who loved to sing, but did not know letters, the elder was allowed to read it line by line, yet not until the minister had first expounded it.

Among those who assembled in this forbidden conventicle in "the mean townlet of Scrooby," was a young yeoman, who every Sunday walked some miles from the Yorkshire village of Austerfield. This was William Bradford, or Bradfurth, afterward the famous governor of the first New England colony. Though but a youth, he was of a contemplative spirit, and had probably already begun that self-instruction by which he came in his busy after-years not only to speak French and Dutch, but to read Latin and Greek, while he studied Hebrew more than all, because "he would see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in their native beauty."

The most memorable of all the men in the Scrooby church, and its most influential teacher, was one of its preachers who arrived late. Of a modest and conciliatory spirit, a man of charity and far-seeing liberality, John Robinson seems hardly to belong to those times of partisan bitterness. After he had been silenced we find him living in Norwich as "a man worthily revered of all the city for the grace of God in him." But when those who resorted to his house "to pray with him" were vexed and persecuted, he drifted, slowly and reluctantly, into a separatism that was never bitter, and that was softened and modified as he mellowed with years and experience. He became pastor to the Scrooby Separatists—a Moses who was to lead the pilgrims in their wanderings, but who was doomed never to see the promised land even from a mountain-top. It was he, no doubt, who gave to the Scrooby congregation a unity and affection rare among the aggressive spirits of the time; it was Robinson who held them firmly together in their exile; and, after their second emigration and his death, it seems to have been the influence of his character and teachings that made the Plymouth pilgrims more tolerant than the harsher Puritans of Massachusetts Bay.

Badgered on every side by that vexatious "harrying," which, according to promise, King James and his ecclesiastics kept up, the little congregation at Scrooby resolved to flee into Holland, where they would be strangers to



the local speech and means of gaining a livelihood, but where they might worship God in extemporary prayers without fear of pursuivants or prisons. That which is most honorable to the Dutch Provinces from the standpoint of history, namely, that they were places of refuge for oppressed consciences, was thought ridiculous and abominable in the seventeenth century. The Dutch capital was called "a cage of unclean birds"; an English prelate denounced it as "a common harbor of all opinions and heresies," and Edward Johnson, the somewhat bloodthirsty Massachusetts Puritan, inveighs against "the great mingle-mangle of religion" in Holland, and like a burlesque prophet, shrieks: "Ye Dutch! come out of your hodge-podge!" All the hounds of bigotry stood baying at Amsterdam, a refuge wherein those upon whom they would prey were safe from their fury.

To this asylum, the Scrooby Separatists resolved to fly. They found themselves "hunted and persecuted on every side," vexed with fines, arrests, and imprisonments, having their houses watched "night and day," so that all their sufferings in the previous reign "were but as flea-bitings in comparison." But the tyranny which made England intolerable, did its best to render flight impossible. The Dutch captains who were to carry them were paid to betray the fugitives, so that in various essays to escape they were arrested and stripped of their valuables, and their leaders were cast into prison for months at a time. In one attempt to take ship secretly at a country-place, it happened that the greater part of the men were taken aboard during low water, to save time, while the women and children waited the turning of the tide. Seeing an armed company approaching, the Dutch captain swore the customary oath of his class "by the sacrament," and heartlessly set sail, carrying off the men, who were in the greatest anxiety, and leaving the women and children to the mercy of the officers. The constables, for their part, knew not what to do with so many helpless and innocent people crying after their husbands and fathers, and shivering with fear and cold. These guiltless culprits were dragged from magistrate to magistrate; to imprison women for wishing to go with their husbands was unreasonable and even difficult, when once the pity of the populace had been excited. It was equally unreasonable to bid them return to their homes since they had disposed of their houses and livings. So there was nothing for the perplexed magistrates but to get rid of them at last by letting them escape to their friends, who, meantime, had well-nigh perished in a storm which drove them to the coast of Nor-

way and kept them out of port for fourteen days. But at length, this battered little community, which had attained increased solidarity by common sufferings, met together with joy in Amsterdam. Here they soon saw "the grim and gristly face of poverty coming upon them." To make matters worse, the English Separatists who had preceded them to Amsterdam were in bitter strife among themselves about some scruples on the subject of high-heeled shoes and bodices with whalebones. Robinson valued peace above phylacteries, and the Scrooby people, to avoid the contagion of discord, struck their tents once more and removed to Leyden, where their opportunities for gaining a livelihood were even less than at Amsterdam. Their occupations were of the humblest sort. Even the learned and famous puritan Dr. Henry Ainsworth, who had gone to Amsterdam from London, had found no work more congenial to his scholarly tastes than that of carrying knowledge upon his back as a book-seller's porter. Young Bradford apprenticed himself to a refugee Huguenot to learn silk-dyeing, and Elder Brewster, whose property had been wasted by the troubles attending the emigration of his large family and the assistance he had given to others, set up as a teacher of English; and though, like the young man in Goldsmith's story, he might have found it hard to teach the Dutch to speak English, since he himself knew no Dutch, yet as Leyden was a university town, where Latin was a common tongue of the learned, he succeeded well, and became prosperous in a small way, by writing a grammar of English in the Latin tongue, stretching the rather grammarless Saxon upon a Roman frame. Later, by the help of friends, he set up a printing-office, and published puritan books that could not have been printed in England. With one hard shift and another, guided by Robinson's talent for affairs, the country-people from the north of England succeeded in winning their bread "by continual labor and toil," while they lived together "in single-heartedness and sincere affection."

Robinson's erudition and gifts brought him into some credit among the learned in Leyden in 1615, and he was admitted to the University. This freed him from the control of the magistrates, and gave him another inestimable privilege of learned Dutchmen,—that of receiving every month half a tun of beer and ten gallons of wine, free of town and State duties. He took part with distinction in the unhappy debate between the Gomarists and Arminians, which culminated in the persecution of the latter; but he lived and died in poverty, the Dutch authorities not giving him any preferment, from fear of offending





OLD PARISH CHURCH IN AUSTERFIELD.

the English king, who could not let the victims of his petty spite find rest even in Holland.

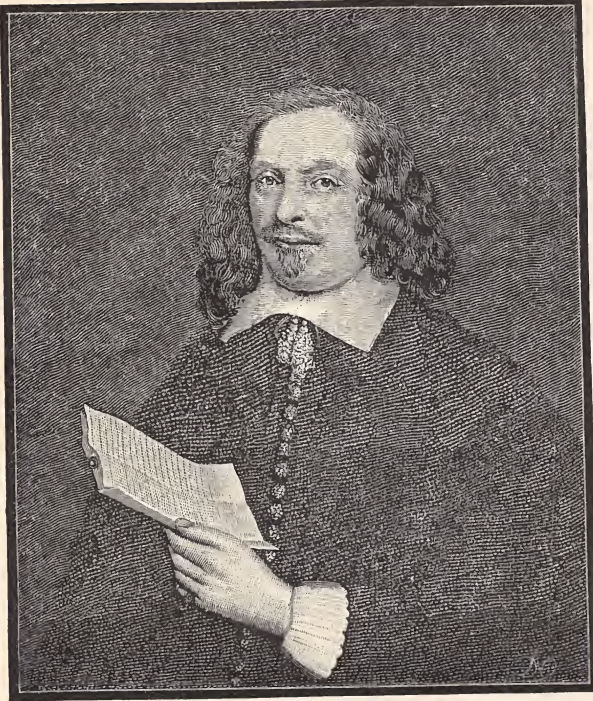
When the little Separatist congregation had dwelt in a foreign land ten years, they began to grow dissatisfied. They had ceased to increase, and the life in Leyden was so hard that many even preferred English prisons to liberty at so high a price. It is not in the nature of things that a sect whose members hold their opinions with warmth should be content to dwindle, and it seemed probable that this little church could not long keep together against the pressure of adverse circumstances, and with the prospect of a renewal of the war between Spain and the Low Countries. It pained them to see their children growing prematurely decrepit under the weight of hard and incessant toil, "the vigor of nature being consumed in the very bud." Some of their young people were drawn aside by the licentiousness of the city, some entered the Dutch army, others made long voyages at sea, and fell into habits very foreign to the strictness of their parents. There could be no doubt about the result of a contest between the spirit of the lax and merry Hollander and the severity of Puritan discipline. Human nature, indeed, will not stand at too high a pitch; all strenuous movements are softened by time. There could be but one hope of holding the posterity of the pilgrims to their rigid religious principles, and that was in isolating them. Intermarriages with their Dutch neighbors had already begun, and this opened before the Separatists the prospect of losing in the next generation their language, their religious principles, and their very existence as an English community. Then, too, Puritanism was in its very nature aggressive, even meddlesome; and it was not possible for a church with Puritan principles, that held such men as Robinson, Brewster, Carver, Bradford, and Cushman, to remain content where language and national prejudice prevented the

exertion of a positive influence. They were captivated with the idea of planting a new state, where, according to their declared intent, they "might, with the liberty of a good conscience, enjoy the pure Scriptural worship of God without the mixture of human inventions and impositions; and their children after them might walk in the holy ways of the Lord." There was much discussion in the Separatist church in Leyden, of the wisdom of the proposed migration, and much debate as to the direction of their removal. Guiana, so highly praised by Raleigh, tempted them with its perpetual spring, but it was too near to the cruel Spaniard, who had so recently tormented the Protestants of the Low Countries, and from whom Leyden itself had suffered so fearfully. There were tedious negotiations with the Virginia Company, which were broken off because King James refused to offend his conscience, or, perhaps, feared to wound his reputation for orthodoxy, by granting toleration to the Separatists in their new colony. He would connive at their worship if they carried themselves peaceably, but to give them a formal guaranty of toleration under the broad seal of England—never! They now turned to the Amsterdam Company, trading in the Hudson River, which gladly offered them a free passage to New Netherlands, and proposed to supply them with the necessary cattle, but could not secure from the States-General a guaranty of protection from King James's royal arguments against heresy. But before this decision was reached, the eyes of the pilgrims seem to have been turned again toward England, by the proffers of a co-partnership in their enterprise from certain London capitalists or "adventurers," as investors were then called. On mature reflection they thought it better to form an English colony, even without the guaranty under the broad seal, reflecting that "a seal as broad as a house-floor" would not hold a king to his promise if he desired to evade it.

In their application for toleration they had laid before the English privy-council a somewhat diplomatic statement of their religious principles, urging at the same time, in well-chosen phrases, their fitness for planting a successful colony, since they were "well weaned from the delicate milk of their own country, and inured to the difficulties of a hard and strange land," and since their people were, "for the body of them, industrious and frugal as any people in the world," and knit together in the care of one another under a sacred bond, and since they could have no temptation to return to the persecutions of England or the poverty of Holland.

They procured a patent from the London





EDWARD WINSLOW. [BY PERMISSION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.]

or Virginia company, to settle in the neighborhood of Hudson's River, a geographical phrase which, in the vague state of knowledge at that time, meant nothing very definite. The colonists saw plainly that the battle would be a severe one, and there were those among them whose hearts failed. The younger and stronger were sent before, and only the willing-hearted. Some prudently left their wives and children behind until the first rude brunt should be over. More than half were willing to go, but not quite half could get ready in time, and so it fell to Robinson's lot to stay with the larger number, as had been agreed, while the ruling elder, Brewster, embarked with the smaller division.

As the time drew on for one of the most memorable leave-takings in human history, a day was appointed for humiliation and prayer. With the true hardihood of men inured to religious services, they continued the exercises the livelong day. A good part of this time was occupied by the pastor's excellent discourse—the rest with many tearful prayers. It was, perhaps, on this occasion that Robinson gave the never-to-be-forgotten farewell advice, which shows him to have been a man of rare moral exaltation, and one of the most liberal minds of the seventeenth century. Thinking it possible he might never see them again, he charged them “before God and his blessed

angels to follow him no farther than he followed Christ, and if God should reveal anything to them by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as ever they were to receive any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light to break forth out of His holy word. He took occasion also miserably to bewail the state and condition of the reformed churches who were come to a period in religion, and would go no farther than the instruments of their own reformation.” The Lutherans he censured for refusing the truth of the Calvinists, and these for sticking where Calvin had left them,—“a misery much to be lamented.” It would be hard to find at that day any other professed theologian or teacher of any kind, who understood as he did the progressive nature of truth as apprehended by the human intellect. He declared it “not possible that \* \* \* full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.” He exhorted them to shake off the sectarian nickname of Brownists, to

avoid separation from godly people of the Church of England, and “rather to study union than division.” He bade them not to be loth to call another pastor or teacher, “for that flock which hath two shepherds is not endangered, but secured by it.” Admirable man!—free from pettiness and egotism! Fortunate man, who, working in one of the obscurest corners of this jostling world, succeeded in training and sending out a people that expanded and diffused his teachings into the institutions and habits of thought of a great nation! It matters nothing that the poor remainder of his people in Leyden, five years later, could only afford for this great and learned man the fourth part of a hired tomb costing but nine florins. Nor does it matter that, at the end of seven years, his body was removed with the others and cast into some common fosse. He who plants the seeds of new and better institutions may well have his place of sepulture as obscure as that of Moses.

The last night of the stay of the pilgrims in Leyden was passed almost without sleep. Those who were to remain gave a feast to the “removers” in the large house of the pastor, where, it seems, their services were usually held. Here the night was spent in such social enjoyment as became people of their severe habit. For the last time they sang together the rugged verses of those psalms that were associated with all the intimate brother-



hood of many years in Scrooby and Leyden. Governor Edward Winslow, a quarter of a century afterward, looked back fondly to that parting Puritan feast, and professed that there was the most delightful music he had ever heard. In the hearts of emigrants the quaint psalms were answered by the pathetic melody of a fellowship to be sundered forever, and the heroic strains of brave souls ready to venture all in the execution of a high resolve.

"And so," says Bradford, as if writing a new sacred Scripture, "they left that goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting-place near twelve years; but they knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on these things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

Their friends from Leyden accompanied them fourteen miles to Delft-haven, where their little ship, the *Speedwell*, awaited them. Some of the Separatists of Amsterdam came likewise to the port, and here there was another feast. Then followed the indescribable parting, the Dutch spectators on the quay shedding tears at the sight. Words were few. "They were not able to speak to one another for the abundance of sorrow," says Winslow. But at length Robinson's voice was heard in prayer, and around him they all knelt for the last time while he commended the emigrants to the keeping of God. Like true Englishmen, the pilgrims did not forget the proprieties of a public occasion; those on board the shabby little *Speedwell* fired a volley of small shot as a farewell to the friends on shore, and, with this beggarly show of ceremony, one of the most important migrations of the world's history set forth, in July, 1620.

On the English coast they were joined by others, and by the greater of their two ships, the *Mayflower*. There were many vexatious delays, and the leakiness of the *Speedwell* forced them to put back twice, and finally to abandon her. Whereupon, leaving behind all the discontented and faint-hearted, the one hundred who adhered to the enterprise crowded themselves and their most necessary supplies into the *Mayflower*, a ship of a hundred and eighty tons, whose bad condition came near putting an end to the whole expedition. These were huddled together so densely that even the shallop on the deck was damaged by being used for a sleeping-place. They had a stormy and wretched passage. They were wet almost continually, lived upon spoiled provisions, and were out from Plymouth, their last English port, more than sixty tedious days, falling in with land in November, not within the limits of the Virginia Company, from whom they held their charter, but among the embarrassing shoals of

Cape Cod. They essayed to sail to the southward but the captain seemed not to be able to find his way through the shoals. The voyagers were sick of the discomforts of the ship and the perils of the sea; the women and children could not understand why one wilderness was not about as good as another. Here was land, with none to forbid the taking of it, and the clamors to be put ashore were irresistible. So they turned about and dropped anchor in Cape Cod Harbor, and thus it chanced that Puritanism, instead of planting itself in fertile lands farther to the south, was driven by rough winds to the shores of New England, where the austere creed, the reluctant soil, and the rugged climate contributed to form that remarkable people who have had so large a share in shaping the character and history of the United States.

## II.

### THE PLANTING OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

THE pilgrims were not the first who had essayed to plant the coast of New England. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's fatal expedition of 1583 would no doubt have made an attempt here, had not a succession of disasters reduced its strength from five ships to two, of which but one reached England at last. In 1602 Captain Gosnold, the same who afterward projected the Virginia colony, planted a little company for a few weeks on the island of Cuttyhunk, to the south of Cape Cod. He not only chose an island, but, to make safety more secure, an islet in a lake in the midst of the island was selected, and thus, doubly surrounded by water and land, the colonists built a sort of fort, and a common house large enough for twenty men, with their necessary stores. But, unfortunately, the ship took on a rich cargo of sassafras and cedar-wood, and the eleven men who were to remain suspected that the ship's captain, Gilbert, did not intend to bring them supplies the next year. They believed that, with the cruel dishonesty which was often found in the half-piratical mariner of that time, he proposed to leave them with six weeks' provision, and to appropriate the results of the voyage. The eleven men, therefore, hastily resolved to go back to England with him, that they might share in the profits from the sassafras. The coast of Buzzard's Bay was seen by them at the loveliest season of the year, and with six hours' fishing they "so pestered" their ships with codfish that many were thrown over again. Their good report of the land, with the account given by Captain Weymouth, who sailed up the Kennebec in 1605, and kidnapped five



savages for the glory of God, were no doubt chief influences in moving Sir John Popham, Lord Chief-Justice, "honorable patron of virtue," and hard-hearted persecutor of Puritans, to send out a plantation in 1607, into what is now the State of Maine. But the governor of this colony died, and the ships which brought supplies the year following brought also intelligence of the death of the Chief-Justice, and news of another death which made Raleigh Gilbert, the new governor, inheritor of large estates. No mines had been found, and the colonists were homesick and discouraged by

England winter, and their nearest civilized neighbors were five hundred miles away. "All things stared upon them with a weather-beaten face," says Bradford. The mariners reminded them of the wasting provision and muttered threats of putting them off and leaving them, if they did not soon find a place.

When they had come to anchor, the men went ashore to refresh themselves, while the women took this first opportunity to wash the clothes, "of which they had much need." There is no surer sign of civilization in a race, than the waging of continual war against



GOSNOLD'S ISLAND, CUTTYHUNK.

the frightful severity of the winter of 1607-8, in which they had suffered "extreme extremities." They therefore returned to England, carrying hard reports of the climate, and of a land so forlorn as not to possess gold-mines, to pay the charges of colonization.

"For any plantations there were no more speeches" for a long while after. The indomitable Captain John Smith tried to found a colony with sixteen men in 1615, but was captured by a French privateer, and after many adventures landed in France. There were other attempts, and many disastrous voyages of one kind and another, so that a belief became current that the Indian conjurors, who were known to be the devil's own, had laid a spell on the coast to keep the whites away. It is probable that the enchanted region would long have lain waste, if the pilgrims, seeking Hudson's River, had not hit upon Cape Cod.

Safely anchored in Cape Cod Harbor, the weary voyagers gave solemn thanks for their arrival. But how much better was the wild land than the wild sea? They had "no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weather-beaten bodies." They were homeless at the beginning of a New

dirt. Since the world began, New England had never known a race that kept sacred a wash-day; and the well-washed linen of the pilgrims, fluttering on the bushes of Cape Cod, was the banner of approaching civilization.

Sometimes on foot, sometimes in a little shallop, a company of about sixteen explored the coast for a place of settlement, sleeping at night with no shelter but a barricade on the windward side, in such exposure to an unaccustomed climate as planted the seeds of death in the enfeebled bodies of some of them. It is a strange picture we get of them, sailing or marching about the creeks and bays, overloaded as they were with heavy armor, and carrying for the most part cumbrous matchlock guns, which could not be set off without access to fire, or the continual bearing of a lighted slow-match while on the march. They looked with fresh and child-like eyes on the novel objects which this virgin world offered to their curiosity. The cunningly built canoes of birch-bark, and the deserted wigwams which they found filled them with wonder, as did the fresh, sweet spring water of the country, so superior to any they had known in Europe, and the





ARMOR WORN BY THE PILGRIMS IN 1620.

wild geese, which they ate "with soldiers' stomachs." Buried in an Indian hiding-place, they found, to their delight, the yellow, red, and blue-speckled ears of Indian corn, and pronounced them beautiful. They carried off as much of it as they could, intending to pay for it when they should find the owners, as they afterward did; the rest they conscientiously replaced in the subterranean granary. The corn thus procured served them for seed the following year, and since they would probably have perished without it, they set down its discovery as one of God's wonderful providences: so, indeed, they regarded all that befell them, good or bad. In spite of the dire extremity of their situation, they kept the Sabbath rigorously, nor did they omit their accustomed worship in any comfortless camp. They were once set upon by Indians, but they fought and routed them.

Lighting on Plymouth Harbor, they ac-

cepted it as a place suitable for planting, and here, on the twenty-fifth day of December, 1620, Old Style, while England was making merry over boars' heads and plum-puddings, they began to build, not even remarking in their journal that it was a holy day, for Christmas had been put away with all other popish superstitions and idolatrous observances.

In the old days of national self-laudation, now happily passed away, American writers were prone to make much of the compact signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* as the foundation and beginning of all government "with the consent of the governed." The facts are that the Pilgrims found themselves so far to the north as to make their patent from the Virginia company of no avail, and one or two evil spirits having "shuffled into their company" in England, some mutinous speeches were heard. The emigrants took the only common-sense road out of the difficulty by signing a mutual



agreement to form a body politic. Without having any profound or fine-spun theories, the Pilgrims put in force the divine right of common sense. Republican institutions in America were merely the result of the application, first and last, of practical shrewdness to the wants and circumstances of the people.

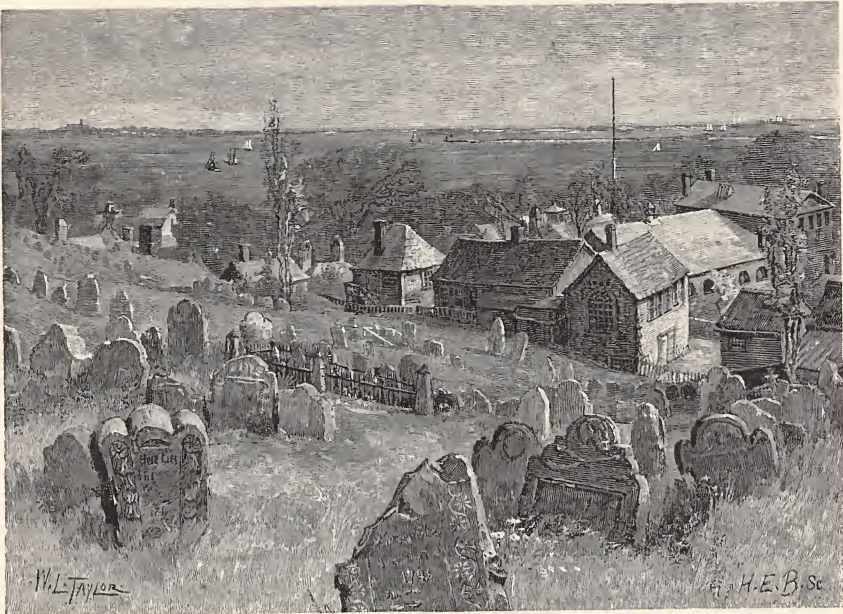
Those enthusiastic writers who will have it that the pilgrims from Leyden were the real founders of the English dominion in America, wrong the brave men, Gosnold, Smith, Percy, De La Warre, Dale, and others, who carried to success the ill-starred colony at Jamestown, failing which costly attempt there might not have been another English plantation in a century. In such an event the northern coast, which was

ica was the democratic spirit. The equality of man to man in affairs civil and ecclesiastical was sown broadcast in the church government, the land system, and the town-meetings of New England. With them Democracy was not primarily a political doctrine, but an unforeseen result of their notions of ministerial parity and Christian brotherhood.

### III.

#### THE VAN-COURIERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE fiery furnace of their afflictions was lighted from the day of the pilgrim landing. The beef and pork they had eaten at sea was tainted, "their butter and cheese corrupted"



PLYMOUTH AND PLYMOUTH HARBOR FROM BURIAL HILL.

accounted in England "a cold, rocky desert," might easily have been occupied by the French, who claimed and tried to settle it as part of Canada, or by the Dutch, who had, in 1614, explored the shore to a point beyond Boston harbor, and included it in their chart of New Netherland. The Spanish imagination pushed their Florida indefinitely to the northward,—certainly to the Chesapeake, of which they were probably the first discoverers. But the dawning prosperity of the James River Plantation turned the eye of the pilgrims toward Virginia, and led them, while fearing their old Church-of-England enemies at Jamestown, to take a patent for a separate settlement under the same company. What the pilgrims did bring to Amer-

and "their fish rotten." In going to and from the land at Cape Cod they had been often wetted, some had endured storms in explorations, and their houses, their clothing and their bedding were quite insufficient to repel a New England winter. Neither the sick nor the sound had at any time during the winter a sufficient diet. Forty-four of the one hundred died before the winter was over, and quite one-half of all who landed had been buried before the supply-ship arrived at the end of a year. Lest the Indians should discover this mortality they leveled every grave, and set their maize and beans on the ground planted already with the bodies of half their colony. At one time there were but six or seven well persons, and these toiled incessantly for the sick, of whom



sometimes two or three died in a day. It was the Jamestown horror repeated.

But even this cruel mortality, according to Cotton Mather, is to be set down as a marvelous providential interference in their behalf. "If disease had not more easily fetched so many away to heaven," as he glibly says, there would not have been provision enough, and so all must have died before supplies arrived. But when Robinson, their pastor, heard of the death of so many, it wrung his heart, and he did not so cheaply explain the calamity, but, after expressions of the deepest sorrow, he bravely and philosophically reminded them that, "in a battle it is not looked for but that divers should die."

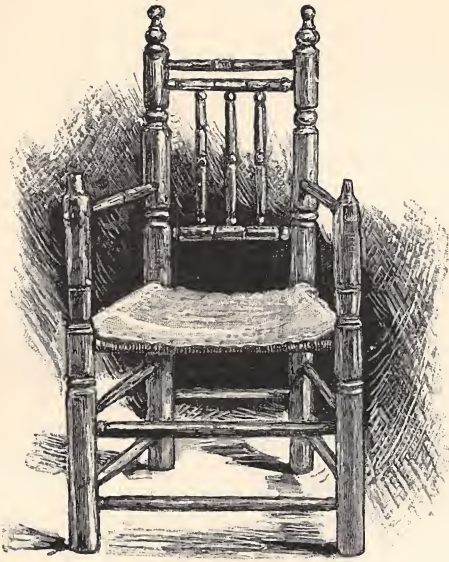
The crew of the *Mayflower* were sick of the same scurvy, and the ship lay at anchor the entire winter. But, when she sailed for England in the spring, after a winter so terrible, none of the colonists offered to return. There was not a family that had escaped loss: they compared themselves to the Egyptians after the death of their first-born. Nearly all of the leaders had lost their wives, and most of them had suffered cruelly in their own persons. But the new element of religious exaltation had come into the work of colonizing the continent. These were not covetous traders, nor dumb cattle to be held in place by military law. They willingly laid down their lives that they "might be stepping-stones to others," as one of them expressed it.

It was fortunate for the pilgrims that the Indian tribes of the vicinity had been almost exterminated three or four years before their coming, by a cruel epidemic, which had destroyed nineteen in twenty of the savages, and had quite exterminated the inhabitants of the village of Patuxet, on whose site Plymouth was built, leaving the cleared corn-ground for the use of the English. The Indians who remained in the neighborhood were bitterly hostile to all white people, and their "powows" or medicine men had held a three days' conjuration in a dark swamp, to persuade the evil spirits to work harm to the Plymouth settlers. This enmity came from the act of one Hunt, a despicable sea-captain of the sort so common at that time, who was engaged in a fishing and trading venture under the lead of Captain John Smith, in 1614. After Smith had returned to England in a bark laden with fish, Hunt bethought him of a new method of making money on his own account. The savages at Patuxet had maintained friendly relations with Smith and his party, and Hunt easily persuaded twenty of them to board his ship, whereupon he sailed away. Capturing seven others at another place, he set out for Spain,

where he sold some of them. But some benevolent monks of Malaga, hearing of his treacherous dealing, seized the rest of the Indians for the purpose of instructing them in Christianity. A number of these captives were by some means carried to England, and among them was Tisquantum, a native of Patuxet. He may have been a village or subordinate chief; at least, he contrived to figure as some great body among the English, and was sent out with an expedition to Newfoundland, whence he was carried back to England, to aid in an expedition under Captain Dermer, which was intended to make peace and reopen trade with the Indians whom Hunt had rendered hostile. On coming to Patuxet, after a five years' absence, Tisquantum, or Squanto, as the English called him, found it wholly deserted. Every member of his band remaining after Hunt's capture had died of the epidemic of 1616 and 1617. He led Dermer to the village of Namasket, fifteen miles to the westward. Here the savages were so hostile to all men of Hunt's complexion, that Squanto had trouble to save the life of the captain who had brought him home. Squanto was, perhaps, afraid of a new captivity, since he did not venture into Plymouth until three months after his old home had been occupied by the Pilgrims, nor was he then the first to come. On the sixteenth of March, Samoset, a sagamore from the eastern coast, walked boldly and alone into Plymouth, and would have entered the large "common house" if the people had not prudently objected. He greeted them with the words: "Welcome, Englishmen!" speaking such limited and broken English as he had picked up in contact with fishermen on the Maine coast. Having been kindly treated, he next brought with him five messengers from Massasoit, the nearest head-chief, and afterward three others; with these last came as interpreter, Tisquantum or Squanto, who, finding the English seated on the corn-field of his own extinct band, stayed with them,—partly, perhaps, from that attachment to place so characteristic of the aboriginal American, and partly from a reviving affection for the English people, among whom he had lived so long, and among whom he would again have that importance so much desired by Indian vanity.

Squanto encouraged Massasoit's band to maintain friendship with the whites, by telling them that the white men kept the epidemic disease buried in the same magazine with the gunpowder. "Thus the tongue of a dog became serviceable to poor Lazarus," says Mather. It was he who taught the English how to manure their Indian-corn, by putting one



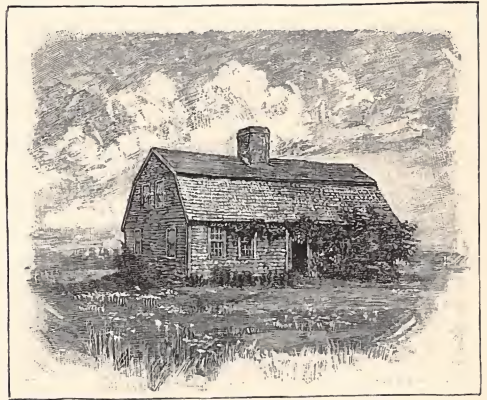


CHAIR OF CARVER, FIRST GOVERNOR OF PLYMOUTH COLONY.

or two herrings in every hill, and how to plant it as the Indians did, when the white-oak leaf was as big as a mouse's ear. He taught them to take fish in waters he had known from infancy, showing them where to get and how to use that which land and water afforded, and where to sail on trading voyages. When the settlers languished with scurvy for want of fresh meat, he got a good mess of eels by treading them out of the brook with his feet, and catching them with his naked hands. As guide, interpreter, and instructor of the English in their new environment, he was, as they phrased it, "a special instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation." He was not lacking in Indian cunning. By boasting of his influence with the whites, and the dangerous character of gunpowder and the epidemic which were their weapons, he sought to gain an influence in Massasoit's band that should quite supplant the chief's authority. To this end he endeavored to excite in Plymouth suspicions of Massasoit's fidelity, but he was thwarted by the Indian Hobbamok, a friend of that chief, who had also come to live and die with the English. The Pilgrims saved Squanto from Massasoit's vengeance, and, thereafter made a shrewd use of the jealousy between him and Hobbamok. Governor Bradford affected to trust one of the Indians, while the military leader, Captain Standish, would listen only to the other. In this way they protected themselves from the craft of either. Two years after the landing of the Pilgrims, while on a trading voyage with Bradford, Squanto was seized with an Indian fever

and died. He maintained his affection for the white people to the last, desiring to go to the Englishman's God in heaven, and bequeathing sundry things to friends in the colony "as remembrances of his love." "Of whom they had great loss," adds Bradford.

The neighboring chief, Massasoit, possessed that sort of undefined, fast-and-loose authority over his band which one sees to this day among the Indians, with a general ascendancy, or influential precedence, among the several bands that composed his nation or tribe. He had strong motives for friendship with the colonists, in his fear of powerful tribes against whom, since the epidemic had reduced his followers to a handful, he was no longer able to cope. His alliance with Plymouth put him under shelter of their dreaded firearms. He seems to have been an Indian of a somewhat exceptional character, in a measure free from the falsehood, cruelty, and treachery that are almost universal in the red race. "O my loving sachem! my loving sachem!" broke out Hobbamok when he heard that Massasoit was dying. "Many have I known, but never any like thee!" and then, addressing Winslow, he added: "While you live you will never see his like among the Indians. He is not bloody and cruel like other Indians. When angry he is easily reconciled with those that have offended him; he is reasonable, and will listen to the advice of obscure men. He governs better with few



THE MYLES STANDISH HOUSE, DUXBURY, MASS., BUILT BY HIS SON, 1666.

strokes than others do with many, and he is a true friend to those he loves."

The iron hand of the colony in dealing with the Indians, and with evil-doers along the coast, was their intrepid captain-general, Myles Standish, a small man, who was sneeringly dubbed by one who had felt the weight of his authority, "Captain Shrimp." He was agile, indomitable, and hot-tempered.

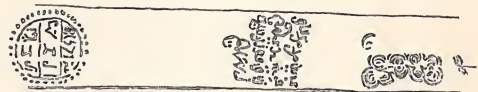




POT AND PLATTER OF MYLES STANDISH. [NOW IN  
PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH.]

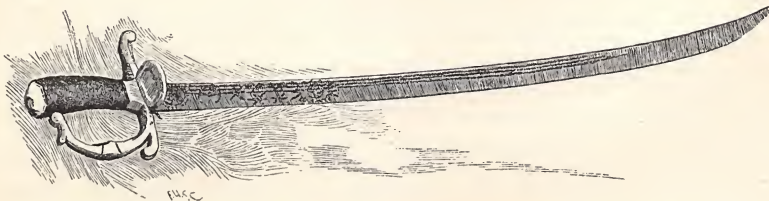
A Yorkshireman of a gentle family, he had been a soldier in the Low Countries, where he fell in with Robinson's congregation. Liking them, he settled in Leyden, without joining the church. He came to New England in the *Mayflower*, and led in all the military operations of the colony, going foremost in every dangerous undertaking. He was quick of decision, and prompt to act. He terrified Courbitant's hostile faction in Massasoit's tribe by surrounding a village in the night and taking all the inhabitants prisoners. A merchant named Weston having planted a colony of reckless English on the site of Weymouth, who had rendered themselves hateful to the Massachusetts tribe, some of the latter conspired to destroy Plymouth colony and Weston's settlement with the same blow. Massasoit gave information of the plot to the English, and even directed who must be executed by a sudden surprise, in order to cut off the heads of the conspiracy, and so prevent the attack. The danger was imminent, and Standish set out for Weston's colony under color of trading, though some of the Indians reported that the little captain was evidently angry inside. In the insulting carriage of the Indians Standish easily saw their intention to surprise and cut him off. Pecksuot, a stalwart chief, had

sharpened his knife on the back as well as on the edge. "This knife," said he, "has a woman's face on the handle. I have another at home; it has a man's face on it, for it has killed an enemy. After a while the two shall get married." Standish and his men fell suddenly on some of the defiant ringleaders, whose names Massasoit had given, and killed them with the knives which the Indians wore about their own necks. The little captain, with his own hand, stabbed to death, after a desperate struggle, the powerful and insolent Pecksuot. The measure was a harsh one, but the peril was very great, and Standish had few men. The mode of execution was that by which the Indians were accustomed to deal with such offenders: it was what Pecksuot intended, no doubt, for Standish and his companions. It is to be remembered, too, that the slightest reverse would have brought the whole power of the savage tribes upon the English. Robinson, in Leyden, was deeply grieved at this slaughter, and wrote: "Oh, that you had converted some before you had killed any." Standish carried the head of one of the Indians back to Plymouth, and stuck it up as a barbarous trophy. In extenuation, it is necessary to remember that, more than a hundred years later than this, Temple Bar, in London, was decorated with



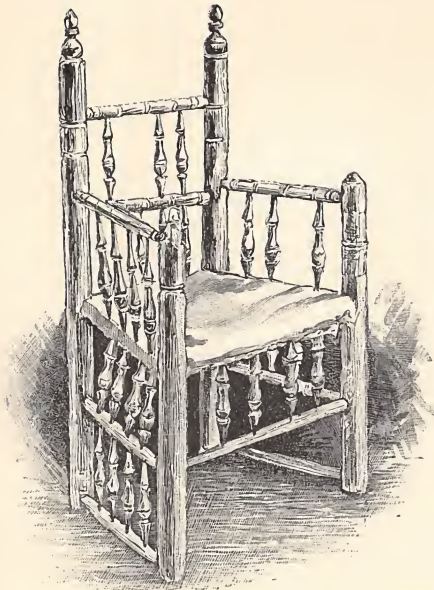
INSCRIPTION ON SWORD-BLADE.

human heads. Weston's company immediately afterward left the country, and the Massachusetts tribe were so demoralized by this sudden assassination that they dared not stay in one place long enough to plant corn, but kept moving to and fro, not able to find a messenger willing to go and sue for peace



SWORD OF MYLES STANDISH, OF ANCIENT PERSIAN MANUFACTURE. [IN PILGRIM HALL.]





ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR [IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH, MASS.]

among the English, whom they had now named in their tongue "The Stabbers."

For the rest, the pilgrims got on well with the savages from this time until the Pequot war, and drove a thriving trade for beaver-skins up and down the coast, establishing posts at length as far to the eastward as the Kennebec, and as far westward as the Connecticut River. So eager did they find the Indians for their trinkets, that to obtain them the women would sometimes strip off and sell the beaver coats that covered them, fastening boughs of trees about their bodies for modesty's sake.

While the Pilgrims did not at any time starve outright, as did the Jamestown people, they were plagued with almost continual scarcity and fear of famine during their first three years at Plymouth. They escaped starvation now by a good catch of fish, again by the abundance of water-fowl; sometimes they rejoiced in corn bought of the Indians, and once famine was staved off by the kind intervention of some fishing-captains on the eastern coast, who made a general contribution sufficient to give a quarter of a pound of bread to each person daily, until the green corn should be ready, some months later. The scarcity came at first from their inexperience in raising maize, their enfeebled health, and the necessity for fortifying; the famine was prolonged by the arrival of fifty lusty young colonists from England, with good appetites, and no provision, and almost without clothes; and later the green corn was stolen by the lawless wretches brought over to plant Weston's miserable and short-lived

colony at Weymouth. At one time Plymouth had neither bread nor corn for four months together. Having but one boat left, the men were divided into companies, six or seven going at a time with a net to fish. These never returned empty-handed, for there was nothing for them at home. It was sometimes necessary to stay out five or six days, in which case those at home would leave their cornfields and go to digging clams. One or two ranged the woods for deer, of which they now and then got one, dividing it among all. In the winter, besides water-fowl, they had also the little ground-nuts which the Indians ate.

In all this scarcity they were cheerful, and the few who were delicately bred bore hardships with the rest. Elder Brewster, whom we have seen acquainted with the great world at Elizabeth's court in his youth, ruled the church, as Bradford governed the State, but he took his turn with the rest in standing guard. "His bible and his sword were alike familiar." When he had nothing to set before his family but the tiresome shell-fish, without bread, or any other food, he would devoutly give thanks over these breakfasts, dinners and suppers of clams and cold water, that they were "permitted to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasure hid in the sand."

In the summer of 1623, the colonists having planted corn each for himself, there was prospect of a good crop; but they were still living on sea-food, without bread or beverage, when the ship *Anne* arrived with a company of immigrants. Those who had come to them before were all from England, but this vessel brought also some of their old friends from Leyden. The new-comers were dismayed when they beheld the tattered and even half-naked state of some of the Plymouth people, and saw their sunburnt and weather-beaten faces, their bodies meager and in some cases swollen from a diet of animal food only. Some bewailed the fate that had brought them to such a country, and wished themselves in England once more; some "fell a-weeping, fancying their own misery in what they now saw in others"; some broke out in pity for the distress their friends had endured for three years; but others rejoiced to see those from whom they had been so long separated, and were hopeful of better days now they were together. Among the new-comers were wives and children of some of the first colonists, who now had nothing better to feast their newly arrived friends with than "a lobster, a piece of fish without bread or anything else but a cup of fair spring water." It is the governor, Bradford, who writes thus



feelingly, and among the newly arrived was the lady whom he was to marry and whom he now probably welcomed by a breadless dinner of lobster and water.

In the spring of 1624, the pernicious system of communistic farming, which had been forced upon them by their arrangement with the London merchants, was wholly done away with, and permanent allotments were made of small parcels of land, lying in a compact body for safety's sake. As at Jamestown, so here, the disappearance of want was simultaneous with the establishment of individual interest. Though the colony, deserted by the disappointed mercantile company in England, had to buy goods in 1625, for their Indian trade, at an interest of forty-five per cent., and had to borrow a thousand pounds in the following year at thirty per cent., the energy and financial skill of the leaders brought them honorably out of all their money troubles. Some of the chief men, Bradford in particular, afterward acquired competence by trading in furs on private account.

In 1626, an ambassador from New Amsterdam visited the English at New Plymouth, as the place was then called. He has left us a very fair description of the outward appearance of the little plantation. There was a broad street "about a cannon-shot of eight hundred yards long, leading down the hill with a rivulet." The houses were constructed of hewn planks, and neat gardens were about each house. The whole was surrounded by a stockade, in which there were three gates. The governor's house stood at the crossing of the streets in the middle of the town, and in front of this was a square inclosure, on which four guns were mounted, so as to sweep the streets in all four directions. On the hill, now known as "Burial Hill," was a large square house of thick sawed plank on a frame of oak-beams. The flat roof of this building held six four or five pounders, which commanded the country about. The lower part of this rude fort was the church of the militant Puritans. At beat of drum, on Sunday morning, the men came to the captain's door, with "their cloaks on," and each bearing a musket or matchlock. Three abreast they walked to church, led by a sergeant. In the rear came the governor, in a long robe; on his right, wearing a cloak, Elder Brewster, who acted as preacher; on the governor's left, Captain Myles Standish, who also wore a cloak and side-arms, and carried a small cane as a sort of baton of authority, perhaps; "and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him." Thus they were "constantly on

their guard night and day," worshipping with loaded fire-arms, and with six cannons on the meeting-house roof.

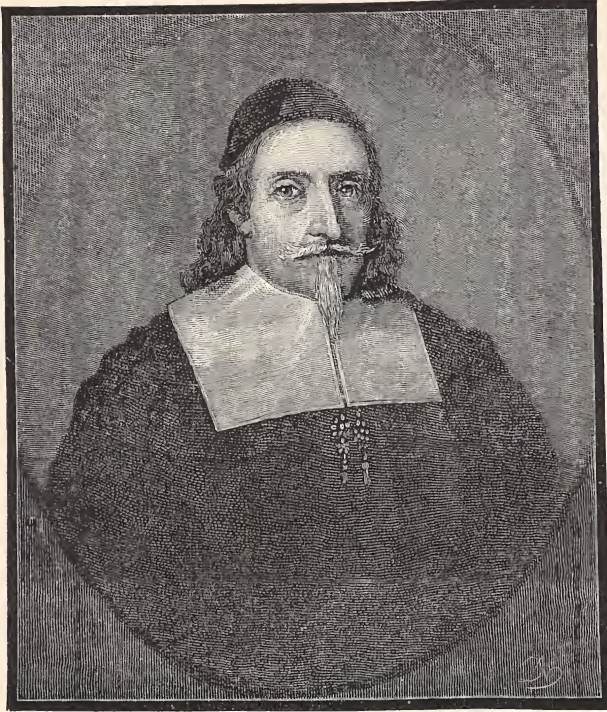
## IV.

## THE PURITANS IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

THE settlement at Plymouth brought a new force into English planting in America. The hope of immediate commercial profit from colonies had proved illusive. It was, besides, a motive of slight persistency for so difficult a task as the transplanting of the home-loving Englishman of that time into a savage and almost unknown land. "We English are known to the world as loving the smoke of our own chimneys so well, that hopes of great advantages are not likely to draw many of us from home," said John White, of Dorchester, in 1630. Captain John Smith, who boasted that he was not so foolish as to believe that any man would ever plant a colony for anything but pecuniary profit, lived long enough to admire the fortitude and courage, while he laughed at the "humorous ignorances," of "about a hundred Brownists," who had planted where he had tried in vain to persuade merchants to make a beginning. Once the religious motive was introduced, it became a most powerful factor in peopling the American wilds. Puritans, Huguenots, Salzburgers, Anabaptists, Moravians, Presbyterians, followed in the path to religious freedom opened by the example of the "hundred Brownists," whose sufferings for scrupulosity's sake seemed ridiculous enough to men of worldly sagacity like Smith. When the pilgrims had set their feet firmly on the coast of New England, they became "stepping-stones to others," as they had foreseen,—and not to religionists alone, but to traders and fishermen. The savages were put in awe by the prowess of Standish, and their confidence was won by the just and kindly dealing of Bradford and the diplomacy of Winslow. Other comers might now inhabit the coast. Fish-drying and fur-buying settlements began to appear as early as 1622 and 1623, on the banks of the Piscataqua and the coast to the eastward. These were germs of Maine and New Hampshire, the only lands on the New England coast that were settled at first from other than religious motives.

The intrepid little colony at Plymouth by 1624 had come to number a hundred and eighty persons, and its fame had been spread abroad in England in the writings of Captain John Smith and in the published journal of its leaders. At the same time the fisheries and the fur-trade were rising in importance; forty vessels went a-fishing on the New Eng-





GOV. JOHN ENDECOTT, FROM A PAINTING BY SMIBERT AFTER AN OLD DRAWING FROM LIFE. [BY PERMISSION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.]

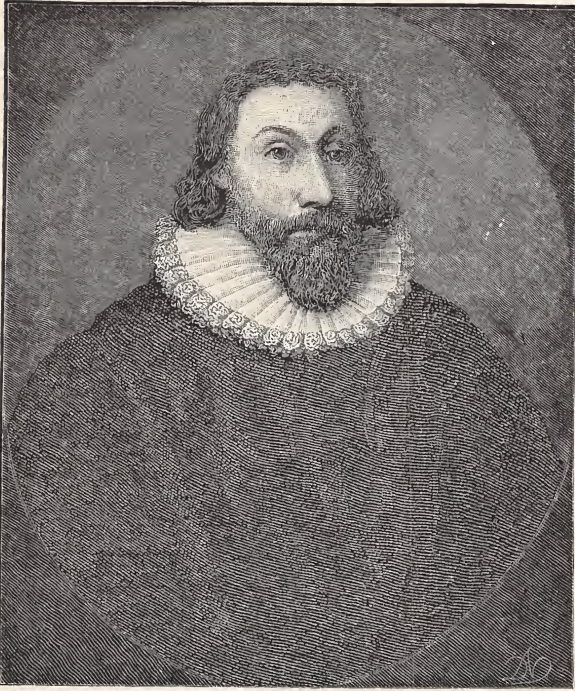
land coast in 1623. Some men of Dorchester made an attempt to unite fishing with colonization the next year. A colony was set down on Cape Ann, which should grow maize for provisioning the fishing-vessels, and in the season of fish lend a hand on the ships, and thus save the carrying of double crews. But it was a case of seeking red-herrings in the wood, and strawberries in the sea, for farmers were but lubbers when it came to cod-fishing, and seamen were equally clumsy in growing Indian-corn. But when the unprofitable colony broke up, Roger Conant, its governor, who had been a Plymouth settler, removed with two or three others to Naumkeag, where Salem now stands, and waited for a new colony to come to them from England.

Besides these settlers at Salem, there came isolated pioneers to other parts of the region afterward covered by the Massachusetts charter,—men who had come no one knows how or when, but who, curiously enough, were of the several types so generally represented on the border-line between savage and civil life. On an island in Boston Harbor was the solitary and adventurous Scotchman, whose like can be found in almost every out-of-the-way place in the wide world. The first settler of the peninsula on which Boston stands was, appropriately enough, a scholarly recluse, a clergyman by the name of Blackstone or Blaxton. True to

the instincts of his class as we find it on the frontier at the present time, Blaxton departed farther into the wilderness when new neighbors came. He said to the Puritans: "I came from England because I did not like the lord-bishops, but I cannot join with you lest I should be under the lord-brethren." The libertine and rollicking scoffer, always found in such a refuge from authority, had more than one representative, but the chief was old Thomas Morton, who got possession of a fortified house in what is now Braintree, which he called Merrymount. Here he welcomed renegade bond-servants, and sold fire-arms to the Indians. He broke the commandments with delight, consumed a great deal of "strong waters," wrote licentious songs, devised May-dances, in which he taught the saturnine Indian women to participate, and laughed at the prim and pious brethren of Plymouth and Salem in the ribald verse of a coarse and clever college man.

After the coming of Endecott, this devil in the Massachusetts paradise was, with the general consent of all the occupants of the coast, captured by Myles Standish, and sent to England, while Endecott, a sturdy fighter of imaginary Apollyons, marched to Merrymount, and, in God's name, solemnly chopped down the "idol,"—as a May-pole was called in Puritan parlance,—and ordained that the place should no longer be called Merrymount, but Mount Dagon, in memory of the Philistine image that fell down before the ark. Even sober-minded people of our time may join in the laugh of the reprobate Morton at a zeal so much of the color of Don Quixote's chivalry. One other primitive and isolated settler at "The Bay" will be recognized as belonging to a class of pioneers common in many western wilds. This was Samuel Maverick, who established himself very early on Noddle's Island, where now is East Boston. One traveler in New England declared that Maverick was the only hospitable man in the colony. The preservation of rigid Puritan habits of worship, fasts, and a becomingly irksome method of Sabbath-keeping was not consistent with the indiscriminate entertainment of strangers. But Maverick, whose house was open to all comers, was no Puritan, and seems to have bothered himself little about any of the anise and cummin of





JOHN WINTHROP, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY. [FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE CHAMBER.]

The people who settled Massachusetts Bay were not Separatists like the followers of Robinson who had planted Plymouth. Agreeing with the Separatists in the severe Calvinism of their theologic system, and in the unrelenting austerity of their moral code, they yet refused to follow them into independency. Persecutions, fines, prisons, and the fires of martyrdom had failed to drive them from the National Church. They hated "the popish ceremonies" of the prayer-book, the surplice of the minister, the communion of the wicked, and the lordly domination of the bishops. But they proposed to deliver the Church from her oppressors and to winnow the chaff from the wheat; and woe to the chaff which they should cast into the fire! Yet this hope of seeing a church without spot or wrinkle, prayer-book or bishop, died under the reactionary tyranny of the Stuart kings, and many came to look with favor on a project, whose full import was only whispered in the ear, to found in the wilds of America

religion. Yet, when the Indians perished by whole villages from small-pox, he was foremost in caring for those who had been deserted of their own kindred, and in burying their dead.

"a particular church" as they phrased it,—a new church with the right of priority and backed by state sanction.

In describing the contact of these "old planters," as they were called, with the new authority of the colony, we have anticipated the Puritan settlement of Massachusetts Bay, which began in 1628. The Puritan party in the Church of England was by this time smarting under the persecutions which sprang from the growing influence of Laud, "the Father of New England," as a colonial historian wittily calls him. As the cloud over the heads of the non-conforming clergy and their people grew blacker, the petty free state of New Plymouth, settled by a persecuted people on the margin of a continent all but boundless, shone like a distant pharos in their eyes, inviting them to plant a Puritan church in a new state, which should embody their biblical ideals.

In its outward seeming the company that proposed to colonize Massachusetts was a commercial corporation. It professed a desire for the conversion of the heathen, but so also did all others who received grants and charters. Religion was used for decorative effect in the mercantile undertakings of that day; the very bills of lading were devout, and it was common enough to exchange rum and glass-beads for beaver-skins under color of promoting Christianity. The most serious deliberations of the new company were secret, and some of the horseback journeys for consultation were made in the night.

John White, a clergyman of Dorchester, advocated this migration as Hakluyt had that to Jamestown. But White's writings belong to a new epoch from those of Hakluyt. The romantic age of Elizabeth had utterly passed away; we no longer read of golden ornaments and strings of pearl, and of commerce with rich Cathay; it is now only a matter of homely corn-fields, cod-fisheries, and the beaver trade.

In 1628, John Endecott, at the head of less than a hundred people, was sent over to Salem, where Roger Conant, of the old Cape Anne colony, was holding the ground. The next year an excellent minister, Francis Higginson, came with about three hundred, mostly servants of the company and of individuals, and bringing a supply of "rother beasts," or neat cattle, and some horses. Higginson, who had been dyspeptic, recovered his health for a time under the influence of a new climate, novel scenes, and active life. He wrote and sent to England a rather imprudent tract, praising New England, as enthusiastic new-comers have ever been wont to praise a new home. A



country in which one could live in health on a simple diet and without beer was a marvelous land to the Englishman of that time, and its advantages were set forth strongly; a lad of twelve could grow more Indian-corn than was necessary for his sustenance, said the good clergyman. This letter had much to do with raising the great migration in the following year.

The leaders of this movement had shown great cleverness in planting a new church without exciting premature suspicions. They presently began to debate a master-stroke of policy. Their charter was not very different from that under which Virginia was so long and so badly governed from London—the charter of a trading and colonizing company, having the right to govern the territory covered by their monopoly without regard to the liberties of the settlers. Those whom the company made “freemen,” or members of the corporation, elected the officers, who made laws for the distant colony. But, either by accident or by some clever foresight and management, no place had been specified for the holding of the “courts” or meetings of the company. These might assemble in London, Dorchester, or elsewhere. A far-reaching plan was now broached to take advantage of this vagueness, by carrying the

charter, governor, courts, and all the machinery of the company, to Massachusetts Bay, where, by electing settlers to franchises and offices, a non-resident commercial autocracy would be changed into a system of local popular government. A paper of “General Considerations,” on the subject, was drawn up and circulated in manuscript among the leaders of the Puritan, or popular party, urging among other things that “The Church hath no place left to flie into but the wilderness.” At a private conference of some gentlemen of birth and culture, held in Cambridge less than six months after the issue of the charter, they signed a paper pledging themselves one to another to migrate to Massachusetts Bay, if the government of the company should be transferred to America. Accordingly, in 1630 a fleet of fourteen sail set forth, carrying eight hundred and forty persons of all ages and conditions of life. These colonists were under the leadership of John Winthrop, a wise and modest man, who had been chosen governor, and who carried with him the patent for their lands, and the king’s charter to the corporation. The adroit use of this charter was the first Yankee trick; by it local and constitutional self-government was founded in the mother colony of New England under the broad seal of Charles I.



MANSSION BUILT AT MEDFORD, MASS., IN 1634, FOR GOVERNOR CRADOCK OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COMPANY.



## THE LED-HORSE CLAIM.\*

A ROMANCE OF THE SILVER MINES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "Friend Barton's Concern," "A Story of the Dry Season," etc.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE SHOSHONE KITCHEN.

CECIL's life at the mine was a lonely one. Even the ladies who lived in the populous parts of the camp struggled vainly to fulfill duly that important feminine rite, the exchange of calls. There were difficulties of roads and of weather, and of finding the missing houses of acquaintances, which, in the progressive state of the city topography, had been unexpectedly shunted off into other streets. A new street had barely time to be named and numbered before it was moved backward or forward, or obliterated altogether, in the intermittent attempts of the city government to reconcile United States patents with "jumpers'" claims.

Cecil, two miles from the post-office, at an isolated mine, was out of the reach of all but the most persevering efforts of her new friends. In truth, there were not many of them. Cecil was a shy girl, just out of school, with a habit of showing surprise at a great many things that were taken as a matter of course in the camp. Hilgard had one consolation in his exile from all chance of her favor: there was no one else who could boast of it.

The kitchen and parlor at the Shoshone were separated from each other only by a short flight of steps, and a square, dark passage, which opened also into Conrath's office. Mistress and maid, living so near together, and being of nearly the same age, did not pretend to a very formal relation. The sounds from the kitchen plainly described to Cecil, in the parlor, the nature of Molly's operations. When they were loud and urgent; when Molly took the field with her canvas apron girt round her hips, and her wash-tubs in solid array; when armfuls of wood thundered into the wood-bin, or crockery rattled, or resonant tins responded to her vigorous touch, the young mistress kept within her own precincts; but when footsteps trod peacefully to and fro between the stove and the ironing-table, and the clap of the iron sounded at intervals, or when apples bumped comfortably from the pan on Molly's knees to the one on the floor beside her, Cecil ventured out, with her sewing, or

sat idle on the steps, nursing her arms in her lap, and watching Molly's monotonous movements with the pleased, curious content of a child.

These visits had increased somewhat in frequency since Miss Conrath's discovery that the affections of her maid were temporarily deposited in the Led-Horse.

Molly had silently noted this fact, and hinted it to her brother, and to a tall young timber-man who crossed the gulch with him occasionally, and spent an evening in the Shoshone kitchen. The young timber-man had been one of the two men at the cranks, who had hoisted Hilgard to the surface on the morning of his first meeting with Miss Conrath. He recalled this incident for Molly's benefit, who gave it its full value, and beamed over it with the broadest satisfaction.

"Sure I could see a good way out of it," was her hearty if somewhat premature suggestion. "Let them consolidate the mines an' put Mr. Hilgard over 'em both, an' let her choose which side of the gulch she'd live on."

On the days after these evening visits, Molly was unusually communicative, and had a great deal of information to give on the progress of the dispute between the mines. Cecil did not always restrain her when she sometimes inadvertently passed from an attitude of respectful neutrality to one of undisguised enthusiasm for the side of the Led-Horse. It was best to hear both sides, Cecil said to herself; but she heard very little on the side of the Shoshone in these days.

It was becoming more and more difficult to talk to her brother of his affairs, and to ask for his confidence. He seemed unusually preoccupied. He often came in late, having dined down town, and breakfasted alone in the long parlor at ten or eleven o'clock. Cecil, taking her morning walk on the windy porch, would run in for a moment to pour his coffee, perching opposite him with her hat on, and the wings of her cloak thrown back from her pretty arms. She would carry his cup round the table to him, bestowing the kiss of custom on his pale, unshaven cheek. He received it generally with fraternal indifference, but some-

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"BETWEEN DAYLIGHT AND DARK." [SEE PAGE 371.]

times he would pull her down on the broad arm of his chair, pinch her small chin, and tell her, with careless hyperbole, that she was the prettiest girl west of the Mississippi! And she would scold him for drinking such very black coffee in such a large cup.

"Look at your hand, how it shakes, you stupid boy. A man never knows how to take care of his health, and you wont let me take care of yours for you."

"Take care of your own, Cecy," he would say. "You were always the best of the whole lot of us."

Once she reminded him of an old promise to ride with her every day in the valley, and read aloud to her in the evenings.

"If we don't begin soon," she complained, "the valley will be covered with snow. I haven't had my habit on for six weeks, and I've read everything in the house, through and through, alone here by myself all day long."

"Poor little Cecy! it is a dull cage for such a pretty bird!" Conrath would reply. "Never mind; when Shoshone stock is up to thirty, we'll have some good horses, and we'll go east every winter and have our friends out here in summer,—and a dinner party twice a week. You could go back at any time, you know, if you're getting tired of it."

"You know I don't want to go back, or to have dinner parties, or anything like that. I only wish you would treat me more—more as if I could be trusted to know about things."

"About what things, for instance?"

"About your troubles with the Led-Horse. Have they blasted through?"

"No, they haven't yet. You've never forgotten that barricade, Cecy. Now, you see how impossible it would be to tell you things, as you say. The simplest thing would seem to you quite frightful. Girls ought not to know what is going on in a place like this."



That's one reason why I am not so much troubled about your loneliness. It's better for you not to hear all the gossip of the camp,—it would make you unhappy."

This was the most intimate conversation they had had for weeks. A few days afterward, Molly informed her mistress that the Led-Horse had blasted through on a level with the Shoshone barricade. Cecil gave a gasp at this news. Molly, however, assured her that everything was peaceable. The Led-Horse had no guard and no barricade, except the loose rock that had fallen with the last blast; but its lawyers had gone down to the session of the district court at D—with important testimony, and by this time the injunction was virtually granted. That was probably the reason why Conrath had turned so silent, and was busier than ever, Cecil thought. She still persisted in the belief that Gashwiler was responsible and that her brother had been deceived up to the point of a distressing awakening from his costly delusion.

It was nearly the middle of September. The season was over, when daily the dry winds whirled across the porch, shook the loose sash and, flinging a cloud of yellow dust against the pane, carried their rude message from house to house of the little settlement, and on along the white road to the camp. The season of rains was over, when daily the cold showers hurtled on the roof, and blotted out the valley; when wild flowers blossomed on the pass, and lined the cañons, with a phantasmal beauty. The late, passionless summer had come to the tempestuous year, just as summer elsewhere was taking her leave. Was this a place for men, Cecil murmured to herself in her lonely walks, where even the grass, that commonest vegetable joy, gave up the ghost and withered in the autumn, as sparse and feeble as in the earliest spring!

The day after the news of the injunction, Cecil resolved once more to approach her brother on the subject of his troubles. She lay in the hammock, which was stretched across the long room, her slippered feet to the fire, the light from the low window shining on the top of her cushioned head, listening for the clink of a horse's hoof, on the frozen ground. She listened and waited, until sunset faded into twilight and lamps were lit. Dinner was indefinitely postponed, and Cecil took a slight meal and a lonely cup of tea by the fire. With a book in one hand she read, and sipped her tea and listened, alternately. She heard the outer door of the kitchen shut; silence followed—absolute silence all over the house.

It was very strange of Molly to have gone out without permission at that hour, leaving

her mistress alone in the house. When the girl came in, fully two hours afterward, Cecil took no notice of her, not venturing to speak while she felt hurt and vexed. Molly, however, was too much excited to wait upon her mistress's mood. Her hair was disordered, and her cheeks were flushed and shining with wind-dried tears. She came straight to the fire, kneeling on the rug and asking, in a loud whisper,—

"Is Mr. Conrath home yet?"

"You know that he is not," Cecil replied without looking up from her book.

"There's something I must tell you, Miss Cecil, if I was to leave the house to-night!"

"You seem to have done that, already, Molly, without regard to me."

Then, as Molly turned her face away and put her apron to her eyes, Cecil abandoned her attempt at dignity and leaned toward the girl impulsively.

"Why, Molly, what is it?" she said, putting her hands on her shoulders and pulling her toward her. "What are you crying about?"

Molly put down her apron.

"You've a right to know it, Miss," she sobbed, "if it is your own brother; and Tom isn't one to meddle except to save trouble. Mr. Conrath, maybe, would kill me for speakin'. Gashwiler would, any way!"

"Don't run on so, Molly! Wait a minute and tell me quietly; and don't tell me anything but the truth."

"It's Mrs. Gashwiler, Miss, that it comes from, and I'd believe every word, for she's an honest woman, though as hard as a nail—and what would it be to her interest? She's got the same grudge as her man has against Mr. West and Mr. Hilgard. It's little she'd care, if it wasn't for Tom."

Cecil sat helpless under the confusion of Molly's words, feeling, in her suspense, that they were fraught only with misery.

"Tom was always good to her young ones when he boarded with 'em. He was packin' the little lame one about whenever he got the chance, and she's never forgot it of him. She heard somethin' one night between her man and Mr. Conrath. She was wakin' with the tooth-ache, and the walls is nothin' but lath. She wouldn't tell Tom what it was, but she got at him to leave the Led-Horse, for fear he'd get into trouble along with it. And she made him promise he'd never tell on her. And he's kep' it till he says it hangs on him that heavy that he's bound to speak. But it's to you he bid me come with it. He'll not go to one o' his own side, but, says he, 'Mrs. Gash can't complain of me for speaking to Mr. Conrath's own sister; for she's a Sho-



shone, and whose got a better right to know what diviltry he's up to."

"Mr. Conrath, Molly—my brother?"

"Mr. Conrath's in it, not a doubt o' that; an' it means trouble to the Led-Horse, or Gash's wife would never be after Tom to try to get him out of it. An' he won't stir for me, Miss! He'll stick by his own side." Here Molly's sobs broke forth. "For God's sake, Miss Cecil, you'll not go to Mr. Conrath with it!"

"Molly, whom am I to go to?" Cecil's lips were white and her voice had sunk almost to a whisper.

"Go to Mr. Hilgard, Miss! Tell him to look out for himself an' for them that's under him, an' to put more than a heap o' rocks between him an' Gashwiler's barricade. What good'll his lawyers do him, when they've jumped him. That's what Tom says, Miss," Molly went on, in her loud, vehement whisper. "He says they're gone, if the law takes holt; they'll have to pay back every dollar's worth of ore they robbed Mr. Hilgard of, an' it'll ruin them," cried the girl, reckless that she was speaking to a Shoshone. "And they're waiting for a chance to jump the mine. 'They'll clean her out,' says Tom, 'before ever the law'll give it back.'"

"Molly, do you ask me to go to a stranger to warn him against my brother? You must be crazy. I cannot go to any one but my brother. I shall tell him nothing that you have told me. I am not going to betray *your* brother. I will ask him—oh, I will make him give it all up, and let us leave this place!"

"He'll never do it, Miss! no more than Tom'll leave the Led-Horse for me askin' him."

"Molly, please go away, and let me think about it by myself. You are a good girl to come to me; you can trust me. If I cannot do any good, I will not do any harm. I must see my brother to-night. If it is no use, then we will think of some other way."

The two girls clung to each other with tears running down their cheeks.

"You'd be speakin' for them all, Miss, if you went to Mr. Hilgard. Sure whatever hinders a fight is for one the same as another."

"How could it hinder anything if I went to Mr. Hilgard?"

"If he'd stop his lawin' an' put five good men in the drift, wid a barricade in front of 'em, Gash'd never touch him! That's what Tom says."

"Do you suppose, you poor child, that Tom knows better than Mr. Hilgard?"

"He does, Miss, when Mr. Hilgard don't know what I'm after tellin' you!"

It was late that night when Conrath returned. Cecil sprang up quickly, her heart beating hard and fast, when she heard his horse's hoofs on the wooden bridge leading to the stable. From the sounds, Conrath was having some difficulty in forcing his horse over the narrow passage. There were signs of obstinacy and nervousness on the part of the horse, and of temper on that of the rider. As the plunging and backing continued, Cecil became alarmed. She ran to Molly's door and woke her, asking for Peter, the stable man.

"Why doesn't he go to Mr. Conrath," she demanded. "He can't get Andy over the bridge."

Molly did not know where Peter was, and Cecil, hearing Andy suddenly clatter across the disputed ground and stop at the stable, went back herself, shivering, to the parlor.

Conrath was a long time getting into the house. He climbed up the end of the piazza, apparently with a good deal of trouble, bumping his knees and elbows on the piazza floor, in his progress.

"Why doesn't he come around to the steps?" Cecil wondered. "It must be very dark."

She opened the door; it was not at all dark. The moon had risen, and Conrath's shadow was thrown up against the side of the house, as he came along the piazza, walking with a heavy, careful step. He passed her at the door, neither noticing nor speaking to her, and, crossing the room, sank into a seat by the fire, without removing his hat.

He slouched in his chair, in a helpless, disorganized attitude, moving his eyes vacantly from her face to his own hands, that hung feebly in his lap.

She knelt before him, without touching him. She looked long in her brother's face, studying, with intense, heart-broken scrutiny, the familiar features, which some mysterious, sickening transformation had made the features of a stranger. The change was very slight. Mrs. Denny would have understood it instantly. Many of Conrath's friends would have been amused by it. Gradually the meaning of it came to Conrath's sister, but it did not amuse her. She recoiled from him slowly, rising to her feet, a cold, incredulous disgust whitening her cheeks and her lips. It was too cruel a mockery of her reliance on him. She went away to her room and hid herself from the sight of him, leaving him to sleep off the effects of his "predilection" by the fire.

Cecil did not sleep; she lay in the darkness hour after hour, shuddering, with dry convulsive sobs. The trouble she had looked in the face that night she knew was a



wretchedly common one, but she had never believed that it could touch her own life. She reproached herself for deserting the shabby figure in the chair before the fire, but to-night she could not feel that it was her brother. If *that* were her brother, where then could she look for help!

She made no effort to see Conrath the next day; in fact she kept out of the way of seeing him until he had left the house. At noon, she went to Molly with a note and asked her to see that Mr. Hilgard received it promptly.

"You must give it to him yourself, Molly, or to Mr. West."

"Thank you, Miss Cecil," said Molly, taking the note.

"It may not do any good," the girl said wearily, "and I am not doing it for you any more than for myself."

"Did you sleep any the night, Miss?"

"Why should I sleep? Did you sleep yourself, Molly?"

"I did, Miss. But the heart of me was wakin' and dreamin'. I dreamt Mr. Conrath was a draggin' you over the bridge, an' him on Andy; an' you was pullin' back, but he had you by the hand an' wouldn't let go."

"It is easy to see how you came to dream that, Molly," said Cecil, a slow, painful blush burning itself upon her cheek. "Do you remember my knocking at your door?"

"Did you, Miss? Last night, was it?"

"Yes, it was last night; and it was Andy, not I, who wouldn't go over the bridge. My brother would not have to drag me, if he wanted me to follow him anywhere."

Cecil kept by herself all day. She could not bear even Molly's eyes upon her, while she was learning to bear the first pressure of the new and ignominious grief, which she had put on like a garment of penitence under the soft robes of her girlhood.

## IX.

## BETWEEN DAYLIGHT AND DARK.

THE sun was just below the Shoshone hill. The black, denuded pines on the hill-top leaned toward each other, or stood erect against the yellow light that streamed upward and broadened outward, through a thin, gray cloud that overspread the western sky.

Cecil was hurrying down the unused trail, to meet Hilgard at the blazed trees. She felt they would be safe there from interruption. Her heart was too heavy to flutter with girlish doubts and tremors. She sped along, beating

back with her rapid footsteps the folds of her somber cloth dress.

Hilgard was waiting for her, walking about impatiently, one hand in the side pocket of his closely buttoned pea-jacket, the other holding the cigarette he was mechanically smoking. She had kept him waiting three-quarters of an hour; he was feeling half angry and cheated, and altogether disappointed, when he saw her coming, among the gray-stemmed aspens, that were dropping all their pale gold leaves in the grasp of the autumn winds. He started toward her at once, forgetting his grievance at the first sight of her face. She let him take her hands and look at her, feeding his hungry dreams of her in absence with the sweetness of the reality. She explained hurriedly that some ladies from the camp had called and detained her.

"You know it is only trouble that brings me here."

He restrained some passionate exclamation, and said, as humbly and quietly as he could,

"I knew, of course, it was not for your own pleasure or mine."

"And you must have known it was the old trouble—between the mines," she went on, without heeding his words. "I have thought of a way that might make things less—less unhappy." She hesitated, and he waited for her to explain.

"I have been told that you are likely to get the injunction against my—against the Shoshone; there will be claims for damages against us which may be hard to settle——"

"Against *you*—great Heavens! They are not my claims and they are not against your brother. Can't you make it more impersonal?"

"I am afraid I cannot," she said, gently; "our side has been in the wrong. I believe that now. It is right that you should triumph."

"Why will you call it my triumph? If you could have the faintest idea what I'm paying for it!"

"It is your triumph, and you will be associated with it if you stay to see it finished. And the failure and disgrace will be associated with—my brother. Wait a moment, please——" She put her hand up to the black scarf that swathed her throat, as if to still the "climbing sorrow" there. "I have not come to apologize for my brother, but—I—I believe he has been deceived! He has had bad counsel. This is the first—first——"

She could not go on, and Hilgard bowed his head before her.

"I am sure he has," she began again, in her voice of stifled misery. "And this person



who, I think has betrayed him, is an enemy of yours. I am sure of that too. He is a man with an old grudge against you, and against your mine. No one can tell how much this may have been with him in his influence over my brother. He might never have shown it. Don't you see how it might embitter a dispute like this, and make it personal? And how much harder it would make the settlement? The triumph of your side would be very hard for your enemy to bear. You would be hated."

"These old grudges are not so dangerous as you think; men hold them till they get used to them, and take a certain satisfaction in them. I think I know the man you speak of, but there are a great many men in the camp with grudges against me. One expects that in a place of this kind."

"You don't see what I mean," she said, with a despairing sigh. "I want you to remove part of the cause of this trouble, before the time for the final settlement comes."

"You want me to remove myself?" he asked.

"Yes, I want you to go away and let some one else come to do that part. Then it will be only between the mines."

"You ask me to resign?"

"Yes, I do," she repeated, with sad persistence.

The words struck to the very core of his weakness. He had himself pondered the joyless situation and counted the cost of its issues. The injunction was certain to be granted, and the suit for damages could but develop either inefficiency on Conrath's part, or a deliberately dishonorable policy. If that policy had been successful, it was not likely that any questions would have been asked at the Shoshone home office; but unsuccessful rascality was not likely to find favor even with Conrath's "company." The triumph of the Led-Horse would be complete. The arrears of its expenses could be paid out of the Shoshone ore-bins. Hilgard's own infatuated tenacity, as it had probably seemed to his president, would be justified,—and then? He would go on living on his barren hill, with his hidden loss and defeat burdening his spirit. The triumph would still be Conrath's, through his sister. But if now, at this point in the contest, with the cause of the Led-Horse safe in the hands of the law, he might step out and escape the odium of success!

She stood by the blazed pine, pressing her ungloved hands hard against its corrugated trunk, and looking at him with an imploring suspense in her eyes. It was more than youth and passion could bear.

"Cecil," he said, trying to steady his low accents, as he spoke her name for the first time. "There is only one reason why I should do this. I have no real enemies except those who keep me from you. If you will ask me to go for your sake, I will go to-night. Do you ask me to go in that way?"

"Oh, I ask it,—I ask it! What does it matter how I ask it? What does anything matter?"

"But it matters all the world to me! I am not doing this for fear of any man's hatred, but for love of you. I have no business to go—my place is here until everything is settled. But if a scruple is to cost me my life's happiness,—it is too much to pay. Shall I go for you, my love?"

"Do I ask you too much? Is it a sacrifice of your honor?"

Her eyes still pleaded, although she forced herself to give him a chance for retreat.

"Don't ask me now. I don't know what honor is. I only know what love is. I will go for you."

He took her hands, with the print of the rugged pine-bark on their tender palms, and held them up to his face and laid them about his neck. They clung there a moment. Her heavy hat fell back, and her fair, unsheltered head drooped against the rough folds of his coat.

"If I should go, how will it be when we meet again? I shall not be on the other side, then?"

"No," she murmured.

"You will come to me, whatever side I am on?"

"Yes."

"I have your promise, Cecil?"

"Yes, unless —"

"No, nothing but your promise!"

Her arms slipped down.

"But a great deal may happen before we meet again —"

"Yes, but when or where, or how we meet, you are mine, dearest, remember!"

"Have I promised that?"

"That, or nothing. Don't play with me, Cecil. Either you mean it, or you don't. I am in dead earnest. There is no reason for my going, except that you ask me,—the girl I love!"

"You must go," she said, pushing him from her. "You are going to-night!"

"To-night! But why to-night?"

"Please, please go! I want you to go to-night. I shall not dare to be happy until you are gone."

"I might go," he said doubtfully, "if there is time?"

"There is plenty of time—you said you



would go to-night. When the train goes out, will you be on it, George?"

She let him kiss her hands and her lips, and draw from her finger a little ring,—a slight, school-girl token; she scarcely knew what he was doing.

"I want something to make it seem true. You have always been such a hopeless dream. Is it true?" he whispered, passionately. "Am I sure of you, darling?"

Not so sure, but that, in a moment, she had slipped out of his arms and was running away in the gathering dusk, that made her figure almost one with the dun hill-side. He had nothing but her ring clasped in his hand. He turned away, trembling and half-stupefied. His foot struck one of the low, gray monument stones, and he staggered forward, saving himself, with a heavy jar, against a tree-trunk. Recovering from the shock, he found it had deprived him of the ring. He searched for it long, stooping and groping about on the rough ground, sifted over with trodden pine-needles. At last, when twilight settled darkly in the hollow of the hills, he gave up his quest and took the homeward path, a pang of bereavement chilling his new-born bliss.

He went to his office, wrote two or three letters and telegrams, and from the drawers and pigeon-holes of his desk, he collected a number of papers and note-books which he placed in a heap on the lid. He then went deliberately around the room, picking up various articles, in preparation for his packing. With all these in one arm, he was about to put out the lamp, when he saw a sealed telegram lying on the floor behind his desk. It might have been blown off when he opened the door. It was with a strange reluctance he put down his burden and opened the telegram. The spirit of the change was upon him. He was impatient to be gone. At D—— he would see his lawyers and leave with them certain directions and papers for the forthcoming trial, write his farewells to his few friends in the camp from there, and start eastward at once. His formal resignation lay on the desk, directed to his president.

The telegram was from Wilkinson. It read: "Thrown out by technicality. Court probably tampered with. Look out for jumpers."

He read the message over two or three times, then folded it and placed it in a note-book which he took from the breast of his coat. He did not take up his armful of properties again, but sat down by the desk, looking fixedly at the sealed letters before him. If temptation had been strong with him in the gulch, it was stronger now that he had yielded the first step; and if his happiness had seemed at stake before, there were possi-

bilities in this new situation which made his heart stand still.

"No, by heaven!" he exclaimed, pushing back his chair. "I've gone far enough. Let them get some one else to do police duty for them!"

Nevertheless, he took up his letter to the president and tossed it into the fire. The other letters and telegrams followed. This was no time for resignations. He would see West at once.

On inquiry, West was not to be seen. He had gone down to the camp. Hilgard went to his room, pulled open his bureau drawers, and began shoving various articles hastily into a traveling-bag. He sat on the side of his bed, with the bag between his knees. When it was packed, he still sat motionless in the same position, rigid with the silent struggle that possessed him.

A knock came at the door of the outer room. It was unlighted, except by the broad glow of the fire. Hilgard opened to West, just returned from the camp.

"Come in, West, I want to see you."

"I want to see *you*, sir."

While Hilgard hunted for Wilkinson's telegram in his pocket-book, West produced a scrap of gray hardware paper, and held it out to his chief.

"Just look at that, sir. I picked it up to-night on the counter at Bolton & Trivet's."

Hilgard stooped and held the paper to the fire-light, while West, turning round, with his lean, chilled brown hands behind him, spread their palms to the warmth.

The paper bore a memorandum made with a broad, soft pencil.

800 Car.

50 Win.

*Shoshone.*

Hilgard produced his telegram and handed it with the paper to West.

"There you are," he said.

"Yes, sir. There's the whole infernal business," West replied, as he studied the telegram. "It shows what they think of us," he added, with a grim smile, "They dassent try it on with less than fifty Winchesters."

"You can't make anything else out of it, West?"

"There aint anything else to make. It's an old game! I've more'n half expected it. I looked round a little, while I was down to the camp," he continued, in his slow, quiet drawl, "and got track o' some boys that I can depend on. Told 'em they'd better come along up soon 's they could. They'll come all fixed. If you don't like it, sir, it wont make a bit o'



difference to them. They can keep their mouths shut."

"It's all right—it's the only way."

Hilgard stepped back and closed the bedroom door on his preparations for departure. West stood with his back to the fire, his eyes fixed on the toe of his extended boot, which he grated back and forth on the bricks of the hearth. He did not lift his eyes as Hilgard came toward him again, but remarked to the toe of his boot,

"Wish *you'd* git out of the camp. To-night aint any too soon. You can trust the Old Horse to me, sir! I'll hold her in spite of hell!" He looked up now, with a keen gleam lighting his blue eyes. "Damn it, *you've* got friends in the East!"

"I have one friend here, it seems," said Hilgard.

The two men looked into each other's faces, silently.

"We'll hold her together, West!—Come, there's no time to talk!"

At twelve o'clock that night, West and Hilgard were hurrying over the frozen ground toward the shaft-house. The old moon had risen with a circle round her imperfect disk. Long, white clouds were banked in the southern sky, and there was a chill foreboding of snow in the air.

"She hasn't shut down," West remarked, looking across the gulch toward the Shoshone.

"Very likely she wont; it's a good blind for us, and she has men enough. They must have noticed that we are all quiet over here."

"I took care of that, sir. I told Tom Ryan to give out, kind o' promisc'us, down to the boardin'-house, that we're in a kind of a scrape over here—pump broke down. He's always jawin' back and forth with 'em."

"West, I wish you hadn't done that," Hilgard said sharply.

West replied with some heat,

"Good Lord! They're five to one—aint that enough? If they want to try it on, let 'em try it to-night!"

There was an ominous stillness in the Led-Horse shaft-house. The low moon looked in through the bare, dusty windows, where a group of men with rifles slanted between their knees, sat around an old cast-iron stove. The engine was silent. The only sounds in the dim place were the steady boring of an auger in the hands of some person unseen, and the fire, leaping and roaring in the stove, which had flushed a sullen red, and emitted sharp lines of light through its cracks. The auger stopped boring as Hilgard and West entered. There was a shoving of gun-stocks and of

heavy boots on the gritty floor, but no one spoke.

Hilgard looked about him at the hasty preparations for defense. The iron plates of the platforms had been taken up and turned on edge against the thin board-walls. Loaded ore-cars, taken from their tracks, barricaded the weakest points. The auger had been boring loop-holes in the sides of the shaft-house, above the line of protection.

"We've got you pretty well fixed, up here, boys, if they should make a rush on top."

"They'll be fools to try it," West remarked aside. "You can't shove a lot of ten dollar fighters against an armed shaft-house!"

"West, send those six men down the ladders. We'll take the bucket," the superintendent ordered.

"I reckoned I could hold the drift alone, with a Winchester," West ventured, in his most indifferent voice. "A Winchester's mighty comprehensive!"

Hilgard's eye was on him, but he carefully avoided it. There was an imperceptible stir of appreciation among the men around the stove.

"Two Winchesters will be more comprehensive than one. The fight will be there!"

"I wish you wouldn't go down, sir," said West, almost shyly.

"That's enough about that, West." Hilgard turned to the men. "Murtagh, take care of the boys up here. Lower us away!"

At the word, Hilgard and West each grasped the rope and stepped, with a quick, concerted movement, to the edge of the bucket; standing so, face to face, firmly balanced, with rifle in one hand and the shuddering rope in the other, the two men dropped out of sight into the black hole. The rope swung in wider circles; it slapped two or three times against the sides of the shaft; the click of the brake sounded.

"They're down," some one said.

The droning auger began boring again. One of the men by the stove drew his gun across his knees, looked critically at the barrel, wiped it with his sleeve, and said,

"Hope they wont come up in the bucket with a coat over 'em."

x.

CONRATH COMES HOME.

A YOUNG girl's mood seldom keeps the balance between joy and pain; it will lean, with all the emotional force of her crescent life, alternately to one extreme or the other. Cecil's brief calendar of years had counted no vigil like that of the night before; it was



but natural there should be a strong recoil from such intolerable pain. She did not feel the reaction until long after her tryst with Hilgard was over. Her timid joy in that contract was not quick to assert itself. It grew with solemn gladness in the quiet hours, and met with its warm, strong current, the bitter waters that had spread in the watches of the night, laying waste her pride of life. Her pride was prostrate still, but love can do much to heal the wounds of youthful pride.

Cecil walked, with noiseless step, back and forth the length of the fire-lit room; her shadow, mounting the low walls to the ceiling, followed her with grotesque exaggerations of her movements. She was alone, but to-night she felt no loneliness. Since she had first seen him she had never permitted herself to think of Hilgard. But now her eyes drooped and blushes burned on her cheeks, rebuking the vision that answered her thoughts too vividly. Something in his image, as it came before her that night, troubled her. Was it his beauty, that seemed fit, rather for a pageant of love, than for love's unseen abnegations? Was it the contrast between Hilgard's knightly integrity and her brother's shabby part in life? She had clothed herself in Conrath's weakness and humiliation, as in a robe of mourning. Would her lover accept her in her weeds? Could her future include both Hilgard and her brother?

The struggle was over in which she had tried to preserve her loyalty to Conrath's cause in the face of a growing conviction that he was in the wrong. She found a certain rest in admitting the truth and falling back on the next lower level of womanly faith, that he had been deceived to the last. Now there would be no more talk of mine and thine. Conrath would go East; he could not desire to stay when this wretched business was over. There, among safer conditions, with old friends around him, he would regain his old life. She could find merciful excuses for him in the past. They had been two motherless children, constantly changed about from one temporary home to another, and from one boarding-school to another, until school days were over. She had known but little of her brother's life in the interval between his school days and the marriage of their father, which had made the brother and sister more dependent on each other. That marriage had not given them a mother; it had only separated them a little more from their father. It was then Conrath had made himself his sister's protector and provider. How proud she had been of his new honors and responsibilities, and how grateful for the home he had brought her to! She stopped, in that terror

of the future and its incompatibility with the past, which chilled her dreams of happiness. How could they ever be reconciled?

At bed-time Peter came in with an armful of heavy green logs for the fire. Cecil went into the kitchen and said good-night to Molly, who was dozing over a novel by the stove; she fastened the doors, wound the clock, and curled herself into the hammock, wrapped in a Navajo blanket. She left the curtains undrawn,—a custom in the camp, that the house might not be dark to a friend outside. She would watch these last hours, until the train went out, and bid her lover a silent, prayerful good-speed.

She swung herself gently to and fro, watching the shadows in the room, chased by the flame-flashes. The hammock swung slower and slower. One arm dropped over its side; the warm, relaxed hand softly unclosed; the long shadow wavering on the carpet rested, and Cecil slept.

The fire flamed and crackled and smoldered down. The sky thickened, and the stars struggled to keep their lookout above the restless lights of the camp. The windows of peaceful, frugal homes were dark, but lights burned still in the house of sickness, in the house of revelry, and in the house of death. Underground, where day and night are interchangeable, the ceaseless labor went on. The night traffic of the camp went on; late footsteps sounded on the resonant board sidewalks. Watchers by lonely prospect-holes renewed their fires.

The moon rose above the hill across the gulch, and looked in through the window, a sinister old moon, leaning with one cheek awry above a ragged pillow of cloud. She knew the strifes and the secrets of the camp. She looked in many uncurtained windows that night, upon many sleepers and many who longed for sleep, and upon many to whom such fair, innocent sleep as Cecil's would never come again. The young girl lay alone in the shadowy room and slept, while the night waned, unconscious of the drear procession of to-morrows that awaited the cold, beckoning finger of daylight. The old moon's eye was upon her, while across the gulch, in another shadowy room, the defenders of the Led-Horse sat, with their rifles across their knees, in a fateful silence.

A log parted and fell and rolled forward on the hearth, filling the room with smoke. Cecil woke and rose up to mend the fire, opening the door to let the smoke escape. She stood a moment looking out. It came to her with a shudder, how in that same low light the night before, she had waited at the door for her brother's heavy step, and she



prayed that he might not come home that way to-night.

At that moment, the eastward-bound train went clanging and rumbling out of the town; its roar was deadened now, in the deep cut, now loud again below the hill, dying gradually on the long grades of the first descent. He was gone. Thank God for that! But what was this unwonted stillness of the night? What sound did she miss from those familiar daily and nightly sounds she had ceased to listen for in their continuousness? She listened now, and her own pulses throbbed, heavy and fast, as it came to her that the pulse of the Shoshone had stopped beating. Its engine was silent, and, from the opposite hill, there came not a sound. Both mines were dumb.

Cecil's first impulse was to waken Molly and send her to the shaft-house for news, but she forbore. "Let her sleep, poor girl," she thought, "it may mean trouble for her as well as for me."

She shrank from going out herself to meet whatever event might be coming. She waited an hour—an hour of hopeless expectation.

It was now three o'clock. The night had changed; fleecy moving clouds pervaded the sky, and the moon, wading through them as through drifted snow, occasionally showed a bright segment of her disk.

She heard footsteps approaching the house, treading slowly over the frozen mud. They paused near the end of the piazza, and low voices of men spoke together. Then a single tread went quickly around the house to the outer kitchen-door.

Cecil rose up, wan as a star at daybreak. The first knock came,—low, repeated with brief pauses, as if the knocker listened for some stir within the house.

The footsteps outside, moved forward toward the steps of the porch,—a horrible, four-footed human tread,—shuffling nearer, heavily mounting the steps, grating across the floor of the porch,—pausing at the door. Something was laid down at the very threshold of that door.

She could not go and open it.

The knocking continued. A man's step passed along the porch and a face looked in at the window,—looked in Cecil's face and started back.

Slowly she dragged herself the length of the long room and felt her way through the dark passage to the kitchen.

The knocking was loud on the outer door. She crept to the door of Molly's room and heard the girl moving, and her low voice speaking from the window to one outside.

"Whist, for God's sake! I'm comin'!"

She clung helplessly to the door, and Molly

opening it, took her in, and half carried her to the bed. She pressed her down into it, and covered her deep under the bedclothes.

"Lie still! Don't stir till I come," she whispered, with her warm cheek laid upon Cecil's.

"Molly, the engines have stopped! I must go myself! It is for me!" Cecil tried to rise in the bed.

"Whatever it is you'll know soon enough! I'll come to you with it, Miss Cecil, dear."

Molly shut the bedroom door behind her, opened the door of the kitchen and spoke with some one outside. Cecil heard her close the door again, and heard the footsteps outside returning around the house to the porch.

Molly went on through the kitchen, carefully closing all the doors behind her, as if the sounds in the house were a pestilent wind from which she would protect her mistress.

Cecil, lying alone in the dark room, benumbed by the keenness of her anguished dread, fell off into a half-unconscious dream of some hovering horror. Suddenly she sprang up. Molly was bending over her. A candle on a stand showed the girl's face plainly. Cecil asked no questions. She rose from the bed, and holding Molly's hand, in silence they found their way back through kitchen and passage to the parlor.

Three miners stood with their backs to the fire. They took off their hats as the women entered, and one of them, a smooth-cheeked young fellow, meeting Cecil's eyes, turned away his own, and rubbed one arm hastily across his face.

That which she had dreaded to see was not there, but one end of the hammock had been unslung; it lay coiled on the floor, and across the place where she had been sleeping, footsteps, crowding upon each other, had printed themselves on the carpet in the yellow mud of the mine, making a diagonal track from the outer door to the door of her brother's bed-chamber.

Cecil's eyes followed that track; then she lifted them to Molly's face, drawing her breath with a deep, hard gasp.

The faithful girl took her young mistress into her arms and gathered her close, rocking her gently in her strong embrace, and moaning over her like a mother over a child in pain that cannot be relieved.

Gashwiler stepped out from the group of three by the fire, saying in the heavy whisper of a man who has no low tones in his voice:

"Miss, he was dead at the first shot!"

Molly felt a sharp quiver pass over the form locked close in her arms; she darted a fierce glance at Gashwiler, but he went on in his merciless whisper,—



"It was all over, miss, two hours ago. We lost the fight when he was shot!"

"God help them that begun it!" said Molly, her eyes fixed on Gashwiler's face.

Cecil lifted her head.

"Hush! hush! Let me go to him!"

CECIL looked out the next day on a white world. Snow lay deep on the pass; its soft mantle covered the rugged cañons; it whitened the windward side of the pine-trunks and the gray canvas covers of the freight-wagons, bemired in the deeply rutted roads; it lay smooth on the roofs of the town, and deadened the tramping of feet on the board sidewalks; it had obliterated all the devious footprints of the night before,—it had hidden that track from the Shoshone shaft-house to Conrath's door.

Conrath's door no longer. He would go out of it once more, and then the account between the Led-Horse and the Shoshone would be settled. There was no more talk of mine and thine for Conrath, lying straightened on his unused bed. It had come to Cecil in her long watch beside him that this was the only way in which his future could be reconciled to his past. It was better for him to lie so, his rash struggle over, empty-handed, claiming nothing, refuting nothing. Better that silence, that dignity of rest, that look of his boyhood stealing back over the hardened features of his manhood, than a triumphant bringing home of sheaves that had been wrested from a fellow-laborer. She knew the whole wretched story now. Her faith and pride in her brother had fallen, and it rested at last in a solemn acceptance of his wild death, as a better thing than his life was ever likely to have been. He had atoned to the uttermost, with all that a man has to give in restitution for wrong,—a wrong attempted but not accomplished. The account weighed now on the other side. She was humbly thankful that she would never have to know whose hand had turned the scale.

These were the thoughts that sank, cold and still as the snow-flakes falling from the gray sky, into Cecil's bruised heart, smothering the passion of her grief.

The snow fell all day. It clung to the window-sashes, and melted from the logs that were laid upon the fire. The trail that led down into the gulch was buried out of sight. The yellow gold of the aspens would not be seen again until it had been transmuted into sodden leaf-mold. The low monument stones were hidden; the scars on the young trees, bearing the marks of human possession, had been sealed out of sight by the impartial hand which keeps no record of the contracts

of men; and Cecil's little ring, with its graven motto, *Dieu vous garde*, lay deep under the snow.

A few people came from the town that day of storm to offer their help and sympathy to the lonely household. Molly received them all, and spared her mistress the questions and the exclamations.

Toward dusk Hilgard came plowing through the snow to the kitchen door, and asked Molly if he could see her mistress. A fire had been kindled in Conrath's office, and Cecil had spent many hours of the day sitting there alone. Molly told Hilgard to go into the parlor, and went herself to the office to seek her mistress.

Hilgard went into the parlor and found Cecil there.

Among the rumors of the day that had come dimly to her ears was one that the train eastward bound had been blocked by snow in the valley. When she saw Hilgard enter the room, she accepted the fact of his sudden return as the natural result of her longing for him. She had thought he would hear of her sorrow first when he was thousands of miles away; but the merciful snow had checked him, and the news had brought him back. Bad news traveled quickly, and he would lose no time in coming to her. This was the rapid, unreasoning instinct that took the place of surprise at the sight of him.

She went to him, and all her simple, unquestioning need of him spoke in her face as she raised it to his, putting up her arms like a child.

In the full knowledge of what was before him, he took her in his arms and held her close, in a silent, remorseful embrace.

Drawing his head down to hers, with her hands clasped behind his neck, she whispered:

"You are all that I have left."

He did not speak, but gently unclasped her hands and moved a little away from her. Would she ever come to him again and put up her arms to him, owning him as her only earthly refuge?

She did not seem to understand his withdrawing from her. She stood a moment looking at him helplessly, and then sat down in the nearest chair.

"Did you hear of it, and come back? You knew how I would need you."

"No, I did not come back."

She kept her eyes on his face, without listening to his words.

"You must not look so! You must not suffer so for me! You will see how I will bear it! Ah, think how much worse it might have been! If you had not gone——"



"Cecil—oh, my child! I did not go! You must try not to be hard on me. It had come to the clinch—I could not go!"

"You *must* have gone!" she said, rising and confronting him with her white face of dread. "I heard the train go out."

"I was not on it. Will you sit still, Cecil? I will tell you all."

"I do not wish to hear it—I cannot hear it!"

"Do you think I need not tell you? You will let it rest? God bless you, my dearest!"

"No, no!" she moaned. "You will have to tell me!"

He waited until he could speak, and then spoke fast, in hard, unmodulated sentences.

"I went down to hold the drift. We heard them open the door of the barricade, but we could not see their faces. It was dark in the drift. We called to them to stop. There was firing. I don't know who fired first."

"How many were you?"

"We were two!"

"No, no!" she pleaded, wildly. "There *must* have been more than *two*!"

"The others were not down.—Before God, I don't know who did it; it lies between West and me!"

For a moment there was silence.

"Why did *you* go down?"

"West would have gone alone. You cannot ask me why I did not let one of my men take my place?"

"It does not matter," she said.

"No, it does not matter; the responsibility is mine. Cecil, I am the same man you gave your promise to last night. I do not love such work. I went into it, sick at heart. I wish, God knows, I were in his place!"

"I wish you both were. Oh! my heart is broken!"

"But you cannot mean that it's all over between us? Does it make no difference that it was forced upon me? I have to say it: We were on our own ground; their barricade was fifty feet within our lines. A barricade that is only for defense does not have a door in it; and, Cecil, they were five to one!"

"You are talking about my brother," she said.

He turned away with a passionate gesture of despair.

"George, I do love you," she pleaded.

"That means nothing, if I must go." He stood before her in the roused eloquence of his beauty, which seemed to defy denial. "Cecil, I cannot go! We cannot love each other like unhappy ghosts. We cannot stop living. I am willing to go away now—to wait a long time—but you will give me some hope for the future? You will let me write to you, and see you sometimes? I have had no

chance to show my love for you. It isn't fair to set this awful fatality forever between us!"

She looked at him as if asking him to understand without words, which came so hard.

"I am doing nothing," she said. "It is done already. We must keep apart, because that is the only way to bear it."

"Cecil, you cannot mean it! Why, great Heaven! if I were the lowest criminal, there would be some poor fool of a woman to cling to me! You disgrace me for life. I have done what was simply my duty. But I didn't expect you to feel that. I counted on your mercy. I thought you would forgive me—as you forgive your brother—as I forgive him. For, if this is what you mean, Heaven knows, I too have something to forgive!"

"There can be no forgiveness between us," she said, piteously. "I love you—that means everything. It is nothing you have done. Oh, *can't* you understand? If you were old or crippled; if your life were spoiled in some way, I would share it with you. I would go away with you now, if I could suffer with you. But, if we were together, we should not suffer. We would be happy—after awhile."

"Ah, yes!" he moaned, "we would be happy. What have we done that we should not be happy?"

"You will be happy, I hope—but not with me. Not with—his sister!"

"Why don't you say it out? Am I his murderer, that you hold off from me like that?" Her meek but inflexible resistance maddened him. "Cecil, my little girl, you did love me. Do you love me now? And will you not let me try to heal the hurt I have given you?"

"I love you," she said, resisting his embrace, "but not in that way!"

"There is no other way!"

"Is there not? If it had been you, instead of him——"

"If it had"—he wrested the words from her—"and if he were in my place, now, would you cast him off, for my sake?"

"I could not do that; I could not break a tie that is in my blood."

"Is there no tie, then, between us?"

She leaned her head low between her hands.

"We made it ourselves. I made it, selfishly. I made you come to me; do you remember?"

Did he remember! Only last night her head had rested on his breast; now there was no help or shelter of his she would ever seek again.

She sat with her hands tightly locked together in her lap, white, trembling, but immovable.



"There *is* another way, George. If you were—as he is now—would I not love you? You are the same to me as he is; you are dead to me!"

Her strength suddenly deserted her, and she broke into wild sobs. He knelt beside her and forced her gently into his arms.

"Cecil, you cannot put me out of your life, like this, with a word! You cannot mean to mock me with a love that denies our very humanity. It is nonsense to say I am dead to you, when every nerve in my body starts at your touch. Did *we* make that tie? It is the oldest, the strongest tie between man and woman. There is no duty that can break it. I am your duty and you are mine, in the sight of God."

She struggled to her feet. He rose, too, and stood before her, white with the passion of his last appeal.

"You have done your duty, in spite of the cost," she said. "Now I must do mine. I will try to be brave, too."

A belief that he must, in the end, prevail, had unconsciously supported him, and fed his persistence; but it forsook him now as he looked in her face. He continued to look at her a moment; something like a shiver passed over him; then his words came heavily, like the first sluggish drops following a deep wound which bleeds internally.

"Are you so sure that this is your duty?"

"You were very sure of yours," she faltered, dealing this last blow helplessly, and hearing herself speak as if her voice were the voice of some one else, pronouncing his doom and her own.

There was a loud knock on the outer door. The same ominous hand delivered it that had knocked in the watches of the night before. Cecil started at the sound and turned instinctively, in her terror, to Hilgard. It was the one moment when she might have yielded.

The knock was repeated. She made a gesture toward the door, and as Hilgard turned to open it she escaped from the room.

It was Gashwiler who stood on the threshold.

"Go to the other door!" Hilgard said, fierce with the anguish that was mounting in his blood.

His words were like a curse. The two men looked each other in the eyes for an instant, then Gashwiler retreated down the steps, and around the corner of the house to the kitchen.

Hilgard plunged through the melting drifts that hid the trail, dashing the wet snow from the low fir-boughs. A storm of revolt was let loose within him. He saw no justice, no logic, in his fate. Its mockery was yet in store for him.

(To be continued.)

## LES MORTS VONT VITE.

*Les morts vont vite!* Ay, for a little space  
We miss and mourn them, fallen from their place;  
To take our portion in their rest are fain;  
But by and by, having wept, press on again,  
Perchance to win their laurels in the race.

What man would find the old in the new love's face?  
Seek on the fresher lips the old kisses' trace?  
For withered roses newer blooms disdain?

*Les morts vont vite!*

But when disease brings thee in piteous case,  
Thou shalt thy dead recall, and thy ill grace  
To them for whom remembrance plead in vain.  
Then shuddering think, while thy bed-fellow Pain  
Clasps thee with arms that cling like Death's embrace:

*Les morts vont vite!*

H. C. Bunner.



## ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

A MAN of many gifts and graces has passed away; a man so singularly central in English society and amid English schools of thought, so individual and yet so multiform, that among the wreaths which bestrewed his tomb in Henry VII.'s chapel,—the offering of all nations, from Ireland to Armenia, of men of all opinions, from dignitaries of the church to scientific materialists, of all classes of society from the Queen of England to the poor children of Westminster,—it would be hard to say which tokens were the most natural, the most appropriate, the most sincere.

A man so many-sided should be described by many men; a man of such wide and active sympathies should be commemorated not by his intimates alone, but by others who have looked up to him as to a source of life and light; who have enjoyed, perhaps, some amities of a hereditary friendship, some encouragement of his cordial smile. Without repeating what has been already said, or anticipating what may be more fitly said by others, there is room for some such reflections on his work and character as will be suggested here.

The outward life of Arthur Stanley was so ordered from childhood upward as to enable him to mature and exercise his powers in the most favorable way, and to lead his receptive nature through scene after scene of sterling virtue or of old renown. The happy Rectory-home at Alderley gave to his after years the inestimable background of childish memories of unmingled brightness and peace. His intercourse with Dr. Arnold at Rugby showed the relation of teacher and pupil in its ideal form. At Oxford, the three great colleges of Balliol, University, Christ-Church, welcomed him in town, and each upbuilt some part of the fabric of his being. The ancient shrine of Canterbury fostered at once his historic instincts and his deep sense of the greatness of the English Church. And finally Westminster received him to an office so congenial to every aspiration of his heart that all else seemed to have been but a prolusion to those stately duties and an antechamber to that famous home. He was blessed too, in father and mother, in family and friends; blessed most of all in the wife whose presence doubled both his usefulness and his felicity, and whose loss gave to his latest years the crowning dignity of sorrow.

One incongruity alone was sometimes felt in this harmonious career,—a certain dis-

crepancy between Stanley's habits of thought and those of the clerical world around him. Scruples of this kind had led him to hesitate as to taking orders, but they had then been brushed aside with rough vigor by Arnold's friendly hand. But as Stanley rose into prominence his supposed laxity of dogmatic view gave umbrage to many members of his profession; he experienced "that difficulty" which, in his own words, "is occasioned not so much by the actual divergence of opinion amongst educated, or amongst uneducated men, as by the combination in the same religious and the same social community of different levels of education,"—and it may be added of original temperaments,—so diverse that their professors, however educated, must needs construe this perplexing universe in many varying ways. Dean Stanley's view of his own position in the church is given in a striking passage in the preface to his "Essays on Church and State":

"The choice is between absolute individual separation from every conceivable outward form of organization, and continuance in one or other of those which exist, in the hope of modifying or improving it. There are, doubtless, advantages in the former alternative. The path of a theologian or ecclesiastic, who in any existing system loves truth and seeks charity, is, indeed difficult at the best. Many a time would such a one gladly exchange the thankless labor, the bitter taunts, the "law's delay," the "insolence of office," the waste of energy, that belong to the friction of public duties, for the hope of a few tranquil years of independent research or studious leisure, where he need consult no scruples, contend with no prejudices, entangle himself with no party, travel far and wide over the earth, with nothing to check the constant increase of knowledge which such experience alone can fully give. But there is a counterbalancing attraction, which may well be felt by those who shrink from sacrificing their love of country to a sense of momentary relief, or the hopes of the future to the pressure of the present. To serve a great institution, and by serving it to endeavor to promote within it a vitality which shall secure it as the shelter for such as will have to continue the same struggle after they are gone, is an object for which much may be, and ought to be endured which otherwise would be intolerable."

This passage is interesting, moreover, as distinctly indicating Stanley's conception of the functions of a national church. A national church may be regarded as aiming at either of two somewhat different ends. We may say that it is meant to promulgate that body of spiritual truth which has, at a given historical epoch, approved itself to a given nation. Or we may say that it is meant to promulgate such spiritual truth as may, from



time to time approve itself to that nation as it lives and grows. On the first theory, the church must represent a fixed code in the midst of a changing world, as the Greek and Roman churches profess to do. On the second theory, it must modify its teaching, as the Reformed churches actually did, when the great mass of thinking men in a nation are seen to have modified their belief. Such changes can have no finality; and if a violent wrench like the English Reformation was justifiable, it must be still more justifiable, in those who now wish to maintain the national church, to introduce as gently as possible such changes as may keep her in sympathy with the advancing knowledge of the time. And these changes, though initiated by laymen, must be adopted by church dignitaries if they are to become a part of the established creed of the nation. It is noticeable, indeed, that in past centuries the same men have often been first denounced as heretics, and afterward accepted as pillars of the church, having carried through at their own risk some reform which was ultimately felt by all to be beneficial. It is needless to say that the recent rise of science, physical and historical, has effected an even greater alteration in men's mental outlook than was effected by the revival of learning, which led almost necessarily to the Reformation. If, then, the English Church is to maintain her position as national, she must be prepared to modify her teaching, with little delay, and such modification can best be carried through by men of Stanley's comprehensive sympathies and strong common-sense.

There remains, however, the question whether religious unity is really strongly desired by many men; whether the different sections of the English church or the English nation are disposed to make much effort to preserve the idea of a national church. And the answer commonly given is that such union is *not* strongly desired, that, on the other hand, men tend to hold views more divergent, and to express them with more distinctness, than ever before. It might, perhaps, have been expected that as the conclusions of science become more definite, as it grows easier to make men understand the same demonstrations and obey the same laws, it would also grow easier to unite them in the same religion. But this is not so; for religion is a matter of tastes and emotions, as well as of reason. Along with what is deepest and most universal its sphere includes all that is most individual and variable in man. It includes points on which classes of men at different mental levels—nay, even different individuals on the same level—cannot possibly be expected to

agree. On the one hand, as fresh bodies of men wake up to religion they inevitably pass through stages of thought and feeling which many of their contemporaries have already outgrown. And, on the other hand, learning and intellect, so far from securing uniformity, will, when combined with certain temperaments, only serve to make the cases of reverence to an older type, or of divergence into an individual type, more marked and impressive.

So long, in short, as the evidence as to an unseen world remains much where it is, that evidence will probably be interpreted as variously as heretofore. An accession of new evidence might, no doubt, lead to a greater unity of creed; but the possibility of such an accession of evidence is just what all sects unite to deny.

From the theological point of view, therefore, it may seem neither possible nor very important to maintain the Church of England. On the other hand, the political and the philanthropical arguments for a national church are strong. It is, or may be made, the safest bulwark against sectarian bigotry, the most efficient machinery for supplying the moral needs of the community. And there is also a historical point of view, of which Stanley was the best representative. It seemed to him a childish, almost an impious thing, that our disagreements on questions which, for the most part, we can neither solve nor comprehend, should lead us rashly to destroy that august institution which so many names have adorned, so many memories hallowed, which has spread her wide arms from pole to pole, and has embodied for centuries the spiritual life of a mighty people. How premature were such a dissolution! For no one knows what direction opinion will ultimately take; and the Church of England, which is committed to so much less than the Church of Rome, and which, with her allied churches in both hemispheres, stands already second in importance to the Church of Rome alone—the Church of England, it may well be said, has a better chance than any other religious corporation of finding herself erect after the general reconstruction, and constituting, in some sense or other, the Church of the Future. Should such a fate be hers, she will be grateful to those whose historical instinct saved her from disruption, who did not despair of the spiritual republic in times of inward conflict and dismay.

Descending from general principles to details, we find the peculiar type of Stanley's historical instinct: his delight in striking anecdote, in unlooked-for parallels, in the picturesqueness of the past,—well illustrated by his treatment, in his latest book, of the rites and symbols of the early church. To



the mystic, these symbols seem still instinct with spiritual truth. To the philosopher they suggest a field of unexhausted inquiry; they lead back the mind to the Seven Rivers of the Indus valley, to the worships of our Aryan ancestors in Persia or Babylon, to the remote and essential unity of the creeds of men. Stanley is not attracted in either of these ways. He does not deal with thought and emotion in their subterranean currents, but rather in their dramatic manifestation on the great theaters of the world. And he is never better pleased than when by some quaint juxtaposition he can show the irony of men's pretensions to dogmatic infallibility, or to the authority of immemorial tradition. In "Christian Institutions" it delights him to point out that the only true Sabbatarians are to be found in Abyssinia; that the kiss of peace was "one of the most indispensable of primitive practices," but is now preserved only by "the Glassites, or Sandemanians"; that although the Coptic church alone retains the original form of the Lord's Supper, some vestige of the true position is retained by the Presbyterians and the Pope. The Pope, in fact, is for Dean Stanley a perfect museum of paradoxes. While reflecting with regret that "Augustine would have condemned him as an unbaptized heretic," he is pleased to find in the peculiarities which surround him, "a mass of latent Primitive Protestantism." He traces with interest the origin of his white gown, his red shoes, his peacock fans; while he is careful to remind us that the only ecclesiastical vestment recognized by the early Fathers consisted of trowsers.

The breadth, and also the limitations of Stanley's view are well exemplified by his essay on the pictures in the catacombs of Rome. He draws out admirably from these figures the ἀγαλλίασις and ἀφελότης, the joy and simplicity of the primitive Church. There is found there no crucifix, no cypress, no death's-head, no dance of skeletons, no martyrdom of saints, but the young shepherd carrying the lamb amid green pastures, and dove-like souls that soar to heaven, and the mysterious gladness of the vine. All this he sees in that ancient imagery, but he does not attempt to explain its strange anomalies by any reference to a yet remoter past. He has no word of comment (for instance) on the view of those in whose eyes an occult tradition mingles here with the new-risen faith; who see in the *crux ansata*, with its recurved extremities, the cross of wood from whose central hollow our Aryan forefathers made spring the friction-fire; who discern in *Agnus* the mystic *Agni*, and in the lamb's luminous aureole the transmuted symbol of that Vedic flame.

We can indeed hardly claim for Stanley the title of an original investigator on any subject, save only the very difficult and interesting one of the geography of Sinai and Palestine. But it would be equally unfair to speak of such popularizations as his "Jewish Church" as though they were slight or easy productions. Crude knowledge must be digested and re-digested before it can enter vitally into the intellectual system of mankind, and rightly to assimilate such nutriment may often be as difficult as to collect it. The Englishman, especially, writing, as Stanley did, for two hemispheres and some half-dozen nations, must needs feel that the form in which he gives his results to this enormous public is a matter of no slight concern.

Of this, Dean Stanley, with his keen interest in America, his vivid sense that "westward the course of empire takes its way," was certain to be fully conscious. And he remembered it most of all when he dealt with that subject whose world-wide diffusion has given to it its chief importance. For the history and literature of England may be said to have had greatness thrust upon them. They have not been selected for universal study on account of their intrinsic interest and perfection, as have been the history and literature of Greece. But they belong to a race which happens to have just those qualities which enable it to overrun the earth. Whatever the history of such a race may be, the world must know it; whatever its literature, the world must study it. And in recounting the English Past no tone could be fitter than Dean Stanley's,—a tone indicating at once a glowing sense of the dignity of the story, and an honest consciousness of its many blots and imperfections. Long before Stanley was made Dean of Westminster, it was felt that the memories which hallow English ground appealed to no man more vividly than to him. And when he was placed, as it were, in official connection with English history,—when he was made the guardian of that pile of buildings which is to the British Empire,—nay, to all English-speaking lands,—almost what the Capitol was to Rome,—then indeed the thought of him became so inseparable from the thought of the Abbey that one knew not whether the man magnified the office, or the office the man.

It is there, in some part of that vast, irregular pile, that the memory of all who knew him will choose to imagine him still. Some will best recall him as he dispensed hospitality in the Deanery, or stood in that long library which seems immersed in silence and antiquity within a bow-shot of earth's busiest roar. These will remember his talk, its vi-



vacuity and simplicity, its tone as of a man accustomed to feel that his words carried weight, yet never grasping at an undue share in the conversation, nor failing to recognize the least contribution which those who spoke with him might bring. To those who recall such scenes he may well appear as the very type of civilization, of the manners to which birth and breeding, mind and character, add each their charm; which can show feeling without extravagance, and power without pride; which can convince men by comprehending them, and control with a smile.

To some, again, his image will present itself as he stood in his pulpit in the nave of Westminster, or by the tomb of some great man departed, or before the altar on the rare occasions when the solemn Abbey opened its portals to a scene of marriage-joy. These will recall the voice of delicate resonance, the look of force and dignity enhanced by the contrast with a body so small and frail; and, above all, that efflux of vivid human fellowship which all men felt when he was near, the sense of the responsive presence of a living soul.

He lies where he had most truly lived. Beside him, in the niche of Henry VII.'s chapel, is laid the wife to whom, in his own solemn words, the earthly union was but designed to link him "till death us join" in some bond more sacred still. Above him float the banners of his knightly Order of the Bath, whose ideal chivalry and purity have

never an earthly embodiment more chivalrous or more pure. The chapel opens into the mighty Abbey, solemn and noble as work of men's hands can be, yet filled with tombs and tablets miscellaneous as life, incongruous as history. Many a strange shape is there: Rodney's captains, and Admiral Tyrrell rising from the sea, and the monstrous image of Watt; but, in the midst, still rises the shrine of the Confessor, and the fifth Henry's helm, with the dints of Agincourt, hangs in the dusky air.

It may be that, in ages to come, those who tell the roll of England's worthies in the aisles of Westminster may think that Stanley's name stood higher with his contemporaries than any definite achievement of his could warrant. We cannot correct the judgments of posterity; but we may feel assured that if it had been allowed us to prolong, from generation to generation, some one man's earthly days, we could hardly have sent any pilgrim across the centuries more wholly welcome than Arthur Stanley, to whatever times are yet to be. For they, like us, would have recognized in him a spectator whose vivid interest seemed to give to this world's spectacle an added zest; an influence of such a nature as humanity, howsoever it may be perfected, will only prize the more; a life bound up and incorporated with the advance and weal of men; a presence never to be forgotten, and irreplaceable, and beloved.

*Frederic W. H. Myers.*

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## THE TWO ENCHANTMENTS.

Oh, hear from yonder height  
That glorious trumpet sounding!  
How fierce my pulses beat!  
But in the valley bright  
The rebecs are resounding:  
How sweet, how magic sweet!  
Ah, whither shall I go?

See now upon the height  
Those mighty shapes advancing,  
So radiant, yet so far!  
But in the valley bright  
The youths and maidens dancing,  
How beautiful they are!  
Oh, whither shall I go?

How grand about the height  
Fame's noble army winding  
To pinnacles above!  
But in the valley bright,  
Her hair with roses binding,  
Lingers the maid I love:  
Ah, whither shall I go?

*Henry Ames Blood.*

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## WHO ARE THE CREOLES?

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," etc.



MAP OF LOUISIANA.

I.

### THEIR HOME.

ONE city in the United States is, without pretension or intention, picturesque and antique. A quaint Southern-European aspect is encountered in the narrow streets of its early boundaries, on its old Place d'Armes, along its balconied façades, and about its cool, flowery inner courts.

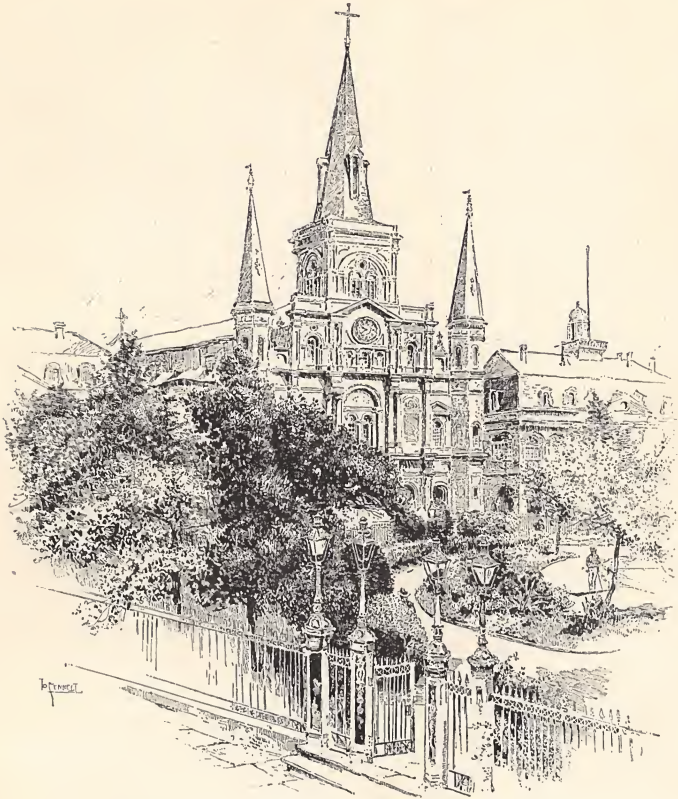
Among the great confederation of States whose Anglo-Saxon life and inspiration swallows up all alien immigrations, there is one in which a Latin civilization, sinewy, valiant, cultured, rich and proud, holds out against extinction. There is a people in the midst of the population of Louisiana, who send representatives and senators to the Fed-

eral Congress, and who vote for the nation's rulers. They celebrate the Fourth of July; and ten days thereafter, with far greater enthusiasm, they commemorate that great Fourteenth that saw the fall of the Bastille. Other citizens of the United States, but not themselves, they call Americans. Let us see who and where they are.

About half the State of Louisiana is hilly. The portion north of Lake Pontchartrain and east of the Mississippi, and that which lies north of Red River and west of the Washita, are mostly of this character. Their white population is mainly Anglo-American.

But if we draw a line from the southwestern to the north-eastern corner of the State, turning thence down the Mississippi





THE CATHEDRAL AND OLD PLACE D'ARMES, NEW ORLEANS.

to Baton Rouge, crossing eastward through Lakes Maurepas, Pontchartrain, and Borgne, to the Gulf of Mexico, and then passing along the gulf-coast to the starting-point at the mouth of the Sabine, it will indicate rudely, but sufficiently, the State's eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty square miles of delta lands.

That portion lying north of Red River is, like the regions west of it, occupied principally by Anglo-Americans and blacks, and may be disregarded for the present, since the Creoles are not there.

Across the southern end of the State, from Sabine Lake to Chandeleur Bay, with a north-and-south width of from ten to thirty miles and an average of about fifteen, stretch the Gulf marshes, the wild haunt of myriads of birds and water-fowl, serpents and saurians, hares, raccoons, wild-cats, deep-bellowing frogs, and clouds of insects, and by a few hunters and oystermen, whose solitary and rarely frequented huts speck the wide, green horizon at remote intervals. Neither is the home of the Creoles to be found here.

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North of these marshes and west of the Bayou Têche lies a beautiful expanse of faintly undulating prairie, some thirty-nine hundred square miles in extent, dotted with artificial homestead groves, with fields of sugar-cane, cotton, and corn, and with herds of ponies and keen-horned cattle feeding on its short, nutritious turf. Their herdsmen speak an ancient French patois, and have the blue eyes and light brown hair of Northern France.

The remaining division, which the description of the others has thus circumscribed, is of that character popularly accepted as typical of Louisiana entire: a labyrinth of small lakes and streams, bounded by low, alluvial banks, green, in season, with stretches of sugar-cane, corn, and rice, or white with cotton, and sloping gently downward and backward away from the water's edge into densely wooded and noxious swamps, whose tangled depths are penetrable only by the hunter's or wood-cutter's canoe.

In these two latter divisions, the prairie country and the swamp country, dwell most of the French-speaking people of Louisiana,



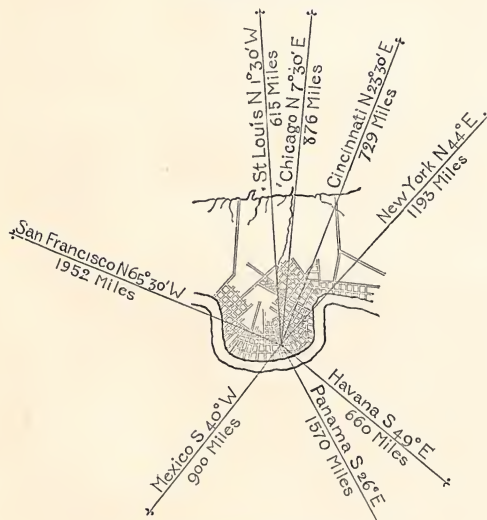
both white and colored. Here the names of bayous, lakes, villages, and plantations are, for the most part, French; the parishes (counties) are named after saints and church-feasts, and although for more than fifty years there has been an inflow of Anglo-Americans and English-speaking blacks, the youth still receive their education principally from the priests and nuns of small colleges and convents, and two languages are current: in law and trade, English; at home, French.

Here are still found the children of those famed Nova Scotian exiles, whose banishment from their homes by British arms in 1755 has so often been celebrated in history and romance, and who yet bear the name of Acadians. In some districts they are outnumbered; but in others, especially in the vast prairies of Attakapas and Opelousas, they largely outnumber those who endeavor to monopolize the more pretentious appellation of Creole.

But the Creoles pure and simple are principally found in the country lying between the mouth of Red River on the north and the Gulf marshes on the south, east of the Têche and south of Lakes Borgne, Pontchartrain, and Maurepas, and the Bayou Manchac. Near the south-eastern limit of this region is the spot where their French ancestors first struck permanent root, and the growth of their peculiar and interesting civilization began.

## II.

## ORLEANS ISLAND.



LOCATION CHART, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

LET us give a final glance at the map. It is the general belief that a line of elevated land,

now some eighty or ninety miles due north of the Louisiana coast, is the prehistoric shore of the Gulf. A range of high, abrupt hills or bluffs, which the Mississippi first encounters at the city of Vicksburg, and whose south-westward and then southward trend it follows thereafter to the town of Baton Rouge, swerves, just below this point, rapidly to a due east course, and declines gradually until, some thirty miles short of the eastern boundary of Louisiana, it sinks entirely down into a broad tract of sea-marsh that skirts, for many leagues, the waters of Mississippi Sound.

Close along under these subsiding bluffs, where they stretch to the east, the Bayou Manchac, once Iberville River, and the lakes beyond it, before the bayou was artificially obstructed, united the waters of Mississippi River with those of Mississippi Sound. Apparently this line of water was once the river itself. Now, however, the great flood, turning less abruptly, takes a south-easterly course, and, in so doing, cuts off between itself and its ancient channel a portion of its own delta formation. This fragment of half-made country, comprising something over seventeen hundred square miles of river-shore, swamp-land, and marsh, was once widely known, both in commerce and in international politics, as Orleans Island.

Its outline is extremely irregular. At one place, it is fifty-seven miles across from the river shore to the eastern edge of the marshes. Near the lower end there is scarcely the range of a "musket-shot" between river and sea. At a point almost midway of the island's length, the river and Lake Pontchartrain approach to within six miles of each other. It was here that, in February, 1718, was founded the city of New Orleans.

In 1699, three transatlantic powers, almost at the same moment, had essayed to occupy the southern outlet of the Mississippi valley. D'Iberville, in command of a French fleet sent from Brest for this purpose, had found the Spaniards just establishing themselves at Pensacola, and too old in diplomacy to listen to his fair speeches; wherefore he had sailed farther west and planted his colony on the eastern shore of Biloxi Bay. His young brother, Bienville, only a few weeks later, while exploring the waterways of the country westward, had met a British officer ascending the Mississippi with two vessels, in search of a spot favorable for colonization, and by ingenious words had induced him to withdraw, at a point where a long bend of the river is still known as the English Turn.

During the nineteen years that followed,



the colony of Louisiana never exceeded a few hundred souls. D'Iberville had left as governor his brother, Sauvolle, who, dying two years after, had been succeeded by Bienville. This young midshipman of twenty-four

Mississippi. Bienville, from the beginning, urged this wiser design. For years he was overruled under the commercial policy of the merchant monopolist, Anthony Crozat, to whom the French king had farmed the province. But when Crozat's large but unremunerative privileges fell into the hands of John Law, director-general of the renowned Mississippi Company, Bienville's counsel prevailed, and steps were taken for removing to the banks of the Mississippi the handful of French and Canadians who were struggling against starvation, in their irrational search after sudden wealth on the sterile beaches of Mississippi Sound and Massacre Island.

The first rude structure of logs had hardly been erected at Biloxi, before Bienville had become the foremost explorer of the colony. The year before he secured this coveted authorization to found a new post on the Mississippi, he had selected its site. It was immediately on the bank of the stream. No later sagacity has succeeded in pointing out a more favorable site on which to put up the gates of the great valley; and here—though the land was only ten feet above sea-level at the water's edge, and sank quickly back to a minimum height of a few inches; though it was almost wholly covered with a cypress swamp and was visibly subject to frequent, if not annual overflow; and though a hundred miles lay between it and the mouth of a river whose current, in times of flood, it was maintained, no vessel could overcome—here, Bienville, in 1718, placed a detachment of twenty-five convicts and as many carpenters, who, with some voyageurs from the Illinois River, made a clearing and erected a few scattered huts along the bank of the river, as the beginning of that which he was determined later to make his capital.

### III.

#### THE CREOLES' CITY.

was the seventh of a remarkably brilliant group of brothers, sons of Lemoyne de Bienville, a gentleman of Quebec. The governorship of the province, which he thus early assumed, he did not finally lay down until he had reached the age of sixty-five, and had more than earned the title of "the father of Louisiana"; and he was on one occasion still her advocate before the minister of France, when bowed by the weight of eighty-six years.

D'Iberville was the original projector and founder of New Orleans. From the first, the colony had been divided into two factions: one bent on finding gold and silver, on pearl-fishing, a fur trade, and a commerce with South America, and, therefore, in favor of a sea-coast establishment; the other advocating the importation of French agriculturists, and their settlement on the alluvial banks of the

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FROM THE RELIEF IN THE NEW ORLEANS CUSTOM-HOUSE.





THE OLD CONVENT.

tlement "to choose a suitable site for a city worthy to become the capital of Louisiana."

Thereupon might have been seen this engineer, the *Sieur Le Blond de la Tour*, in the garb of a knight of St. Louis, modified as might be by the exigencies of the frontier, in command of a force of galley-slaves and artisans, driving stakes, drawing lines, marking off streets and lots, a place for the

church and a middle front square for a place-d'armes; day by day ditching and palisading; throwing up a rude levee along the river front, and gradually gathering the scattered settlers of the neighborhood into the form of a town. But the location remained the same.

A hundred frail palisade huts, some rude shelters of larger size to serve as church,



IN THE NEW CONVENT GARDEN.



hospital, government house, and company's warehouses, a few vessels at anchor in the muddy river, a population of three hundred, mostly men—such was the dreary hunter's camp, hidden in the stifling undergrowth of the half-cleared, miry ground, where, in the naming of streets, the dukes of Orleans, Chartres, Maine, and Bourbon, the princes of Conti and Condé, and the Count of Toulouse, had been honored; where, finally, in June to August, 1722, the royal commissioners consenting, the company's effects and troops were gradually removed and Bienville set up his head-quarters; and where this was but just done when, in September, a tornado whisked away church, hospital, and thirty dwellings, prostrated the crops, and, in particular, destroyed the rice.

The next year, 1723, brought no better fortune. At home, the distended Mississippi Bubble began to show its filminess, and the distress which it spread everywhere came across the Atlantic. As in France, the momentary stay-stomach was credit. On this basis the company's agents and the plantation grantees harmonized; new industries, notably indigo culture, were introduced; debts were paid with paper, and the embryo city reached the number of sixteen hundred inhabitants; an agricultural province, whose far-scattered plantations, missions, and military posts counted nearly five thousand souls, promised her its commercial tribute.

Then followed collapse, the scaling of debts by royal edict, four repetitions of this gross expedient, and, by 1726, a sounder, though a shorn, prosperity.

The year 1728 completed the first decade of the town's existence. Few who know its history will stand to-day in Jackson square and glance from its quaint, old-fashioned gardening to the foreign and antique aspect of the surrounding architecture,—its broad verandas, its deep arcades, the graceful patterns of its old wrought-iron balconies, its rich effects of color, of blinding sunlight, and of cool shadow,—without finding the fancy presently stirred up to overleap the beginning of even these time-stained features, and recall the humbler town of Jean-Baptiste Lemoyne de Bienville, as it huddled about this classic spot when but ten years had passed since the first blow of the settler's ax had echoed across the waters of the Mississippi.

This, from the beginning, was the Place d'Armes. It was of the same rectangular figure it has to-day: larger only by the width of the present sidewalks, an open plat of coarse, native grass, crossed by two diagonal paths and occupying the exact middle of the

town front. Behind it, in the mid-front of a like apportionment of ground reserved for ecclesiastical uses, where St. Louis Cathedral now overlooks the square, stood the church, built, like most of the public buildings, of brick. On the church's right were a small guard-house and prisons, and on the left the dwelling of some Capuchins. The spiritual care of all that portion of the province between the mouths of the Mississippi and the Illinois was theirs. On the front of the square that flanked the Place d'Armes above, the government-house looked out upon the river. In the corresponding square, on the lower side, but facing from the river and diagonally opposite the Capuchins, were the quarters of the government employés. The grounds that faced the upper and lower sides of the Place d'Armes were still unoccupied, except by cordwood, entrenching tools, and a few pieces of parked artillery, on the one side, and a small house for issuing rations on the other. Just off the river front, in Toulouse street, were the smithies of the Marine; correspondingly placed in Du Maine street were two long, narrow buildings, the king's warehouses.

Ursulines street was then Arsenal street. On its first upper corner was the hospital, with its grounds extending back to the street behind; while the empty square opposite, below, reserved for an arsenal, was just receiving, instead, the foundations of the convent-building that stands there to-day. A company of Ursuline nuns had come the year before from France to open a school for girls, and to attend the sick in hospital, and were quartered at the other end of the town awaiting the construction of their nunnery. It was finished in 1730. They occupied it for ninety-four years, and vacated it only in 1824 to remove to the larger and more retired convent on the river shore, near the present lower limits of the city, where they remain at the present day. The older house—one of the oldest, if not the oldest building, standing in the Mississippi Valley—became, in 1831, the State-house, and in 1834, as at present, the seat of the archbishop of Louisiana.

For the rest, there was little but forlorn confusion. Though the plan of the town comprised a parallelogram of five thousand feet river front by a depth of eighteen hundred, and was divided into regular squares of three hundred feet front and breadth, yet the appearance of the place was disorderly and squalid. A few cabins of split boards, thatched with cypress bark, were scattered confusedly over the ground, surrounded and isolated from each other by willow-brakes and reedy



ponds and sloughs bristling with dwarf palmetto and swarming with reptiles. No one had built beyond Dauphine street, the fifth from the river, though twenty-two squares stood empty to choose among; nor below the hospital, nor above Bienville street, except that the governor himself dwelt at the extreme upper corner of the town, now the corner of Customhouse and Decatur streets. Orleans street, cutting the town transversely in half behind the church, was a quarter favored by the unimportant; while along the water-front, and also in Chartres and Royale streets, just behind, rose the homes of the colony's official and commercial potentates: some small, low, and built of cypress, others of brick, or brick and frame, broad, and two or two and a half stories in height. But about and over all was the rank growth of a wet semi-tropical land, especially the water-willow, planted here and there in avenues, and elsewhere springing up at wild random amid occasional essays at gardening.

Such was New Orleans in 1728. The restraints of social life had, until now, been few and weak. Some of the higher officials had brought their wives from France, and a few Canadians theirs from Canada; but they were a small fraction of all. The mass of the men, principally soldiers, trappers, redemptioners bound to three years' service, miners, galley-slaves, knew little, and cared less, for citizenship or public order; while the women, still few, were almost all the unreformed and forcibly transported inmates of houses of correction, with a few Choctaw squaws and African slaves. Gambling, dueling, and vicious idleness were indulged in to a degree that gave the authorities grave concern.\*

Now the company, as required by its charter, had begun to improve the social as well as the architectural features of its provincial capital. The importation of male vagabonds had ceased; stringent penalties had been laid upon gambling, and, as already noted, steps had been taken to promote education and religion. The aid of the Jesuits had been enlisted for the training of the male youth and the advancement of agriculture.

In the winter of 1727-28 a crowning benefit had been reached in the arrival from France of the initial consignment of reputable girls, allotted to the care of the Ursulines, to be disposed of under their discretion in marriage. They were supplied by the king, on their departure from France, each with a small chest of clothing, and, with similar companies imported in subsequent years, were long known in the traditions of their colo-

nial descendants by the honorable distinction of the "*filles à la cassette*,"—the girls with trunks, the casket-girls. There cannot but linger a regret around this slender fact, so full of romance and the best poetry of real life. But the Creoles have never been careful for the authentication of their traditions, and the only assurance left to us so late as this is that the good blood of these modest maidens of long-forgotten names and of the brave soldiers to whom they gave their hands with the king's assent and dower, flows in the veins of the best Creole families of the present day.

Thus, at the end of the first ten years, the town summed up all the true, though roughly outlined, features of a civilized community: the church, the school, courts, hospital, council-hall, virtuous homes, a military arm and a commerce. This last was fettered by the monopoly rights of the company; but the thirst for gold, silver, and pearls had yielded to wiser thought, a fur trade had developed, and the scheme of an agricultural colony was rewarded with success.

But of this town and province, to whose development their founder had dedicated all his energies and sagacity, Bienville was no longer governor. In October, 1726, the schemes of official rivals had procured not only his displacement, but that of his various kinsmen in the colony. It was under a new commandant-general, M. Périer, that protection from flood received noteworthy attention, and that the first levee worthy of the name was built on the bank of the Mississippi. On the 15th of November, 1726, he completed a levee of eighteen feet crown, exceeding in length the entire front of the town; later, he continued it on smaller proportions eighteen miles up, and as many down the stream.

#### IV.

#### FARMS AND FORESTS IN THE DELTA.

THE Mississippi Company's agricultural colonial scheme was based on the West Indian idea of African slave labor. Already the total number of blacks had risen to equal that of the whites, and within the Delta, outside of New Orleans, they must have largely preponderated. In 1727 this idea began to be put into effect just without the town's upper boundary, where the Jesuit fathers accommodated themselves to it in model form, and between 1726 and 1745 gradually acquired and put under cultivation the whole tract of land now covered by the First District of New Orleans, the center of the city's wealth and commerce. The slender, wedge-shaped

\* "Sans religion, sans justice, sans discipline, sans ordre, et sans police."—*Drouet de Valdeterre*.



space between Common and Canal streets, and the subsequent accretions of soil on the river front, are the only parts of the First District not once comprised in the Jesuits' plantations. Education seems not to have had their immediate attention, but a myrtle orchard was planted on their river-front, and the orange, fig, and sugar-cane were introduced by them into the country at later intervals.

Other and older plantations were yearly sending in the products of the same unfortunate agricultural system. The wheat and the flour from the Illinois and the Wabash were the results of free farm and mill labor; but the tobacco, the timber, the indigo, and the rice came mainly from the slave-tilled fields of the company's grantees scattered at wide intervals in the more accessible regions of the great Delta. The only free labor of any note employed within that basin was a company of Alsatians, which had been originally settled on the Arkansas by John Law, but which had descended to within some thirty miles of New Orleans, had there become the market-gardeners of the growing town, and, in more than one adverse season, had been its main stay.

If this system of livelihood was so widely different from that of the transatlantic civilization from which the colonist of the Mississippi Delta had been drawn, the face of nature was not less altered. He found the swamp country of Louisiana a region of incessant and curious natural paradoxes. The feature, elsewhere so nearly universal, of streams rising from elevated sources, growing by tributary inflow, and moving on to empty into larger water-courses, was entirely absent. The circuit of inland water supply, to which his observation was accustomed,—commencing with evaporation from remote watery expanses, and ending with the junction of streams and their down-flow to the sea,—he here saw in great part reversed; it began with the influx of streams into and over the land, and though it included the seaward movement in the channels of main streams, yet it yielded up no small part of its volume by an enormous evaporation from millions of acres of overflowed swamp. It was not in the general rise of waters, but in their subsidence, that the smaller streams delivered their contents toward the sea. From Red River to the Gulf the early explorers of Louisiana found the Mississippi, on its western side, receiving no true tributary; but, instead, all streams, though tending toward the sea, yet doing so by a course directed away from some larger channel. Being the offspring of the larger streams, and either still issuing from them or being cut off from them only by the growth of sedimentary de-

posits, these smaller bodies were seen taking their course obliquely away from the greater, along the natural aqueducts raised slightly above the general level by the deposit of their own alluvion. This deposit, therefore, formed the bed and banks of each stream, and spread outward and gently downward on each side of it, varying in width from a mile to a few yards, in proportion to the size of the stream and the distance from its mouth.

Such streams called for a new generic term, and these explorers, generally military engineers, named them bayous, or boyaus: in fortification, a branch trench. The Lafourche ("the fork"), the Bœuf, and other bayous were manifestly mouths of the Red and the Mississippi, gradually grown longer and longer through thousands of years. From these the lesser bayous branched off confusedly hither and thither on their reversed watersheds, not tributaries, but, except in low water, tribute takers, bearing off the sediment-laden back waters of the swollen channels, broad-casting it in the intervening swamps, and, as the time of subsidence came on, returning them, greatly diminished by evaporation, in dark, wood-stained, and sluggish, but clear streams. The whole system was one primarily of irrigation, and only secondarily of drainage.

On the banks of this immense fretwork of natural dykes and sluices, though navigation is still slow, circuitous and impeded with risks, now lie hundreds of miles of the richest plantations in America; and here it was that the French colonists, first on the Mississippi and later on the great bayous, laid the foundations of the State's agricultural wealth.

The scenery of this land, where it is still in its wild state, is weird and funereal; but on the banks of the large bayous, broad fields of corn, of cotton, of cane, and of rice, open out at frequent intervals on either side of the bayou, pushing back the dark, pall-like curtain of moss-draped swamp, and presenting to the passing eye the neat and often imposing residence of the planter, the white double row of field-hands' cabins, the tall red chimney and broad gray roof of the sugar-house, and beside it the huge, square, red brick bagasse-burner, into which, during the grinding season, the residuum of crushed sugar-cane passes unceasingly day and night, and is consumed with the smoke and glare of a conflagration.

Even when the forests close in upon the banks of the stream there is a wild and solemn beauty in the shifting scene which appeals to the imagination with special strength when the cool morning lights or the warmer glows of evening impart the colors of the atmosphere



to the surrounding wilderness, and to the glassy waters of the narrow and tortuous bayous that move among its shadows. In the last hour of day, these scenes are often illuminated with an extraordinary splendor. From the boughs of the dark, broad-spreading live-oak, and the phantom-like arms of lofty cypresses, the long, motionless pendants of pale gray moss point down to their inverted images in the unruffled waters beneath them. Nothing breaks the wide-spread silence. The light of the declining sun at one moment brightens the tops of the cypresses, at another glows like a furnace behind their black branches, or, as the voyager reaches a western turn of the bayou, swings slowly round, and broadens down in dazzling crimsons and purples upon the mirror of the stream. Now and then, from out some hazy shadow, a heron, white or blue, takes silent flight, an alligator crossing the stream sends out long, tinted bars of widening ripple, or on some high, fire-blackened tree a flock of roosting vultures, silhouetted on the sky, linger with half-opened, unwilling wing, and flap away by ones and twos until the tree is bare. Should the traveler descry, first as a mote intensely black in the midst of the brilliancy that overspreads the water, and by and by revealing itself in true outline and proportion as a small canoe containing two men, whose weight seems about to engulf it, and by whose paddle-strokes it is impelled with such evenness and speed that a long, glassy wave gleams continually at either side, a full inch higher than the edge of the boat, he will have before him a picture of nature and human life that might have been seen at any time since the French fathers of the Louisiana Creoles colonized the Delta.

## v.

## INDIAN WARS.

THE Indians in the lower part of the Mississippi Valley had welcomed the settling of the French with feasting and dancing. The erection of forts among them at Biloxi, Mobile, the Natchez bluffs, and elsewhere, gave no confessed offense. Their game, the spoils of their traps, their lentils, their corn, and their woodcraft were always at the white man's service, and had, more than once, come between him and starvation. They were not the less acceptable because their donors counted on generous offsets in powder and ball, brandy, blankets, and gewgaws.

In the Delta proper, the Indians were a weak and divided remnant of the Alibamon race, dwelling in scattered sub-tribal villages

of a few scores or hundreds of warriors each. It was only beyond these limits that the powerful nations of the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Natchez, offered any suggestion of possible war.

Bienville had, from his first contact with them, shown a thorough knowledge of the Indian character. By a patronage supported on one side by inflexibility, and on the other by good faith, he inspired the respect and confidence of all alike; and, for thirty years, neither the slothful and stupid Alibamons of the Delta nor the proud and fierce nations around his distant posts gave any serious cause to fear the disappearance of good-will.

But M. Périer, who had succeeded Bienville, though upright in his relations with his ministerial superiors, was more harsh than wise, and one of his subordinates, holding the command of Fort Rosalie, among the Natchez (a position of the greatest delicacy), was arrogant, cruel, and unjust. Bienville had not long been displaced when it began to be likely that the Frenchmen who had come to plant a civilization in the swamps of Louisiana, under circumstances and surroundings so new and strange as those we have noticed, would have to take into their problem of development the additional factor of a warfare with the savages of the country.

When the issue came, its bloody scenes were far removed from that region which has grown to be specially the land of the Creoles; and, in that region, neither Frenchman nor Creole was ever forced to confront the necessity of defending his home from the torch, or his wife and children from the tomahawk.

The first symptom of danger was the visible discontent of the Chickasaws, with whom the English were in amity, and of the Choctaws. Périer, however, called a council of their chiefs in New Orleans, and these departed with protestations of friendship and loyalty that deceived him.

Suddenly, in the winter of 1729-30, a single soldier arrived in New Orleans from Fort Rosalie, with the word that the Natchez had surprised and destroyed the place, massacred over two hundred men, and taken captive ninety-two women and one hundred and fifty-five children. A few others, who, with their forerunner, were all who had escaped, appeared soon after and confirmed the news. Smaller settlements on the Yazoo River and on Sicily Island, on the Washita, had shared a like fate.

In New Orleans all was confusion and alarm, with preparations for war, offensive and defensive. Arms and ammunition were hurriedly furnished to every house in the town and on the neighboring plantations. Through



the weedy streets and in from the adjacent country, along the levee top and by the plantation roads and causeways, the militia, and, from their wretched barracks in Royale street, the dilapidated regulars, rallied to the Place d'Armes. Thence the governor presently dispatched three hundred of each, under one of his captains, to the seat of war. The entrenching tools and artillery were brought out of the empty lot in St. Peter street, and a broad moat was begun, on which work was not abandoned until at the end of a year the town was, for the first time, surrounded with a line of rude fortifications.

Meantime, the burdens of war distributed themselves upon the passive as well as upon the active: terror of attack, sudden alarms, false hopes, anxious suspense, further militia levies, the issue of colonial paper, industrial stagnation, the care of homeless refugees, and, by no means least, the restiveness of the negroes. The bad effects of slave-holding began to show themselves. The nearness of some small vagrant bands of friendly Indians, habitual hangers-on of the settlement, became "a subject of terror," and, with a like fear of the blacks, led to an act of shocking cruelty. A band of negroes, slaves of the company, armed and sent for the purpose by Périer himself, fell upon a small party of chouachas Indians dwelling peaceably on the town's lower border, and massacred the entire village. Emboldened by this, the negroes plotted a blow for their own freedom; but their plans were discovered and the leaders were executed. In the year after, the same blacks, incited by fugitive slaves sent among them by the Chickasaws, agreed upon a night for the massacre of the whites; but a negress who had been struck by a soldier let slip the secret in her threats, and the ringleaders, eight men and the woman, were put to death, she on the gallows and they on the wheel. The men's heads were stuck upon posts at the upper and lower ends of the town front, and at the Tchoupitoulas settlement and the king's plantation on the farther side of the Mississippi.

We now turn a page of the record that shows human nature in a kindlier aspect. Two hundred and fifty women and children taken by the Natchez had been retaken, and were brought to New Orleans and landed on the Place d'Armes. There they were received by the people with tears and laughter and open arms. At first, room was made for them in the public hospital; but the Ursulines, probably having just moved into their completed convent, adopted the orphan girls. The boys found foster-parents in well-to-do families, and the whole number of refugees was pres-

ently absorbed, many of the widows again becoming wives.

The Chickasaws and Yazoos became allies of the Natchez, and the Choctaws of the French. But space does not permit nor our object require us to follow the camp of the latter, to recount their somewhat dilatory successes on the Natchez hills, and in the swamps of the Washita, or on the distant banks of Red River under the intrepid St. Denis. The Natchez nation was completely dismembered. The few survivors were adopted into the Chickasaw nation, and by repeated depredations, they qualified the limited peace that followed.

In 1733, Bienville was restored to the governorship; but his power to command the confidence and good faith of the savages was lost. In 1735, aggressions still continuing, he demanded of the Chickasaws the surrender of their Natchez and Yazoo refugees, and was refused. Thereupon he was ordered to make war, and the early spring of 1736 saw New Orleans again in the stirring confusion of marshaling a small army. The scene of its embarkation was the little village of St. John, on the bayou of that name, where, in thirty barges and as many canoes, this motley gathering of uniformed regulars, leather-shirted militia, naked blacks, and feathered and painted Indians, set out, by way of the lakes and the Alabama River, to exterminate the Chickasaws. A few months passed, and the same spot witnessed another scene, when Bienville disembarked the remnant of his forces, sick, wounded, and discouraged, after a short, inglorious, and disastrous campaign in northern Alabama.

Bienville's years—he was now fifty-six—will hardly account for the absence of that force and sagacity which had once made him so admirable and of such great value; but whatever may have been the cause, the colonists, in whose affections he still held the foremost place, found in him only a faltering and mismanaging leader into disasters, whose record continued from this time to be an unbroken series of pathetic failures.

The year 1739 saw the French authority still defied and the colony's frontier harrassed. In September, Bienville mustered another force. The regulars, the militia, three companies of marines lately from France, and sixteen hundred Indians, filed out through Tchoupitoulas gate and started for the Chickasaw country, this time by way of the Mississippi. At the present site of Memphis, they were joined by levies from Canada and elsewhere, and Bienville counted a total force in hand of thirty-six hundred men, white, red, and black. No equal force had ever taken the field in Louisiana. But plans had miscarried, provis-



ions were failing, ill-health was general, the wide country lying eastward and still to be crossed was full of swollen streams, and when the little army again took up the line of march, it actually found itself in full retreat without having reached the enemy's country. Only a detachment of some six or seven hundred Canadians, French and northern-Indians, under a subordinate officer, moved upon the Chickasaws, and meeting them with sudden energy, before their own weakness could be discovered, extorted some feeble concessions in exchange for peace. In the spring of 1740 Bienville returned with a sick and starving remnant of his men, and with no better result than a discreditable compromise.

Ten years of unrest, of struggle against savage aggression, and for the mastery over two other races, had now passed. Meantime, the commerce of the colony had begun to have a history. The Company of the Indies, into which the *Compagnie de l'Occident*, or Mississippi Company, had been absorbed, discouraged by the Natchez war and better pleased with its privileges on the Guinea coast, and in the East Indies, had, as early as June, 1731, tendered, and in April had effected, the surrender of its western charter. The king had thereupon established between Louisiana and his subjects elsewhere a virtual free-trade; a fresh intercourse had sprung up with France and the West Indies; an immigration had set in from these islands, and, despite the Chickasaw campaigns and paper money, had increased from year to year. At the close of these campaigns, business further revived, and the town, as it never had done before, began spontaneously to develop from within outward by the enterprise of its own inhabitants.

The colony's star was rising, but Bienville's was still going down. The new prosperity and growth was not attributed, nor is it traceable, to his continued government. As time passed on he was made easily to see that he had lost the favor of the French minister. He begged to be recalled; and in May, 1743, on the arrival of the Marquis de Vaudreuil as his successor, he bade a last farewell to the city he had founded and to that Louisiana of which it was proper for the people still to call him "the father."

## VI.

### THE NEW GENERATION.

WHEN, on the 10th of May, 1743, the Marquis de Vaudreuil landed in New Orleans, private enterprise,—the true foundation of material prosperity,—was firmly established.

Indigo, rice, and tobacco were moving in quantity to Europe, and lumber to the West Indies. Ships that went out loaded came back loaded again, especially from St. Domingo; and traffic with the Indians, and with the growing white population along the immense length of the Mississippi and its tributaries, was bringing money into the town and multiplying business year by year.

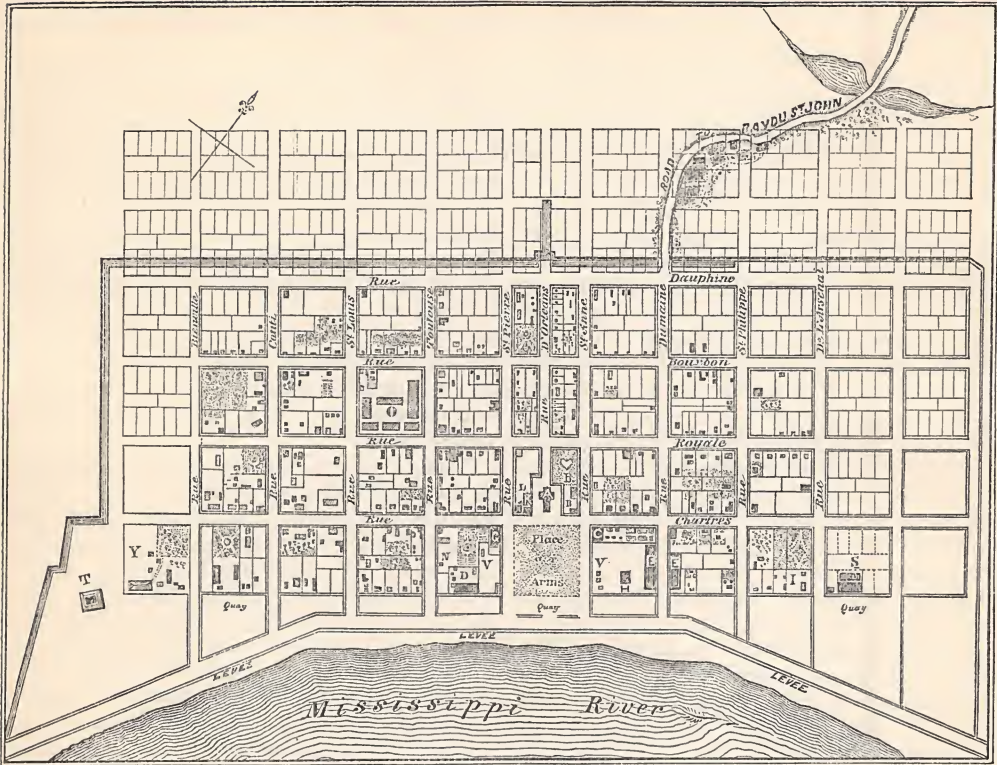
Hope ran high when the marquis was appointed. His family had much influence at court, and anticipations were bright of royal patronage and enterprise in the colony and in its capital. But these expectations, particularly as to New Orleans, were feebly met. There was an increase in the number of the troops and a great enhancement of superficial military splendor, with an unscrupulous getting and reckless spending of Government goods and money, and a large importation of pretentious frivolity from the Bourbon camps and palaces. By 1751, every second man in the streets of New Orleans was a soldier in dazzling uniform. They called the governor the "Grand Marquis." He was graceful and comely, dignified in bearing, fascinating in address, amiable, lavish, fond of pleasure, and, with his marchioness, during the twelve years of his sojourn in Louisiana, maintained the little colonial court with great pomp and dissipation.

Otherwise the period was of a quiet, formative sort, and the few stimulants to growth offered by Government overshot the town and fell to the agricultural grantees. The production of tobacco and myrtle-wax was encouraged, but it was also taxed. Through the Jesuit fathers, sugar-cane was introduced. But one boon eclipsed all the rest: year by year came the casket-girls, and were given in marriage to the soldiers chosen for good conduct, with a tract of land to begin life on. The last ship-load came ashore in 1751.

The most conspicuous attentions offered New Orleans were a prohibition against trading with the English and Dutch, and further inundations of paper money. The little port continued to grow, though pirates infested the Gulf, British privateers were sometimes at the very mouth of the river, seasons were adverse, and Indian allies insolent. It was reported with pride, that forty-five brick houses were erected between the autumns of 1749 and 1752.

Among the people a transmutation was going on. French fathers were moving aside to make room for Creole sons. The life of the seniors had been what the life of redemptionists and liberated convicts, combining with that of a French and Swiss line and staff in and about the outposts of such a frontier, might be: idle, thriftless, gallant, bold,





NEW ORLEANS UNDER THE FRENCH. [ADAPTED FROM ORIGINALS OF 1728 AND 1761.]

A. Church. B, B. Presbytery and Garden of the Capuchins. C, G. Quarters of Government employes. D. Directorate, afterward Spanish Government House. E, E. Royal Ware-houses. H. Commissariat. I. Hospital. K. Guard-house. L. Prison. N. Government forges. O. Barracks. S. Convent of the Ursulines. T. Powder magazine. V, V. Site of later barracks. Y. Bienville's House and Gardens.

rude, free, and scornful of labor, which the company had brought into permanent contempt by the introduction of African slaves. In this atmosphere they had brought up their children. Now these children were taking their parents' places, and with Latin ductility were conforming to the mold of their nearest surroundings. They differed from their transatlantic stock much as the face of nature in Louisiana differed from that in France. A soil of unlimited fertility became, through slavery, not an incentive to industry, but a promise of unearned plenty. A luxurious and enervating climate joined its influence with this condition to debase even the Gallic love of pleasure to an unambitious apathy and an untrained sensuality. The courteous manners of France were largely retained; but the habit of commanding a dull and abject slave class, over which a "black code" gave every white man full powers of police, induced a certain fierce imperiousness of will and temper; while that proud love of freedom, so pervasive throughout the American wilderness, rose at times to an attitude of arrogant superiority over all constraint, and became the occasion of harsh comment in the reports sent to France by

the officers of their king. In the lakes, cane-brakes, and swamps, and on the bayou ridges, of their dark, wet forests, and on the sunny expanses of their marshes, a great abundance of bears, panthers, deer, swan, geese, and lesser game gave a bold zest to arduous sport. The chase became almost the only form of exertion, and woodcraft often the only education.

As for the gentler sex, catching less grossness from negro slavery and less rudeness from the wilderness, they were, in mind as well as morals, superior to the men. They could read and write and make a little music. Such French vivacity as still remained chose the ball-room as their chief delight, while the gaming-table was the indoor passion of the men. Unrestrained, proud, intrepid, self-reliant, rudely voluptuous, of a high intellectual order, yet uneducated, unreasoning, impulsive, and inflammable,—such was the first native-born generation of Franco-Louisianians.

## VII.

## THE FIRST CREOLES.

WHAT is a Creole? Even in Louisiana the question would be variously answered. The



title did not, here, first belong to the descendants of Spanish, but of French settlers. But such a meaning implied a certain excellence of origin, and so came early to include any native, of French or Spanish descent by either parent, whose non-alliance with the slave race entitled him to social rank. Later, the term was adopted by—not conceded to—the natives of mixed blood, and is still so used among themselves. At length the spirit of commerce saw the money-value of so honored a title, and broadened its meaning to take in any creature or thing of variety of manufacture peculiar to Louisiana that might become an object of sale: as Creole ponies, chickens, cows, shoes, eggs, wagons, baskets, cabbages, negroes, etc. Yet the Creoles proper will not share their distinction with the worthy "Acadian." He is a Creole only by courtesy, and in the second person singular. Besides French and Spanish, there are even, for convenience of speech, "colored" Creoles; but there are no Italian, or Sicilian, nor any English, Scotch, Irish, or "Yankee" Creoles, unless of parentage married into, and themselves thoroughly proselyted in, Creole society. Neither Spanish nor American domination has taken from the Creoles their French vernacular. This, also, is part of their title; and, in fine, there seems to be no more serviceable definition of the Creoles of Louisiana than this: that they are the French-speaking, native, ruling class.

There is no need to distinguish between the higher and humbler grades of those from whom they sprang. A few settlers, only, were persons of rank and station. Many were the children of the casket-girls, and many were of such stock as society pronounces less than nothing; yet, in view of that state of society which the French revolution later overturned, any present overplus of honor may as well fall to the children of those who filled the prisons before, as of those who filled them during that bloody convulsion.

In the days of De Vaudreuil, the dwellings of the better class that had stood at first on the immediate front of the town, or on the first street behind, seem to have drawn back a square or two. They were also spreading toward and out through a gate in the palisade wall near its north corner. Bayou Road, now a street of the city, issued from this gate northward to the village and bayou of St. John. Along this suburban way, surrounded by broad grounds, deeply shaded with live-oaks, magnolias, and other evergreen forest trees, and often having behind them plantations of indigo or myrtle, rose the wide, red-roofed, but severely plain frame dwellings of the rich, generally of one or one

and a half stories, but raised on pillars often fifteen feet from the ground, and surrounded by wide verandas.

In the lofty halls and spacious drawing-rooms of these homes—frequently, too, in the heart of the town, in the houses of the humblest exterior, their low, single-story wooden or brick walls rising from a ground but partly drained even of its storm water, infested with reptile life and frequently overflowed—was beginning to be shown a splendor of dress and personal adornment hardly in harmony with the rude simplicity of apartments and furniture and scarcely to be expected in a town of unpaved, unlighted, and often impassable streets, surrounded by swamps and morasses on one of the wildest of American frontiers.

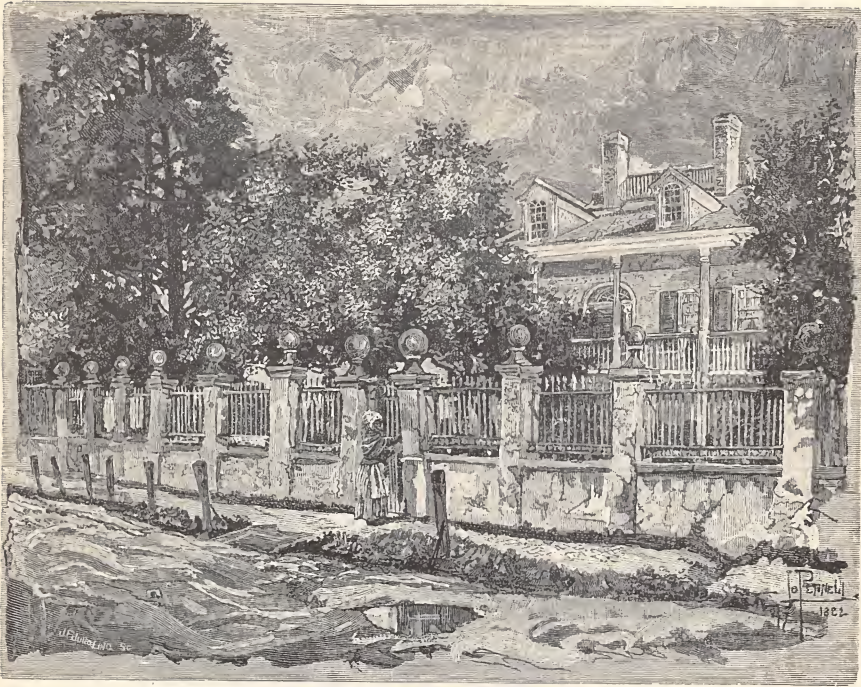
Slaves—not always or generally the dull, ill-featured Congo or fierce Banbara, imported for the plantations, but comely Jalaff and Mandingo boys and girls, the shapelier for their scanty dress—waited on every caprice, whether good or ill. New Orleans had been the one colonized spot in the delta where slaves were few, but now they rapidly became numerous, and black domestic service made it easy for the Creoles to emulate the ostentatious living of the colonial officials.

To their bad example in living, these dignitaries, almost without exception, added that of corruption in office. Governors, royal commissaries, post-commandants,—the Marchioness de Vaudreuil conspicuously,—and many lesser ones, stood boldly accusing and accused of the grossest and the pettiest misdemeanors. Doubtless the corruption was exaggerated; yet the testimony is official, abundant, and corroborative, and is verified in the ruinous expenses which at length drove France to abandon the maintenance and sovereignty of the colony she had misgoverned for sixty-three years.

Meanwhile, public morals were debased; idleness and intemperance were general; speculation in the depreciated paper money which flooded the colony became the principal business, and insolvency the common condition.

Religion and education made poor headway. Almost the only item in their history is a "war of the Jesuits and Capuchins." Its "acrimonious writings, squibs, and pasquinades" made much heat for years. Its satirical songs were heard, it appears, in the drawing-rooms as well as in the street; for the fair sex took sides in it with lively zeal. In July, 1763, the Capuchins were left masters of the field. The decree of the French parliament had the year before ordered the Jesuits' expulsion from the realm; their wide plantations just beyond the town





OLD VILLA ON BAYOU ST. JOHN.

walls being desirable, the Creole "Superior Council" became bold, and the lands already described as the site of the richest district in the present New Orleans were confiscated and sold for \$180,000.

In this same year, a flag, not seen there before, began to appear in the yellow harbor of New Orleans. In February, a treaty between England, France, and Spain, gave Great Britain all that immense part of the Mississippi Valley east of the river and north of Orleans Island. The Delta remained to France and to her still vast province of Louisiana. The navigation of the Mississippi was made free to the subjects of both empires alike. Trade with British vessels was forbidden the French colonies; yet a lively commerce soon sprang up with them at a point just above the plantations of the dispossessed Jesuits, afterward the river front of the city of Lafayette, and now of the Fourth District of New Orleans. Here numerous trading vessels, sailing under the British flag, ascending the river and passing the town on the pretext of visiting the new British posts of Manchac and Baton Rouge, landed and carried on a commerce with the merchants of the post they had just passed by.

The corrupt authorities winked at a practice that brought wealth to all, and the getting of honest rights by disingenuous and

dishonest courses became the justified habit of the highest classes and the leading minds. The slave trade, too, received an unfortunate stimulus: a large business was done at this so-called "Little Manchac," in Guinea negroes, whom the colonists bought of the English.

The governor of Louisiana at this time was Kerlerec, a distinguished captain in the French navy. He had succeeded the Marquis in 1753, and had now governed the province for ten years. But he had lately received orders to return to France and render account of his conduct in office. A work of retrenchment was begun. The troops were reduced to three hundred. In June, a M. d'Abbadie landed in New Orleans, commissioned to succeed the governor under the shorn honors and semi-commercial title of director-general. Kerlerec, sailing to France, was cast into the Bastille and "died of grief shortly after his release."

The Creoles noted, with much agitation, these and other symptoms of some unrevealed design to alter their political condition. By and by, rumor of what had secretly been transacted began to reach their ears in the most offensive shape. Yet, for a time, M. d'Abbadie himself remained officially as uninformed as they; and it was only in October, 1764, twenty-three months after the signing of a secret act at Fontainebleau, that the





OLD CANAL ON DAUPHINE STREET. [A RESTORATION.]

authoritative announcement reached New Orleans of her cession, with all of French Louisiana, to the king of Spain.

Such is the origin, surrounding influences, and resulting character and life of the earliest Creoles of Louisiana. With many influences against them, they rose from a chaotic condition below the plane of social order to the station of a proud, freedom-loving, agricultural and commercial people, who, shortly after the date with which these chapters close, struck the first armed blow ever aimed by Americans against a royal decree.

Their descendants would be a community still more unique than they are, had they not the world-wide trait of a pride of ancestry. But they might as easily be excused for boasting of other things which they have overlooked. A pride of ascent would be as well grounded; and it will be pleasant if we are permitted to show in later papers that the decadence imputed to them, sometimes even by themselves, has no foundation in fact, but that their course, instead, has been, in the main, upward from first to last, and so continues to-day.



## THE TRIP OF THE "MARK TWAIN."

WESTERN travelers have declared that a voyage down the Mississippi is monotonous. To test the question fairly, one must have plenty of leisure for travel and in great measure that chief qualification of a traveler, good-humor. With a fair proportion of both, I found myself one day in Memphis, hunting for a steam-boat to take me "down below." The first step was neither dull nor unpicturesque, for it led to a view of the mighty river rushing out of a rosy haze in the north, and disappearing in a smoky mist below the town,—just as the hopes and capital of many a Northern man have disappeared in the great bewildering mist of Southern investment. It is sweet water, this, but muddy; so muddy, they say, that washing one's hands in it cleans it; yet it is sweet to taste. All along the bank lay numbers of vast structures, looking, with the forests above them, like the stupendous turtles of Japanese legend, overgrown with trees. These were the steam-boats; had I time I would give their names as Homer catalogues his heroes. There was the *Teuton*, as stanch, sturdy, and stout as though it were the typical ark of the German Noah; and the *De Soto*, deserving, for name's sake, to have a better fate than upset chimneys and buckled wheel. Which boat should



THE FIRST MATE.

I take? How was I to know the special merits of all these *Anchors*, *Telegraphs*, *Swans*, and the vast harem of *Belles* of all sorts, which remain ever true to the Father of Rivers? All at once I saw one which was as the sight of a familiar friend,—the *Mark Twain*, and at once I decided to take passage on it.

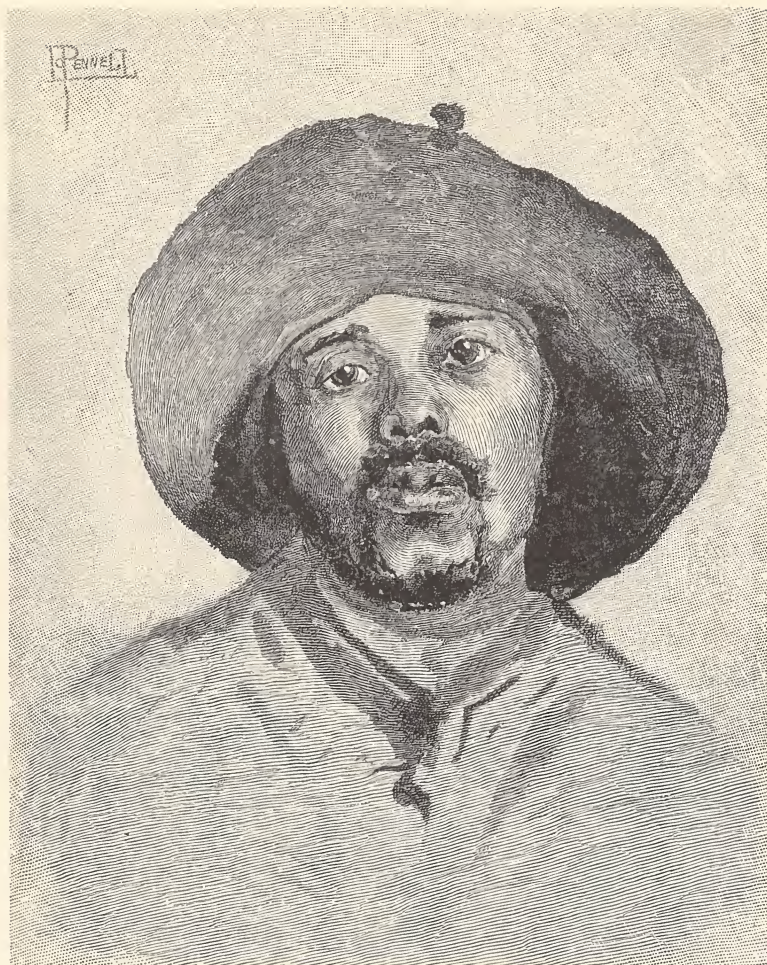
I was welcomed to its deck warmly—very warmly—by the first mate, a personage in a coon-skin cap, and a mantle lined, not with ermine, but with cat-skins. "Blank your blanked head, look



"WHICH BOAT? I DUNNO."

out, or the boom 'll hit ye; now, then, right along, right ahead, 'shove em along, up with blank blank, I'll blank your ——" etc., etc., etc., in one stream, without a pause, addressed to passengers, crew, loafers, the elements, and all things animate and inanimate, with such unstinted measure that the recipient is rather confused at first, if he has not been through the experience before. "Now, then, hurry out—Howdy, Sam?—Here, you nigga!—Gimme your ticket!—Now, Mr. Johnson—Just let me catch you with that broom in the waatter—Pick that up, will you?—Here, you sawed-off nigger——!" Having passed this Cerberus, I found the inside much more reassuring; Eastlake-ish furniture and much white paint are clean, at any rate, if not always comfortable and appropriate. I came on board to watch an hour before we steamed. A large amount of merchandise was deposited on the wharf, and the deck-hand "roustabouts," under the stimulus of the first mate, began to carry it aboard. Before long one of them began to sing in a low tone. The words, as near as I could catch them, were:





BILLY.

"I fink I hea' de preacher say  
 Oh how, how oh!  
 You never git to heben 'less you pray,  
 Oh how, how oh!  
 W'en Satan come into de room,  
 Oh how, how oh!  
 We'll bang him wid a hick'ry broom,  
 Oh how, how oh!  
 'Roun' de room we'll gib him chase,  
 Oh how, how oh!  
 And frow de kittle in he's face,  
 Oh how, how oh!  
 De w'ile temptation we defy,  
 Oh how, how oh!  
 Departure like a brimson fly,  
 Oh how —"

What this last simile means I know not. I noted it exactly as it was sung. There was a sudden interruption—an abrupt fall of voices, one or two quavering out "How—oh!" as if loth to quit—a rattling of casks, and then a clear baritone was uplifted with:

"Oh, Moses he strutch out he's rod,  
 Oh—o-o-oh de Red Sea.

And de Childern's Isr'el pass ober dry shod,  
 Oh, de R—e—d Sea.  
 An' Pharaoh come follerin' down  
 By de Re—c—d Sea.  
 Wid all de sojers in de town  
 By de R—e—d Sea!  
 An' dar de Lord confounded 'em  
 By de R—e—d Sea!  
 An' all de waters drowned 'em  
 In de Re—e—d Sea!  
 Dis de way dat folks begin  
 By de Re—e—d Sea,  
 An' dat's de way dey tumble in  
 In de R—e—d Sea!"

(Interloping improvisatore):

"Dis de way and dat's de style  
 By de R—e—d Sea!"

(Improvisatore No. II.):

"To git a drink dey'd run a mile,  
 By de R—e—d Sea!"

Night has already fallen as we clear the town. The ruddy light, as the furnace-doors are opened, brings out with startling force



the forms of the stokers on the open lower deck. A train of sparks, going like man's life from mystery to mystery, ascend with the smoke and follow in a long line, and, finally falling on the water, are extinguished. Back in the steerage, huddled over the stoves and with no other light, are the crew and the second-class passengers. At the small bar a motley crowd is singing and shouting. On the upper deck is the gentleman from *Arkinsaw* (as they call it here and as the State officially calls itself). The gentlemanly "drummer" and the usual number of nondescripts are having a friendly set-to at seven-up. Before long the whistle blows, and the electric light, now used on these boats to make the landing by, flashes over the water. It is even more picturesque, perhaps the more for being dangerous, when great torches consisting of cressets holding pine-knots, light the scene. The lurid, wind-flickered flames, the burning pitch dripping in alarming proximity to the tinder-like boat and the cotton-bales, with perhaps a procession of Old World emigrants, sitting in rows,—Norwegians, Germans, or Bohemians,—all form strange, quaint pictures, not to be forgotten for years. I cannot help dwelling, however, on the intensely dramatic effect of the more modern illumination. Imagine a pitch-dark night, during a freshet, when the water is far above its common level, roaring and rushing against unusual obstacles.



A CABIN PASSENGER.

Every condition is changed, and all tends to effect. The boat is steered toward some flickering lantern-lights, which look like will-o'-the-wisps over the water, when suddenly a sea of light, a gush of aerial fire is turned on, and out of the darkness at a touch come the jagged, ghostly forms of the cotton-woods, stretching out their long, bare arms toward us as if to grasp us like kraken; men are brought into startling and incredible relief against a dead-black ground. It is a peculiarity of the people here, as it is of the peasantry of Southern France, to stand perfectly motionless when gazing at passing railroad trains, or, as in this instance, at the steam-boats, and the stillness gives a strangely picturesque and unearthly effect to the scene.

For however short a time any place is one's home, he can make it more home-like by getting acquainted with some one. My first move in this direction was to a black roustabout or steam-boat hand, named Billy. You have his portrait; it is almost all there was of him, to believe his own account of himself.

"I's jist nobody," he said. "I's de most lone man dere is. I's got no fre'n's. Fo' de war I was a slabe, now I's free; but, as de preacher says, 'Whar's de use o' being free ef you's a slabe to yourse'f.'"

Here he paused, and stared as if he had made a point. I could not see it, but I shook my head, and said:

"Yes, indeed."

He resumed:

"When I got free from de ole missus, I fell in lub. Dat was only changin' one missus for anudder, and I was a wuss slabe dan befo'. An' I had it all to myse'f, like a coon on a prairie—de gal didn't want me. Den I tuck to wuckin' hard and become a slabe to money. And dere I was all alone



THE GENTLEMAN FROM ARKINSAW.





ONE FROM THE STEERAGE.

ag'in, fur nobody I knowed keered fur anything about me, 'cept to git my money fum me. Now I's a slabe to dis hyar steam-boat, an'——"

Here a peremptory summons to duty, in florid language, gives a perfect point to Billy's remarks.

But Billy mournful and Billy at work with the other stokers in the fire-room, are two different characters. What a picture! It is like a black furnace, like Etna with Vulcan and the Cyclops, where huge forms are moving from light into darkness, and

"Come like shadows, so depart."

Now the lonely slave appears to be the lively demon. And the alternate play of the fire-light and blackness is carried out in life by the contrast between the great activity of those awake and the slumbering forms which lie about the deck. Among these is, however, a knot of wakeful men, smoking and "swapping lies." These I join, and find them telling river-stories, and I come in time to hear the following:

"Yes, I was asleep in my state-room, and I was woke up by the most awful cries I ever heard in my life. There are all

kinds of awful cries. These were the biled-down sort, with agony peppered in. There was murder goin' on—that was as plain as lightnin'. First I heard a cry, 'Cut him down!—cut him!—down with him!' Then a row, and then, 'Now bring in another! Aye—give it to her!—hit her! Again!' I thought in an instant that the darkeys had mutinied and were killing the passengers. I listened again and was sure of it. I dared not enter the cabin. I climbed out of my state-room window—in my night-shirt—and hid behind some cotton-bales. But there came a swarming, yelling crowd, rushing that way—and I rose—jumped up—gave myself up for lost. But if I was badly scared, it was nothing to the scare I gave the darkeys. 'It's a spook!'—'Ghost!'—'Dat's an appearance!'—'Wah—wah!'—'Warra wah!' they shouted. But, to explain it all, they had only been getting some cotton-bales on board, and 'Hit him again' was only applied to King Cotton. Nowadays, if anybody asks me if I believe in ghosts, I paraphrase Sydney Smith and answer, 'Yes, I've been one.'

At each landing there is a bale or two of cotton to be put on board. The pilot runs the nose of the boat into the levee. They lower away the gang-plank, and forth rush the roustabouts, followed by the mate and the clerk with horrible cries; on comes the bale in a jiffy, and the boat is off again.

Sometimes, there is only a "collud gemplum" emigrating from one plantation to another, carrying his "lares and penates" in a bandana in one hand, and an antiquated stove-pipe hat and umbrella in the other; then the boat runs near the bank, the engineer slows down, the mate yells "Now then, you!" down comes the gangway to a level, and the "lone traveler" has to "walk the plank." As he nears the shore end, some one tips up the other end, and he loses his head, frantically grasps at nothing, and household gods, umbrella and he take a brief sail through the air, only to alight in the mud. Then the boat backs off and leaves him, and



WAITING FOR THE BOAT.



the passengers and crew bestow upon him much good advice, which has the usual effect.

The first mate of the vessel, he of the fur cap, was a character. It was appropriate to find him in the *Mark Twain*. He was bald and looked very old, but declared he was thirty.

"Ef you had been through what I hev, my travelin' stranger," quoth he, "you too would look like an example of the longest kind of long-gevity. My name figures prominently in history. I've been published in four hundred and thirty-nine newspapers and one almanac. I've been blown up by steamboats in twenty-two States and several territories. On most occasions, everybody on board perished except myself. Pieces of my skull is layin' round loose all up and down this river, and numerous of its tributarrys. Awful? Yes. Once I was aboard the *Obiona*. I knew we were goin' to bust that artemnoon, for it was about bustin' time with me, and

bust we did. When I come down I couldn't find nothin'. Everything had blowed to dust, or gone so fur that nothin' was within visible distance. But, bless you!—that's nothin'. Minor catasterfies? Oh, yes. Once we smashed a wheel against a snag. Of course when we progressed we went round and round, and so went round and round all the way down to New Orleans, describin' circles the whole time.



A LANDING FOR ONE.

We all got orful headaches owin' to the centripetal tendency of the periphery."

I begin to realize the penetration of the Romans when they said *nomen est omen*, that a name is a sign, for the very name of *Mark Twain* seems a spell to call up yarns. I could stock a library with the stories I heard on board that boat.

The journey was effected without accident,—all save one to a small man with a prominent nose, who distinguished himself by always being forward—nay, obtrusive, whenever there was any danger. He was more than indifferent to it,—he seemed to court it. At last he was qualified, for, while putting himself very much in the way, a cotton-bale rolled over him. I never saw any man so brave before an injury who seemed so weak after it. He yelled—wept—swore—and finally, seeing that I was friendly, asked me to write for him a testimonial that he had been hurt. This I did,



A ROUSTABOUT.

and, seeing that it would please him, I put it very strong. As soon as he had procured the precious document, with the names of witnesses appended, he seemed to be greatly relieved.

"Yesh—I feels mosh bedder," he said, "I feels *nicht mehr* so sick ash earlier. Dish comfort me. Mine life ish insured fur von tousand dollar for accidents. Dis hits him."

I do not believe that the famous Meander can entangle itself in such a fearful maze as the Mississippi has succeeded in getting into just above *Arkinsaw* City.

When about three miles in a straight line from this city (composed of a dozen or so palatial residences of planks), the knowing ones among the passengers got off and walked across the country, whiling away the intervening hour occupied by the steamer in going twelve or fifteen miles around.

If patience is a virtue, the dwellers upon the banks of this stream have this redeeming quality in large measure. They will sit patiently for hours in a dug-out or on the fence-corners, waiting for the boat, and then, just before she comes in sight, will accept an invitation to go back in the country a mile or two, to get a drink, and thus will be in good season for the next boat. "What's the use of bein' in a hurry. If I can get suthin' good, I goin' to get it. All *I* live for is to eat and drink," a prosperous individual told me; and he considered himself about the measure of a man. By the way, you see some fine specimens of physical manhood on the banks. I remember a man who came aboard one night from a small landing, dressed in blue jeans, but with a god-like form and face.

And so, amid a leisurely monotony which is relieved by oddities, we arrive in due time at New Orleans.



## THE RUDDER GRANGERS IN ENGLAND.

It was mainly due to Pomona that we went to Europe at all. For years Euphemia and I had been anxious to visit the enchanted lands on the other side of the Atlantic, but the obstacles had always been very great, and the matter had been indefinitely postponed. Pomona and Jonas were still living with us, and their little girl was about two years old. Pomona continued to read a great deal, but her husband's influence had diverted her mind toward works of history and travel, and these she devoured with eager interest. But she had not given up her old fancy for romance. Nearly everything she read was mingled in her mind with Middle Age legends and tales of strange adventure. Euphemia's frequent reference to a trip to Europe had fired Pomona's mind, and she was now more wildly anxious for the journey than any of us. She believed that it would entirely free Jonas from the chills and fever that still seemed to permeate his being. And besides this, what unutterable joy to tread the sounding pavements of those old castles of which she had so often read! Pomona further perceived that my mental and physical systems required the rest and change of scene which could be given only by a trip to Europe. When this impression had been produced upon Euphemia's mind the matter, to all intents and purposes, was settled. A tenant, who I suspect was discovered and urged forward by the indefatigable Pomona, made an application for a year's lease of our house and farm. In a business view I found I could make the journey profitable, and there seemed to be no reason why we should not go, and go now.

It appeared to be accepted as a foregone conclusion by Euphemia and Pomona that the latter, with her husband and child, should accompany us; but of this I could not, at first, see the propriety.

"We will not want servants on a trip like that," I said; "and although I like Jonas and Pomona very much, they are not exactly the people I should prefer as traveling companions."

"If you think you are going to leave Pomona behind," said Euphemia, "you are vastly mistaken. Oceans and continents are free to her, and she will follow us at a distance if we don't let her go with us. She is just one tingle from head to foot to go to Europe. We have talked the whole thing over, and I know that she will be of the greatest possible

use and comfort to me in ever so many ways; and Jonas will be needed to take care of the baby. Jonas has money, and they will pay a great part of their own expenses, and won't cost us much, and you needn't be afraid that Pomona will make us ashamed of ourselves, if we happen to be talking to the Dean of Westminster or the Archbishop of Canterbury, by pushing herself into the conversation.

"Indeed," said I, "if we ever happen to be inveigled into a confab with those dignitaries I hope Pomona will come to the front and take my place."

The only person not entirely satisfied with the proposed journey was Jonas.

"I don't like traipsin' round," said he, "from place to place, and never did. If I could go to some one spot and stay there with the child, while the rest of you made trips wherever you wanted to go to, I'd be satisfied, but I don't like keepin' on the steady go."

This plan was duly considered, and the suitability of certain points was discussed. London was not believed sufficiently accessible for frequent return trips, Paris could scarcely be called very central; Naples would not be suitable at all times of the year, and Cairo was a little too far eastward. A number of minor places were suggested, but Jonas announced that he had thought of a capital location, and being eagerly asked to name it, he mentioned Newark, New Jersey.

"I'd feel at home there," he said, "and it's about as central as any place, when you come to look on the map."

But he was not allowed to remain in his beloved New Jersey, and we took him with us to Europe.

We did not, like the rest of the passengers on the steamer, go directly from Liverpool to London, but stopped for a couple of days in the quaint old town of Chester. "If we don't see it now," said Euphemia, "we never shall see it. When we once start back we will all be raving distracted to get home, and I wouldn't miss Chester for anything."

"There is an old wall there," said the enthusiastic Pomona to her husband, "built by Julius Cæsar before the Romans became Catholics, that you kin walk on all round the town; an' a tower on it which the king of England stood on to see his army defeated, though of course it wasn't put up for that purpose; besides, more old-time-ities which the book tells of than we can see in a week."

"I hope," said Jonas, wearily shifting the



child from one arm to the other, "that there'll be some good place there to sit down."

When we reached Chester, we went directly to the inn called "The Gentle Boar," which was selected by Euphemia entirely on account of its name, and we found it truly a quaint and cozy little house. Everything was early English and delightful. The coffee-rooms, the bar-maids, the funny little apartments, the old furniture, and "a general air of the Elizabethan era," as Euphemia remarked.

"I should almost call it Henryan," said Pomona, gazing about her in rapt wonderment.

We soon set out on our expeditions of sight-seeing, but we did not keep together. Euphemia and I made our way to the old cathedral. The ancient verger who took us about the edifice was obliged to show us everything, Euphemia being especially anxious to see the stall in the choir which had belonged to Charles Kingsley, and was much disturbed to find that under the seat the monks of the fifteenth century had carved the subject of one of Baron Munchausen's most improbable tales.

"Of course," said she, "they did not know that Charles Kingsley was to have this stall, or they would have cut something more appropriate."

"Those old monks 'ad a good deal of fun in them," said the verger, "hand they were particular fond of showing up quarrels between men and their wives, which they could do, you see, without 'urting each-other's feelings. These queer carvings are hunder the seats, which turn hup in this way, and I've no doubt they looked at them most of the time they were kneeling on the cold floor saying their long, Latin prayers."

"Yes, indeed!" said Euphemia. "It must have been a great comfort to the poor fellows."

"We went all through that cathedral," exclaimed Pomona, when she came in the next day. "The old virgin took us everywhere."

"Verger," exclaimed Euphemia.

"Well, he looked so like a woman in his long gown," said Pomona, "I don't wonder I mixed him. We put two shillin's in his little box, though one was enough, as I told Jonas, and then he took us round and pointed out all the beautiful carvin's and things on the choir, the transits, and the nave, but when Jonas stopped before the carved figger of the devil chawin' up a sinner, and asked if that was the transit of a knave, the old feller didn't know what he meant. An' then we wandered alone through them ruined cloisters and subterranean halls, an' old tombstones of the past, till I felt I don't know how. There was a girl in New Jersey who used to put on airs because her family had

lived in one place for a hundred years. When I git back I'll laugh that girl to scorn."

After two days of delight in this quaint old town we took the train Londonward. Without consultation Jonas bought tickets for himself and wife, while I bought Euphemia's and mine. Consequently our servants traveled first-class, while we went in a second-class carriage. We were all greatly charmed with the beautiful garden country through which we passed. It was harvest time, and Jonas was much impressed by the large crops gathered from the little fields.

"I might try to do something of that kind when I go back," he afterward said, "but I expect I'd have to dig a little hole for each grain of wheat, and hoe it, and water it, and tie the blade to a stick if it was weakly."

"An' a nice easy time you'd have of it," said Pomona, "for you might plant your wheat field round a stump, and set there, and farm all summer, without once gittin' up."

"And that is Windsor!" exclaimed Euphemia, as we passed within view of that royal castle. "And there lives the sovereign of our Mother Country!"

I was trying to puzzle out in what relationship to the Sovereign this put us, when Euphemia continued:

"I am bound to go to Windsor Castle! I have examined into every style of housekeeping, French flats and everything, and I must see how the Queen lives. I expect to get ever so many ideas."

"All right," said I; "and we will visit the royal stables, too, for I intend to get a new buggy when we get back."

We determined that on reaching London we would go directly to lodgings, not only because this was a more economical way of living, but because it was the way in which many of Euphemia's favorite heroes and heroines had lived in London.

"I want to keep house," she said, "in the same way that Charles and Mary Lamb did. We will toast a bit of muffin or a potted sprat, and we'll have a hamper of cheese and a tankard of ale, just like those old English poets and writers."

"I think you are wrong about the hamper of cheese," I said. "It couldn't have been as much as that, but I have no doubt we'll have a jolly time."

We got into a four-wheeled cab, Jonas on the seat with the driver, and the luggage on top. I gave the man a card with the address of the house to which we had been recommended. There was a number, the name of a street, the name of a place, the name of a square, and initials denoting the quarter of the town.



"It will confuse the poor man dreadfully," said Euphemia. "It would have been a great deal better just to have said where the house was."

The man, however, drove to the given address without mistake, but the house, alas! was full. The landlady directed us to another, nearly opposite, on which there was a bill. I went over there, followed by the cab, but found no accommodations.

"There's plenty o' lodgin's, sir," said the cabman. "There's a bill up in nigh hev'ry 'ouse 'ere."

And so, followed by the cab, my party, and my luggage, I went in turn to several houses, and, at last, found one which offered us the accommodations we needed. The house presented a good appearance in front, yet was, in reality, very small, but as there were no other lodgers there was room enough for us. Euphemia was much pleased with the establishment. The house was very well furnished, and she had expected to find things old and stuffy, as London lodgings always were in the books she had read.

"But if the landlady will only steal our tea," she said, "it will make it seem more like the real thing."

As we intended to stay some time in London, where I had business to transact for the firm with which I was engaged, we immediately began to make ourselves as much at home as possible. Pomona, assisted by Jonas, undertook at once the work of the house. To this the landlady, who kept a small servant, somewhat objected, as it had been her custom to attend to the wants of her lodgers.

"But what's the good of Jonas an' me being here," said Pomona to us, "if we don't do the work? Of course if there was other lodgers that would be different, but as there's only our own family, where's the good of that woman and her girl doin' anything?"

And so, as a sort of excuse for her being in Europe, she began to get the table ready for supper, and sent Jonas out to see if there was any place where he could buy provisions. Euphemia and I were not at all certain that the good woman of the house would be satisfied with this state of things; but still, as Jonas and Pomona were really our servants, it seemed quite proper that they should do our work. And so we did not interfere, although Euphemia found it quite sad, she said, to see the landlady standing idly about, gazing solemnly upon Pomona as she dashed from place to place engaged with her household duties.

After we had been in the house for two or three days, Pomona came into our sitting-room one evening and made a short speech.

"I've settled matters with the woman here,"

she said, "an' I think you'll like the way I've done it. I couldn't stand her follerin' me about, an' sayin' 'ow they did things in Hingland while her red-faced girl was a-spendin' the days on the airy steps, a-lookin' through the railin's. 'Now, Mrs. Bowlin',' says I, 'it'll just be the ruin of you an' the death of me if you keep on makin' a picter of yourself like that lonely Indian a-sittin' on a pinnacle in the jographys, watchin' the inroads of civilization, with a locomotive an' a cog-wheel in front, an' the buffalo an' the grisly a-disappearin' in the distance. Now it'll be much better for all of us,' says I, 'if you'll git down from your peak, and try to make up your mind that the world has got to move. Aint there some place where you kin go an' be quiet an' comfortable, an' not a-woundin' your proud spirit a-watchin' me bake hot rolls for breakfast an' sich?' An' then she says she'd begun to think pretty much that way herself, an' that she had a sister a-livin' down in the Sussex Mews, back of Gresham Terrace, Camberwell Square, Hankberry Place, N. W. by N., an' she thought she might as well go there an' stay while we was here. An' so I says that was just the thing, and the sooner done the happier she'd be. An' I went up-stairs and helped her pack her trunk, which is a tin one, which she calls her box, an' I got her a cab, an' she's gone."

"What!" I cried, "gone! Has she given up her house entirely to us?"

"For the time bein' she has," answered Pomona, "for she saw very well it was better thus, an' she's comin' every week to git her money, an' to see when we're goin' to give notice. An' the small girl has been sent back to the country."

It was impossible for Euphemia and myself to countenance this outrageous piece of eviction; but in answer to our exclamations of surprise and reproach, Pomona merely remarked that she had done it for the woman's own good, and, as she was perfectly satisfied, she didn't suppose there was any harm done; and, at any rate, it would be "lots nicer" for us. And then she asked Euphemia what she was going to have for breakfast the next morning, so that Jonas could go out to the different mongers and get the things.

"Now," said Euphemia, when Pomona had gone down-stairs, "I really feel as if I had a foothold on British soil. It don't seem as if it was quite right, but it is perfectly splendid."

And so it was. From that moment we set up an English Rudder Grange in the establishment which Pomona had thus rudely wrenched, as it were, from the claws of the British Lion. We endeavored to live as far as possible in the English style, because, as



Euphemia said, we ought to try the manners and customs of every country. We had tea for breakfast and ale for luncheon, and we ate shrimps, prawns, sprats, saveloys, and Yarmouth bloaters. We took in the "Times," and, to a certain extent, we endeavored to cultivate the broad vowels. Some of these things we did not like, but we felt bound to allow them a fair trial.

We did not give ourselves up to sight-seeing as we had done at Chester, because now there was plenty of time to see London at our leisure. In the mornings I attended to my business, and in the afternoons Euphemia and I generally went out to visit some of the lions of the grand old city.

Pomona and Jonas also went out whenever a time could be conveniently arranged, which was done nearly every day, for Euphemia was anxious they should see everything. They almost always took their child, and to this Euphemia frequently objected.

"What's the good," she said, "of carrying a baby not two years old to the Tower of London, the British Museum, and the Chapel of Henry VII.? She can't take any interest in the smothered princes, or the Assyrian remnants."

"But you see, ma'am," said Pomona, "we don't expect the baby'll ever come over here ag'in, an' when she gits older, I'll tell her all about these things, an' it'll expan' her intellect a lot more when she feels she's seed 'em all without knowin' it. To be sure the monnyments of bygone days don't always agree with her; for Jone set her down on the tomb of Chaucer the other day, an' her little legs got as cold as the tomb itself, an' I told him that there was too big a difference between a tomb nigh four hundred years old an' a small baby which don't date back two years, for them to be sot together that way; an' he promised to be more careful after that. He gouged a little piece out of Chaucer's tomb, an' as we went home we bought a copy of the old gentleman's poems, so as we could see what reason there was for keepin' him so long, an' at night I read Jone two of the Canterbury Tales. 'You wouldn't 'a' thought, says Jone, 'jus' by lookin' at that little piece of plaster, that the old fellow could 'a' got up such stories as them.'"

"What I want to see more'n anything else," said Pomona to us one day, "is a real lord, or some kind of nobleman of high degree. I've allers loved to read about 'em in books, and I'd rather see one close to, than all the tombs and crypts and lofty domes you could rake together; an' I don't want to see 'em neither in the streets, nor yet in a House of Parliament, which aint in session; for there, I don't

believe, dressin' in common clothes as they do, that I could tell 'em from other people. What I want is to penetrate into the home of one of 'em, and see him as he really is. It's only there that his noble blood 'll come out."

"Pomona," cried Euphemia in accents of alarm, "don't you try penetrating into any nobleman's home. You will get yourself into trouble, and the rest of us too."

"Oh, I'm not a-goin' to git you into any trouble," said Pomona; "you needn't be afear'd of that." And she went about her household duties.

A few days after this, as Euphemia and I were going to the Tower of London in a Hansom cab—and it was one of Euphemia's greatest delights to be bowled over the smooth London pavements in one of these vehicles, with the driver out of sight, and the horse in front of us just as if we were driving ourselves, only without any of the trouble, and on every corner one of the names of the streets we had read about in Dickens and Thackeray, and with the Sampson Brasses, and the Pecksniffs, and the Mrs. Gamps, and the Guppys, and the Sir Leicester Dedlocks, and the Becky Sharps, and the Pendennis, all walking about just as natural as in the novels—it was then that we saw Pomona hurrying along the sidewalk alone. The moment our eyes fell upon her a feeling of alarm arose within us. Where was she going with such an intent purpose in her face, and without Jonas? She was walking westward and we to the east. At Euphemia's request I stopped the cab, jumped out, and ran after her, but she had disappeared in the crowd.

"She is up to mischief," said Euphemia.

But it was of no use to worry our minds on the subject, and we soon forgot, in the ancient wonders of the Tower, the probable eccentricities of our modern handmaid.

We returned; night came on; but Pomona was still absent. Jonas did not know where she was, and was very much troubled; and the baby, which had been so skillfully kept in the background by its mother that, so far, it had never annoyed us at all, now began to cry, and would not be comforted. Euphemia, with the assistance of Jonas, prepared the evening meal, and when we had nearly eaten it, Pomona came home. Euphemia asked no questions, although she was burning with curiosity to know where Pomona had been, considering that it was that young woman's duty to inform her without being asked.

When Pomona came in to clear the table, she acted as if she expected to be questioned, and was perfectly willing to answer, but Euphemia stood upon her dignity, and said nothing. At last Pomona could endure it no



longer, and stopping short, with the tablecloth in one hand and a tray in the other, she exclaimed:

"I'm sorry I made you help git the dinner, ma'am, and I wouldn't 'a' done it for anything, but the fact is I've been to see a lord, an' was kep' late."

"What!" cried Euphemia, springing to her feet, "you don't mean that!"

And I was so amazed that I sat and looked at Pomona without saying a word.

"Yes," cried Pomona, her eyes sparkling with excitement, "I've seen a lord, and trod his floors, and I'll tell you all about it. You know I was boun' to do it, and I wanted to go alone, for if Jone was with me he'd be sure to put in some of his queer sayin's an' ten to one hurt the man's feelin's, and cut off the interview. An' as Jone said this afternoon he felt tired, with some small creeps in his back, an' didn't care to go out, I knew my time had come, and said I'd go for a walk. Day before yesterday I went up to a policeman an' I asked him if he could tell me if a lord, or a earl, or a duke lived anywhere near here. First he took me for crazy, an' then he began to ask questions which he thought was funny, but I kep' stiff to the mark, an' I made him tell me where a lord did live,—about five blocks from here. So I fixed things all ready an' to-day I went there."

"You didn't have the assurance to suppose he'd see you," cried Euphemia.

"No, indeed, I hadn't," said Pomona, "at least under common circumstances. You may be sure I racked my brains enough to know what I should do to meet him face to face. It wouldn't do to go in the common way, such as ringin' at the frent-door and askin' for him, an' then offerin' to sell him furniter-polish for his pianner-legs. I knowed well enough that any errand like that would only bring me face to face with his bailiff, or his master of hounds, or something of that kind. So, at last, I got a plan of my own, an' I goes up the steps and rings the bell, an' when the flunkey, with more of an air of gen'ral upliftedness about him than any one I'd seen yit, excep' Nelson on top of his pillar, opened the door an' looked at me, I asked him,

"Is Earl Cobden in?"

"At this the man opened his eyes, an' remarked:

"What uv it if he is?"

"Then I answers, firmly:

"If he's in, I want yer to take him this letter, an' I'll wait here."

"You don't mean to say," cried Euphemia, "that you wrote the earl a letter?"

"Yes, I did," continued Pomona, "and at first the man didn't seem inclined to take it.

But I held it out so steady that he took it an' put it on a little tray, whether nickel-plated or silver I couldn't make out, and carried it up the widest and splendidest pair o' stairs that I ever see in a house jus' intended to be lived in. When he got to the fust landin' he met a gentleman, and give him the letter. When I saw this I was took aback, for I thought it was his lordship a-comin' down, an' I didn't want to have no interview with a earl at his front door. But the second glance I took at him showed me that it wasn't him. He opened it, notwithstanding, an' read it all through from beginnin' to end. When he had done it he looked down at me, and then he went back up-stairs a-follered by the flunk, which last pretty soon came down ag'in an' told me I was to go up. I don't think I ever felt so much like a wringed-out dish-cloth as I did when I went up them palatial stairs. But I tried to think of things that would prop me up. Pr'aps, I thought, my ancient ancestors came to this land with his'n; who knows? An' I might a been switched off on some female line, an' so lost the name an' estates. At any rate, be brave! With such thoughts as these I tried to stiffen my legs, figgeratively speakin'. We went through two or three rooms (I hadn't time to count 'em) an' then I was showed into the lofty presence of the earl. He was standin' by the fire-place, an' the minnit my eyes lit upon him I knowed it was him."

"Why, how was that?" cried Euphemia and myself, almost in the same breath.

"I knowed him by his wax figger," continued Pomona, "which Jone and I see at Madame Tussaud's wax-works. They've got all the head people of these days there now, as well as the old kings and the pizeners. The clothes wasn't exactly the same, though very good on each, an' there was more of an air of shortenin' of the spine in the wax figger than in the other one. But the likeness was awful strikin'.

"Well, my good woman," says he, a-holdin' my open letter in his hand, 'so you want to see a lord, do you?'"

"What on earth did you write to him?" exclaimed Euphemia. "You mustn't go on a bit further until you have told what was in your letter."

"Well," said Pomona, "as near as I can remember, it was like this: '*William, Lord Cobden, Earl of Sorsetshire an' Derry. Dear Sir. Bein' brought up under Republican institutions, in the land of the free—*' I left out '*the home of the brave*' because there wasn't no use crowin' about that jus' then—'*I haven't had no opportunity of meetin' with a individual of lordly blood. Ever since I was*



*a small girl takin' books from the circulatin' libery, an' obliged to read out loud with divided sillerbles, I've drank in every word of the tales of lords and other nobles of high degree, that the little shops where I gen'rally got my books, an' some with the pages out at the most excitin' parts, contained. An' so I asks you now, Sir Lord—* I did put humbly, but I scratched that out, bein' an American woman—*'to do me the favor of a short audience. Then, when I reads about noble earls an' dukes in their brilliant lit halls an' castles, or mounted on their champin' chargers, a-leadin' their trusty hordes to victory amid the glitterin' minarets of fame, I'll know what they looks like.'* An' then I signed my name."

"Yes, sir," says I, in answer to his earlship's question," said Pomona, taking up her story, "'I did want to see one, upon my word.'

"An' now that you have seen him,' says she, 'what do you think of him?'

"Now, I had made up my mind before I entered this ducal pile, or put my foot on one ancestral stone, that I'd be square and honest through the whole business, and not try to come no counterfeit presentiments over the earl. So I says to him,

"The fust thing I thinks is, that you've got on the nicest suit of clothes that I've ever seed yit, not bein' exactly Sunday clothes, and yit fit for company, an' if money can buy 'em—an' men's clothes is cheap enough here, dear only knows—I'm goin' to have a suit jus' like it for Jone, my husband.' It was a kind o' brown mixed stuff, with a little spot of red in it here an' there, an' was about as gay for plain goods, an' as plain for gay goods as anythin' could be, an' 'twas easy enough to see that it was all wool. 'Of course,' says I, 'Jone'll have his coat made different in front, for single-breasted, an' a buttonin' so high up is a'most too stylish for him, 'specially as fashions 'ud change afore the coat was wore out. But I needn't bother your earlship about that.'

"An' so,' says he, an' I imagine I see an air of sadness steal over his features, 'it's my clothes, after all, that interest you?'

"Oh, no,' says I, 'I mention them because they come up fust. There is, no doubt, qualities of mind and body —'

"Well, we wont go into that,' said his earlship, 'an' I want to ask you a question. I suppose you represent the middle class in your country?'

"I don't know 'xactly where society splits with us,' says I, 'but I guess I'm somewhere nigh the crack.'

"Now don't you really believe,' says he, 'that you and the people of your class would be happier, an' feel safer, politically speakin' if they had among 'em a aristocracy to which

they could look up to in times of trouble, as their nat'ral born gardeens? I ask yer this because I want to know for myself what are the reel sentiments of yer people.'

"Well, sir,' says I, 'when your work is done, an' your kitchen cleaned up, an' your lamp lit, a lord or a duke is jus' tip-top to read about, if the type aint too fine an' the paper mean beside, which it often is in the ten cent books; but, further than this, I must say, we aint got no use for 'em.' At that he kind o' steps back, and looks as if he was goin' to say somethin', but I puts in quick: 'But you mustn't think, my earl,' says I, 'that we undervallers you. When we remembers the field of Agincourt; and Chevy Chase; an' the Tower of London, with the block on which three lords was be-headed, with the very cuts in it which the headsman made when he chopped 'em off, as well as two crooked ones a-showin' his bad licks, which little did he think history would preserve forever; an' the old Guildhall, where down in the ancient crypt is a hangin' our Declaration of Independance along with the Roman pots an' kittles dug up in London streets; we can't forgit that if it hadn't a been for your old ancestral lines as roots, we'd never been the flourishin' tree we is.'

"Well,' said his earlship, when I'd got through, an' he kind o' looked as if he didn't know whether to laugh or not, 'if you represent the feelin's of your class in your country, I reckon they're not just ready for a aristocracy yit.'

"An' with that he give me a little nod, an' walked off into another room. It was pretty plain from this that the interview was brought to a close, an' so I come away. The flunk was all ready to show me out, an' he did it so expeditious, though quite polite, that I didn't git no chance to take a good look at the furniter and carpets, which I'd 'a' liked to have done. An' so I've talked to a real earl, an' if not in his ancestral pile at any rate in the gorgeousest house I ever see. An' the brilliantest dream of my youth has come true."

When she had finished I rose and looked upon her.

"Pomona," said I, "we may yet visit many foreign countries. We may see kings, queens, dukes, counts, sheikhs, beys, sultans, khedives, pashas, rajahs, and I don't know what potentates besides, and I wish to say just this one thing to you. If you don't want to get yourself and us into some dreadful scrape, and perhaps bring our journeys to a sudden close, you must put a curb on your longing for communing with beings of noble blood."



"That's true, sir," said Pomona thoughtfully, "an' I made a pretty close shave of it this time, for when I was talkin' to the earl, I was just on the p'int of tellin' him that I had such a high opinion of his kind o' folks that I once named a big black dog after one of 'em, but I jus' remembered in time, an' slipped on to somethin' else. But

I trembled worse than a pea-nut woman with a hackman goin' round the corner to ketch a train an' his hubs just grazin' the legs of her stand. An' so I promise you, sir, that I'll put my heel on all hankerin' after potentates. And so she made her promise. And, knowing Pomona, I felt sure that she would keep it—if she could.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

### A WOMAN'S REASON.

I HAVE a reason now for all I do,  
A reason that's so sweet, so old, so new,—  
Well, if you were not quite so near to-day  
Or if you'd turn your eyes another way—  
And while I let my hand a moment rest  
With clinging touch yet light upon your breast  
I might pretend that it was half a jest,  
I think perhaps—I'd tell you.

'Tis this.—No, turn your eyes another way!  
'Tis easier so when what one has to say  
Is half pretense—yet somehow makes one's heart  
Stir in one's side, with such a soft, quick start,  
'Tis this—the old World has been born again,  
Born with a strange, sweet, bitter throe of pain,  
The sad old World I treated with disdain  
Is new because—I love you!

In time gone by did seasons come and go?  
And was there summer rain and winter snow?  
Perhaps! What matter? Now the violet's blue  
The rose blooms red—and friends are tried and true,  
The blossoms on the boughs are white in Spring,  
The wind is soft, the birds spread joyous wing,  
And soar and wheel in the blue sky—and sing,  
Because—because—I love you.

I scarcely know my own face in the glass,  
It almost seems to mock me as I pass,  
Once of its few poor beauties I was vain  
Now they can only rouse me to disdain,  
I should be twenty thousand times as fair,  
The stars and sun should light my eyes and hair—  
And yet—sometimes I think I only care,  
Because—because—I love you.

I am so changeful and so full of mood,  
Sometimes I would not—and sometimes—I would,  
I'm proud and humble, scornful, thoughtful, light,  
A hundred times between the morn and night,  
I cast you off—I try to draw you near,  
I hold you lightly—and I hold you dear,  
And all the time I know with joy, with fear  
It is—because—I love you!

Will you remember this when I seem cold?  
When what I yearn to tell is all untold—  
When I am wayward, willful, silent, proud,  
When if I dared to think my thoughts aloud



They would repeat my jesting—of to-day.  
 "A woman's reason—and a woman's way,  
 It is—because—I love you!"

There is a reason now for Life and Death,  
 A reason why one's heart beats and one's breath  
 Comes quicker at the light touch of a hand,  
 My reason makes it summer in the land,  
 Once from all pain I longed all earth to free,  
 But now there is a reason Pain should be,  
 Since some day I might bear it patiently  
 Because—because—I love you.

And now—my hand clings closer to your breast,  
 Bend your head lower while I say the rest,  
 The greatest change of all is this—that I  
 Who used to be so cold, so fierce, so shy,  
 In the sweet moment that I feel you near,  
 Forget to be ashamed, and know no fear,  
 Forget that Life is sad and Death is drear,  
 Because—because—I love you!

*Frances Hodgson Burnett.*

#### DESOLATION.

EACH night I at my cottage casement stay,  
 To hear the moaning waters of the Deep  
 Sound through the wind that doth complaining sweep  
 O'er sea and land, upon its wand'ring way.  
 There doth my sorrow, hidden all the day,  
 Come forth to bid me look on it and weep;  
 The trees near by their wailing vigil keep,  
 And I, lamenting with great nature, say  
 To this my heart, which throbs with bitter pain,—  
 O heart, with moaning ocean make thy moan,  
 And sob thy grief unto the sobbing wind!  
 Mourn for lost love. How canst thou love again?  
 Mourn thou thy life. How wilt thou live so lone?  
 Mourn love and life, since life leaves love behind!

*E. C. White.*

#### FARMING FOR FEATHERS.

LOOKING over the primitive brush fence of a South African ostrich camp, and watching these majestic birds so long supposed to be untamable, as they come obedient to the call of the farmer and pick the grain from his hand, one cannot help thinking on what slender threads the prosperity of a nation may hang. For here is a land on which Providence has bestowed vast wealth by means of a trifle light as air, even an ostrich feather!

The ostrich seems to have been known and valued for its feathers from the earliest antiquity. A graphic account of the bird, with special allusion to its feathers, is found in the oldest book in the Bible, the book of Job.

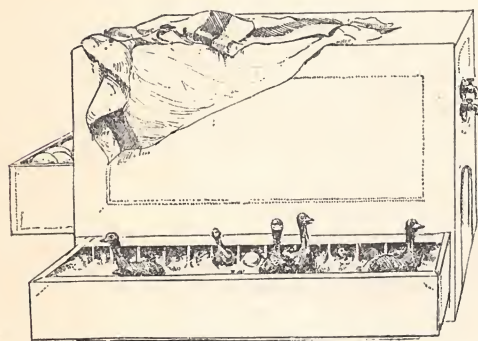
Representations of it have been discovered in the ruins of Theban temples contemporary with Moses. The feathers appear as decorations for robes in the days of Nimrod. Very ancient specimens of the eggs still exist in Chinese and Persian temples, but no hint occurs anywhere that the bird was ever domesticated for purposes of trade. Some reckon the ostrich a very stupid creature, but that the bird should be known and its feathers valued all these ages, and yet no attempt be made to tame it, seems to argue commercial obtuseness, at least, on the part of man.

The first serious proposition with reference



to ostrich farming was made by the late Mr. Kinnear, of Beaufort West, in a letter to the "Cape Argus"; but although he demonstrated the profits of the trade, its practicability did not strike the Cape farmers very forcibly. It was not till about 1862 that the business reached an experimental stage, and in 1865 the government returns showed only eighty tame birds in the colony. During the succeeding ten years, however, the industry became a mania, till in 1875 there were not less than fifty thousand tame ostriches, and since then the number in the Cape has more than doubled, and the business has spread into the Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. The export of feathers, which in 1875 was worth £400,000, has amounted for the past three years to £1,000,000 per annum.

I will give a brief sketch of the main stages of an ostrich's life. The period of incubation is now ascertained to be forty-two days, or exactly twice that of an ordinary hen. The



THE INCUBATOR.

size and the weight of the eggs do not bear a like proportion, for an ostrich egg is from five to six inches through the long diameter, and four to five inches through the short; and the weight is between three and four pounds. An ordinary ostrich egg is alleged to contain as much meat as twenty-four hen's eggs. The shells of some eggs are about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and very strong, while others are thin and crack easily; some are thickly pitted, others as smooth as polished ivory. In the process of artificial incubation, which is largely adopted in breeding ostriches, the young chick can be distinctly heard to breathe in its shell about the fortieth or forty-first day. Its kicking and tapping at the shell may also be heard, and its movements perceived (as in the case of hen's eggs) by placing the egg on a table. On finding its way out of the shell—in which it sometimes requires help—the chick sits down on its haunches, and stares about the earth and up

at the sky, as much as to say, "What does it all mean?" And although it soon begins to hobble about a little, at least two days must elapse before it seems to get any definite idea of the connection of things. About the third day it seems to feel the need of food, and picks up bits of its own shell, perhaps, or pebbles, or coarse sand. With this preparation for the work of its young gizzard it swallows bits of grass or tiny insects, until it is able to grapple with lizards and larger reptiles. In the course of a few days the ostrich chick appears quite as large as an ordinary hen, but it is infinitely prettier. Its lovely eyes, deep, dark, and soft; its shapely bill; its broad, intelligent crown and beautiful neck, both of a rich brown or "bay," elegantly mottled or striped with black; and its close thick coat of brownish yellow down, hid upon the back and sides with black, white, and brown spangles of porcupine-like quills, give it a unique appearance among chickens. At the end of a week or two it becomes necessary to remove it from the mother—otherwise it would become very shy and wild—and it is now given over to the care of its keeper, who is commonly called a "herd" boy. The young bird is now fed upon lucerne, or other grass, with a plentiful supply of "mealies" (Indian corn). It grows rapidly, and at the end of a month may be as big as a large turkey. The down is now beginning to grow into rudimentary feathers, which gradually turn to a more decided gray. At six months the feathers and porcupine quills on the back have nearly all disappeared; while the neck, now grown long and more slender in proportion, has nearly lost its beautiful dapples and stripes, which are replaced by an ugly gray down. Its head may now reach the height of an average man. In another six months its neck is uniformly gray, with down thin and hairy; the feathers are then perfect and fit to be clipped. If the bird be a female its plumage will have assumed a dark gray, the tips of the white feathers visible at the end of the wing, and some extending out of the gray feathers of the tail: if a male, his feathers—except the whites on the wing and tail—are black. There are a few cases in the Cape of cock ostriches being white or a light gray, but these are not cases of old age, as some have supposed, but merely an accident of birth or a freak of nature. Contrary to the idea conveyed by most pictures, only a comparatively small tip of these white plumes appears to view unless the bird throws out his wings. The birds are often adults in size at this age, but it is not till they have reached from two and a half to four years that the pairing instinct has fully developed. The male bird's body



will then stand as high as a man's head, the female's about as high, though it is not so bulky; while their heads may reach from nine to ten feet above the ground.

A year or two ago an average chicken just out of the shell was worth five pounds; at a month old seven pounds; at six months old fifteen or twenty pounds; at a year twenty-five or thirty pounds; at two years fifty pounds or more; and, by the time they had begun to prove their breeding qualities, they would bring from seventy-five to as high as one thousand pounds a pair. Now an excellent pair of breeding birds can be got for twenty-five pounds, and young birds in proportion. Pairing may begin at any time of the year, and varies in different places. Although the ostrich ordinarily breeds twice a year, yet where artificial incubation is adopted and the bird is not exhausted with the care of rearing, three or four broods can be had in a year. The grown bird's food consists chiefly of "mealies" or other grain, grass, and the great fleshy leaves of the prickly pear. The latter is a very common food, as it grows wild and only costs the trouble of gathering it, of singeing the prickles off in a fire, and of chopping it into pieces an inch or two square. The average duration of an ostrich's life is still a mystery, and it may take some years of ostrich-farming before it is solved. Some farmers, considering the period from chickenhood to full development as bearing analogy with domestic fowls, place the life of an ostrich at twenty-five years, others at fifty. The latter may prove to be nearer the mark.

During adult life a new crop of feathers would naturally develop to perfection once a year, but the farmers obtain three clippings in two years by cutting them at eight months (after the first year) and pulling out the stumps of quills when they have become dry.

The general method of rearing and treating the birds may now be briefly described. If the chicks—which will average ten to fifteen to a brood—have been hatched naturally they are allowed to remain with the parents till a couple of weeks old. They are then put into a "kraal," camp, or yard, under the care of the "herd." They are allowed to roam about during the day, and in the evening are taken into a shed, or more frequently a room in the farmer's house, where they are put into a box littered with dry straw, and are covered over with a blanket. Under this operation the little things whimper and express their feelings, whether of gratitude or protestation, with a low, piping trill; but are soon off to sleep. After a couple of months' sheltering at

night the chicks may be housed, in moderate weather, in any rough building, and after a time may be allowed to range the "veldt," or unfenced field, returning at night. When a thunder-storm or a hail-storm approaches, however, the farmer will bring in even the most hardy birds; for if the big hailstones of the South African skies should "come down with the rush of the storm," he may find a dozen or more of his birds beaten to death. The herd educates the young ones to domesticity by frequently calling them with a "cool—cool—cool," and rewarding their coming with a few dainty mealies. As they grow older they learn to expect these feeds at certain hours, and respond to the native boy's plaintive call as readily as a cow to the "coboss!" of an English herd. They are thus taught to return to the homestead at night. So tame do the young birds often become that they will gather round the affectionate black boy as if he were a mother. At one house I remember the chicks used to come regularly in the evening to hover under the herd's coat, which he would hang by a string from the roof for that purpose.

Sometimes at two and a half years, but more generally at four, a change comes over the young family. Some young cock in the troop grows proud and pugnacious. He greets the once respected herd with a contemptuous hiss, and perhaps without even that warning deals him such a blow with his foot as will clear the camp effectually. Some hen of the camp, whose scaly legs and bill now bloom with a rosy tint, surpassed only by the vermilion scales and bill of the cock, approves of this valor, and the result is a match.

This couple then becoming jealous, naturally fall to quarreling with all the dear companions of their chickenhood, and after shedding some innocent feathers in fight, they camp by themselves. Sometimes a young cock is most difficult to please in the choice of a mate, and will decline the companionship of every hen in the camp. He may have to be sold to a neighbor before he will make a selection. So with females, some of whom will fight till they die rather than mate with a cock they do not like. Some, and indeed a great proportion, notwithstanding their alleged polygamy, will never take more than one mate; while others will live with three or more. Farmers, however, seldom mate a cock with more than two, and monogamy is the domestic rule. When a cock takes a fancy to a hen who refuses to reciprocate the attachment, the bully kicks her about the camp until he either disfigures her or compels her to acknowledge him lord and master. This

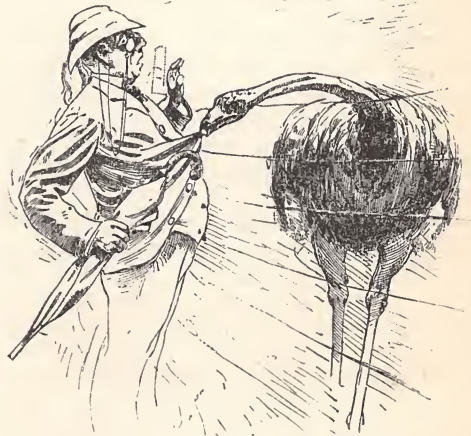


submission once gained, he treats her with constant kindness. A pair of ostriches, however, when separated for any length of time, frequently become estranged till no trace of the former affection remains.

When the feathers are ready to be clipped the birds are either taken singly into a small pen, or a number of them are crowded together so closely in a larger pen that they can do little damage, and the feathers are cut. In the former case the bird is made more docile by taking a small bag, or, what is found more convenient, a toeless stocking, and slipping it over his head. While he is thus blinded and bewildered his plumes are cut, one at a time, about two inches above the root of the quill; these stumps being left to become dry, from two to four months afterward, when the bird is again brought up, they are pulled out with a pair of pincers. Even with these precautions the farmer often comes out of the operation with bleeding hands and torn clothes. Formerly—and it is even yet occasionally done—it was the custom to pluck the plume by hand or with the tweezers, leaving the poor bird bleeding and in pain, vinegar and oil being afterward rubbed on them to alleviate this pain. But a strange retribution followed this cruel process; for, before long, the new feathers grew out distorted and often twisted like a corkscrew, as if every twinge of pain had stamped deformity on the future feather. Out of the cock's wing come a row of twenty-four pure white plumes, sometimes two, three, or even four rows. The first row is known in the trade as "primaries," and from this row forward the color changes by shades into gray and finally to black. The female feathers are not so large or so pure as the male's. The feathers are put away, and sprinkled with pepper or camphor, to keep off insects or moths; but this care usually devolves on the agent who may arrange the feathers for market. At the inland towns of the colony, the feathers are taken to market either by farmer or agent, and are there sold by auction. They are then shipped by rail or wagon to Capetown, or Port Elizabeth, where they are carefully sorted into a dozen or more grades and sold in large quantities in the feather market. Port Elizabeth has the largest market for feathers, and here shrewd buyers or London agents may be seen on a Tuesday or Friday afternoon watching with keen eyes the "run" of the market. The feathers are here sold by auction also, and I have known the transactions of a single afternoon to amount to over thirty-five thousand dollars. Having been packed nicely in boxes, they are then shipped to London or Paris.

It has been commonly made to appear that

ostriches are so stupid or so greedy as to be totally indiscriminate in the matter of food; but this is a mistake. When two kinds of food are placed before them they will prefer the one, and are notably fond of certain kinds, such as mealies and prickly pears. Many of them even show delicate choice. But a hungry bird will eat almost anything. His system requires food in large quantity, but he always prefers the suitable kinds. It is a fact, however, that the ostrich often dies a victim of over-indulgence. On the farms birds also die by the score from apoplexy, brought on by their keepers stuffing them constantly with all they can eat. An incredible number of pebbles are sometimes found in an ostrich's stomach, where they serve the same purpose, in triturating the food, as sand in a pigeon's gizzard. Mr. Tillbrook, a farmer of the Graaff Reinet district, once found a carcass, the gizzard of which contained some nine hundred and thirty stones of sizes varying from that of a pea to that of a walnut. Most of them were bright and hard, and all more or less rounded by constant rubbing. We may see the reason of that instinct which prompts an ostrich to stretch his neck over the fence and pick off a gold stud or a diamond pin from the breast of the unsuspecting visitor, or in default of a jewel so attractive, to attempt to pull a button off his coat.



SEIZING A MEMENTO.

It is worthy of remark that the ostrich in its wild state will seldom attack a man, even in the breeding season, when it is most savage; while on the farms almost every farmer has to be on his guard against some



particular bird, which, whether breeding or not, is liable to attack him. It seems in fact to be almost a rule that the more domesticated the bird, the more vicious and uncertain is its conduct. A farmer informed me that one of his ostriches would attack him on almost any occasion with the utmost ferocity, while his son was never in danger. Another bird on the same farm had always, as it were, a smile for the father and a kick for the son. The word "kick" is used to designate an ostrich's blow, but the word is hardly correct.

When one approaches a vicious bird's camp at the breeding season the cock exalts his head and body, and coming toward the stranger with stately and very deliberate strides, begins to hiss loudly, like a goose or serpent, at the same time erecting all his feathers and spreading his wings till he becomes twice his usual size. When perhaps twenty yards off he drops suddenly on his knees, appearing as it were in a sitting posture. Curving his neck haughtily back over his body, he swings it swaggeringly from side to side, at each movement knocking his head violently against his body. In this performance he partly fills his throat with air, so that every thud is accompanied by a peculiar gurgling sound; while, keeping time to these movements, his great wings swing alternately backward and forward in a boastful manner. This is called the "challenge." It is well named, for there is a bragging, tread-on-the-tail-o'-me-coat air about it that would be irresistibly laughable—if only it could be seen from the safe side of a tall fence, instead of over the low barrier of dried bushes of which most camps are composed. After continuing the challenge from five minutes to a quarter of an hour, the bird leaps up and comes toward you with a jaunty bound, but after a few steps drops down again to repeat the challenge. Thus reaching the fence he paces up and down angrily in his eagerness to get out, or hisses and dances in rage before you, with wings elevated like two enormous fans. He is ever threatening to leap the fence, but, happily for the nervous visitor, he never does it. A very low fence will suffice to keep them within bounds, and unless panic-struck they will seldom jump either fence or ditch. Their movements in getting over a steep ditch are very ludicrous and awkward, showing their unfitness for traversing uneven ground. When a farmer goes into a savage bird's camp he takes with him a thorn pole, with a branch or two of the thorny bush left on the end. This is called a "tuck," and when the tuck is applied to the ostrich's neck or head (his tender points) he is almost invariably subdued, and, after one or two efforts



A DUEL.

to escape, bolts furiously off to the other side of the camp, where he races up and down to vent his baffled rage. If, however, the bird gets near enough to his opponent to give the so-called kick, he lifts his bony leg as high as his body and throws it forward with demoniac grotesqueness, and brings it down with terrible force. His object is to rip the enemy down with his dangerous claw, but in most cases it is the flat bottom of his foot which strikes, and the kick is dangerous as much from its sheer power as from its lacerating effects. It is a movement of terrible velocity and power, at all events. Several instances may be mentioned of herd-boys being thus either wounded, maimed, or killed outright. One case occurred near Graaff Reinet, in which a horse had his back broken by a single blow. In this case the bird had endeavored to kill the rider, but missed him and struck the horse.

Many persons have been set upon by birds when there was no shelter, not even a tree to run to. In such a case, if the pursued were acquainted with struthious tactics, he would lie down flat on the ground, where the bird finds it impossible to strike him. But even this is no light matter, for some birds in their rage at being baffled of their kick, will roll over their prostrate enemy, bellowing with fury and trampling upon him in the most contemptuous fashion. One man who thus attempted the lying-down plan found that every time he attempted to rise the bird would return and stand sentry over him, till



at last, after creeping a distance he got out only by swimming a pond that bounded one side of the camp.

While ostriches frequently attack men during the breeding season, they more frequently fight one another. They have an instinctive pride in the rule of their own homes, and will fight with much greater energy an enemy within their own camp, than when they are themselves the invaders. To one unaccustomed to brutal contests an ostrich fight is really a spectacle of terror; and if the old Romans had only known what terrible creatures they could be made, an ostrich fight would have been a crowning sensation in the gladiatorial arena. After various challenges they come into collision with mad fury, and with their legs deal blows upon each other, first from one side and then from the other, with tremendous force and effect. Having fought a round they retire a space, and then return to the attack till one or the other bolts off beaten. Occasionally where there is no escape the victor kicks his exhausted enemy until he kills him; and often a leg is broken in the fight. Hens are seldom savage under any circumstances, and among the cocks there is an endless diversity of disposition as to viciousness and general character.

The idea which still prevails that the ostrich is invariably a negligent or heartless parent is a great error. It is quite true that the wild birds' eggs are often found in the "veldt," but in the wild state a cock often mates with two or three hens, and as one nest cannot contain all the eggs laid, many are deposited on the ground or thrown out of the nest. They may then become food for the chicks or the parents, or be eaten by wild animals. As the cock does the most important part of the sitting, only one nest can be provided to a family, and the surplus eggs are wasted only because of inability to hatch so many in their natural state. It is true that the parents sometimes neglect their nests, or break off sitting and scatter the eggs, or even eat them all; but it is not the rule. Mr. A. Mitchinson, an experienced West-Coast traveler, informed me that on one occasion he found a chicken, apparently self-hatched, in one of these scattered eggs in the veldt, but it died two or three days after coming out, and it seems certain that in South Africa, at least, none are ever hatched in the sun in that way.

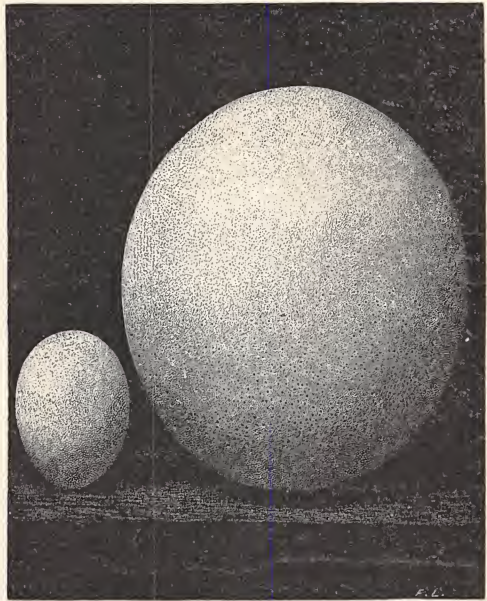
In making a nest some pairs will take a natural depression in the ground or scratch a few handfuls of earth away in the most careless manner, and there do their hatching, but most of them will construct nests with care. The cock may be seen scooping and

raking up the earth industriously, and after he has a capacious hollow like a large saucer scraped out he will call the hen to look at it, and with their heads together they will hold some unreportable conversation over it. When the first eggs are being laid, the hen will finish the structure by scooping up a rim of earth with her bill, thus leaving a trench about it to protect it from possible rains. Having laid, say fourteen eggs, they begin sitting. The cock is the most attentive sitter, and contrary to what has been stated in some books sits always at night. He goes upon the nest at about four or five in the afternoon and remains till about eight or nine in the morning. The hen being already somewhat exhausted by laying, her short term of duty gives her a better chance to keep up her strength. Each pair, however, appear to have their own individual understanding as to the hour of changing guard, and whether it be eight or ten o'clock A. M. or three or five P. M. are usually as regular in attendance as if they knew the hour by the clock. Illustrating this, a farmer relates that one of his birds, on leaving the nest one morning did not find the hen near to take his place. Indignant at his consort's neglect, he sought her out at the other end of the camp and with vigorous kicks drove the dilatory dame down to the nest, where she submissively resumed her duty. The care which even tame birds take to conceal the whereabouts of their nests is interesting to witness. The cock on rising will slowly and gently lift his bony shanks up from among the eggs, and when they have fallen together will step clear and make a bolt away in one direction for a few feet, then suddenly sidle off at an angle, as if jostled rudely, and again swerve abruptly in another direction. These grotesque maneuvers, which make one think the bird may be intoxicated, are evidently intended to deceive a possible spectator as to the direction the bird has come from. The female, after an interval, will come to the nest with equal sleight; grazing aimlessly this way and that, till near the nest, when she swoops down, hovering over it till she disposes her legs among the eggs. After turning the eggs over one by one with her beak, she will sit perhaps for hours with her head stretched flat and snake-like on the ground, and her body as motionless as a mound of earth. Occasionally, in hot days, she may be seen with her body lifted slightly out of the nest to admit a current of air over the eggs; and sometimes she will even leave the nest for two or three hours, till instinct tells her that the lowering temperature requires her return. While sitting the birds may be heard sometimes to whim-



per their solicitude for the forthcoming brood; and when incubation is finished, they often assist the chicks out of the shell. When the young birds have begun to show appetite, the old ones teach them to eat by walking before them and picking at the grass and insects, the cock perhaps striding behind keeping a lookout.

When an enemy in the shape of a hawk or a four-footed animal appears in sight, the old bird gives a peculiar fluttering shake of her wings, and in an instant the whole brood are scattered abroad and lost to sight. Each bird throws itself flat on the ground—under a bush or grass if he can—and there they lie with their little necks flat on the ground, still as a lump of earth. And so much like both earth and grass do they look that even a person long familiar with them might walk among them without seeing them; nor will they stir even at the risk of being trod upon. When the danger has passed, the parent bird, who in the meantime may have gone far away, calls her chicks from their concealment by uttering a plaintive “Whoo! whoo! whoo!” which can be heard a long distance. The worst foes of the ostrich—next to the internal ones of tape-worms—are the wild-cat and jackal. The wild-cat and his fellow foes appear at night, and often worry the poor birds all night long. As long as a bird can keep his nest, the eggs are safe; knowing this, these thievish enemies tantalize and exasperate the bird so as to provoke him into getting off to drive them away. If he does so then one of them leaps in, and the



A HEN'S EGG AND AN OSTRICH'S EGG. [SHOWING COMPARATIVE SIZES.]

moment they are in possession the ostrich in most cases abandons the spot. Cats, wolves, and tigers have been known thus to work in conspiracy. But should they get possession they still find a difficulty, as the eggs are too big to encompass with their teeth. The cunning thieves then roll them away till they reach some rock and there dash them against the stone with their paws till they are broken. The farmer sets baits of poisoned meat in



DRIVING OSTRICHES IN A STORM.





A MALE OSTRICH.

various places around the nests, and in some localities wild-cats are thus destroyed at the rate of one or two a day. The porcupine, too, is a great sneak thief at night, but the ostrich is usually more than a match for him. The hawk is an enemy chiefly to the chicks, but the crow destroys the eggs. This is a large, white-breasted rook, and the statement made by travelers that it destroys eggs by dropping stones into them is no fiction. Mr. J. H. Featherstone, of Mount Stewart, Uitenhage, once saw a crow, which had espied the nest of one of his birds, go to a river-bed some distance off, select a stone from it, and then fly up high in the air with the stone in its claws over a vacant nest. Having secured the perpendicular by some instinctive engineering of his own, the rook let drop the stone. The aim was precise, and down he came to feast on the egg which his missile had broken.

A peculiarity of young ostriches, not the least interesting and amusing, is their waltzing proclivities. On being let out in the morning the young troop dart off, one after another; then, stopping suddenly, they give themselves a whirl about, and proceeding on a few paces, repeat the revolution, each time slightly ducking their heads, a gesture which gives a certain grotesque grace to the movement. When a troop are performing it together their move-

ments are frequently synchronous, and their noddings in perfect time,—a comical caricature on the movements of the human dance. Sometimes a bird will make five or six gyrations in succession, but others only swerve fantastically from side to side, with wings flaunting as they go, like a romping girl's dress. So engrossed do they appear to become and so reckless that they have been known to break a leg in "the giddy whirl." Their weight, and the awkward suddenness with which they halt and swing about, render such an accident quite possible. They sometimes keep the dance up for an hour or more, careering first to one side of the field and then to the other—but they do not go quite to human excesses in the diversion.

There is plenty of evidence to show that the ostrich is not really dull of hearing, as is said; and he is certainly acute of smell and taste as well as of sight. They hear their owner's call or the crack of a whip a long way off, and it is often difficult to get them to take certain kinds of physic, even though it may be carefully concealed in their food. The old notion that the ostrich buries his head in the sand in case of danger proves to be another of the numerous natural history "facts" which are utterly mythical. I am sorry to disturb so venerable a proverb, especially as it points so true and good a moral, but recent observations do not confirm the saying. The ostrich may be very stupid, but he has never attained such achievements of folly. It is true, however, that the wild birds, when run down, are known to tumble to the earth and thrust their necks under a bush, and this may have given rise to the proverb.

But the ostrich is a wonderful paradox, and many proverbs equally useful, with the advantage of being true, may be constructed by the student of the domestic camp. He is capable of scanning the whole horizon and yet falling easily into some hole under his feet; he is both a gourmand and an epicure; he may be kept in bounds by a fence of a single wire, yet when panic-stricken, he will risk a collision with a stone wall, and dash himself to death; he is both blood-thirsty and gentle; bolder than a lion and more timid than a springbok; a polygamist and a celibate; capable of extreme parental tenderness yet sometimes eating his own offspring; at once the stupidest and the most cunning of birds.

As already said, South Africa supplies the great bulk of the ostrich feathers of the world. It sends out feathers to the value of a million pounds sterling, while Egypt exports to the value of only £250,000, and the Barbary states to the value of only about £20,000. The latter classes justly command a higher price, but



not one-twentieth of the feathers sold as Egyptian or Barbary plumes are anything else than Cape feathers, for there are plenty of tricks in the feather trade. The Barbary feathers are shipped chiefly from Tripoli (whence they frequently take that name) through Marseilles or Leghorn to Paris or London; and the Egyptian feathers find the same destination, having come to Cairo by caravan. In each case the feathers before shipment are

care of the birds is becoming so well understood that ostriches of the high and dry regions of the Cape now produce feathers undistinguishable from the best wild ones.

The South African plume in its raw state is characterized by its breadth of barb, and each individual barb has a richer floss, but the barbs not being so close set as those of the North African birds, the plume has a thinner appearance. The shaft, though full as long,



A TROOP OF YOUNG OSTRICHES.

“roped” for the market; which means that in sorting them into grades the choicest are picked out and sold privately at high prices to speculators and others, who retail them to wealthy European ladies at fabulous figures; the poorer qualities are made up in parcels, and classed as the best. The same thing is done with Cape feathers, and thus it is that a really first-class feather can seldom be got from the dealers. One of the arts is to dress up a “barred” feather so that it can be sold for as much as a perfect plume. As the young feather grows out it is covered at the roots with a thin sheathing of skin, which as it develops the bird picks off. If the bird should become unhealthy and listless it may neglect to remove this sheathing, and little rings or bars are formed across the plume. Such feathers bring a poor price among the dealers, but form a feature of the dresser’s profits. There is much nonsense, also, in the talk about specialties in “wild” feathers, for the

is straighter and less graceful than a Barbary bird’s; but it has a compensating advantage in bleaching to a far purer white. Prime white Cape feathers are at first whiter than any bleaching could make them, and often the bleaching is only necessary because of careless handling and exposure. The great point of natural beauty in a feather, in addition to its richness of plumage, is the graceful curve taken by the quill toward the tip. The local influences of climate and soil in producing fine feathers are now becoming better understood. The reputation and value of the dry Karoo lands, which used to be put down on the maps as hopeless deserts, have of late increased. What is of more importance to the Cape farmers is that when the pure Barbary ostrich has become acclimatized, South Africa will export not only the largest quantity, but the finest quality of feathers in the world,—except, perhaps, what may be produced on the plains of Syria.

*E. B. Biggar.*



## THE DEBT OF SCIENCE TO DARWIN.



DARWIN'S STUDY.

THE great man so recently taken from us had achieved an amount of reputation and honor perhaps never before accorded to a contemporary writer on science. His name has given a new word to several languages, and his genius is acknowledged wherever civilization extends. Yet the very greatness of his fame, together with the number, variety, and scientific importance of his works, has caused him to be altogether misapprehended by the bulk of the reading public. Every book of Darwin's has been reviewed or noticed in almost every newspaper and periodical, while his theories have been the subject of so much criticism and so much dispute, that most educated persons have been able to obtain some general notion of his teachings, often without having read a single chapter of his works,—and very few, indeed, except professed students of science, have read the whole series of them. It has been so easy to learn something of the Darwinian theory at second-hand, that few have cared to study it as expounded by its author.

It thus happens that, while Darwin's name and fame are more widely known than in the case of any other modern man of science, the real character and importance of the work he

did are as widely misunderstood. The best scientific authorities rank him far above the greatest names in natural science—above Linnæus and Cuvier, the great teachers of a past generation—above De Candolle and Agassiz, Owen and Huxley, in our own times. Many must feel inclined to ask,—What is the secret of this lofty preëminence so freely accorded to a contemporary by his fellow-workers? What has Darwin done, that even those who most strongly oppose his theories rarely suggest that he is overrated? Why is it universally felt that the only name with which his can be compared in the whole domain of science is that of the illustrious Newton?

It will be my endeavor in the present article to answer these questions, however imperfectly, by giving a connected sketch of the work which Darwin did, the discoveries which he made, the new fields of research which he opened up, the new conceptions of nature which he has given us. Such a sketch may help to clear away some of the obscurity which undoubtedly prevails as to the cause and foundation of Darwin's preëminence.

In order to understand the vast and fundamental change effected by the publication of Darwin's most important volume—"The





DOWN HOUSE, FROM THE GARDEN.

Origin of Species,"—we must take a hasty glance at the progress of the science of natural history during the preceding century.

Almost exactly a hundred years before Darwin, we find Linnæus and his numerous disciples hard at work describing and naming all animals and plants then discovered, and classifying them according to the artificial method of the great master, which is still known as the Linnæan System; and from that time to the present day a large proportion of naturalists are fully occupied with this labor of describing new species and new genera, and in classifying them according to the improved and more natural systems which have been gradually introduced. But another body of students have always been dissatisfied with this superficial mode of study-

ing externals only, and have devoted themselves to a minute examination of the internal structure of animals and plants; and early in this century the great Cuvier showed how this knowledge of anatomy could be applied to the classification of animals according to their whole organization in a far more natural manner than by the easier method of Linnæus. Later on, when improved microscopes and refined optical and chemical tests became available, the study of anatomy was carried beyond the knowledge of the parts and organs of the body—such as bones, muscles, blood-vessels, and nerves—to the investigation of the tissues, fibers, and cells of which these are composed; while the physiologists devoted themselves to an inquiry into the mode of action of this complex machinery, so as to



discover the use of every part, the nature of its functions in health and disease, and, as far as possible, the nature of the forces which keep them all in action.

Down to the middle of the present century the study of nature advanced with giant strides along these separate lines of research, while the vastness and complexity of the subject led to a constantly increasing specialization and division of labor among naturalists, the result being that each group of inquirers came to look upon its own department as more or less independent of all

exists or ever has existed on the globe was known to involve difficulties and contradictions of the most serious nature; although it was seen that many of the facts revealed by comparative anatomy, by embryology, by geographical distribution, and by geological succession, were utterly unmeaning, and even misleading, in view of it; yet, down to the period we have named, it may be fairly stated that nine-tenths of the students of nature unhesitatingly accepted it as literally true, while the other tenth, though hesitating as to the actual independent creation, were none the less



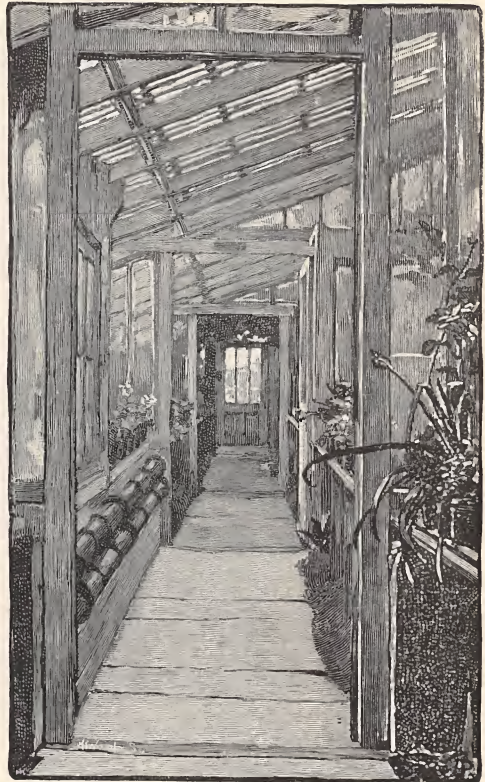
DOWN HOUSE, FROM THE PATHWAY TO THE VILLAGE.

the others: each seemed to think that any addition to its body of facts was an end in itself, and that any bearing these facts might have on other branches of the study or on the various speculations as to the "system of nature" or the "true method of classification" that had at various times been put forth, was an altogether subordinate and unimportant matter. And, in fact, they could hardly think otherwise. For, while there was much talk of the "unity of nature," a dogma pervaded the whole scientific world which rendered hopeless any attempt to discover this supposed unity amid the endless diversity of organic forms and structures, while so much of it as might be detected would necessarily be speculative and unfruitful. This dogma was that of the original diversity and permanent stability of species, a dogma which the rising generation of naturalists must find it hard to believe was actually held, almost universally, by the great men they look up to as masters in their several departments, and held for the most part with an unreasoning tenacity and scornful arrogance more suited to politicians or theologians than to men of science. Although the doctrine of the special and independent creation of every species that now

decided in rejecting utterly and scornfully the views elaborated by Lamarck, by Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and more recently by the anonymous author of the "Vestiges of Creation"—that every living thing had been produced by some modification of ordinary generation from parents more or less closely resembling it. Holding such views of the absolute independence of each species, it almost necessarily followed that the only aspect of nature of which we could hope to acquire complete and satisfactory knowledge was that which regarded the species itself. This we could describe in the minutest detail; we could determine its range in space and in time; we could investigate its embryology from the rudimental germ, or even from the primitive cell, up to the perfect animal or plant; we could learn every point in its internal structure, and we might hope, by patient research and experiment, to comprehend the use, function, and mode of action of every tissue and fiber, and ultimately of each cell and organic unit. All this was real knowledge, was solid fact. But, so soon as we attempted to find out the relations of *distinct species* to each other, we embarked on a sea of speculation. We could, indeed, state *how* one species differed from



another species in every particular of which we had knowledge; but we could draw no sound inferences as to the reason or cause of such differences or resemblances, except by claiming to know the very object and meaning of the Creator in producing such diversity. And, in point of fact, the chief inference that was drawn is now proved to be erroneous. It was generally assumed, as almost self-evident, that the ultimate cause of the differences in the forms, structures, and habits of the organic productions of different countries, was that each species inhabiting a country was specially adapted to the physical conditions that prevailed there, to which it was exactly fitted. Even if this theory had been true, it was an unproductive ultimate fact, for it was never pretended that we could discover any reason for the limitation of humming-birds and cactuses to America, of hippopotami to Africa, or of kangaroos and gum-trees to Australia; and we were obliged to believe either that these countries possessed hidden peculiarities of climate or other conditions, or that this was only one out of many unknown and unknowable causes determining the special action of the creative power. All this was felt to be so unsatisfactory that the majority of naturalists openly declared that their sole business was to accumulate facts, and that any attempt to coördinate these facts and see what inferences could be drawn from them was altogether premature. In this frame of mind, year after year passed away, adding its quota to the vast mass of undigested facts which were accumulating in every branch of the science. The remotest parts of the globe were ransacked to add to the treasures of our museums, and the number of known species became so enormous that students began to confine themselves not merely to single classes, as birds or insects, but to single orders, as beetles or land-shells, or even to smaller groups, as weevils or butterflies. All, too, were so impressed with the belief in the reality and permanence of species, that endless labor was bestowed on the attempt to distinguish them,—a task whose hopelessness may be inferred from the fact that, even in the well-known British flora, one authority describes sixty-two species of brambles and roses, another of equal eminence only ten species of the same groups; and it is by no means uncommon for two, five, or even ten species of one author to be classed as a single species by another. All this time geologists had been so assiduously at work in the discovery of organic remains that the extinct species often equalled, and, in some groups—as the Mollusca—very far exceeded those now living on the earth, and these were all found to belong to the very same classes and orders,



THE GREENHOUSE IN WHICH MR. DARWIN'S EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS WERE MADE.

and to form part of one great system. Much attention was now paid to the geological succession of the different groups of animals, which were found to exhibit a progressive advancement from ancient to recent times, while the great breaks in the series between distinct great geological formations were held to show that the older forms of life had been destroyed, and were replaced by a new creation of a more advanced organization suited to the altered conditions of the world.

And thus, perhaps, we might have gone on to this day, ever accumulating fresh masses of fact, while each set of workers became ever more and more occupied in their own departments of study, and, for want of any intelligible theory to connect and harmonize the whole, less and less able to appreciate the labors of their colleagues, had not Charles Darwin made his memorable voyage around the world, and thenceforth devoted himself, as so many had done before him, to a life of patient research in the domain of organic nature. But how different was the result! Others have added greatly to our knowledge of details, or have created a reputation by some important work; he has given us new conceptions of the world of life, and a theory which





DARWIN'S USUAL WALK.

is itself a powerful instrument of research; has shown us how to combine into one consistent whole the facts accumulated by all the separate classes of workers, and has thereby revolutionized the whole study of nature. Let us endeavor to see by what means he arrived at this vast result.

Passing by the ancestry and early life of Darwin, which have been made known to the whole reading public by countless biographical notices, we may begin with the first event to which we can distinctly trace his future greatness—his appointment as naturalist to the *Beagle*, on the recommendation of his friend and natural history teacher, Professor Henslow, of Cambridge University. It was in 1831, when Darwin, then twenty-two years of age, had just taken his B. A., that he left England on his five years' voyage in the Southern Hemisphere. It is probably to this circumstance that the world owes the great revolution in our conception of the organic world so well known as the Darwinian theory. The opportunity of studying nature in new and strange lands; of comparing the productions of one country with those of another; of investigating the physical and biological relations of islands and continents; of watching the struggle for existence in regions where civilization has not disturbed the free action and reaction

of the various groups of animals and plants on each other; and, what is perhaps more important still, the ample leisure to ponder again and again on every phase of the phenomena which presented themselves, free from the attractions of society and the disturbing excitement of daily association with contemporary men of science,—these are the conditions most favorable to the formation of habits of original thought, and the months and years which at first sight appear intellectually wasted in the companionship of uncivilized man, or in the solitary contemplation of nature, are those in which the seed was sown which was destined to produce in after-years the mature fruit of great philosophical conceptions. Let us then first glance over the "Journal of Researches," in which are recorded the main facts and observations which struck the young traveler, and see how far we can detect here the germs of those ideas and problems to the working out of which he devoted a long and laborious life.

The question of the causes which have produced the distribution and the dispersal of organisms seems to have been with him a constant subject of observation and meditation. At an early period of the voyage he collected infusorial dust which fell on the ship when at sea, and he notes the suggestive fact that in sim-



ilar dust collected on a vessel three hundred miles from land he found particles of stone above the thousandth of an inch square, and remarks: "After this fact, one need not be surprised at the diffusion of the far lighter and smaller sporules of cryptogamic plants." He records many instances of insects occurring far out at sea, on one occasion when the nearest land was three hundred and seventy miles distant. He paid special attention to the insects and plants inhabiting the Keeling or Cocos, and other recently formed coralline or volcanic islands; the contrast of these with the peculiar productions of the Galapagos evidently impressed him profoundly; while the remarkable facts presented by this latter group of islands brought out so clearly and strongly the insuperable difficulties of the then accepted theory of the independent origin of species, as to keep this great problem ever present to his mind, and, at a later period, to lead him to devote himself to the patient and laborious inquiries which were the foundation of his immortal work. He again and again remarks on the singular facts presented by these islands. Why, he asks, were the aboriginal inhabitants of the Galapagos created on American types of organization, though the two countries differ totally in geological character and physical conditions? Why are so many of the species peculiar to the separate islands? He "is astonished at the amount of creative force, if such an expression may be used, displayed in these small, barren and rocky islands; and still more so at its diverse, yet analogous action on points so near each other."

The variations which occur in species, as well as the modifications of the same organ in allied species,—subjects which had been much neglected by ordinary naturalists,—were constantly noted and commented on. He remarks on the occasional blindness of the burrowing tucutucu of the pampas as supporting the view of Lamarck on the gradually acquired blindness of the aspalax; on the hard point of the tail of the trigonocephalus, which constantly vibrates and produces a rattling noise by striking against grass and brushwood, as a character varying toward the complete rattle of the rattlesnake; on the small size of the wild horses in the Falkland Islands, as progressing toward a small breed like the Shetland ponies of the north; and on the strange fact of the cattle having increased in size, and having partly separated into two differently colored breeds. While collecting the remains of the great extinct mammals of the pampas, he was much impressed by the fact that, however huge in size or strange in form, they were all allied to living South

American animals, as are those of the cave-deposits of Australia to the marsupials of that country; and he thereon remarks: "This wonderful relationship in the same continent between the dead and the living, will, I do not doubt, hereafter throw more light on the appearance of organic beings on our earth, and their disappearance from it, than any other class of facts."

He also saw, at this early period, the important fact that there is some great and constant check to the increase of wild animals, though most of them breed very rapidly, and, of course, would increase in a geometrical ratio were some such check not in constant action. He traces the comparative rarity of a species to less favorable conditions of existence, and extinction to the normal action of still more unfavorable conditions, and compares the destruction of a species by man and its extinction by its natural enemies as being phenomena of the same essential nature. The various classes of facts here referred to seemed to him "to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers"; and he tells us that, soon after his return home in 1837, it occurred to him "that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing upon it." We know from his own statement that he had already perceived that no explanation but some form of the derivation or development hypothesis, as it was then termed, would adequately explain the remarkable facts of distribution and geological succession which he had observed during his voyage; yet he tells us that he worked on for five years before he allowed himself to speculate on the subject; and then, having formulated his provisional hypothesis in a definite shape during the next two years, he devoted fifteen years more to continuous observation, experiment, and literary research, before he gave to the astounded scientific world an abstract of his theory in all its wide-embracing scope and vast array of evidence, in his epoch-making volume, "The Origin of Species."

If we add to the periods enumerated above the five years of observation and study during the voyage, we find that this work was the outcome of *twenty-nine* years of continuous thought and labor, by one of the most patient, most truth-loving, and most acute intellects of our age. During all this long period only a very few of his most intimate friends were aware that he had departed from the then beaten track of biological study, while the great body of naturalists only knew him as a



good geologist, as the writer of an interesting book of travels, and the author of an admirable monograph of the arthropoda or barnacles, as well as of a most ingenious explanation of the origin and structure of coral-reefs—a series of volumes which were the direct outcome of his voyage, and which gave him an established reputation. Even when the great work at last appeared, few could appreciate the enormous basis of fact and experiment on which it rested, until, during the succeeding twenty years, there appeared that remarkable succession of works which exhibited a sample (and only a sample) of the exhaustless store of materials and the profound maturity of thought on which his early volume was founded. From these various works, aided by some personal intercourse and a correspondence extending over twenty years, the present writer will endeavor to indicate the nature and extent of Darwin's researches.

ALTHOUGH, as we have said, Darwin had early arrived at the conclusion that allied species had descended from common ancestors by gradual modification, it long remained to him an inexplicable problem how the necessary degree of modification could have been effected, and he adds: "It would thus have remained forever, had I not studied domestic productions, and thus acquired a just idea of the power of selection." These researches, very briefly sketched in the first and parts of the fifth and ninth chapters of the "*Origin of Species*," were published at length (after a delay of nine years, owing to ill health) in two large volumes, with the title "*Animals and Plants under Domestication*;" and no one who has not read these can form an adequate idea of the wide range and thorough character of the investigation on which every statement or suggestion in the former work was founded. The copious references to authorities show us that Darwin must have searched through almost the entire literature of agriculture and horticulture, of horse and cattle breeding, of sporting, of dog, cat, pigeon and fowl fancying, including endless series of reviews, magazines, journals of societies, and newspapers, besides every scientific treatise bearing in any way on the subject, whether published in England, on the Continent, or in America. The facts thus laboriously gathered were supplemented by personal inquiries among zoölogists and botanists, farmers, gardeners, sporting-men, pigeon-fanciers, travelers, and any one who could possibly afford direct personal information on any of the matters he was investigating. Then came his own observation and experiment, to fill

up gaps, to settle doubtful points, or to determine questions the importance of inquiring into which no one had ever suspected; and lastly, there was the power of arrangement and comparison, the originality and depth of thought, which drew out from this vast mass of heterogeneous materials conclusions of the highest value as bearing on the question of the possible change of species, and the means by which it had been brought about.

In order to determine the nature and amount of the variability of domestic productions, he prepared skeletons of all the more important breeds of rabbits, pigeons, fowls, and ducks, as well as of the wild races from which they are known to have been produced, and showed, both by measurements and by accurate drawings, that not only superficial characters, but almost every part of the bony structure varied to such an amount as usually characterizes very distinct species or even distinct genera of wild animals. Another set of experiments was made by crossing the different breeds of pigeons and fowls which were most completely unlike the wild race, with the result that in many cases the offspring were more like the wild ancestor than either of the parents. These experiments, supported by a mass of facts observed by other persons, served to establish the principle of the tendency of crosses to revert to the ancestral form; and this principle enabled him to explain the interesting fact of the frequent appearance of stripes on mules, and occasionally on dun-colored horses, on the hypothesis, supported by a mass of collateral evidence, that the common ancestor of the horse, ass, and zebra tribe was a striped and dun-colored animal.

A number of very important conclusions were deduced from the facts presented by domesticated animals and plants, a few of which may be here referred to. For example, it was proved that the parts most selected or which had already most varied—as the tail in fan-tailed pigeons, which has more tail-feathers than any other of the eight thousand different kinds of living birds,—were most subject to further variation; and this showed that, when once any part had begun to change, variations became more abundant, thus furnishing materials to render still further change in the same direction comparatively easy. This is the secret of the rapid improvement of breeds or races, and is equally applicable to the formation of species by natural selection. Again, it was found that in many cases, when much variation occurred, there was a tendency to a difference in the sexes which had not before existed. This has been observed in sheep,



in fowls, and in pigeons, and it is very interesting as indicating the origin of that wonderful diversity of sex which occurs in several groups of animals. Another curious fact is the correlation of parts which occurs in many animals, such as the tusks and bristles of swine, and the hair and teeth in some dogs, both increasing or becoming lost together; the beaks and feet of pigeons, both increasing or diminishing together; the color and size of the leaves and seeds changing simultaneously in some plants; and numerous other instances which serve to explain some of the peculiar characters of natural objects for which we can discover or imagine no direct use.

The effects of disuse in causing the diminution of an organ was exhibited by careful comparison and measurements of tame and wild birds. The sternum, scapulæ, and furcula to which the muscles used in flight are attached, are found to be diminished in domestic pigeons, as were the wing-bones in domestic fowls, the capacity of the skull in tame rabbits, and the size and strength of the wings in silkworm moths. The evidence afforded by the breeds of pigeons (which have been domesticated for so many centuries and in so many parts of the world) of the process of selection, whether unconscious or methodical, is very clearly set forth, and serves as a typical example with which to compare the various phenomena presented by allied species in a state of nature; and in considering that evidence he thus replies to some objections:

"I have heard it objected that the formation of the several domestic races of the pigeon throws no light on the origin of the wild species of the columbidæ, because their differences are not of the same nature. The domestic races, for instance, do not differ, or hardly at all, in the relative lengths and shapes of the primary wing-feathers, in the relative length of the hind toe, or in habits of life, as in roosting and building on trees. But the above objection shows how completely the principle of selection has been misunderstood. It is not likely that characters selected by the caprice of man should resemble differences preserved under natural conditions, either from being of direct service to each species, or from standing in correlation with other modified and serviceable structures. Until man selects birds differing in the relative length of the wing-feathers or toes, etc., no sensible change in these parts should be expected. \* \* \* With respect to the domestic races not roosting or building in trees, it is obvious that fanciers would never attend to or select such changes in habits."

Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the collection of facts afforded by plants, which can be so much more easily cultivated and

experimented upon than animals, while the general phenomena they present are strikingly accordant in the two kingdoms. As an example of the great mass of facts afforded by horticulture, he records that three hundred distinct varieties were produced, in the course of fifty years, from a single wild rose (*Rosa spinosissima*). We find in these volumes enormous collections of facts on bud-variation, or the occurrence of changes in the flower or leaf-buds of full-grown plants, from which new varieties can be and often are produced; and, after a most full and interesting discussion of the cases, it is shown that some are probably due to reversion to an ancestral form, others to reversion to one parent when the plant has been derived from a cross, and others, again, to that spontaneous variability which seems to be the universal characteristic of all living organisms.

Three very interesting chapters are then devoted to the subject of inheritance, and a host of strange and heretofore inexplicable facts are brought together, compared, and classified, and shown to be in accordance with a few general principles. Then follow five chapters on crossing and hybridism, perhaps the most important in the whole work, since they afford the clue to so much of the varied structure and complex relations of animals and plants. Notwithstanding the enormous mass of facts and observations here given, the portion relating to plants is often but an abstract of the results of his own elaborate experiments, carried on for a long series of years, and given at length in three separate volumes on "The Fertilization of Orchids," on "Cross and Self-Fertilization of Plants," and on "The Forms of Flowers." These works may be said to have revolutionized the science of botany, since, for the first time, they gave a clear and intelligible reason for the existence of that wonderful diversity in the form, colors, and structure of flowers, on the details of which the systematic botanist had founded his generic and specific distinctions, but as to whose meaning or use he was, for the most part, profoundly ignorant. The investigation of the whole subject of crossing and hybridity had shown that, although hybrids between distinct species usually produced sterile offspring, yet crosses between slightly different varieties led to increased fertility; and, during some experiments on this subject, Darwin found that the produce of these crosses were also remarkable for vigor of growth. This led to a long series of experimental researches, the general result of which was to establish the important proposition that cross-fertilization is of the greatest importance to the health, vigor, and fertility



of plants. The fact that the majority of flowers are hermaphrodite, and appear to be adapted for self-fertilization, seemed to be opposed to this view, till it was found that, in almost every case, there were special arrangements for insuring, either constantly or occasionally, the transference of pollen from the flowers of one plant to those of another of the same species. In the case of orchids, it was shown that those strange and beautiful flowers owed their singular and often fantastic forms and exceptional structure to special adaptations for cross-fertilization by insects, without the agency of which most of them would be absolutely sterile. Many of the species are adapted to particular species or groups of insects, and can be fertilized by no others; and careful experiment and much thought was often required to find out the exact way in which this was effected. In some instances the structure of the flowers seemed adapted to prevent fertilization altogether, till it was at length discovered that a particular insect entering the flower in one particular way caused the pollen to stick to some part of its body, which was always the exact part which the insect, on visiting another flower, would bring in contact with the stigma, and thus fertilize it. These investigations explained a host of curious facts which had hitherto been facts only without meaning, such as the twisting of the ovary in most of our wild orchids, which was found to be often necessary to bring the flower into a proper position for fertilization,—the existence of sacs, cups, or spurs, the latter often of enormous length, but shown to be each adapted to the structure of some particular insect, and often serving to prevent other insects from reaching the nectar which they might rob without fertilizing the flower,—the form, size, position, rugosities, or color of the lip, serving as a landing-place for insects and a guide to the nectar-secreting organs,—the varied odors, sometimes emitted by day, and sometimes by night only, according as the fertilizing insect was diurnal or nocturnal, and other characters too numerous to refer to here, so that it became evident that every peculiarity of these wonderful plants, in form or structure, in color or marking, in the smoothness, rugosity, or hairiness of parts of the flower, in their times of opening, their movements, or their odors, had its special purpose, and was, in some way or other, adapted to secure the fertilization of the flower and the preservation of the species.

The next set of observations, on some of our commonest English flowers of apparently simple structure, were not less original and instructive. The cowslip (*Primula veris*) has

two kinds of flowers in nearly equal proportions: in the one the stamens are long and the style short, and in the other the reverse, so that in the one the stamens are visible at the mouth of the tube of the flower, in the other the stigma occupies the same place, while the stamens are half way down the tube. This fact had been known to botanists for seventy years, but had been classed as a case of mere variability, and therefore considered to be of no importance. In 1860 Darwin set to work to find out what it meant, since, according to his views, a definite variation like this *must* have a purpose. After a considerable amount of observation and experiment, he found that bees and moths visited the flowers, and that their probosces became covered with pollen while sucking up the nectar, and further, that the pollen of a long-stamened plant would be most surely deposited on the stigma of the long-styled plants, and *vice versa*. Now followed a long series of experiments, in which cowslips were fertilized either with pollen from the same kind or from a different kind of flower, and the invariable result was that the crosses between the two different kinds of flowers produced more good capsules, and more seeds in each capsule; and as these crosses would be most frequently effected by insects, it was clear that this curious arrangement directly served to increase the fertility of this common plant. The same thing was found to occur in the primrose, and in many other species of Primulaceæ, as well as in flax (*Linum perenne*), lungworts (*Pulmonaria*), and a host of other plants, including the American partridge-berry (*Mitchella repens*). These are called dimorphic heterostyled plants.

Still more extraordinary is the case of the common loosestrife (*Lythrum Salicaria*), which has both stamens and styles of three distinct lengths, each flower having two sets of stamens and one style, all of different lengths, and arranged in three different ways: (1) a short style, with six medium and six long stamens; (2) a medium style, with six short and six long stamens; (3) a long style, with six medium and six short stamens. These flowers can be fertilized in eighteen distinct ways, necessitating a vast number of experiments, the result being, as in the case of the cowslip, that flowers fertilized by the pollen from stamens of the same length as the styles, gave on the average a larger number of capsules and a very much larger number of seeds than in any other case. The exact correspondence in the length of the style of each form with that of one set of stamens in the other forms insures that the pollen attached to any part of the body of an insect shall be applied



to a style of the same length on another plant, and there is thus a triple chance of the maximum of fertility. Some other species of lythrum, of oxalis, and pontederia, were also found to have three-formed stamens and styles; and in the case of the oxalis, experiments were made showing that crosses between flowers with stamens and styles of unequal length were always nearly barren. During these experiments twenty thousand seeds of *Lythrum Salicaria* were counted under the microscope. For several years a further supplementary series of experiments was carried out, showing that the seeds produced by the illegitimate crosses (as he terms them) were not only very few, but, when sown, always produced comparatively weak, small, or unhealthy plants, not likely to exist in competition with the stronger offspring of legitimate crosses. There is thus the clearest proof that these complex arrangements have the important end of securing both a more abundant and more vigorous offspring.

Perhaps no researches in the whole course of the study of nature have been so fertile in results as these. No sooner were they made known than observers set to work in every part of the world to examine familiar plants under this new aspect. With very few exceptions it is now found that every flower presents arrangements for securing cross-fertilization, either constantly or occasionally, sometimes by the agency of the wind, but more frequently through the mediation of insects or birds. Almost all the irregularity and want of symmetry in the forms of flowers, which add so much to their variety and beauty, are found to be due to this cause; the production of nectar and the various nectar-secreting organs are directly due to it, as are the various odors and the various colors and markings of flowers. In many cases flowers which seem so simply constructed that the pollen *must* fall on the stigma and thus produce self-fertilization, are yet surely cross-fertilized, owing to the circumstance of the stigma and the anthers arriving at maturity at slightly different periods, so that, though the pollen may fall on the stigma of its own flower, fertilization does not result; but when insects carry the pollen to another plant the flowers of which are a little more advanced, cross-fertilization is effected. There is literally no end to the subjects of inquiry thus opened up, since every single species, and even many varieties of flowering plants, present slight peculiarities which modify to some extent their mode of fertilization. This is well shown by the remarkable observations of the German botanist Kerner, who points out that a vast number of details in the structure of plants,

hitherto inexplicable, are due to the necessity of keeping away "unbidden guests," such as snails, slugs, ants, and many other kinds of animals, which would destroy the flowers or the pollen before the seeds were produced. When this evident principle is once grasped, it is seen that almost all the peculiarities in the form, size, and clothing of plants are to be thus explained—as the spines or hairs of the stem and branches, or the glutinous secretion which effectually prevents ants from ascending the stem, the drooping of the flowers to keep out rain or to prevent certain insects from entering them, and a thousand other details which are described in Kerner's most instructive volume. This branch of the inquiry was hardly touched upon by Darwin, but it is none the less a direct outcome of his method and his teaching.

But we must pass on from these seductive subjects to give some indication of the numerous branches of inquiry of which we have the results given us in the "Origin of Species," but which have not yet been published in detail. The observations and experiments on the relations of species in a state of nature, on checks to increase and on the struggle for existence,—were probably as numerous and exhaustive as those on domesticated animals and plants. As examples of this we find indications of careful experiments on seedling plants and weeds, to determine what proportion of them were destroyed by enemies before they came to maturity; while another set of observations determined the influence of the more robust in killing out the weaker plants with which they come into competition. This last fact, so simple in itself, yet so much overlooked, affords an explanation of many of the eccentricities of plant distribution, cultivation, and naturalization. Every one who has tried it knows the difficulty or impossibility of getting foreign plants, however hardy, to take care of themselves in a garden as in a state of nature. Wherever we go among the woods, mountains, and meadows of the temperate zone, we find a variety of charming flowers growing luxuriantly amid a dense vegetation of other plants, none of which seem to interfere with each other. By far the larger number of these plants will grow with equal luxuriance in our gardens, showing that peculiarities of soil and climate are not of vital importance; but not one in a thousand of these plants ever runs wild with us, or can be naturalized by the most assiduous trials; and if we attempt to grow them under natural conditions in our gardens, they very soon succumb under the competition of the plants by which they are surrounded. It is only by constant attention, not so much to



them as to their neighbors,—by pruning and weeding close around them so as to allow them to get a due proportion of light, air, and moisture, that they can be got to live. Let any one bring home a square foot of turf from a common or hill-top, containing some choice plant growing and flowering luxuriantly, and place it in his garden, untouched, in the most favorable conditions of light and moisture, and in a year or two it will almost certainly disappear, killed out by the more vigorous growth of other plants. The constancy of this result, even with plants removed only a mile or two, is a most striking illustration of the preponderating influence of organism on organism, that is, of the struggle for existence. The rare and delicate flower which we find in one field or hedge-row, while for miles around there is no trace of it, maintains itself there, not on account of any speciality of soil or aspect, or other physical conditions being directly favorable to itself, but because in that spot only there exists the exact combination of other plants and animals which alone is not incompatible with its well-being, that combination perhaps being determined by local conditions or changes which many years ago allowed a different set of plants and animals to monopolize the soil and thus keep out intruders. Such considerations teach us that the varying combinations of plants characteristic of almost every separate field or bank, or hill-side, or wood throughout our land, is the result of a most complex and delicate balance of organic forces—the final outcome for the time-being of the constant struggle of plants and animals to maintain their existence.

ANOTHER valuable set of experiments and observations are those bearing on the geographical distribution of animals and plants—a branch of natural history which under the old idea of special creations had no scientific existence. It is to Darwin that we owe the establishment of the distinction of oceanic from continental islands, while he first showed us the various modes by which the former class of islands have been stocked with life. By a laborious research in all the accounts of old voyages, he ascertained that none of the islands of the great oceans very remote from land possessed either land mammalia or amphibia when first visited; and on examination it is found that all these islands are either of volcanic origin or consist of coral reefs, and are therefore presumably of comparatively recent independent origin, not portions of submerged continents, as they were formerly supposed to be. Yet these same islands are fairly stocked with plants,

insects, land-shells, birds, and often with reptiles, more particularly lizards, usually of peculiar species, and it thus becomes important to ascertain how these organisms originally reached the islands, and the comparative powers different groups of plants and animals possess of traversing a wide extent of ocean.

With this view Darwin made numerous observations and some ingenious experiments. He endeavored to ascertain how long different kinds of seeds will resist the action of salt water without losing their vitality, and the result showed that a large number of seeds will float a month without injury, while some few survived an immersion of one hundred and thirty-seven days. Now, as ocean currents flow on the average thirty-three miles a day, seeds might easily be carried a thousand miles, and in very exceptional cases even three thousand miles, and still grow. Again, it is known that drift-timber is often carried enormous distances, and some of the inhabitants of the remote coral-islands of the Pacific obtain wood by this means, as well as stones fastened among the roots. Now, Darwin examined torn-up trees, and found that stones are often inclosed by the roots growing around them so as to leave closed cavities containing earth behind; and from a small portion of earth thus completely inclosed, he raised three dicotyledonous plants. Again, the seeds that have passed through the bodies of birds germinate freely, and thus birds may carry plants from island to island. Earth often adheres to the feet of aquatic and wading birds, and these migrate to enormous distances and visit the remotest islands, and from earth thus attached to birds' feet several plants were raised. As showing the importance of this mode of transport, an experiment was made with six and three-fourths ounces of mud taken from the edge of a little pond, and it was found to contain the enormous number of five hundred and thirty-seven seeds of several distinct species! This was proved by keeping the mud under glass and pulling up each plant as it appeared, and at the end of six months the result was as given above. It was also found that small portions of aquatic plants were often entangled in the feet of birds, and to these as well as to the feet themselves mollusks or their eggs were found to be attached, furnishing a mode of distribution for such organisms. Experiments were also made on the power of land-shells to resist the action of sea-water; and we have already referred to the observations on volcanic dust carried far out to sea illustrating the facilities for the wide extension by aerial currents of such plants as have very minute or very light seeds. This series of observa-



tions and experiments, supplemented by those of other observers, has been applied by the writer of this article to explain in some detail the remarkable phenomena presented by the distribution of animals and plants over the chief islands of the globe ("Island Life"). The facts are of a character so anomalous and apparently contradictory that, on the old hypothesis of the special independent creation of each species, no rational explanation of them could be found; and we may fairly claim that the clear and often detailed explanation which can be given by means of the theories and investigations of Darwin lend a powerful support to his views, and go far to complete the demonstration of their correctness.

Our space will not permit us to do more than advert to the numerous ingenious explanations and suggestions with which the "Origin of Species" abounds, such as, for example, the strange fact of so many of the beetles of Madeira being wingless, while the same species, or their near allies on the continent of Europe, have full powers of flight; and that this is not due to any direct action of climate or physical conditions is proved by the equally curious fact that such species of insects as have wings in Madeira have them rather larger than usual. Equally new and important is the Darwinian explanation of the form of the bee's cell, which is shown to be due to a few simple instincts which necessarily lead to the exact hexagonal cell with the base formed of three triangular plates inclined at definite angles, on which so much mathematical learning and misplaced admiration have been expended; and this explanation is no theory, but is the direct outcome of experiments on the bees at work, as original as they were ingenious and convincing.

We must, however, pass on to the great and important work, "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex," which abounds in strange facts and suggestive explanations; and for the reader who wishes to understand the character and bearing of Darwin's teachings, this book is the fitting supplement to the "Origin of Species" and the "Domesticated Animals and Plants." To give any adequate account of this most remarkable book and the controversies to which it has given rise, would require an article to itself. We refer to it here in order to point out what is not generally known, that its publication was entirely out of its due course, and was not anticipated by its author three years before. In the introduction to "Domesticated Animals" (published in 1868), after explaining the scope of that work, he told us that, in a second work, he should treat of "Variation Under Nature," giving copious

facts on variation, local and general, on races, sub-species, and species, on geometrical increase, on the struggle for existence, with the results of experiments showing that diversity of forms enables more life to be supported on a given area, while the extermination of less improved forms, the formation of genera and families, and the process of natural selection, would be fully discussed. This work would have given all the facts on which Chapters II. to V. of the "Origin of Species" were founded. In a third work he proposed to show, in detail, how many classes of facts natural selection explains, such as geological succession, geographical distribution, embryology, affinities, classification, rudimentary organs, etc., etc., thus giving the facts and reasonings in full on which the latter part of the "Origin of Species" was founded. Unfortunately, neither of these works has appeared, and thus the symmetry and completeness of the body of facts which Darwin had collected have never been made public. The cause is well known to have been the continued pressure of ill-health. The work on "Domesticated Animals" was thus delayed many years, after which came the labor of bringing out a much enlarged edition of the "Origin of Species." The "Descent of Man" was, apparently, at first intended to be a comparatively small book, but a difficulty connected with the origin of the distinctive peculiarities of the two sexes led to an investigation of this subject throughout the animal kingdom. This was found to be of such extreme interest, and to have such important applications, that its development with the completeness characteristic of all the writer's work led to the production of two bulky volumes, followed by another volume on the "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," not less instructive. None of Darwin's works has excited greater interest or more bitter controversy than that on man; and the correction of the numerous reprints, and of a final enlarged edition in 1874, was found to be so laborious a task as to convince him that any such extensive literary works as those projected and announced six years previously must be finally abandoned. This, however, by no means implied cessation from work. Observation and experiment were the delight and relaxation of Darwin's life, and he now continued and supplemented those numerous researches on plants we have already referred to. A new edition of an earlier work on the "Movements of Climbing Plants" appeared in 1875; a thick volume on "Insectivorous Plants" in the same year; "Cross and Self-Fertilization" in 1876; the "Forms of Flowers" in 1877; the "Movements of Plants,"



embodying much original research, in 1880; and his remarkable little book on "Earthworms" in 1881. This last work is highly characteristic of the author. In 1837 he had contributed to the Geological Society a short paper on the formation of vegetable mold by the agency of worms. For more than forty years this subject of his early studies was kept in view; experiments were made, in one case involving the keeping a field untouched for thirty years,—and every opportunity was taken of collecting facts and making fresh observations, the final result being to elevate one of the humblest and most despised of the animal creation to the position of an important agent in the preparation of the earth for the use of the higher animals and of man.

The sketch now given of Darwin's work is in many respects imperfect, since it has given no account of those earlier important labors which would alone have made the reputation of a lesser man. None but the greatest geologists have produced more instructive works than the two volumes of "Geological Observations" and the profound and original essay "On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs"; while the numerous researches on the fertilization and structure of flowers and the movements of plants would alone place him in the rank of a profound and original investigator in botanical science; the most distinguished zoölogists and anatomists might be proud of the elaborate "Monograph of the Cerripedia," of which a competent judge says:

"The prodigious number and minute accuracy of his dissections, the exhaustive detail with which he worked out every branch of his subject—sparing no pains in procuring every species that it was possible to procure, in collecting all the known facts relating to the geographical and geological distribution of the group, in tracing all the complicated history of the metamorphoses presented by the individuals of the sundry species, in disentangling the problem of the homologies of these perplexing animals, etc.—all combine to show that, had Mr. Darwin chosen to devote himself to a life of morphological work, his name would probably have been second to none in that department of biology." ["Nature," Vol. 26, p. 99.]

Yet these works, great as is each of them separately, and, taken altogether, amazing as the production of one man, sink into insignificance as compared with the vast body of research and of thought of which the "Origin of Species" is the brief epitome, and with which alone the name of Darwin is associated by the mass of educated men. I have here endeavored, however imperfectly, to enable non-specialists to judge of the character and extent of this work, and of the vast revolution it has effected in our conception of nature,—a revolution altogether independent of the

question whether the theory of "natural selection" is or is not as important a factor in bringing about changes of animal and vegetable forms, as its author maintained. Let us consider for a moment the state of mind induced by the new theory and that which preceded it. So long as men believed that every species was the immediate handiwork of the Creator, and was therefore absolutely perfect, they remained altogether blind to the meaning of the countless variations and adaptations of the parts and organs of plants and animals. They who were always repeating, parrot-like, that every organism was exactly adapted to its conditions and surroundings by an all-wise being, were apparently dulled or incapacitated by this belief from any inquiry into the inner meaning of what they saw around them, and were content to pass over whole classes of facts as inexplicable, and to ignore countless details of structure under vague notions of a "general plan," or of variety and beauty being "ends in themselves"; while he whose teachings were at first stigmatized as degrading or even atheistical, by devoting to the varied phenomena of living things the loving, patient, and reverent study of one who really had *faith* in the beauty and harmony and perfection of creation, was enabled to bring to light innumerable hidden adaptations, and to prove that the most insignificant parts of the meanest living things had a use and a purpose, were worthy of our earnest study, and fitted to excite our highest and most intelligent admiration.

That he has done this is the sufficient answer to his critics and to his few detractors. However much our knowledge of nature may advance in the future, it will certainly be by following in the pathways he has made clear for us, and for long years to come the name of Darwin will stand for the typical example of what the student of nature ought to be. And if we glance back over the whole domain of science, we shall find none to stand beside him as equals; for in him we find a patient observation and collection of facts, as in Tycho Brahe; the power of using those facts in the determination of laws, as in Kepler; combined with the inspirational genius of a Newton, through which he was enabled to grasp fundamental principles, and so apply them as to bring order out of chaos, and illuminate the world of life as Newton illuminated the material universe. Paraphrasing the eulogistic words of the poet, we may say, with perhaps a greater approximation to truth:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;  
God said, 'Let Darwin be,' and all was light."

Alfred R. Wallace.



## PARADISE REGAINED.

THE circling hills of woods and clouds snow-white  
Held, in the golden hour of eventide,  
The lake by which I walked, and seemed to hide  
From view a world yet lovelier, whose light  
Streamed up behind their heights and made them glow,  
As wrapped in purest flame, and flung on high  
Bright flakes of glory 'gainst the pale blue sky  
Which bridged with paths of light the lake below.  
I felt sweet music, that I could not hear,  
I saw a poem that I could not read,  
"What place is this," I cried! Lo, at my need,  
Two lovers passed,—'Twas *Paradise*! for clear  
I saw it shining in his happy eyes,  
I heard it murmur'd in her low replies.

Maria W. Jones.

## A LOOK INTO HAWTHORNE'S WORKSHOP.

BEING NOTES FOR A POSTHUMOUS ROMANCE,

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

In the preparation of "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,"—a novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which his son is about to make public,—Mr. Hawthorne seems to have written, in the way of notes and preliminary studies, enough matter to cover about sixty magazine pages, or in the neighborhood of one hundred and eighty pages of an ordinary book. He would then appear to have written out, or sketched out, more fully the main work,—but even the latter evidently failed to meet with his own complete approbation. How far the notes and preliminary studies were embodied in, or in any way used in, the main novel, we cannot tell, for we have not yet seen the latter.

The preliminary notes and studies for "Dr. Grimshawe" are in two different groups, of very different character. One group (in the possession of Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and now appearing in "The Atlantic Monthly") seems to consist of passages written out in narrative and dialogue form. Another group, of about equal length, consists of notes only. These last have been placed in our hands by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, with the privilege of using here a large part of the material. Beginning with the first of the notes, as he has copied them out, and going on to the end, we see the idea of an extremely striking and eminently characteristic romance growing to full proportions from the earliest and slightest suggestions. We not only see this, but we see it with an intimacy

that is fairly startling. These notes for "Dr. Grimshawe" furnish an actual vision of the minutest workings of Hawthorne's mind while engaged in the preparation of this book. It is as if the modern processes of instantaneous photography had been at that time fully perfected and brought to bear upon the very brain of the great romancer, while it was in its most rapid, at times even most furious action. It is a record of *everything* that was passing through his mind at the instant,—of deepest thoughts, of thoughts the most trifling and superficial. His most serious, and his lightest mood are chronicled with the same exact fidelity.

The record is of unique and incalculable value, because it is a complete revelation of the artistic principles and methods of one of the subtlest artists that ever lived. It is, in fact, a full and clear recipe for the making of a Hawthorne romance. "Something high and noble must be put into the man, together with morbidness and poison"—(that is a Shakspearean touch!). "Gather all sorts of picturesqueness about these characters and circumstances, and mystify about the old man and his spider." The Lord of Braithwaite Hall "must have picturesque characteristics, of course; something that fixes strange and incongruous necessities upon him, making him most miserable under a show of all possible glory and splendor and grace and gayety." "He might, as one characteristic, have an ice-cold right hand; but this should be only emblem-



atic of something else." "Do not stick at any strangeness or preternaturality. It can be softened down to any extent, however wild in its first conception."

In reading this unconscious record we are once more impressed by what we may call the mastery of Hawthorne over the situation,—with his deep ethical insight and the healthy cheerfulness of his mind while dealing with the most tragic and painful themes. He knows the artistic effect of the somber, but it must not be *too* somber. Elsie must glimmer "through the story, and illuminate it with a healthy, natural light."

The story is to open in America—in Charter street, Salem. Living together in the same house are the old doctor, with his gigantic and venomous spider, the boy Etheredge, who is to connect the American with the English part of the story, and the girl Elsie. In England there are the Lord of Braithwaite Hall, who is the Italian-English successor to the title, the old pensioner, who is the true heir, Etheredge grown to manhood, and others. In an early part of the notes, Hawthorne writes: "The great gist of the story ought to be the natural hatred of men and the particular hatred of Americans to an aristocracy; and, at the same time, doing a good degree of justice to the aristocratic system by depicting its grand, beautiful, and noble characteristics." Again: "It must be shown, I think, throughout, that there is an essential difference between English and American character, and that the former must assimilate itself to the latter, if there is to be any union."

We leave untouched the very interesting first half of the notes (except for the few words quoted in the preceding paragraph), and, beginning about the middle, give our readers (with two slight omissions) all of the last half of the series.

*Editor of The Century Magazine.*

THIS wretched old pensioner keeps recurring to me, insisting that I have not sufficiently provided for him, nor given him motive enough—or any, indeed. At present, therefore, the stubborn old devil will not move. Take him at his death-hour, and work backward from that. He has been smitten with death in the old manor-house, surrounded by Etheredge, Elsie, the Warden, the Italian-Englishman, and other personages of the drama. The scene takes place in the stately hall of the mansion, surrounded by antique associations of arms or furniture, carvings, etc. The old man, as his last moment draws on, becomes invested with a strange aspect and port of dignity and majesty. At the same

time the development of the plot is taking place. Up to this hour, the probabilities have seemed to strengthen that Etheredge is the heir of the estate and name; but, at the very last, a slight circumstance shall be counter-changed, which shall at once make it evident that the old pensioner is the true heir, and the spirit of his ancestors shall display itself. \* \* \* He may be a sort of reformer, whose principles are entirely against hereditary distinction. The object of the book, to find the treasure-chest, which the silver key found in the grave-yard will suit. This at last turns out to be the coffin of a young lady, which, being opened, it proves to be filled with golden locks of her hair. But this quest must be merely incidental. Under the hair, or upon it, is a roll of obliterated writing. This nonsense must be kept subordinate, however. 'Twont do. Crambo, Mary Mumpson, Cunk, Miss Blagden, Miss Ingersoll, Mr. Roberts, Marshall Rynders, President Buchanan of this United States. \* \* \*

Take the old man from his earliest original: the family name had been changed in America; his ancestor was the second son of the old family, and was thrust out of the paternal mansion; there are conflicting testimonies wherefor. One account says that he was a wild and bloody religionist, and, with his own [hand], beheaded the king, and got the bloody footstep by treading in a pool of his blood on the scaffold. Another account bears that he was a Quaker, or somebody on the George Fox principle; and that his bloody footstep came from his being violently and wounded thrust from his paternal home. Others say it was of much earlier time. Well, this race turns up in America with some vague traditions among themselves of their descent; they are not Quakers; at least, have ceased to be so long before the epoch of this story; but still something of the spirit of their peaceful ancestor has remained in them throughout this length of time. They keep up their traditions. At length there is born an imaginative one, who marries early in life, and loses his wife; his affections being thus balked, he leaves his son under the charge of a friend (the Doctor), and goes to England to enter upon a quest into his lineage. He becomes slightly insane, and, getting more and more engaged in this delusive enterprise, he remains abroad all the rest of his life, in poverty, in solitude; meanwhile his son has grown up, married, and left a daughter, whom the Doctor has taken charge of. On the Doctor's death, he divides his property between the girl and Etheredge; and the girl, as soon as she is at her own disposal, comes



abroad in quest of her grandfather, to whom the Doctor's papers have given her a clew.

The Doctor, an old, humorous bachelor, had likewise adopted another child, a boy, who struck his fancy in an alms-house, whither he had come, attended by an old woman. He does this partly because the name is that of the family to which his friend really belonged. This boy is really the descendant of the third son of the old family, but he imagines himself to be the descendant of the old bloody footstep man, in respect to whom he adopts the wicked version of the story. He also has inherited traditions of noble descent, together with certain documents, which carry proofs of his birth far upward to the original emigrant, who really came over in quest of his lost brother, because he is penitent for his treatment of him, or because, from some family arrangement, it was necessary to find him. But he met with impediments, such as being carried away by the Indians, etc., and ultimately settled in Virginia, whence the family emigrated to New England. Before he goes to England (the present representative I mean), he gets his pedigree authenticated, showing, through all vicissitudes, that he is descended from the second brother. This he holds in his possession, and is ready to display it on occasion.

Meanwhile, the family in England is represented by a descendant of the youngest brother. There have been traditions of other heirs; and messengers, at various times, have been sent over to America in quest of them, and in hope to find that there were none now existing. Also, by the [ ] of the family, there is an old custom of keeping a place at the family board, and a bed-chamber ready.

The old man? Yes! I cannot consent to such a degradation of his character as is implied in his seeking the estate and title. He must all along have been conscious that it was his right; but a peculiar philosophy has taught him that he must not take it. No, there must be some specific cause; a curse, for instance, imposed upon his race if they ever assert their right. Why? Something that should have made his rank and station hateful to him—that might be; but how might that hate-feeling be continued to his descendants? So that they should prefer poverty and obscurity to name and high position. True. This pensioner is the first one, for two centuries, who has known of his descent; the knowledge of it came to him through the Doctor's researches, and he went to England to investigate it, with a desire to know his relatives and hereditary seat, but not to claim them. The Doctor must have a great agency in these doings, both of the pensioner and

Etheredge, making tissues of cobweb out of men's life-threads; he must have the air, in the romance, of a sort of magician, without being called so; and even after his death, his influence must still be felt. Hold on to this. A dark, subtle manager, for the love of managing—like a spider sitting in the center of his web, which stretches far to east and west. Who is he then? What interest had he in this? Some speculative and philosophical interest, if any, and he dies before it is gratified. I doubt whether 'twill do, but his enterprises go on after his death, and produce strange effects without him to control them. He shall have stretched out his hand to England, and be operating there, making people his puppets who little think they are so. He must have traveled over England in his youth, and there have fallen in love and been jilted by a lady of this family; hence his spite against the family, and his determination to ruin it. He shall have sought out, with all his might, an heir, and educated Etheredge for that purpose. There may be a germ in this—I don't know. Perhaps the Doctor himself might be an English misanthrope, who had a spite against this family. He must be somebody who knows all about the English part of the family; and he has some plot against them in full concoction, calculated to take effect years hence, when he suddenly dies (perhaps of the poison of his great spider), and leaves his plot to operate as it may, by itself. Make his character very weird indeed, and develop it in dread and mystery, with as much of the grotesque as can be wrought into it. He may himself be a member of the family—possibly the heir. He shall have meant Etheredge as his tool, certainly; but, in the end, he shall prove to have no ancestry,—an American son of nobody, evolving the moral that we are to give up all those prejudices of birth and blood which have been so powerful in past ages; at any rate, there shall be but vague reasons to believe that Etheredge is of that descent, and it shall be a rebuke to him for giving up the noble principle that a man ought to depend on his own individuality, instead of deriving anything from his ancestors. The pauper must be the true heir. Then why should not the Doctor have made him out to be so? True. He shall have made a mistake, owing to his lack of acquaintance with the traditions of this pauper, with whom they shall have been a family secret; but his interest and imagination shall have been awakened by what the Doctor said, so that he shall have gone to England to investigate the matter. It is a snarled skein, truly; but I half fancy there is a way to unravel the threads, by dint of breaking one or two.



The lady whom the Doctor loved shall have died; the Doctor shall have treasured up a single lock of golden hair, which Etheredge, from some fanciful reason or other, brings with him to England. On opening a coffin with the silver key, it shall prove to be quite full of these golden locks, with the same peculiarity as this. The owner of the estate shall have betrayed the Doctor, and won his lady's love from him; so he, brooding along, shall have resolved to avenge himself in this way. The coffin, full of golden locks, shall be a symbol that there was nothing in this woman—nothing of her but her golden hair and other external beauty, and that a wise man threw himself away for that emptiness. He may himself (the Doctor) have been the proprietor of the estate. How?—why?—what sense? He shall have been at deadly enmity with the holder of it, and, being a wicked man and unscrupulous, shall have contemplated these means of avenging himself. Long after his death, Etheredge shall have found the papers which seem to him to prove his claim.

The great spider shall be an emblem of the Doctor himself; it shall be his craft and wickedness coming into this shape outside of him; and his demon; and I think a great deal may be made out of it. This shall be his venom, which has been gathering and swelling for thirty years; for, in all that time, those who knew the spider and the Doctor earlier, shall have seen the one was growing more swollen with spite, and the other with venom. It must be an unsuccessful and ill-treated passion that first caused this: he having loved the woman whom Braithwaite won from him and married. He shall have known the family tradition that there was an heir of the estate and title extant in America, and shall set out with the purpose of finding him. Then, when he cannot find out this heir, he bethinks himself that it will be yet sweeter revenge to substitute some nameless child for this long-descended heir; and looking about (being an unscrupulous man), he finds this boy, three or four years old, in the alms-house, without parents, of untraceable origin. Him he takes, educates, and the love that there is in him grows to this child and expends itself all on him.

Now, as for the girl? Shall she also be a *filia nullius*? or his own daughter? or a granddaughter of the pensioner? We must have her, and she must have a right in the book. Shall she be a niece of his? Well, she need not be very rigidly accounted for, but may have been consigned to his care, as the last remnant of his own family, the child of a younger sister. So he shall have taken her, perhaps not loving her as his wayward nature does the boy, whom he will feel as if he had

made with his own art and skill,—but still tolerating her in his house.

Now, the pensioner. He may have been, originally, a New England minister, or a religionist of some sort, who had an early dream of founding a sect of his own, deeming himself to have had a revelation. Or, being of a religious nature, he may have had a tradition in his early days, of a person in his family, long ago, who was of a most pious nature; his life and footsteps he shall have sought out, and this search shall lead him in the track of the bloody footstep; following which, he shall be led across the sea, and to the old mansion-house. There shall be a peculiar odor of sanctity for him in the spot where this saint and martyr was born and bred, and so he shall haunt around it, knowing of his claims, but entirely above asserting them,—at least, aside from them. All along he shall have in his possession the one thing that can prove his descent. What can that be? Some traditionary secret that explains a mystery which has been mysterious for two centuries. The unlocking of some door that had been locked for centuries. Some coffer? Could it not be contrived to have some antique, highly ornamented coffer treasured up in the old house, under the idea that it contained something of fatal importance to the family? It shall have two locks; one the pensioner shall have, transmitted from his ancestors; the other shall be the one that Etheredge found by the grave. On opening the coffer, it shall prove to be full of golden hair; for it was the coffin of a beautiful lady, who, by that strange process, has turned all to that feature by which she lives in the family legend. The New England Government shall have prosecuted the first emigrant, as being a non-conformist to their creed; possibly, they may have hanged him, though I hardly think so. Yet, if it will produce any good effect, hanged he shall be. What can he have had to do with the key of the lady's coffin? She must have been murdered then? It shall have been supposed in the family that she disappeared with him, as she disappeared about the same juncture. Well, this mystery might be left to conjecture, without being definitely solved. It shall explain why the lady never appeared again, certainly. The lady had been beloved by two brothers, and had loved the bloody footstep man; the other one had murdered her, and deposited her in this antique coffer, which was deposited in a secret chamber. At any rate, somehow or other, she shall be repositied in an antique coffer, or, it may be, in an old stone coffin; I think the former, because of the silver key. The lady being murdered, the



elder brother, in horror, shall flee. No; perhaps the brother shall mean to murder him, and shall thrust him out of the mansion with that purpose,—he, and the younger brother,—and shall leave him for dead; but he shall be conveyed away. The place where his body shall be thrown shall be the very one where Etheredge was shot down on his first arrival; and he shall afterward dreamily recognize it by a description in the Doctor's story. There must be discrepant traditions about all these things; the pensioner having one side of the matter, and the Doctor, as derived from the family in England, the other. Perhaps it is after the death of the lady that he turns religionist, gives up his rank, disappears from England, taking the key of the coffer with him, and leaving the dead body repositied there. He may have killed the lady out of jealousy, and gone off, taking their child, a boy, with him, and have spent the rest of his life in penitence and humble strivings for heaven; dying by the executioner in New England, not for his crime, but for his religion. The ensuing tradition in his family shall have turned aside the truth of his bloody footstep, which shall have been dyed in the blood of his wife. They shall think that he took his wife with him. Here is reason enough for his deserting his home, extinguishing his name, and becoming a wild religionist. But there shall have been kept in the family an ancient document, in his writing, telling of these things, in some of them—telling of his birth; yes, telling of all, by which the pensioner shall know it; and shall know of the coffer, and shall have one of the keys of it, the other being the one that Etheredge has brought. Hammond, the agent of the old Doctor, shall be the one to discover, from his intimacy with the Doctor, the truth that Etheredge is not one of the old family, but a son of nobody, with all the world for his ancestry.

To-morrow, arrange the chain of events.

Open in the old house in Charter street; describe it and its surroundings in a somber, grotesque kind of way. The old gentleman in his study, amid his spiders, must be first touched upon; especially the gigantic spider, to which (quietly and without telling the reader so) ascribe demoniac qualities. Relieve the gloom by resting a little upon the beautiful boy and the cheerful girl. An old woman (Hannah Lord, perhaps) must be the only other member of the household. Perhaps, however, an English man-servant. The old gentleman is known as the Doctor by the town, although he never practices physic; only he is thought to be learned and scientific, and he has this theory about cobwebs—which it shall be uncertain whether he is not

laughing at the world in it. Tell how he has found the boy in the almshouse; for some reason has adopted him—which reason seems to be that he knows him to be the heir of an old family in England. Without directly telling the boy that he is the heir, he shall be in the habit of telling him stories about this family. He educates him in all gentlemanly qualities, teaches him fencing, gives him thorough classical teaching. He must be represented as acquiring a vast affection for the boy,—passionate, engrossing, more than if he were his own son; because of the peculiarity in the way of acquiring this child, it shall seem as if he had made him—he shall combine himself (the boy shall) with his intellectual purpose. Something high and noble must be put into the man, together with morbidness and poison. The boy shall get good and evil from him; growing up proud, ambitious, passionate; the girl shall be the redeeming character, and a gentle light in the house,—yet not too gentle either. She is a relative of the Doctor, who was brought to him a child of three years old, by an Englishman, who departed immediately—perhaps by somebody who died, and lies buried near the house. Early in the romance, introduce the story of the bloody footstep. Gather all sorts of picturesqueness about these characters and circumstances, and mystify about the old man and his spider. The reader must see reason to doubt very early, or to be puzzled, whether or no the boy is the heir; and his mysterious origin must be so handled as to leave it uncertain whether the devil has not something to do with him. The girl's character must be imbued with natural sunshine, which will [seem] queer from its being natural.

When the romance is fully imbued with all this, introduce the visit of the Englishman. He must be an agent and old friend of the Doctor's,—a man of business, an attorney, I think. He must still further mystify the matter. He shall talk about the fears and expectations in the English family of an heir; the rumors they have heard; and of some old document that has been discovered, about something that was hidden in the grave of the first emigrant, that contains something necessary to the development. So there shall be the scene of opening the grave, in the winter-time, as before. His demeanor toward the boy, and some words that fall from him, shall stealthily indicate, yet leave in doubt, the Doctor's whole doings in this matter. Some light, too, should be thrown on the Doctor's wrongs, which have induced this curious project of revenge.

Something must be brought to the reader's notice, even earlier than this, about the old



pensioner, though I do not see how. Perchance a religious character shall see the boy and girl together, and bless them, and make some allusion to the family history, being incited to this by the name which the old Doctor has given the boy. Something in this man's presence—something holy and beautiful, apostolic, religiously noble—shall touch the boy, and remain in his memory through life. Perhaps the old Doctor should be present, and take some part in the conversation; he shall not know the religionist, but something shall pass which shall indicate that the apostle knows something about the family history, though he and the Doctor shall not understand one another.

Matters being sufficiently in train, the Doctor dies unsuddenly, and, it is suspected, by the bite of his great spider, who, being the devil, has probably got his soul. His death-scene shall make it appear that he had something on his mind which he had half a mind to reveal; but yet he could not bear to give up a revengeful purpose of many years; neither, at the moment of death, can he do what remains needful toward carrying it into execution. There is, therefore, a portentous struggle and uncertainty, which shall much increase the mystification of the plot. It shall be mentioned, however, that his will makes Etheredge inherit an amount of property sufficient to educate and establish him in America; there is likewise provision for the girl; and here ensues an interval of perhaps fifteen years. There are among his papers much that seems to indicate Etheredge's heirships, pedigrees, genealogies, coats-of-arms, what seem to be authenticated proofs of American descent, but nothing absolutely proved.

The curtain next rises in England. It should be added to the last preceding part that more than one messenger came from England making inquiries which seemed to have reference to the heirship of the estate; for the branch of the family heretofore in possession had died [out], and a new heir had to be looked for, both for the estate and a dormant title. This heir shall have been found in a branch which had emigrated with the Stuarts, and become Italianized. This man, somehow or other—it need [not] be exactly indicated how—had got notice of Etheredge's arrival in England, and shall suppose it is to assert his rights. He procures him to be dogged in his wanderings, and, finding that he comes to the estate, he hires (Italian fashion) an assassin to murder him on the precincts of the estate, in some place that shall have been described by the Doctor in his story. The old pensioner rescues him or finds him bleeding, conveys him to his apartments, where Eth-

eredge vaguely recognizes the holy presence that has never quite died out of his memory. Much suggestive conversation may ensue between them, at various times, mystifying, enlightening. Then the Warden is introduced, and Etheredge is taken into his house, as before. From the antiquarian and genealogical disclosures of the Warden, the books in his library, and a variety of ingeniously arranged circumstances, Etheredge is more and more confirmed in the idea that he is the heir. Yet various recollections of something ambiguous in the old Doctor's conduct, and of his dying scene, shall make him hesitate to assert himself, and so shall his democratic education and pride. He shall meditate making a confidant of the Warden, but shall hesitate, on account of the latter's position in respect to the family. Hammond, the Doctor's old agent, appears, and his demeanor shall throw Etheredge into still greater perplexity; although it is possible that Hammond must more than strongly suspect the Doctor's fraud. Possibly he may hint that money is necessary. He must startle Etheredge with the dread of something dishonorable.

There must be various interviews with the girl, who has come back to England, and is living in respectability on what the Doctor left, in a poor way,—perhaps as governess, or lady's gentlewoman. Perhaps the Italian heir is in love with her.

Then ensues the Warden's grand dinner, where Etheredge (now made an ambassador) is the principal guest; and here he meets the Italian heir, who recognizes him as perhaps a relative (from his name), and invites him to the hall. Etheredge accepts the invitation and goes thither; and here ensues, in the romance, much description and talk about old English dwellings, and the difference between English and American social life; how we have given up certain delightful possibilities forever, and must content ourselves with other things.

Meanwhile the Italian shall have made a plot to poison Etheredge, believing him to be truly the heir; for perhaps Hammond may have played him false and betrayed his project, and it will be policy to murder him before he takes any public steps. Just at that time poison was as fashionable in England as it had ever been in Italy. This somehow comes to the knowledge of the girl, who tells it to the old pensioner, who interferes to prevent it. He comes to the Hall and is admitted, he being known to the heir as one who has much knowledge of the genealogy; then he takes state upon himself, announces himself as the American heir, so long expected [and], produces his proofs. At the same



time Hammond appears with his evidence of the Doctor's revengeful purpose, and Etheredge finds himself at once deprived of all kindred, and left in a truly American condition. The pensioner declines to take advantage of his rights. The Italian is rejected by the girl; she is left [to] be the consolation of Etheredge. Something more tragical than this must be contrived; the death of the Italian, I think. He cannot comprehend the generosity of the pensioner, and drinks off the poison which he has prepared for Etheredge; so that the pensioner shall be a lord in spite of himself, which he must take very quietly.

I think, before this denouement, the owner and Etheredge might be strolling through the house, and come to the great black coffer, about which there must have been traditions. He opens it with the silver key, and finds there the hair. This the more confirms the Italian in the belief that Etheredge is the heir.

The girl, I think, shall have a sense of something false and wrong in Etheredge's claim to the estate, etc., and shall endeavor to persuade him to relinquish it. Some great misfortune shall impress her as having to be the result. The shadow of the old Doctor must be so contrived as to fall over all the subsequent part of the romance, after his death; so that he shall still seem to darkly live and act, though his revenge is balked.

We must begin at the source. What was the motive of the original emigrant in leaving his inheritance, coming to America, and secluding his identity from the knowledge of anybody? Well, thus: before the civil war, this personage was living in great happiness with his young wife, in his ancestral mansion; but, being incited to jealousy (whether truly or falsely, need not appear), he is supposed to have killed his wife and reposed her in a very curious old coffer, in a hiding-place of the mansion. He retains one lock of her golden hair to remember her by. He takes his boy with him, and goes forth from his mansion, leaving the blood-track on the threshold. He goes to New England, and there lives in seclusion, yet must provide in some way for the ascertaining of his identity after two hundred years. How? He leaves a narrative in a paper, which is preserved, and gets into the hands of the old Doctor. Meanwhile, the family in England do not know the truth of the story, nor what became of either husband, wife, or boy; though, in some inscrutable way, a legend is propagated that they fled to America, and that there is left behind a coffer full of gold, buried somewhere about the house.

One of the legends about this first emigrant shall be that adopted by the English family,

and related in the Doctor's legend of the bloody footstep. This shall represent him as a blood-thirsty man, whose foot has been wet by his king's blood.

Another shall be that of the pensioner, representing him as a saint. This shall have so much of truth in it, that he did, in New England, become a wild religionist, found a sect, and suffer death for non-conformity. The pensioner shall have taken up his religion, and become a preacher of it; but, it having been adapted to another state of the world, he has no success, and finally comes to the hospital. There has been handed down to him a tradition that he belongs to this family, and, out of a pious reverence for his ancestor, he has sought out the proofs of his descent, and has them with him. The name has been changed; but there shall be an authentic certificate of old date, as to this change of name, which saves the old pauper's rights.

Etheredge, on the other hand, must have a series of seeming proofs, contrived by the Doctor, for the purposes of revenge; they should seem to strengthen at every step, and become indubitable; but, at the very last moment, most unexpectedly, they should crumble into nothings. Etheredge must discover, by means of Elsie, that the Doctor had contrived this plan. He had revealed this on his death-bed, and given her a paper, signed and certified, which she was to produce on occasion; but he could not bring himself to blacken his memory with Etheredge, whom he loved so well, by revealing it sooner. He was in hopes that Etheredge would never really take up the claim. At the last moment Elsie delivers the paper, of which she herself does not know the contents. It produces a violent effect on Etheredge, but he honorably resolves (when the prize seems actually within his grasp) to relinquish it.

The Doctor shall have supposed the genuine race to be extinct, and, under this idea, shall have no hesitation in availing himself of proofs of descent which really belong to the pensioner. But Etheredge shall see reason to suppose that he is the real man; and shall declare it, and assign over to him the proofs that he has heretofore thought made out his own claim. The old man must have no suspicion, I think, of the truth. The Warden shall have communicated to Etheredge, perhaps, the nature of the proof which the old man has made out in order to entitle him to the benefit of the hospital; up to a certain point, it makes out his claim, and then the old Doctor's proof joins on to it, and shows him to be the heir. One branch of the American descent had become extinct; this the old



Doctor finds out, but is not aware that another branch is represented by the old pensioner.

THE life is not yet breathed into this plot, after all my galvanic efforts. Not a spark of passion as yet. How shall it be attained? The Lord of Braithwaite Hall shall be a wretched, dissipated, dishonorable fellow; the estate shall be involved by his debts, and shall be all but done up. He shall (perhaps) be in love with Elsie. Up to his death he must feel as if this American had come to thwart him and ruin him in everything, and shall hate him accordingly, and think he is doing well to kill him, if possible. This wont do; some marked character must be given to this fellow, as if he were a fiend, a man sold to the devil, a magician, a poison-breather, a thug, a pirate, a pickpocket; something that will look strange and outré in that high position; it must have picturesque characteristics, of course; something that fixes strange and incongruous necessities upon him, making him most miserable under a show of all possible glory, and splendor, and grace, and gayety. Could I but achieve this, I should feel as if the book were plotted otherwise, not. Something monstrous he must be, yet within nature and romantic probability—hard conditions! A murderer—'t wont do at all. A Mahometan—pish! If I could only hit right here, he would be the center of interest. It will not do to have him a mere lay-figure: there might be good and evil in him. Something most abhorrent to the English he might be—as, for instance, a partaker in the massacres of India, a man bedaubed all over with the blood of his own countrymen. A moral of the strange things that happen when the accident of birth puts people into places for which they are most unfit. Nothing mean must he be, but as wicked as you please. Shall he be preternatural? Not without a plausible explanation. What natural horror is there? A monkey? A Frankenstein? A man of straw? A man without a heart, made by machinery?—one who has to wind himself in order to go through the day? Wicked as he must be, there shall still be relations between him and the pauper saint. What? Shall there be an influence in the house which is said to make everybody wicked who inherits it? Nonsense! Remorse it must not be. A resurrection-man? What? what? what? A worshiper of the sun? A cannibal? a ghoul? a vampire? a man who lives by sucking the blood of the young and beautiful? He has something to do with the old Doctor's spider-theory; the great spider has got him into his web.

The Doctor, before he left England, had contrived a plot of which this man is the victim. How? He has been poisoned by a Bologna sausage, and is being gnawed away by an atom at a time. He shall need a young life every five years, to renew his own, and he shall have fixed upon Elsie for his next victim. Now for it! How? At any rate, he must have dreadful designs on Elsie—dreadful! dreadful! dreadful! May it not be that the revenge of the Doctor has fallen on him? No, no! Let the real difference between him and other people be very small, but pile up upon it! Ye Heavens! A man with a mortal disease?—a leprosy?—a eunuch?—a cork leg?—a golden touch?—a dead hand?—a false nose?—a glass eye? The rumors of his devilish attributes may be very great; but the circumstance itself may be comparatively trifling. Some damn'd thing is the matter. The last survivor and inheritor of an otherwise extinct society of crime. He was initiated in Italy; all his companions have died by the executioner, and he alone escaped. A Rosicrucian. A Cagliostro?

This wretched man! A crossing-sweeper?—a boot-black? He comes of a race that is degenerate in a certain way; rotten, yet retaining a brave outside. How? It should be from some cause that had existed in the family for hundreds of years. It can't be. Some irremediable misfortune has got possession of this poor devil, and makes him an object of pity as well as horror. He has yielded to some great temptation, which particularly besets the members of his family. The unpardonable sin. He has looked into a Blue-Beard chamber. He had murdered, by slow poison, the former possessor of the estate; he had buried him in a niche. 'T wont do. His forefather emigrated to the continent with King James, and settled in Italy, where he lost entirely his nationality, and gave origin to a race of nondescripts. Upon this race was engrafted something that is proper enough to Italians, but becomes monstrous in Englishmen. Some one trait there must be that produces this terrible and weird effect. He might, as one characteristic, have an ice-cold right hand; but this should be only emblematic of something else. He is in the habit of doing something horrible every day, which his previous life has made necessary to him. He might have a scar, which, in circumstances of desperation, grew blood-red. He may have done something, in this generation, which his ancestor had done in a former one. What? This is a very hard pinch. His icy hand—what it may betoken? That, on some occasion, he has done a deed with that



right hand which has driven the genial warmth out of it. The English shall hate this man, apparently because of his foreign birth and peculiarities; but really there must be something repulsive about him. What? The stench of a crime? The silent influence of hateful qualities? What habit can he have? Perhaps that of having a young child, fricasseed, served up to him for breakfast every morning. Some strange East Indian habit he may have adopted; and his unpopularity shall be an example of English prejudice. Do not stick at any strangeness, or preternatural-ity; it can be softened down to any extent, however wild in its first conception. He may have had a taste of blood, and now feel a necessity for it—having poisoned people, or stabbed them with a poisoned dagger. His crime gives him an atmosphere disagreeable to other people; but he himself does not suffer from it, except as it has made a necessity for him to have the luxury of committing crime still. In his Italian poverty he was reduced to great extremities, and found it needful to consort with certain great criminals, amongst whom he had a taste of crime, and found it racier and more ravishing than anything that virtue could supply. He was a member of Italian banditti. He was an executioner, being of a cruel nature, so that he served an apprenticeship to Calcraft, or was an amateur assistant of him. He has been reduced to the dregs of life; had lived in a cellar, on offals. Alas me! Virtuous, beautifully behaved, he may be in all respects except one, which shall throw a devilish aspect over him, and make the whole romance wild and weird. How? how? how? The key of the romance ought to be here, in this one little peculiarity; so it must have reference to the past. It must be something that he can't help doing; some one trait of insanity. He drinks blood. He has a person concealed. No, it must be a great trait in his nature, coming from the past, in his blood. Pshaw!

This wretched man, still. A great pride of birth he must have, at bottom, vile varlet as he is; and yet he has been raked from the very kennels of dirty crime. In Italy, he has lived upon olives, figs, cheese; has wrapped his cloak about him in those keen Roman winds; has wept, has grieved, has suffered, through all that sordidness, till suddenly raised to this delightful position. Once he had a great temptation to do a horrible thing. Of course he yielded. Agreeable, brilliant, witty, but heartless and worthless—a man of the world. All this amounts to just nothing. I don't advance a step. He lives a solitary life. They avoid him. Why? Partly because they don't like him. Yet he should have companions,

methinks. No, only now and then a fellow as questionable as himself. He is one of those characters that only opportunity draws out, like the monsters that came to the surface of society during the French Revolution; else hidden through the quiet centuries. What monsters of men have there been? Raised to this high seat, there must be some vile peculiarity which he has brought with him, and cannot keep down entirely. It will, once in a while, have its gratification, though, as a general thing, his manners are unexceptionable. It might be derived from his Italian blood. If he could only get rid of this propensity, he would be a perfectly unexceptionable man. He struggles for it, but in vain. Elsie, perhaps, is in his secret, and wishes to help him. He fails; she fails. A propensity for drink? A tendency to feed on horse-flesh? A love of toads? A badge of the mud that has clung to him in the depths of social degradation in which he has been plunged? Surely, there is some possible monster who would precisely fit into this vacant niche. The girl must, somehow, have a close relationship with him. He shall love her; be capable of being redeemed by her. She knows this, and hesitates to let him fall. Finally, she is compelled to do so by the wild surge of his wickedness. Amen! The thing? The thing? Something derived from old times this peculiarity ought to be, carried to Italy, there fostered into something monstrous, and brought back to England. What? The old bloody footstep business? No, that wont do. But there must be something definite—no vague assemblage of characteristics. Widen the sweep of the net a little. Shall he be an impostor? No! What fantastic, yet real-seeming peculiarity can he have? Supposing him to have once tasted blood, and got an appetite for it—how? But that is vulgar. I think the family history must take hold of his evil imagination, and invite him to crime by the pestilence and contagion of a crime long past, which is dug up again and pollutes the moral air, as did the bodies dead long ago of the plague pollute it physically. 'T wont do. The union of British brutality with Italian subtlety has produced a refinement of wickedness. Emblemized, how? and how made picturesque? This is despair, sure enough. Miss Mackintosh. McIntosh. James McIntosh, Esq. I can't see it. Nobody knows what his former life had been, though there were dark hints about it; that it had gone very low—into the kennel, even. But, if so, nothing of it was perceptible in his manner. His mother was a low Italian woman. She was now dead, though he was still young. He had come forward without



any vouchers for his former character, though with ample proofs of his being the heir of the family. He shall have inherited from his mother the old art of poisoning, and shall be in the habit of poisoning people for his private amusement, and experimentally. 'T wont do, of course. His character must be evinced in the course he takes with Etheredge, after getting him into the house.

HERE I come to a stand-still! What does he mean to do with Etheredge, having now got him into his house? To poison him? 'T wont do. To produce some effect on his mind, by means of spiders, and bookworms, and works of natural magic? I don't see the *modus operandi*. There might be an auction in the house, or preparations for one; and then there should be a general rummage. Or there might be repairs going on, because parts of the house are ruinous and leaky. In either of these ways, the old cabinet may be found out. Or the priest and he, forming a friendship together (which may be cordial and sincere, or otherwise), the former, who is in all his lordship's secrets and has discovered some for himself, lets him into one which he has discovered in his own apartment. It is a secret repository adjoining his room, in which is the cabinet. No; the old pensioner is, on some occasion, brought to the house, where he tells, behind a panel in this room is a secret place, which he points out, and within it is this coffer, made of oak, or bronze, or what not. Well, all that nonsense might be easily enough arranged; but what is his lordship, and what is he to do? He is a member of a secret society in Italy, who have a hold upon him, which they strenuously assert; and he thereby becomes most miserable. 'T wont do. He has a secret ulcer. Bah! What does he do? He makes a soup for Etheredge out of the bones of his long dead ancestors, spiced with the embalming out of the bowels of one of them, and he himself partakes. Very well. Oh, heavens! I have not the least notion how to get on. I never was in such a sad predicament before. The old family, as far as refers to his lordship's ancestors, was effete; then came a vein of wickedness in, making him cunning and crafty, which he is beyond the depth of most men. There has been a spider's web woven of old which inwreathes all who come near it; and the great spider is the emblem of the person who did it. How can this be? The priest finds the spider and takes up the plot. The spider's web must be a sort of chorus to the drama that is going on, reflecting it—a new spoke and complication of the web, continually corresponding with every new devel-

opment. From a life of petty meannesses and shifts, he has come into this high position. And he brings one thing with him—one chain attached—which threatens to throttle him, being about his neck. Oh, fie!

Now, here. The old Doctor's spider's web must, of course, have a signification. It signifies a plot in which his art has involved the story and every individual actor. He has caught them all, like so many flies; nor are they set at liberty by the death of the magician who originally intralled them. This is good as an unshaped idea; but how is it to be particularized and put in action? Thus, for instance: it must be an ancient story, certainly; something coming down from the days of the bloody footstep—some business which was left unsettled by the sudden disappearance of the original emigrant to America. It must relate to property, because nothing else survives in this world. Love grows cold and dies; hatred is pacified by annihilation. It might, indeed, have reference to the title. Perhaps it may. Could there be a document, a secret, somewhere in the old house, which each succeeding heir reads, and is immediately smitten with [the] insane [purpose] to achieve or obtain something there written and proposed? What? It refers to a treasure of the family, buried in a certain spot. That'll not do. No; we must get out of this idea. It awakens an unhallowed ambition and madness of lust for something that ought not to be—cannot be possessed. It speaks of a great beauty to be won, and she is found in the old coffer. It must be a mere delusion.

The Doctor must then have an agent in England. This is Mountford, who has been taken possession of by the subtlety and force of the Doctor's character, and continues to do his will even after he has been dead twenty years, for he had laid a command upon him. He has, therefore, a constant agency in all that takes place, or is hereafter to occur, in the English scene. Mountford must be an attorney in the vicinity of the Manor House. He is crafty and ingenious, but has not strength of mind, and has been subjected of old to the power of this old man, who knew some peccadillo of his, and took advantage of it thoroughly to subdue him. The Doctor had a deep purpose of revenge to subserve, it being, in part, to substitute another heir in place of the one then in possession. Mountford was to be his coadjutor in this. This man, deeply read in the secrets and history of the family, plays off all the different possessors of the property. Dying, the Doctor leaves this man to be an uncontrolled agent of the mischief which he himself had set on foot. Yet it shall turn out in



the end that Mountford had unwittingly made a victim of himself as well as the other personages. The representatives of this ancient and noble family had each been led to do some most unworthy thing. Could there be, through all these times, some person hidden in the old house? Could the old Doctor himself be hidden there, being only supposed to be dead? I don't see this at present. The Doctor, by his subtlety, had saved this Mountford from the gallows. He held him in the bonds of love and fear. He had laid his commands on him, before leaving the country, to do continually some one act the constant repetition of which produces the strangest consequences. He has hidden some person, whom he wished to keep from the knowledge of the world, in a secret place of the old house, and has commanded this old fellow to feed and nourish and supply him with books, but never to let him out; and, after the old man has been doing it for a few years, of course it is impossible that he should do otherwise. Who is the prisoner? The true heir of the estate? He might have disappeared suddenly, and been supposed to be murdered. On coming into the property and title, the present possessor shall have been made aware of this dreadful secret, and shall have adopted the guilt as his own. There shall be no cruelty in the treatment of the person, except just the solitary confinement. He might have committed some crime by which he shall be justly condemned to this punishment, had it been by a competent jurisdiction. There must be much talk about this person in the romance; doubts whether he be dead, whether he may not have gone to America, so that the reproduction of him shall not strike the reader altogether unexpectedly. But the absurd impossibility of the thing? Why so? Should it be man or woman? The woman whom the Doctor loved, and who was false to him? This would be too shocking? It should be the man who wronged him, if anybody. The Doctor, by some of his chemical contrivances, had taken from him the power of speech, had paralyzed him in some way, and hidden him here; and he himself goes to America to find out the true heir. This Mountford remains in the house. He is a sort of upper servant. An old priest's chamber readily enough supplies the prison-place. This ghastly thing, without people's well knowing why, has made the house horrible. The Doctor might have meant to poison him, but only succeeded in paralyzing him to a certain extent. There seems to be something in this ugly idea which may eventually answer the purpose; but not as I see it now.

One great point must be the power of the old Doctor's character, operating, long years after his death, just as when he was alive. The prisoner should have been very wicked, and worthy of his doom: seducing the Doctor's young wife, and taking her home into his mansion; the wife may have committed suicide, and been deposited in the old coffer, and have there turned to golden hair. The old Doctor was a man of wonderful scientific skill. He had preserved a man that had been hanged, and thus got him in complete subjection to him; the man had been unjustly accused of crime, but he was of a nature strongly impressible by another's force of character. The Doctor had made him, as it were,—created him anew,—and he never could dream of being released from his authority. This man, by his recommendation, had been received into the Braithwaite family, with which the man of science was intimate. The Doctor had a beautiful wife, who was seduced by Mr. (or Lord) Braithwaite, and was taken by him to the old mansion. The Doctor finds them there; the wife kills herself, and is buried in the coffer. The man is paralyzed, and kept in confinement, under the guardianship of the half-hanged worthy. The Doctor goes abroad, leaving matters in this state. There has been such an arrangement of incidents, that it appears as if the heir had gone abroad with the Doctor's wife, instead of coming home; that had been his intention, and he had arranged matters with his stewards and agents as if for a long absence. He stays away a long, long time, indeed; nothing is heard of him; he has vanished; and by and by another heir possesses the estate, after it has gone through a course of law and been assigned to him. It was at this period, perhaps, that the legal gentleman comes from London, to search for the grave. All these things being presupposed, the first part of the romance may stand pretty much as before shadowed out, with such deepening and darkening of the effect as will come from such presupposition; but the lights must be made brighter in proportion.

Then in England: Etheredge arrives, and takes up his abode in the hospital pretty much as now. The Doctor's adherent must be pretty speedily brought forward, and must feel a strong interest in Etheredge, and be greatly moved on knowing (which he may soon know) that the American had known and been the protégé of the Doctor. He must be a very strange person in his habits and manners. The possessor of the estate must be described: an Italian, as already arranged. Since his accession, he has become



noted for strange and secluded habits. There must have been an heir previous to this one, who shall have died mad. He was a needy young man, suddenly exalted from the depths of poverty to this station. The old Doctor himself was mad. The warden must convey to Etheredge (perhaps in the form of a story) the aspect and fortunes of the family since the Doctor left England, now some thirty years ago.

A striking point may be made, in respect to the simple and kindly and upright, loyal, obedient nature of the Doctor's adherent.

The possessor of the estate shall have learned, somehow, of the probability that an American heir was coming, with proofs that would oust him. He has gone through so much, that he is not inclined to stop at any crime now; so he endeavors to murder him on his first arrival. Afterward he invites him to his house, with indefinite purposes; for sometimes he thinks of giving up the estate and the secret into his keeping, and be himself thus disburdened. He rather thinks he will poison him, or perhaps give the prisoner a companion.

In the Doctor's legend the existence of this secret chamber must be disclosed. The old pensioner must also speak of it, and perhaps tell a story about it.

Elsie glimmers through the story, and illuminates it with a healthy, natural light.

TRY back again. Raise the curtain as before, and discover the Doctor's study in the old house at the corner of the Charter street burial-ground; the Doctor is there, with two children. He himself is a mystery to his neighbors and the gossips of the town; but he appears to be an Englishman of learning and science, and is held in much account by those who know him, and believed to be a physician of London. Of studious and retired habits, frequenting only the public library; not going to church or chapel; sometimes walking on the sea-shore or in the country with the two children. The spider's to be much emphasized; and, very soon, the analogy of a plot to be suggested by the web of the great spider. Indications are early given of a troubled spirit, of a passionate grief, or sense of wrong, cherished and fondled deep within his consciousness, and perhaps affecting his reason. The beauty of the boy, the innocent gayety and native tenderness of the girl, are much dwelt upon; the fact of the boy's having been taken by the Doctor from the alms-house, and being [impressed] by him with the idea that he comes of high English blood. Letters are mentioned as being some-

times received from England, and the idea must be conveyed that the Doctor is connected with some train of events going on there. Early the old pensioner is introduced, preaching or praying in the street, and taking some sort of notice of the two children, and possibly of the old Doctor. The visit of an Englishman occurs, and the search in the burial-ground, where the boy finds a key. Finally, the death of the Doctor, who, at his demise, appears troubled in mind, and to be in doubt whether or no to tell the boy some secret, but dies without doing so—leaving to the boy some property which he possessed here in America, and to the girl some hereditary property in England.

Now, what has been the motive for this man's leaving England and coming hither, and what was indicated by the spider's web? He had saved an imperfectly-hanged person, and made him morally a slave: so far, good; and he thus has an instrument ready to assist him in perpetrate[ing] any monstrosity. But what? Then he has been deeply wronged by a gentleman in his neighborhood, a man of wealth and rank, against whom he vows and executes a dire revenge. How? He must somehow subjugate that man, and make him a prisoner and a slave in spite of his rank, and in spite of being himself an inhabitant of another country. In what way? Some continual operation on his mind; some constantly repeated impression, that makes him withdraw himself from society, and give himself up to one morbid way of life. What? He broods over a coffin, in which his beloved's ashes are inclosed? Pish! He has her con-cocted into a ring, which pinches his finger, giving him exquisite torment! Ah! somehow, he is thoroughly blighted by this Doctor's means. Certainly! This half-hanged villain serves him as faithfully as man may, obeying all his orders, except in just one apparently unimportant thing—in that one thing he obeys the Doctor. Very well! He daily, in obedience to the Doctor's instructions, pours a drop of a certain liquid into his wine. Indeed! He subserves some wicked design of his, to his eternal ruin. Very right! Any rich man may have such an attendant. He does not imprison his foe, but induces him to imprison himself. Lackaday! Let it be with his own consent that he inhabits the secret chamber of the old mansion, and sometimes prowls about the neighborhood. Vastly probable! It should be some contrivance by which this man of wealth becomes powerless in his enemy's hands, and for thirty years is constantly tortured, until torture becomes the necessity of his life. So easily said—so impossible to do! Try back! What had this gentleman.



done? He had seduced the young wife of this man? I don't like that. Or his daughter or sister? Not much better, though the sister a little. Or, by his faithlessness, he had brought to the grave the young sister, the only thing in life that this abstracted man of science valued. That might do passably well for the offense. Then he turns all the resources of his art and ingenuity to avenge himself on this man and his whole race. How easy to say such things! This man, whom he saved from hanging, the gentleman thinks him altogether devoted to himself, but in reality he is doing the bidding of the Doctor. The death and ruin of this girl shall, by the Doctor's contrivance, prove his misery, temporal and eternal. What shall I do? He might have embalmed a member of the family in some new way, so that he shall appear life-like—to what good end? The devil knows. I don't. The girl continues to live with him; no, she is dead. Some secret knowledge of the family he must have, by dint of which he counteracts all their prospects for good, and brings about their utter destruction. Pshaw! It ought to be a knowledge of the history of the family, and the character of its successive representatives, that the Doctor perpetrates his mischief. Somehow or other, a representative, long supposed dead, should be discovered to be still alive, either in confinement or strict voluntary seclusion. Etheredge should discover him, as he does now, and be present at his death. The family has been Catholic, and this should be imposed on him—or he may have imposed it on himself—as a penalty for some crime. What crime? It won't do! The Doctor has left his slave here to do mischief—one peculiar kind of mischief—what? Is the secret chamber affair too absurd? I fear it is: not only impossible, but, in a manner, flat and commonplace. Some old family trait must be prolonged into the present day—nothing else. The man whom the Doctor leaves behind must act the part of a household demon to the successive heirs; and it may be quite in character for him to do it, as he is a hanged criminal. He is intensely evil, with nothing good in him except his entire devotion to the Doctor; and even that, by the facilities of wickedness which it offers the latter, may be intended to wile him onward to hell. Well; then the Doctor has left an exceedingly wicked man to be the confidential servant of the family. This man must represent a demon. He fosters all wickedness in the young, and facilitates it in the old. When the Doctor went abroad he took measures to get this man into the service of Braithwaite, in order to do all the mischief he could, under the Doctor's guidance, and there must have

been one peculiar mode of evil which he specially had in view. What? Or perhaps he only meant him to be a household demon, with general aptitude for any mischief—he it murder or what not. I do not see the practicability of this. But this had better be the man's character: he shall be as wicked as possible, and dominated by a perception of greater wickedness in the Doctor. He leaves him with a general understanding that he is to do all possible mischief, and a special injunction to keep doing one particular thing. Well; specify—I can't; the unparticular things I may, or might, could, would, or should. Having always an agent of mischief at hand, there is (a) good deal of it done. All the evil desires of their hearts become deeds, by aid of an obsequious demon. So far, good. There might even be a suspicion of absolute demonism on the part of the servant. Let there be a chapter devoted to the introduction of this important character, in which his qualities shall be mystified, exaggerated, idealized; brought as near the preternatural as may be, and then quietly withdrawn almost within the limits of commonplace. The general features of the old English serving-man must be preserved, but he [must] be converted into a devil; a butler he should be—or steward? butler, I think. Boteler. A model of faithful service, too. A panderer for the young heir, etc., etc., etc. A great deal of grotesque fancy must be used in drawing this character. Oh, certainly! *Eheu, jam satis est*. I can't possibly make this out, though it keeps glimmering before me. But he has grown old in the house, with a sort of wicked fidelity difficult to describe—or to imagine. The moral of this might be—that if a man could have all the desires of his heart executed, there could be no way so sure of bringing him to hell. A man of great skill and resource. Come on! Conceive such a man, established in the family, and wholly devoted to the Doctor, who has sworn eternal vengeance against the family. What is wanted to consummate that revenge? Materials, and an opportunity. The material must be some long-standing trouble or hereditary predicament of the family. What? A crime which is bequeathed to each generation, and of which this servant becomes the instrument. It would do magnificently, if it were not an absurdity. What is the crime? Each son murders his father at a certain age; or does each father try to accomplish the impossibility of murdering his successor? This is not the right tack. One of the family to disappear of his own will, and to remain in seclusion: the story of "Wakefield" might afford some hint of it. He might do it from jealousy, for there should be an ostensible motive. He wishes to watch



his beloved and suspected one. This old servant might be in the secret, and it should be done by the Doctor's contrivance. So he should remain till the American came back and found him. He secludes himself from a morbid impulse, and finds himself caught, and can never get back again into society; so that he has given up all the opportunities of life by that one act. The Doctor promotes it in the first instance, and makes it next to impossible for him to return into the world, in the next. The old servant is the agent who makes it impossible for him to get back, by the easiness of his keeping there. Is not this a glimpse? There must be a motive, in the first place, strong enough to keep him secluded a week; then, let him get out if he can. The fact would show that a strange repulsion—as well as a strong attraction—exists among human beings. If we get off, it is almost impossible to get back again. There is a vein of morbid singularity in this old family, of which the Doctor is aware. It is a very common thing—this fact of a man's being caught and made prisoner by himself. When Etheredge comes, he should be led to the chamber, perhaps, by his acquaintance with the chamber as derived from the Doctor. But there must be a strong, original motive; else, however natural, it will appear outrageously absurd. Now, what can be the motive? He has fallen in love with, and tried to seduce, the Doctor's young sister; possibly he has seduced her, and she has died. There is a strong popular feeling on this point, and he is forced to seclude himself. Or he may, in the riot of his youthful blood, have committed an offense against the laws, for which it is convenient for him to go into temporary hiding, and he naturally betakes himself to the secret chamber of his own old mansion. The Doctor facilitates this, and makes it easy for him to stay, difficult for him to come forth. So there he is; and he goes to America, leaving him in charge of this devoted servant. By and by he comes to dread the face of man, and to dread being seen by them; and so he grows from youth to age. I think it should be vengeance for a crime. The seduction and death of the Doctor's sister; the Doctor, a terrible man, threatens vengeance. The Doctor contrives that a dead body shall be found, and taken to be that of Braithwaite. The crime alleged should be that of murder of the girl, but he shall not have meditated anything worse than a vicious connection. Each successive inheritor of the estate shall be duly taken into the secret, as before, and made wretched and guilty by it. It shall be something rather affecting the sanity of the old family; and the moral shall be, these old families become insane.

He might have seduced or broken the heart (which would be better) of the Doctor's sister. A quarrel ensues, in which he has reason to suppose that he has killed the Doctor, and that the law will be wreaked on him. He takes refuge in the secret chamber of the mansion, confiding himself to the care of the half-hanged man; who, being a devoted adherent of the Doctor, acts according to his instructions, and so makes him a life-long prisoner. The Doctor, his family being disgraced, his affections outraged, chooses to vanish from life, and departs from America, leaving no record behind him—no knowledge of where he is—except with the servant. He goes abroad with the purpose of pursuing his revenge upon the whole race of his enemy; with this view, knowing the family history, he determines to rake up a false heir, who shall oust the present possessors.

In the Romance, after the first two or three chapters, describing the Doctor and his surroundings, there must be introduced one in which this self-imprisoned man must be described—still young, cherishing purposes of coming out into the world, but deferring it till another day. Various tokens must be shown of what and whereabouts he is, and what his situation, but so as to rouse conjecture, not to satisfy it; and a connection must be intimated between him and the plot signified by the Doctor's spider's web. The reader, like the prisoner himself, may see no reason to suppose that he will not be at liberty at any moment; indeed, the situation must be so imperfectly defined, that he shall seem at liberty now.

Again, at an after-period, just before the Doctor's death, or possibly just after his death (or his death should be noticed, and an effect of it suggested), and before the opening of the scene in England, the prisoner must be introduced, now some years older; the effect of these imprisoned years must be developed; his growing horror of the world, yet sometimes a passionate yearning to get back into it. Then again, in order to fill up the gap between the two parts of the story, remove the prisoner forward again ten years more. Show him with the marks of coming age, and his faculties growing torpid through disuse. Still have allusions to the Doctor and the spiders, etc. It must not be indicated, as yet, where the prisoner is, nor, perhaps, must it yet be quite certain that he is only self-confined.

Again, after Etheredge has arrived in England, there must be another chapter, showing the prisoner as he now is. There may be strong indications, now, that the prisoner is confined in the mansion-house; and perhaps



one of the *Warder's* stories may have led the reader to conjecture that it is a former possessor of the house. It must be so managed as to make the house awful.

Finally, at whatever expense of absurdity, *Etheredge* must meet the man in his prison, as already seen. The surprise, disturbance, fear of man that has grown upon him, probably strike the life out of the poor old cuss, after thirty years of confinement. His mind, I think, should at all times be full of the Doctor—haunted by some impression of him; but, except in this one part of his self-confinement, there must be no intensity. He may be a young man of an exceedingly sensitive nature, who has fallen into one fault, sin, crime; yet he might have been the flower of all the race, under happier circumstances. A poetic nature, able to console himself with imaginative reveries. Sometimes, a dreadful glimpse of the way in which he is spending life. A lack of animal spirits, of native energy. He has books and writing materials. Possibly there might be two motives for seclusion: one, disappointed love, a passion hopeless, wrecked; the other, a sense of crime. The girl [———] whom his shy nature ever loved, is dead; he thinks that he has murdered her brother. So he secludes himself, at once afraid and weary of the world. The devil becomes the turnkey at the prison-gate, and he is inevitably shut in, except for one brief time, when he goes forth. Throughout life, still a purpose to emerge.

This runs through the Romance, like the vertebræ of the backbone. There should be a reference to it in everything, grave or gay. Now the girl. She has been sent out from England by the servant. Can that be the daughter of the Doctor's sister? That would make her too old. Well, merely a female relative, the only one of his race. Or could she belong to the old pensioner—a niece of his? Only, in that case, how came she ever to be under the Doctor's charge? True. Might she be the daughter of this sister? or might this be left in doubt, and only suggested by the fact of his taking charge of her, and feeling evidently a great interest in her? \* \* This seems best. What is her situation when *Etheredge* finds her in England? Can she have been brought back by the pensioner? Or, can she have come back to the protection of a person who had taken care of her until she was sent over to the Doctor in America? The old servant is the only person who has heretofore had anything to do with her. The Doctor has left her sufficient for her support, in a moderate way; only she wants a position, it seems to me. Could she pos-

sibly be made a resident of the house? I think not; for it is requisite to give her a certain respectability of external position. An actress? A rope-dancer? An appurtenance of a wandering show? It must be kept in mind that *Etheredge* is to marry her, which he can hardly do if she sinks below the level of respectability. She must be an artist, or may. A school-mistress; a seamstress? None of these. It is so desirable to connect her with the pensioner, that I don't well see how to do anything else. He had met with her in America, and taken a great interest in her, she being still a child; and when he came to England, had brought her with him; or had come for that very purpose, among others. Perhaps he had had an interview with the old Doctor, shortly before the death of the latter, in which interesting matters had past; and perhaps it was what he had learnt in this interview that the Doctor was ineffectually moved to communicate to *Etheredge* in his last moments. The pensioner might have satisfied the Doctor that he was the representative of the elder line. He confides her to him, and he takes charge of her. But, of course, the Doctor did not leave her dependent on the pensioner, while he was making *Etheredge* independent of the world? But, somehow, the pensioner took charge of her, and brought her to England, and she was to him as a daughter. Her property had been embezzled, perhaps, and she was left to support herself as she could; and the New England air had quickened her capacity in this respect. She has some peculiar little hand-work which enables her to get a living; something that she had learnt in America. Indian manufactures, with beads? No. She sells Indian meal, done up in neat packages, for washing hands. Oh! the devil. It shall not be told, at the close of the American part, that the girl is taken charge of by the pensioner; but so it shall prove to be. Well, she can be received in England by an old maiden relative, where she may live in a narrow way, sketching and otherwise idly employing herself, and longing for the wide sphere that America opens to women. The owner of *Braithwaite Hall* has seen her and fallen in love with her, and, perchance, tried to ruin her; but she rejects him. She comes often to see the pensioner at the hospital, and must be mixed up somehow with the story. The *Braithwaite* man might even have sought her for a wife, and it might be his jealousy that partly prompts to murder *Etheredge*, as he intends, though the fidelity of the serving man to the old Doctor induces him only to administer a sleeping potion, and so introduce him to the hidden inhabitant of the



Hall. This girl must be cheerful, natural, reasonable, beautiful, spirited, to make up for the deficiencies of almost everybody else. Something of wildness in her, intimating an origin not exactly normal, but yet nothing extravagant or unwomanly. The Indian bead-work may do.

Now for the old pensioner—his origin, pursuit, biography. He is the descendant of the eldest branch of the family and its representative. According to his theory [of] matters, early in the King's troubles with Parliament, his ancestor, being of a religious temperament, became a preacher of a reformed doctrine, very much like those of George Fox. On this account the family, who were then Catholics, rejected him and thrust him violently forth, some say wounded, so that the track of a Bloody Footstep was left behind him on the threshold. He disappears, going to America, where again he is persecuted by the Puritans, but founds a race who keep up his own faith, some of his traditions, his unworldliness. The name was changed (perhaps for that of his mother) on his first being thrust out from his father's family.

On the other hand, showing the unreliability of tradition, the family at home have a legend that this person was a fierce and violent religionist, that he fought outrageously against the king, and was even so devilishly inimical that he was the masqued executioner who beheaded him. Always, afterward, his foot was liable to make a bloody track, as was evidenced, among other things, by the extant bloody foot-print on the threshold, when he was thrust forth from his father's house by his horror-stricken family. They also say that he emigrated to America and made bloody tracks on the forest-leaves.

Rumors of his existence, and of a family springing from him, remain in England almost to the present day. Messengers, from age to age, are sent in quest of him: for, if he left a still surviving race, they would now be at the head of the family, with claims to the estate and an ancient barony that has since fallen in; for the [line] of the eldest son is extinct, though there is a lineage through two younger sons. This has given rise to the Doctor's substitution of Etheredge.

Well, the Pensioner inherits the religious spirit of his ancestor—a mild, gentle, sweet unyieldingness of character which has always distinguished this branch of the family: an apostolic character. The spirit of his fathers blossoms out in him more strenuously than in several preceding generations, and he is moved to preach; but his doctrines have not enough quackery and humbug about them to make any mark in the world, for he merely

preaches the purest Christianity. So he is not successful; rather feeble, he may be pronounced by his auditors. At this period he encounters the Doctor and the two children. The Doctor is interested in him, asks him to his house, and talks with him. He reappears a little before the Doctor's death. On his first visit to the Doctor he shall betray a knowledge of some of the traditions of the family.

He has made no impression on the world, being of too mild and meek a spirit, though he has the possibility of a martyr in him, as his forefather had. Perhaps his forefather was hanged by the Puritans; I think so. At last, the little girl being committed to his charge, he takes her back to England, and, finding the hospital there, and being in a position to prove his claims, he takes up residence there. He knows his rights to represent the family; but, being unworldly, having modeled himself on the character of his martyred ancestor, he will not accept worldly honors. Besides, there is a certain want of the practical in his nature that hinders such claims on his part, and he has no family motives to induce him. Perhaps he sometimes goes out preaching in England, though this is probably frowned upon by the Warden. Take the character of Cowper for this man: melancholic, gentle, shy, conscientious, censorious, therefore not acceptable to his neighbors, though amiable. These little traits will give verisimilitude to the character. Weak, ineffectual, with bursts of great force at need; a want of the practical element in his nature.

He shall be conscious of something strange existent in the mansion-house. A delicacy of nature, coming from his former life, shall have taught him this. Possibly the wicked servant may have made some communications to him, knowing that he has been in communication with the Doctor, and reverencing, too, the holiness of his character. It is possible he may have met the self-imprisoned once, when he was straying abroad; but I think not. There ought to be some scene contrived in which his conscientiousness should be very severely tested. Perchance he discovers the secret, and Braithwaite tries to frighten him into silence by threats of death; or the unhangd villain might do it, but should finally let him go with the secret in his possession, influenced by [the] holiness of his character making itself felt. The scene might take place in the woods. This is worth working out. He might be a Fifth-Heavenly man; that is to say, obedient to the higher law within himself and rejecting human law when it interfered. In figure, Mr. Alcott.



## THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. SYLVESTRE did not leave town early. The weather was reasonably cool, the house on Lafayette Square was comfortable, and Washington in spring is at its loveliest. She liked the lull after the season, and enjoyed it to its utmost, wisely refusing all invitations to fitful after-Lent gayeties. She held no more receptions, but saw her more intimate acquaintances in the evening, when they made their informal calls. With each week that passed, her home gave her greater pleasure and grew prettier.

"I never lose interest in it," she said to Arbuthnot. "It is a continued delight to me. I find that I think of it a great deal, and am fond of it almost as if it was a friend I had found. I think I must have been intended for a housewife."

Mrs. Merriam's liking for Lawrence Arbuthnot having increased as their acquaintance progressed, his intimacy in the household became more and more an established fact.

"One should always number, among one's acquaintance," the clever dowager remarked, "an agreeable, well-bred, and reliable man-friend. A man one can ask to do things, if unforeseen occasions arise. He must be agreeable, since one must be intimate with him, and for the same reason he must be well-bred. Notwithstanding our large circle, we are a rather lonely pair, my dear."

Gradually Mrs. Sylvestre herself had found a slight change taking place in her manner toward Arbuthnot. She became conscious of liking him better, and of giving him more mental attention, as she saw him more familiarly. The idea dawned by slow degrees upon her that the triviality of which she accused him was of an unusual order; that it was accompanied by qualities and peculiarities which did not seem to belong to it. She had discovered that he could deny himself pleasures he desired, that he was secretly thoughtful for others, that he was—also secretly—determined, and that he had his serious moments, however persistently he endeavored to conceal them. Perhaps the Professor had given her more information con-

cerning him than she could have gained by observation in any comparatively short space of time. "This frivolous fellow," he said to her one night, laying an affectionate hand on Arbuthnot's arm, as they were on the point of leaving the house together, after having spent the evening there, "this frivolous fellow is the friend of my old age. I wonder why."

"So do I," said Arbuthnot. "I assure you that you could not find a reason, Professor."

"There is a kind of reason," returned the Professor, "though it is scarcely worthy of the name. This frivolous fellow is not such a trifler as he seems, and it interests me to see his seriousness continually getting the better of him when he fancies he has got it under and trodden it beneath his feet."

Arbuthnot laughed again—the full, careless laugh which was so excellent an answer to everything.

"He maligns me, this dissector of the emotions," he said. "He desires artfully to give you the impression that I am not serious by nature. I am, in fact, seriousness itself. It is the wicked world which gets the better of me."

Which statement Mrs. Sylvestre might have chosen to place some reliance in as being a plausible one, if she had not seen the Professor at other times, when he spoke of this friendship of his. It was certainly a warm one, and, then feeling that there must be reason for it, she began to see these reasons for herself, and appreciate something of their significance and value.

The change which finally revealed itself in her manner was so subtle in its character that Arbuthnot himself could not be sure when he had first felt it; sometimes he fancied it had been at one time, and again at another, and even now it was not easy for him to explain to himself why he knew that they were better friends.

But there was an incident in their acquaintance which he always remembered as a landmark.

This incident occurred at the close of the season. One bright moonlight night, having a fancy for making a call upon Bertha, who was not well enough to go out for several days, Mrs. Sylvestre made the visit on foot,

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accompanied by her maid. The night was so pleasant that they were walking rather slowly under the trees near Lafayette Park, when their attention was attracted by the sound of suppressed sobbing, which came from one of two figures standing in the shadow, near the railings, a few yards ahead of them. The figures were those of a man and a young woman, and the instant she saw the man, who was well-dressed, Agnes Sylvestre felt her heart leap in her side, for she recognized Lawrence Arbuthnot. He stood quite near the woman, and seemed trying to console or control her, while she—less a woman than a girl, and revealing in her childish face and figure all that is most pathetic in youth and helplessness—wept and wrung her hands.

"You must be quiet and have more confidence in——" Agnes heard Arbuthnot say; and then, prompted by some desperate desire to hear no more and to avoid being seen, she spoke to her maid.

"Marie," she said, "we will cross the street."

But, when they had crossed the street, some chill in the night air seemed to have struck her, and she began to shiver so that Marie looked at her in some affright.

"Madame is cold," she said. "Is it possible that Madame has a chill?"

"I am afraid so," her mistress replied, turning about hurriedly. "I will not make the visit. I will return home."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Merriam, who had settled her small figure comfortably in a large arm-chair by the fire, and had prepared to spend the rest of the evening with a new book, looked up from its first chapter in amazement as her niece entered the room.

"Agnes!" she exclaimed. "What has happened? Are you ill? Why, child! you are as white as a lily."

It was true that Mrs. Sylvestre's fair face had lost all trace of its always delicate color, and that her hands trembled as she drew off her gloves.

"I began—suddenly—to feel so cold," she said, "that I thought it better to come back."

Mrs. Merriam rose anxiously.

"I hope it is not malaria after all," she said. "I shall begin to think the place is as bad as Rome. You must have some hot wine."

"Send it upstairs, if you please," said Agnes. "I am going to my room: there is a large fire there."

And she went out as suddenly as she had appeared.

"I really believe she does not wish me to follow her," said Mrs. Merriam to herself.

"Is this malaria?" And having pondered upon this question, while she gave orders that the wine should be heated, she returned to her book after doing it, with the decision "No, it is not."

Agnes drank very little of the wine when it was brought. She sat by the fire in her room and did not regain her color. The cold which had struck her, had struck very deep; she felt as if she could not soon get warm again. Her eyes had a stern look as they rested on the fire; her delicate mouth was set into a curve of hopeless, bitter scorn; the quiet which settled upon her was even a little terrible, in some mysterious way. She heard a ring at the door-bell, but did not move, though she knew a caller was allowed to go to Mrs. Merriam. She was not in the mood to see callers; she could see nobody; she wished to be left alone. But, in about half an hour, a servant came to her room.

"Mr. Arbuthnot is down-stairs, and Mrs. Merriam wishes to know if Mrs. Sylvestre is better."

Mrs. Sylvestre hesitated a second before she replied.

"Say to Mrs. Merriam that I am better, and will join her."

She was as white as ever when she rose, even a shade whiter, and she felt like marble, though she no longer trembled.

"I will go down," she said, mechanically. "Yes, I will go down."

What she meant to say or do when she entered the room below, perhaps she had not clearly decided herself. As she came in, and Arbuthnot rose to receive her, he felt a startled thrill of apprehension and surprise.

"I am afraid you are not really better," he said. "Perhaps I should not have asked to be allowed to see you."

He had suddenly an absurd feeling that there was such distance between them—that something inexplicable had set them so far apart that it might almost be necessary to raise his voice to make her hear him.

"Thank you," she replied. "I was not really ill," and passed the chair he offered her, as if not seeing it, taking another one which placed the table between them.

Arbuthnot gave her a steady glance and sat down himself. Resolving in a moment's time that something incomprehensible had happened, he gathered himself together with another resolve which did equal credit to his intelligence and presence of mind. This resolution was that he would not permit himself to be overborne by the mystery until he understood what it was, and that he would understand what it was before he left the house, if such a thing were possible. He had



the coolness and courage to refuse to be misunderstood.

"I should not have hoped to see you," he said, in a quiet, level tone, still watching her, "but Mrs. Merriam was so kind as to think you would be interested in something I came to tell her."

"Of course she will be interested," said Mrs. Merriam. "Such a story would interest any woman. Tell it to her at once."

"I wish you would do it for me," said Arbuthnot, with a rather reluctant accession of gravity. "It is really out of my line. You will make it touching—women see things so differently. I'll confess to you that I only see the miserable, sordid, forlorn side of it, and don't know what to do with the pathos. When that poor, little wretch cried at me and wrung her hands, I had not the remotest idea what I ought to say to stop her—and heaven knows I wanted her to stop. I could only make the mistaken remark that she must have confidence in me, and I would do my best for the childish, irresponsible pair of them—though why they should have confidence in me I can only say 'heaven knows,' again."

After she had seated herself, Agnes had lightly rested her head upon her hand as if to shade her eyes somewhat. When Arbuthnot began to speak she had stirred, dropping her hand a moment later and leaning forward; at this juncture she rose from her chair, and came forward with a swift, unconscious-looking movement. She stood up before Arbuthnot, and spoke to him.

"I wish to hear the story very much," she said, with a thrill of appeal in her sweet voice. "I wish you to tell it to me. You will tell it as—as we should hear it."

Nothing but a prolonged and severe course of training could have enabled Arbuthnot to preserve at this moment his outward composure. Indeed, he was by no means sure that it was preserved intact; he was afraid that his blonde countenance flushed a little, and that his eyes were not entirely steady. He felt it necessary to assume a lightness of demeanor entirely out of keeping with his mental condition.

"I appreciate your confidence in me," he answered, "all the more because I feel my entire inadequacy to the situation. The person who could tell it as you ought to hear it is the young woman who waylaid me with tears near Lafayette Park about half an hour ago. She is a very young woman, in fact, an infant, who is legally united in marriage to another infant, who has been in the employ of the Government, in the building I adorn with my presence. Why they felt it incumbent upon themselves to marry on an income of seventy-five dollars a month they do not

explain in any manner at all satisfactory to the worldly mind. They did so, however, and lived together for several months in what is described as a state of bliss. They had two small rooms, and the female infant wore calico gowns, and did her own ridiculous, sordid, inferior housework, and rejoiced in the society of the male infant when a grateful nation released him from his daily labors."

Agnes quietly slipped into the chair he had first placed for her. She did it with a gentle yielding movement, to which he was so little blind that he paused a second and looked at the fire, and made a point of resuming his story with a lighter air than before.

"They could not have been either happy or content under such absurd circumstances," he said, "but they thought they were. I used to see the male infant beaming over his labors in a manner to infuriate you. His wife used to come down to bear him from the office to the two rooms in a sort of triumphal procession. She had round eyes and dimples in her cheeks, and a little, round head with curls. Her husband, whose tastes were simple, regarded her as a beauty, and was given to confiding his opinion of her to his fellow clerks. There was no objection to him but his youth and innocence. I am told he worked with undue enthusiasm in the hope of keeping his position, or even getting a better one, and had guileless, frenzied dreams of being able in the course of the ensuing century to purchase a small house 'on time.' I don't ask you to believe me when I tell you that the pair actually had such a house in their imbecile young minds, and had saved out of their starvation income a few dollars toward making their first payment on it. I didn't believe the man who told me, and I assure you he is a far more reliable fellow than I am."

He paused a second more. Was it possible that he found himself obliged to do so?

"They said," he added, "they said they 'wanted a home.'"

He heard a soft, little sound at his side—a soft, emotional little sound. It came from Mrs. Sylvestre. She sat with her slender hands clasped upon her knee, and as the little sound broke from her lips, she clasped them more closely.

"Ah!" she said. "Ah! poor children!"

Arbuthnot went on.

"Ought I to blush to admit that I watched these two young candidates for Saint Elizabeth, and the poor-house, with interest? They assisted me to beguile away some weary hours in speculation. I wondered when they would begin to be tired of each other; when they would find out their mistake, and loathe



the paltriness of their surroundings; when the female infant would discover that her dimples might have been better invested, and that calico gowns were unworthy of her charms? I *do* blush to confess that I scraped an acquaintance with the male infant, with a view to drawing forth his views on matrimony and life as a whole. He had been wont to smoke inferior cigarettes in the days of his gay and untrammelled bachelorhood, but had given up the luxurious habit on engaging himself to the object of his affections. He remarked to me that 'a man ought to have principle enough to deny himself things when he had something to deny himself for, and when a man had a wife and a home he *had* something to deny himself for, and if he was a man he'd do it.' He was very ingenuous, and very fond of enlarging confidently upon domestic topics and virtues and joys, and being encouraged could be relied upon so to enlarge—always innocently and with inoffensive youthful enthusiasm—until deftly headed off by the soulless worldling. I gave him cigars, and an order of attention, which seemed to please him. He remarked to his fellow-clerks that I was a man who had 'principles' and 'feelings,' consequently I felt grateful to him. He had great confidence in 'principles.' The bold thought had presented itself to him that if we were more governed by 'principles,' as a nation, we should thrive better, and there would be less difficulty in steering the ship of state; but he advanced the opinion hesitantly, as fearing injustice to his country in the suggestion."

"You are making him very attractive," said Mrs. Merriam. "There is something touching about it all."

"He was attractive to me," returned Lawrence, "and he was touching at times. He was crude, and by no means brilliant, but there wasn't an evil spot in him, and his beliefs were of a strength and magnitude to bring a blush to the cheek of the most hardened. He recalled the dreams of youth, and even in his most unintelligently ardent moments appealed to one. Taking all these things into consideration, you will probably see that it was likely to be something of a blow to him to find himself suddenly thrown out upon the world without any resource whatever."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Sylvestre, earnestly. "Surely you are not going to tell us——?"

"That he lost his office," said Lawrence. "Yes. Thrown out. Reason—place wanted for some one else. I shouldn't call it a good reason myself. I find others who would not call it a good reason; but what are you going to do?"

"What did he do?" asked Agnes.

"He came into my room one day," answered Lawrence, "just as I was leaving it. He was white, and his lips trembled in a boyish way that struck me at the moment as being rather awful. He looked as if he had been knocked down. He said to me, 'Mr. Arbuthnot, I've lost my place,' and then, after staring at me a few seconds, he added, 'Mr. Arbuthnot, what would you do?'"

"It is very cruel," said Agnes. "It is very hard."

"It is as cruel as Death!" said Arbuthnot. "It is as hard as Life! That such a thing is possible—that the bread and home and hopes of any honest human creature should be used as the small change of power above him, and trafficked with to sustain that power and fix it in its place to make the most of itself and its greed, is the burning shame and burden which is slung around our necks, and will keep us from standing with heads erect until we are lightened of it."

He discovered that he was in earnest, and recklessly allowed himself to continue in earnest until he had said his say. He knew the self-indulgence was indiscreet, and felt the indiscretion all the more when he ended and found himself confronted by Mrs. Sylvestre's eyes. They were fixed upon him, and wore an expression he had never had the pleasure of seeing in them before. It was an expression full of charming emotion, and the color was coming and going in her cheek.

"Go on," she said, rather tremulously, "if you please."

"I did not go on," he replied. "I regret to say I couldn't. I was unable to tell him what I should do."

"But you tried to comfort him?" said Agnes. "I am sure you did what you could."

"It was very little," said Lawrence. "I let him talk, and led him on a little to—well to talking about his wife. It seemed the only thing at the moment. I found it possible to recall to his mind one or two things he had told me of her,—probably doing it in the most inefficient manner,—but he appeared to appreciate the effort. The idea presented itself to me that it would be well to brace him up and give him a less deathly look before he went home to her, as she was not very well, and a childish creature at best. I probably encouraged him unduly, but I had an absurd sense of being somehow responsible for the preservation of the two rooms and the peace of mind of the female infant, and the truth is I have felt it ever since, and so has she."

He was extremely conscious of Mrs. Sylvestre's soft and earnest eyes.



"That was the reason she called to see me to-night, and finding I had just left the house, followed me. Tom is ill—his name is Tom Bosworth. It is nearly two months since he lost his place, and he has walked himself to a shadow in making efforts to gain another. He has written letters and presented letters; he has stood outside doors until he was faint with hunger; he has interviewed members of congress, senators, heads of departments, officials great and small. He has hoped and longed and waited, and taken buffetings meekly. He is not a strong fellow, and it has broken him up. He has had several chills, and is thin and nervous and excitable. Kitty—his wife's name is Kitty—is pale and thin too. She has lost her dimples, and her eyes look like a sad little owl's, and always have tears in them which she manages to keep from falling so long as Tom is within sight. To-night she wanted to ask me if I knew any ladies who would give her sewing. She thinks she might sew until Tom gets a place again."

"I will give her sewing," exclaimed Agnes. "I can do something for them if they will let me! Oh, I am very glad that I can."

"I felt sure you would be," said Arbuthnot. "I thought of you at once, and wished you could see her as I saw her."

She answered him a little hurriedly, and he wondered why her voice faltered.

"I will see her to-morrow," she said, "if you will give me the address."

"I have naturally wondered if it was possible that anything could be done for the husband," he said. "If you could use your influence in any way—you see how inevitably we come to that—it always becomes a question of influence—our very charities are of the nature of schemes; it is in the air we breathe."

"I will do what I can," she replied. "I will do anything—anything you think would be best."

Mrs. Merriam checked herself on the very verge of looking up, but though by an effort she confined herself to apparently giving all her attention to her knitting-needles for a few moments, she lost the effect of neither words nor voice. "No," she made mental comment, "it was *not* malaria."

Arbuthnot had never passed such an evening in the house as this one proved to be, and he had spent many agreeable evenings there. To-night there was a difference. Some barrier had melted or suddenly broken down. Mrs. Sylvestre was more beautiful than he had ever seen her. It thrilled his very soul to hear her speak to him and to look at her. While still entirely ignorant of the cause of her displeasure against him, he knew that it was re-

moved; that in some mysterious way she had recognized the injustice of it, and was impelled by a sweet, generous penitence to endeavor to make atonement. There was something almost like the humility of appeal in her voice and eyes. She did not leave him to Mrs. Merriam, but talked to him herself. When he went away, after he left her at the parlor door, she lingered a moment upon the threshold, then crossed it, and followed him into the hall. They had been speaking of the Bosworths, and he fancied she was going to ask some last question. But she did not; she simply paused a short distance from where he stood and looked at him. He had often observed it in her, that she possessed the inestimable gift of being able to stand still and remain silent with perfect grace, in such a manner that speech and movement seemed unnecessary; but he felt that she had something to say now and scarcely knew how best to say it, and it occurred to him that he might, perhaps, help her.

"You are very much better than you were when I came in," he said.

She put out her hand with a gentle, almost grateful gesture.

"Yes, I am much better," she said. "I was not well then—or happy. I thought that I had met with a misfortune; but it was a mistake."

"I am glad that it was a mistake," he answered. "I hope such things will always prove so."

And a quick flush rising to his face, he bent and touched with his lips the slim, white fingers lying upon his palm.

The flush had not died away when he found himself in the street; he felt its glow with a sense of anger and impatience.

"I might have known better than to do such a thing," he said. "I *did* know better. I am a fool yet, it seems—a fool!"

But, notwithstanding this, the evening was a landmark. From that time forward Mrs. Merriam looked upon their intimacy with renewed interest. She found Agnes very attractive in the new attitude she assumed toward their acquaintance. She indulged no longer in her old habit of depreciating him delicately when she spoke of him—which was rarely; her tone suggested to her relative that she was desirous of atoning to herself for her past coldness and injustice. There was a delicious hint of this in her manner toward him, quiet as it was; once or twice Mrs. Merriam had seen her defer to him, and display a disposition to adapt herself to his opinions, which caused a smile to flicker across her discreet countenance. Their mutual interest in their *protégés* was a tie between them, and devel-



oped a degree of intimacy which had never before existed. The day after hearing their story, Agnes had paid the young people a visit. The two rooms in the third story of a boarding-house presented their modest household goods to her very touchingly. The very bridal newness of the cheap furniture struck her as being pathetic, and the unsophisticated adornments in the form of chromos and bright tidies—the last Kitty's own handiwork—expressed to her mind their innocent sentiment. Kitty looked new herself, as she sat sewing in a little rocking-chair drawn near to the sofa on which Tom lay, flushed and bright-eyed, after his chill, but there were premonitory signs of wear on her pretty, childish face. She rose, evidently terribly nervous and very much frightened at the prospect of receiving her visitor, when Mrs. Sylvestre entered, and though reassured somewhat by the mention of Arbutnot's name, glanced timorously at Tom in appeal for assistance from him. Tom gave it. His ingenuous mind knew very little fear. He tried to stagger to his feet, smiling, but was so dizzy that he made an ignominious failure, and sat down again at Agnes's earnest request.

"Thank you," he said. "I will if you don't mind. It's one of my bad days, and the fever makes my head go round. Don't look so down-hearted, Kitty. Mrs. Sylvestre knows chills don't count for much. You see"—he said to Agnes, with an effort at buoyancy of manner—"they knock a man over a little, and it frightens her."

Agnes took a seat beside the little rocking-chair, and there was something in the very gentleness of her movements which somewhat calmed Kitty's tremor.

"It is very natural that she should feel anxious, even when there is only slight cause," Mrs. Sylvestre said, in her low, sweet voice. "Of course, the cause is slight in your case. It is only necessary that you should be a little careful."

"That's all," responded Tom. "And I'm going to be careful. A man with a wife and home can't be too careful. He's got others to think of besides himself."

But, notwithstanding his cheerfulness and his bright eyes, he was plainly weaker than he realized, and was rather glad to lie down again, though he did it apologetically.

"Mr. Arbutnot came in this morning and told us you were coming," he said. "You know him pretty well, I suppose."

"I see him rather frequently," answered Agnes; "but perhaps I do not know him very well."

"Ah!" said Tom. "You've got to know him very well to find out what sort of fellow

he is; you've got to know him as I know him—as *we* know him. Eh! Kitty?"

"Yes," responded Kitty, a little startled by finding herself referred to, "only you know him best, Tom. You see, you're a man—"

"Yes," said Tom, with innocent complacency, "of course it's easier for men to understand each other. You see—" to Agnes, though with a fond glance at Kitty—"Kitty was a little afraid of him. She's shy, and hasn't seen much of the world, and he's such a swell, in a quiet way, and when she used to come to the office for me, and caught a glimpse of him, she thought he was always making fun of everything."

"I thought he *looked* as if he was," put in Kitty. "And his voice sounded that way when he spoke to you, Tom. I even used to think, sometimes, that he was laughing a little at *you*—and I didn't like it."

"Bless you!" responded Tom, "he wasn't thinking of such a thing. He's got too much principle to make friends with a fellow and then laugh at him. What I've always liked in him was his principle."

"I think there are a great many things to like in him," said Mrs. Sylvestre.

"There's everything to like in him," said Tom, "though, you see, I didn't find that out at first. The truth is, I thought he was rather too much of a swell for his means. I've told him so since we've been more intimate, and he said that I was not mistaken, that he was too much of a swell for his means, but that was the fault of his means, and the Government ought to attend to it, as a sacred duty. You see the trouble is he hasn't a family. If he was married, and had some one to take care of, it would be different. And what a fellow he would be to take care of a woman! I told him that, too, once, and he threw back his head and laughed; but he didn't laugh long. It seemed to me that it set him off thinking, he was so still after it."

"He'd be very good to his wife," said Kitty, timidly. "He's very kind to me."

"Yes," Tom went on, rejoicing in himself, "he sees things that men don't see, generally. Think of his noticing that you weren't wrapped up enough that cold day we met him and going into his place to get a shawl from his landlady, and making me put it on!"

"And don't you remember," said Kitty, "the day he made me so ashamed, because he said my basket was too heavy, and would carry it all the way home for me?"

Tom laughed triumphantly.

"He would have carried a stove-pipe, just the same way," he said, "and have looked just as cool about it. You'd no need to be ashamed; *he* wasn't. And it's not only that:



see how he asks me about you, and cheers me up, and helps me along, by talking to me about you when I'm knocked over, and says that you mustn't be troubled, and I must bear up, because I've got you to take care of, and that when two people are as fond of each other as we are, they've got something to hold on to that will help them to let the world go by and endure anything that don't part them."

"He said that to me, too, Tom," said Kitty, the ready tears starting to her eyes. "He said it last night when I met him on the street and couldn't help crying because you were ill. He said I must bear up for you—and he was so nice that I forgot to be afraid of him at all. When I began to cry it frightened me, because I thought he wouldn't like it, and that made it so much worse that I couldn't stop, and he just put my hand on his arm, and took me into Lafayette Park, where there was a seat in a dark corner under the trees. And he made me sit down and said, 'Don't be afraid to cry. It will do you good, and you had better do it before me than before Tom. Cry as much as you like. I will walk away a few steps until you are better.' And he did, and I cried until I was quiet, and then he came back to me, and told me about Mrs. Sylvestre."

"He's got feelings," said Tom, a trifle brokenly, "he's got feelings and—and principles. It makes a man think better of the world, even when he's discouraged and it's dealt hard with him."

Mrs. Sylvestre looked out of the nearest window; there was a very feminine tremor in her throat, and something seemed to be melting before her eyes; she was full of the pain of regret and repentance; there rose in her mind a picture of herself as she had sat before the fire in her silent room; she could not endure the memory of her own bitter contempt and scorn; she wished she might do something to make up for that half hour; she wished that it were possible that she might drive down to the Treasury and present herself at a certain door, and appeal for pardon with downcast eyes and broken voice. She was glad to remember the light touch upon her hand, even though it had been so very light, and he had left her after it so hurriedly.

"I am glad he spoke to you of me," she said. "I—I am grateful to him. I think I can help you. I hope you will let me. I know a great many people, and I might ask for their influence. I will do anything—anything Mr. Arbutnot thinks best."

Tom gave her a warmly grateful glance, his susceptible heart greatly moved by the sweetness and tremor of her voice. She was just the woman, it seemed to him, to be the

friend of such a man as his hero; only a woman as beautiful, as sympathetic, and having that delicate, undefinable air of belonging to the great enchanted world, in which he confidently believed Arbutnot figured with unrivaled effect, could be worthy of him. It was characteristic of his simple nature that he should admire immensely his friend's social popularity and acquirements, and dwell upon their unbounded splendor with affectionate reverence.

"He's a society fellow," he had said to Kitty in his first description of him. "A regular society fellow! Always dressed just so, you know—sort of quiet style, but exactly up to the mark. He knows everybody and gets invited everywhere, though he makes believe he only gets taken in because he can dance and wait in the supper room. He's out somewhere every night, bless you, and spends half his salary on kid gloves and flowers. He says people ought to supply them to fellows like him, as they supply gloves and hat-bands at English funerals. He doesn't save anything; you know, he can't, and he knows it's a mistake, but you see when a fellow is what he is, it's not easy to break off with everything. These society people want such fellows, and they *will* have them."

It had been this liberal description of his exalted position and elegant habits, which had caused Kitty to stand greatly in awe of him, at the outset, and to feel that her bearing would never stand the test of criticism by so proficient an expert, and she had trembled before him accordingly and felt herself unworthy of his condescending notice, until having, on one or two occasions, seen something in his manner which did not exactly coincide with her conception of him as a luxurious and haughty worldling, she had gained a little courage. She had been greatly alarmed at the sight of Mrs. Sylvestre, feeling vaguely that she, also, was a part of these mysterious splendors; but after she heard the soft break in the tone in which she said, with such gentle simplicity, "I will do anything—anything—Mr. Arbutnot thinks best," she felt timorous no more, and allowed herself to be led into telling her little story, with a girlish pathos which would have melted Agnes Sylvestre's heart, if it had not been melted already. It might, perhaps, better have been called Tom's story than her own, as it was all about Tom—Tom's struggles, Tom's disappointments, Tom's hopes, which all seemed prostrated; the little house Tom had been thinking of buying and making nice for her; the member of Congress who had snubbed Tom; the Senator who had been rough with him; the cold he had taken; the chills and



fevers which had resulted; the pain in his side. "We have used all our money," she ended, with a touching little catch of her breath,— "if it had not been for Mr. Arbuthnot—Mr. Arbuthnot—"

"Yes," said Tom, wofully, "he'll have to go without a pair or so of gloves this month and smoke fewer cigars; and I couldn't have believed that there was a man living I could have borne to take money from, but, somehow, he made it seem almost as if he owed it me."

When Mrs. Sylvestre went away she left hope and comfort behind her. Kitty followed her into the passage with new light in her eyes.

"If I have the sewing," she said, clasping her hands, "it will be *such* a load off Tom's mind to know that we have a little money, that he will get better. And he knows I like sewing, so, perhaps, he will not mind it so much. I am so thankful to you! If Tom will only

get well," she exclaimed in a broken whisper, "if Tom will only get well!" And, suddenly, in response to some look on Agnes's face, and a quick, caressing gesture, she leaned forward and was folded in her arms.

It is very natural to most women to resort to the simple feminine device of tears, but it was not often Mrs. Sylvestre so indulged herself, and there were tears in her eyes and in her voice, too, as she held the gentle, childish creature to her breast. She had felt a great deal, during the last twenty-four hours, and the momentary display of emotion was a relief to her. "He will get better," she said, with almost maternal tenderness, "and you must help him by taking care of yourself and giving him no cause for anxiety. You must let me help to take care of you. We will do all we can—" and there was something akin to fresh relief to her in the mere use of the little word "we."

(To be continued.)

## A MOLE, A LAMPREY, AND A FAIRY.

### A MOLE.

WALKING through the fields one May morning, I surprised a mole above ground,—a very large specimen, one of the giants of his kind. It was an unwonted spectacle, something I had never seen before; this purblind, shovel-footed, subterranean dweller, this metaphysician of the earth, groping his way along in the open daylight. Had he grown tired then of the darkness, of the endless burrowings that lead nowhither, of undermining the paths and the garden, and cutting off the tender rootlets of the plants? He was ill equipped for traveling above ground; he was like a stranded fish; the soil was his element, and he knew it as well as I did. The moment I disturbed him he began to go into the ground as a diver into the water. When he moved, his tendency was downward, like a plow. It was amusing to see his broad, naked, muscular front feet, which turned outward and upward instead of downward, shovel their way through the grass into the turf. In less than half a minute he would nearly bury himself from view. Then by the tail I would draw him forth, and see him repeat the attempt. He did not look or feel about for a hole or for a soft place, but assaulted the turf wherever he touched it, his slender, sensitive nose feeling the way, and his huge, fleshy hands opening the passage. He was indeed a giant in these members;

they were to him what the wings of a bird are to the bird; all his powers and speed lay here; his hind legs were small and feeble, and often trailed behind him as if helpless or broken. Fancy a race of savages by some peculiar manual occupation developing an enormous hand, a hand as long and broad as a scoop shovel, usurping the wrist and the forearm, with the legs and feet proportionately small, and you have a type of this mole. This creature was a cripple at the surface, but a most successful traveler a few inches below. His fur was like silk plush, finer and softer than that of any creature known to me, excepting, perhaps, the bat. Why should these creatures of darkness have such delicate vestments? Probably because they *are* creatures of darkness. The owl is softer clad than the hawk, the hare than the squirrel, the moth than the butterfly.

I looked in vain for the mole's eyes. I blew open the fur, and explored the place with the point of a pin, but no eyes or semblance to eyes could I find, and I began to think that Aristotle was right in saying the mole is blind. Then I dispatched him, and stripped off his skin, and the eyes were revealed: two minute, black specks, that adhered to the tissues of the head after the skin was removed. It was only by the aid of a pocket glass that I was able to determine that they really were eyes. There was no eye-



socket, and I wondered that they had not come away with the skin. Probably the only use the mole has for eyes is to distinguish daylight from darkness, and for this purpose these microscopic dots may suffice, but as regards any other and more specific visual powers, he is practically blind.

#### A LAMPREY'S NEST.

ONE day late in spring as I was passing over a bridge I chanced to see two lampreys, or "lamper-eels," as they are usually called, engaged in building their nest in the creek below me. It was one of the most curious spectacles I ever saw in our stream. They were a few yards below the bridge, just where the water breaks from the still pool beneath it, and flows with a rapid current over its roughly paved bottom. They were distinguishable from the yellowish brown and black stones and pebbles amid which they were working only by their motions. They were tugging away at the small movable stones with great persistence. I went down to the water's edge where they were within reach of my staff, the better to observe them. They would run up to the edge of the still water and seize upon the stones with their suction mouth and drag them back with the current and drop them upon their nest. I understood at once why their nests, which I had often observed before, were always placed at the beginning of a rift; it is that the fish may avail themselves of the current in building them. The water sweeps them back with the pebble in their mouth, their only effort being in stemming the current to seize it. They are thus enabled to move stones which they could not stir in still water.

The stones varied in size from a walnut to a goose egg. When one of them was tugging away at a stone too heavy for it, I would lend a helping hand with my staff; I would move the stone along gently, and the lamprey seemed entirely unconscious of the fact that it was being helped; it would drop the burden at the proper point, and run up for another. Indeed my aid and presence did not disturb them at all. From time to time, the larger of the two, which was the female, would thrust her tail with great violence down among the pebbles at the bottom of the creek and loosen them up, and set free the mud which the current quickly carried away. The new material thus plowed up was carried to the nest. Twice in the course of the half-hour that I observed them, the act of spawning took place.

Besides helping move the larger stones with my staff, I several times plowed up the

bottom with its point, thus relieving the female of that duty. The fish took it all as a matter of course, and seized upon the pebbles I had loosened with great alacrity. When I thrust my cane beneath them and tried to lift them out of the water, they would suck fast to the stones and prevent me; but they did not manifest any alarm. The lampreys become much exhausted with the spawning and nest building, and large numbers of them die when it is over. In June it is not unusual to find their dead bodies in the streams they inhabit.

#### A LIVE FAIRY.

WHEN one makes long journeys, or penetrates remote and difficult places, he naturally expects to find strange and curious things, but one of the keenest pleasures the walker has, is in discovering, under his very nose, beside his familiar paths, and in ground that he thought he knew as he knows his own chimney corner, some creature, the like of which he has never before heard of, and which his neighbors and friends have never seen or heard of, yet which has disported itself there year after year, and which science has long known and has put old Rome under contribution to name. Such was my experience when, one April day, as I was peering into a little pool where I had peered a hundred times before, I suddenly discovered a creature—not one, but scores of them, disporting themselves in the clear water—creatures that were as new to me as a veritable nymph would have been. They were partly fish-shaped, from an inch to an inch and a half long, semi-transparent, with a dark brownish line visible the entire length of them (apparently the thread upon which the life of the animal hung, and by which its all but impalpable frame was held together), and suspending themselves in the water, or impelling themselves swiftly forward by means of a double row of fine, waving, hair-like appendages, that arose from what appeared to be the back, a kind of undulating, pappus-like wings. What was it? I did not know. None of my friends or scientific acquaintances knew. I wrote to a learned man, a great authority upon fish, describing the creature as well as I could. He replied that it was only a familiar species of phyllopodous crustacean, known as *eubranchipus vernalis*.

I remember that our guide in the Maine woods, seeing I had names of my own for some of the plants, would often ask me the name of this and that flower for which he had no word; and that when I could recall the full Latin term, it seemed overwhelmingly convincing and satisfying to him. It was evi-

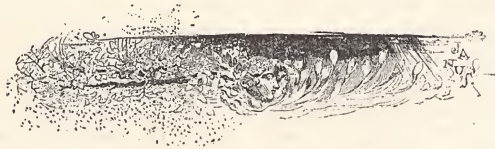


dently a relief to know that these obscure plants of his native heath had been found worthy of a learned name, and that the Maine woods were not so uncivil and outlandish as they might at first seem: it was a comfort to him to know that he did not live beyond the reach of botany. In like manner I found satisfaction in knowing that my novel fish had been recognized and worthily named; the title conferred a new dignity at once; but when the learned man added that it was familiarly called the "fairy shrimp," I felt a deeper pleasure. Fairy-like it certainly was, in its ærial, unsubstantial look, and in its delicate, down-like means of locomotion; but the large head, with its curious folds, and its eyes standing out in relief, as if on the heads of two pins, were gnome-like. Probably the fairy wore a

mask, and wanted to appear terrible to human eyes. Then the creatures had sprung out of the earth as by magic. I found some in a furrow in a plowed field that had encroached upon a swamp. In the fall the plow had been there, and had turned up only the moist earth; now a little water was standing there, from which the April sunbeams had invoked these airy creatures. They belong to the crustaceans, but apparently no creature has so thin or impalpable a crust; you can almost see through them; certainly you can see what they have had for dinner, if they have eaten substantial food.

Crabs travel backward, and these phyllopods show the family trait by swimming on their backs; the position of the fish is reversed; mud is their mother, yet they turn their backs on it, and face the light and air above.

*John Burroughs.*



### THE DECLINE OF FAITH.

As in some half-burned forest, one by one,  
We catch far echoes on the dreary breeze,  
Born of the downfall of its ruined trees,—  
While even through those that stand slow shudderings run,  
As if Fate's hand were sternly laid thereon:—  
Thus, in a world smitten by foul disease—  
That Pest called Doubt—we mark by sad degrees,  
The fall of lordliest faiths that wooed the sun:  
Some, with low sigh of parted bough and leaf,  
Strain, quivering downward to the abhorred ground;  
Some totter feebly, groaning, toward their doom;  
While some, broad-centuried growths of old Belief,  
Sapped as by fire, defeatured, charred, discrowned,  
Fall with loud crash and long, reverberant boom!

Thus, fated hour by hour, more gaunt and bare,  
Gloom the wan spaces, whence—a Power to bless—  
Upbourgeoned once, in grace or stateliness,  
Some creed divine, offspring of light and air:  
What then? Ah! must we yield to bleak despair,  
Beholding God Himself wax less and less,  
Paled in the skeptical flame-cloud's whirl and stress,  
Till lost to love and reverence, hope and prayer?  
O Man! When trust is blind, and reason reels  
Before some fiery, fierce Iconoclast,  
Turn to thy Heart that reasons not, but feels;  
Creeds fall, shrines perish! "Still" (her Instinct saith),—  
"Still the soul lives; the soul must conquer Death!  
Hold fast to God, and God shall hold thee fast!"

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The "Revolution" in American Politics.

IN referring to the recent elections, we wish to call attention first to a few special points :

1. It is usual, in all free countries, for reactionary tides to set in and sweep away a party which has been long in power ; but it is seldom that such reactions take place against an actual administration in times of great prosperity. It is true that the reaction in England against Beaconsfield was a moral and political movement ; at the same time, there is considerable truth in the assertion that the endless and damaging autumn rains had well-nigh as much to do with the Liberal success as did the damaging and endless speeches of Gladstone. But the reaction of the late American elections was entirely a moral one ; if the country farmer and city merchant thought it was "about time for a change," this opinion was not the unconscious effect of sordid or meteorological considerations.

2. So far as newspapers had to do with the result—and they had, of course, greatly to do with it—it is evident that the Republican party was beaten by Republican newspapers, no less than by Republican votes.

3. It is a notable sign of the times that there have of late been no discussions, even, of the right of a voter to "scratch" the ticket of his party. A large proportion of the Republican voters of the State of New York, where the reaction against the administration was most violent, wasted no time nor scruples in the matter of scratching the ticket "the machine" had prepared for them, but deliberately and eagerly deposited their votes for the candidates of the party to which for a life-time they had been opposed.

4. Recent events have proved again that the machine methods of party government do not develop leaders capable, on occasion, of taking broad, statesman-like, and saving views. Men that are adepts in packing a primary, running a convention, and using the spoils-system for purely personal ends, naturally fail at the very moment when a certain moral penetration is needed. Such men can count only upon the votes they purchase, either directly or indirectly. They necessarily have a low opinion of human nature, and do not allow its proper weight to those strong human elements—conscience, and a sense of decency. They forget even the universal faculty of memory, which, though sometimes obscured, still exists and holds fast, for instance, such deep political, as well as personal, impressions as were made upon millions of minds by the assassination of President Garfield.

5. Not only do our modern machine methods fail in producing accomplished leaders, but they appear to have a steadily deteriorating effect upon the brains of the whole set of managers, great and little. The spoils-system makes a certain kind of success comparatively easy for unscrupulous men ; but it would seem that the more experience a partisan manager has in the spoils-system, the more unsafe does he become as a partisan manager.

That the great political reaction of 1882 had no mere partisan significance, no one has been more quick to see than the gentleman who has been elected to the Governorship of New York, by a vote unprecedented, we believe, in American politics. On the very night of the election, Mr. Cleveland is reported to have said that the revolution meant not so much the turning of public sentiment to the Democratic party as it did dissatisfaction with the Republican party. "The change," he added, "means reform and good government!"

If Mr. Cleveland and his party throughout the country live up to this programme of "reform and good government," they will have a long hold of power ; for the revolution just accomplished (with some regrettable and grotesque accidents, as in all revolutions) had this programme for its main object. It is evident enough now that the people are disgusted with a party that has lost its sincerity ; that pretends, but no longer performs ; that, from being a party with a moral purpose, has been changed by its leaders into a party with an immoral purpose. The people demand "reform and good government," and, if they cannot get these from one side, they will get them from another ; and if they cannot get them from either of the two great parties which now divide the suffrages of the nation, they will dismiss them both without remorse, as in past epochs, and will create another party to do the work. But whether or no we have a new party, now is the time for new men. Power will not be willingly left in the hands of thrifty renegades to the cause of "reform and good government." In other words, the acceptable leaders of the next ten years will not be men whose conversion to "civil service reform" has been by earthquake.

### "Quantics."

A WRITER in the "St. James's Gazette" says that Professor Sylvester tells an admirably illustrative story about one of his students at the Johns Hopkins University :

"This aspiring youth wanted to become a mathematician ; and he had heard that at the topmost summit of the mathematical tree stood a mysterious subject known as the doctrine of 'quantics,' a calculus of calculi, only to be grasped by the very furthest stretch of the abstract mathematical faculty. So he came and asked to be taught 'quantics.' It was in vain that Professor Sylvester suggested simpler preliminary geometrical and algebraical studies ; the young man wanted to learn 'quantics,' and nothing but 'quantics' would he have."

This anecdote is intended to show that Americans are in haste to get on, and are not disposed to submit in patience to the training requisite for the highest success. This is true. It is the fault of hopeful, eager youth who see great opportunities opening on every side, for fame, for fortune, for usefulness, for



enjoyment. They aim at the best without always attaining to it. They see the rapid advancement which civilized society has made in the domain of a new continent, and they unconsciously participate in the rapid movements of the times in which they live. How could it be otherwise in a land like this,—especially if it be true that this century (as Dumas, the French physicist, has said) is to be known in history "as the age of electricity."

The criticism of the "St. James's Gazette" is, however, rough. It does not show any nice appreciation of the circumstances it discusses. Most English observers of this country judge it from afar—by the capitals in the newspapers, by sensational reports in telegraphic dispatches, by the foolish and provoking parade of personalities in political, ecclesiastical, and social affairs. Even the semi-authorized report of Herbert Spencer's impressions does not indicate that he has fully mastered the situation, though many of his comments are sound and sagacious. Nevertheless, all thoughtful Americans ought to, and they do, weigh, calmly and accurately, the criticisms which foreigners make upon our social life and its tendencies. Such remarks will include a great deal that is true and suggestive, with a spice of that which is false and provoking—but the digestion of it all will be wholesome.

Are the critics not right when they say that the Americans are unwilling to take the pains which are requisite to secure the highest results? Ask a college professor, for example, if the youth come up for matriculation well prepared; ask the editor what sort of manuscripts are offered for his inspection from writers who are eager to make their appearance in print; ask the elders in charge of a vacant pulpit if it is easy to find a new minister; ask in regard to medical education, what proportion of the young doctors annually graduated are fitly trained for their profession; ask for an architect to build a sightly and substantial public building; ask the school committee what sort of candidates offer for vacant places; ask the judges of portrait-painting how many true artists there are in this branch of art. Everywhere the answer may be heard: "many are called"—writers, teachers, artists, architects, physicians—but few are worthy to be "chosen."

So we go on, not so steadily, not so safely, not so wisely as we ought. But the country is so vast, the natural resources are so rich, the freedom is so delightful, and the inheritance so abundant of the best which the world has produced, that we are, as a whole, a happy and contented people. We might, however, be happier in the present if our capacities were more judiciously enlarged and educated,—and surer that the inheritance we possess would be handed down unimpaired to those coming after us.

Meanwhile, if it is necessary, for the sake of a verdict, that the defendant should answer the prosecutor, we may, perhaps, be allowed to add that the writer in the "St. James's" has replied in this article of his to the very query he propounds. He "wonders whether we in Europe, too, are ultimately to give way upon this silly prepossession, and to admit the equal power of everybody to discourse without previous preparation upon every conceivable subject at a moment's notice." The American readers of "St.

James's" can give him their impressions on this point. For, in his hasty and ill-tempered, though partly just, criticism, he has sought only for facts to prove his point.

We do not know whether the story about Professor Sylvester is true or not, but it bears the marks of verisimilitude. Yet, after all, it is no discredit to the country or the youth that there is such a preëminent professor of mathematics among us, and that his presence is inspiring even to those who are but tyros. We can tell a story which is suggested by that of the "St. James's." A few years ago a young school-master of Pennsylvania, sharing, though more wisely than the tyro, the American enthusiasm for the best things, and especially for quantics, went to Baltimore to study with Professor Sylvester, with this result, that before long the writings of that young man were used as a textbook in the University of Cambridge, England.

#### Christmas.

THE almost universal observance of Christmas can hardly be accepted as an indication of a growing interest in the Christian fact which it celebrates, when we remember that it is the one religious festival which not only combines the pagan and Christian sentiments, but in which the pagan sentiment speaks with a more obvious appeal than does the spiritual, to the purely secular side of our nature. The green boughs brought from the frosty woods to freshen our over-civilized homes, and to hide or enhance our restlessly decorated churches, re-awaken the instinct which, in barbarous ages, frankly claimed outdoor nature as the sphere of man's home and religion. The lighted tree, apart from any Christian association, has a charm of its own, fascinating to the veriest skeptic; and the Christmas cheer, the realizing of the gregarious instinct under conditions of civilized feeling, the intense recognition of human ties expressed in seasonable gifts, can hardly be claimed as the product of the purely Christian element in the day. Indeed we suspect that not a little of "Christmas joy" has no deeper source than a Pagan defiance of winter's cold, as though the heart should cry to its chilling demands: "I defy you! I shall revel and be happy in spite of you!"

It is evident that a festival making such an unmistakable appeal to the secular side of our life—the pagan side—offers it a tempting point of compromise with the spiritual significance of the day which many a secularist has already availed himself of. Men whose adjacency to the Christian religion forbids being quite pagan in feeling, and men whose paganism forbids being quite Christian in faith, find a sentimental use of Christmas sufficient. They would probably say: "While you Christians rejoice to celebrate your divine child born in Bethlehem, let us rejoice to celebrate all human births everywhere. Light your Christmas-tree in honor of your Christ-child, of whom we know nothing, while we light ours to shine upon the children gathered around our knee. Keep your legend or fact of the angel-song, the 'Peace, good-will,' the guiding star, the Magi bowing and prophesying at the manger. Enough for us the 'Peace, good-will' from lips that we know and love, that we see a star of hope above our own home, that



our best wisdom confesses childhood's power to bend it at its cradle." It is obvious, however, that such a sentimental use of Christmas indicates a practical rejection of Christianity as a spiritual force. It is only when anything ceases to be regarded as a power that it is accepted as a picturesque ornament. In religious matters, at least, sentimentalism is the evaporation of power; and, in this growing use of the great Christian religion might become should faith in its spiritual force become universally extinct. The unbelieving world would retain it, as the sentimentalist does now, to supply, with the satisfactions of an exquisitely picturesque mythology, those gentler feelings of our nature for which the energies of civilization make no provision. Christian people of a theological cast would be surprised to know how many have already turned over their religion from the conscience to the taste, and how many more are beginning to reject it, not so much as a disproved as an exhausted religion. The old-fashioned "infidelity" which claimed that Christianity was a delusion from the very first, has given place to the idea that whatever moral power it may have had has spent itself, and that the real center of ethical life is elsewhere. Fifty years ago an "infidel" was always suspected—often justly—of denying the Christian faith in order to escape its judgment upon his own ill-regulated character. To-day a skeptic is more likely to justify his denial for the opposite reason, that Christianity fails to exert the moral power claimed for it. Very few, perhaps, hold this view as a reasoned conviction. It is rather a feeling, partly fed, perhaps, by the modern ideas of development and evolution which enable us to think of humanity as having outgrown so many of the forces which once ruled it, but a feeling whose strength is shown in the way in which so many are beginning to treat the Christian religion as of only picturesque value, to be discarded by everything in our nature more serious than the requirements of taste.

What is it in the popular religion of our day which has made it possible for such a suspicion of its moral exhaustion to grow in the midst of every so-called religious community? For although those who hold to the Christian faith have a right to ask those who reject it: "Have you tested its moral power by the final test of trying to live up to it?" such a challenge has no weight unless it suggests to the doubter a clear idea of what it is he is asked to live up to. It is the fault of Christians themselves if no such clear idea challenges the moral skepticism of the age. Certainly it will be their own fault if such skepticism does not force them to some sort of unanimous statement of what it is in their religion which must be tested by the moral necessities of mankind.

In the meantime, the power of Christianity remains a fact quite apart from the insufficient account of it given by the theories and practices of nominal believers, a fact which any intelligent person can test for himself, letting it exert in his life whatever power it has. The moment a man of mental integrity and moral earnestness determines to apply that test to Christianity before discarding it, he will find his determination the best guide to its real power. He will find his attention gradually fixed, not upon a sys-

tem, theory, code of laws, or a church, but upon a divinely human life radiating its inspiration in every age. He will discover that what he is to accept or reject belongs, not to the region of ideas, but to the region of fact. He is to reject or accept the personal influence of the Christ whose name is in all the Christmas airs, and chimes, and carols, as his spirit is in all humanity. He is to test and decide whether that life is or is not an exhausted power,—is, or is not, to be classed with the forces which the world has outgrown. Perhaps, in such an earnest attitude, his first discovery will be of his inability to pass final judgment upon the moral value of such a being. And then, as what is best in him opens to that divinely human appeal that calls from life to life, which never reached him through any of the formulated aspects of religion, he may discover that his reluctance to judge it springs from the fact that his deepest moral nature is still swayed by the very force which he once suspected of exhaustion. Such an earnest inquirer will find it easy to see how the exhaustlessness of Christianity's ethical power means only the exhaustlessness of the life at the center of it, which is itself the realization of our highest ideal. From the heart of this mighty fact of a perfectly realized life, presented as the perpetual standard of all life, issues the most universal and the profoundest encouragement that ever spoke to man—the encouragement of a divine faith in the capacity of his moral nature to adjust its desires and energies to the requirements of that standard. Here we think is reached the essentially invigorating force of the Christian religion. It shows to the universal conscience the personality of Christ as a living statement of the highest moral demand possible to be made upon human nature, and also as a living expression of the divine trust in every one's ability to respond to it.

The question of discarding Christianity, therefore, is the question of discarding an aid to moral effort which no mere system of ethics, however evolved, claims to supply,—the attractive power of a life, perfectly realized and yet in closest sympathy with the most initial desire to adopt it as the standard and inspiration of one's own character. It is hard to understand how an earnest man, who sees that the character and personality of Christ constitute the radiating center of Christianity, can discard so august a thing as though it were outgrown, until he has tested it for himself, or, in the language of common sense, has tried to live up to it. We are familiar enough with the story of intellectual reactions from Christian philosophies and theologies as powers outgrown, but we wait in vain for the man who can look the world in the face and say: "I have judged Christ himself at the bar of my conscience and found him and his ideal insufficient." Who can tell us that he has outgrown the character of Christ?

Unless Christmas has already degenerated to a pagan holiday, it surely has a special meaning for those who are beginning to suspect that the religion of the Son of Man has exhausted its power. It is the one festival through which the "highest, holiest manhood" looks into our life, claiming recognition from what is holiest in us all. As we put aside the accessories of the day and look at the heart of it, we hear an inspiring call, which, through the philosophic con-



fusion of the age, finds our conscience, as a brother's voice might reach us through the tumult of a crowd. No one keeps Christmas, nor hears its true carol, until he sees that vision. He who, having seen it, rejects it

as an exhausted spiritual force, has not so much judged Christianity as confessed himself incapable of responding to the most inspiring appeal possible to be made to the spirit of man.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

### "The Growth of the United States."

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 17, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In the article on "The Growth of the United States," in the October issue of your magazine, on page 924, I am sorry to note that one hypsometric group dropped out of my statement of the distribution of the population of the United States according to altitude.

The figures for the several groups should be as follows:

Under 100 feet.....	9,152,296
100 to 500.....	10,776,284
500 to 1000.....	19,024,320
1000 to 1500.....	7,904,780
1500 to 2000.....	1,878,715
2000 + .....	1,419,388
	50,155,783

Truly yours,

*Francis A. Walker.*

### "Lincoln's Height."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: I have read the communication in THE CENTURY for October, and can only reiterate that Abraham Lincoln was just *six feet one inch* when I measured him in April, 1860. As before stated, I placed him back against the studio wall, and made a mark over his head, as I had done in the case of Senator Douglas, two years before. I measured from the floor up to the mark several times, in order to be sure I was right, desiring to know the exact difference in the heights of these two men, which was just twelve inches. I thought Mr. Lincoln fairly erect when I marked on the wall. Possibly he might have stretched up an inch or two higher, but at that date it is hardly possible he could have expanded three inches in length! I am now reminded of a story told me while at Springfield, a few years since, of Mr. Lincoln's faculty for stretching himself out in length. I did not know of this, however, at the time I measured him, or I should have requested him to give his fullest height. The following is the story:

A wager was made one day in Springfield, between some friends of Mr. Lincoln and of O. M. Hatch, late secretary of the State of Illinois (also a tall, slen-

der man), as to their relative height. Mr. Hatch was first placed against the wall, so a mark could be made over his head, Mr. Lincoln remarking, at the time, "Now, Hatch, stand fair." When the mark was duly made, Mr. Lincoln was placed beside it, and at first Mr. Hatch's friends declared that they had won the wager. "Wait," said Mr. Lincoln. "The mark is not yet made for me." Then he began to stretch himself out like India rubber, and went nearly two inches above Mr. Hatch's mark, carrying off the stakes amidst the shouts and laughter of the bystanders.

In the model of the statue I made of him in 1878, I represent him six feet three and a half inches high, which is over his real life-size.

Mr. Lincoln looked taller than he really was, owing to his thin, bony, lank form.

*Leonard W. Volk.*

### "The Taxidermal Art": A Correction.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In the December issue of your magazine a clerical error has crept into the article on "The Taxidermal Art." On page 232 is Mr. Beard's illustration "Woodcock and Young," the mounting of which is credited to me. I beg to state that the beautiful little group so graphically represented was mounted by Mr. Thomas W. Fraine, of Rochester, N. Y., and is the result of a careful study of the live birds in captivity. I am unwilling that Mr. Fraine should be denied the honor and the right of having his name appear with his work, or that I should be the recipient of credit which belongs to another.

Very truly yours,

*William T. Hornaday.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 23, 1882.

[We are also informed that the Harlequin duck, represented in the same article, was mounted by Mr. Scott, and not by Mr. Webster. These gentlemen being unknown to us, special care was taken to give the proper credits, and we regret exceedingly that our desire to do justice to the taxidermists in this respect should have been thwarted by misinformation. ED. C. M.]

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## LITERATURE.

### Howells's "A Modern Instance."\*

OUR most artistic novelists seem to have cut quite loose from the old-fashioned story, which was, perhaps, more romance than novel, and to have settled down to steady observation and reportorial reproduction of what is open to the action of the senses. This seems to be a part of the movement of the times. Whether the reportorial element thus introduced into novel writing is to be an improvement or not depends, of course, on the supplementary equipment of our writers. Mr. Howells undoubtedly bears the palm at present as a reporter, and adds to his skill in reproducing manners what seems to us a most essential and happy humor. Mr. Henry James, whose reportorial faculty is less keen, but whose constructive power is greater than that of Mr. Howells, has, in place of the latter's lively sense of humor, an intellectual alertness stimulated into wit under the influence of a foreign school. Wit, both polished and in the rough, is sufficiently plenty with us; yet, after all, it is more native to France, while humor, genial and warming, is the one thing the American novelist is likely to find in himself and his material. It covers a multitude of sins in constructive art, and is perhaps the most valuable among the many happy gifts of the writer of "A Modern Instance."

In this novel, Mr. Howells excels himself as a reporter of manners and customs, and yet does much more. His range of characters is wider, extending over a larger field of New England life, and covering it better. The life in Equity, though a little thin, is admirably portrayed, and is a life common to New England villages, so that Equity may be set down almost anywhere from Maine to Western Massachusetts. The "courting" customs, the "sitting-up," the sleigh-ride, the relation between the girls of the printing-office and the Marcia Gaylords, the part played by the Marcias and Sally Morrisons in the village coquetries, the Gaylords at home, and the family life that gets cornered in the kitchen, the Squire's saturnine manners, Bartley Hubbard's spruce dandyism and Yankee smartness,—these are all prevalent traits in village life. They are minutely detailed, and the picture given is intensely real, as far as it goes, although one who knows New England rural districts well, would be inclined to complain that it is spare in the kindlier elements; more of the jovial quality, the youthful spirit of fun, the warmth of the winter fireside, the customs handed down among the people, which give zest to social life—even to winter social life in the country, and which the outsider can scarcely penetrate—would have made the picture richer in interior effects; and the New Englander, recalling his youth in the old homestead, and the essential honesty and solidity of the home enjoyments, will feel that the author has got at the inner experiences only in a limited way. This feeling

indeed is kindled by most of Mr. Howells's reproductions of social life. In this particular instance it will be felt that, in choosing a "moral to adorn his tale" he has missed many a possible tale that would have suggested a more pleasing moral. It is the business of the reader, however, rather than of the critic, to quarrel with a writer's subject. It is enough for the latter to say how far the subject, as chosen, is worthily treated.

Certainly there could be no more conscientious gathering of material than Mr. Howells shows in this case. The detail is exceedingly full and effective. The sale of the buggy, the restaurant experience, and the pursuit of a boarding-house in Boston, the reportorial venture at the "Events" office, the shifts of a needy man to get a living, and the final scene in the divorce-court in Indiana, are close and perfect work in the minute style of the present day. Marcia as a housekeeper, and as a "baby-tender," her economies, her motherly anxieties, her jealousies, — which may be petty, but are after all the stuff out of which daily life is too often made,—these finish the picture of a faithful, devoted woman of restricted sympathies, which, in its way, is not surpassed by anything we have seen.

When we pass from the report of manners to the working of passions, the novelist widens in his range. The staple of his work heretofore in the passions has generally been those trifles of temper which make a large sum in the end, but which show irritability rather than deeper currents of character. In tracing these, he has shown himself more than once a master. Indeed, in "A Modern Instance," these make a larger element than the reader who reads for development of plot, or for strong, underlying qualities of character, finds pleasing. But here again the critic is obliged to confess that the Marcias and Bartleys of life have little else than irritability for passion, and petty outbursts of temper for emotion—so that the author, having chosen his theme, has perhaps rightly chosen his treatment. The picture is still true to the life, as far as it goes. The lovers' quarrels, Marcia's sudden gusts of jealousy, are of the order of "trifles light as air," but they make the prevailing currents of the book,—to be smiled at, when continued over the reading a long period of time, but trying, when the story is read at a sitting. Mr. Howells's chief rise in the present work is in the touches of deeper passion, of which there are more and better specimens in "A Modern Instance" than in any of his previous work. He has warmed up to the value of continuous and deep-seated forces in human action. We have hints of these in Kinney's strong sense of friendship and in the intensity of his wrath when he finds that liberties have been taken with this relation; in Squire Gaylord's rooted disgust with Bartley's methods, ending in that almost Indian implacability of revenge which costs Bartley his case in court, and the Squire his life. But the best evidence we find of a growing strength on the part of Mr. Howells, in depicting the

\* A Modern Instance. A Novel. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Edinburgh: David Douglas.



passions and emotions, lies in the devotion of Ben Halleck to Marcia. While it is difficult for the reader, as it possibly was for the author, to sympathize with Halleck's passion, yet the picture of the working of his love is powerfully drawn. The unsatisfactoriness of the passion, it must be said, results mainly from the inadequacy of its object; but this is not the fault of the story-teller. One notes among one's acquaintances how frequently inadequacy of object may be charged against the noblest affections. There are plenty of men and women who offer the roomy accommodations of a large nature to beings capable at best of filling only a small corner of the space wasted on them. That Mr. Howells should have chosen Marcia for Halleck, and Miss Kingsbury for Atherton, to love, is therefore the reader's quarrel and not the critic's. It is a way with Mr. Howells, as it is also with Mr. James, and unhappily too often a way with the world,—which last is very probably the only justification that either of these genuinely worldly writers could offer to the unsatisfied public.

When he passed from social manners to social morals, Mr. Howells took a bold step, but in a path where he was most likely to succeed. Moral disintegration, like Bartley's, hinges only too often on trifles, and moves on trifles; and ultimate "incompatibility" in the marriage relation is reached in too many cases by processes which Mr. Howells is an adept in tracing,—processes which not only leave outward signs, but are sometimes almost wholly made up of outward signs. At any rate, to this path the author keeps. Bartley's fall and the final ruin of his family life hinge on small things. A little success at the right moment might have sent him to Congress instead of to Indiana. He would have been a "smart" politician, to be sure, for that was his build. But instead of fleeing to the woods, he might have taken a permanent residence under the gilded dome of a certain State House. The lesson of his fall is one of small incidents, and comes but slightly within the range of large social problems. But Atherton's morality and Ben Halleck's over-indulged passion are of higher interest. They are made to represent settled social tendencies, and without "taking sides" himself too strenuously, the author still holds up a high and saving moral standard.

Judging Mr. Howells's present story, then, from the point of view of his previous work, we find in it even greater precision and niceness of detail, an artistic finish of parts and conscientiousness of study,—in all of which he excelled before. We find it more varied as a study of individual character. The humor is less trifling, or, perhaps we should say, less external. In Kinney, it strikes a deeper vein, and is allied to stronger character,—a peculiarity of humor in the Eastern States, where it is imbedded in nature, and is not the product of reading. We find a higher moral purpose. Heretofore Mr. Howells has seemed to be trying to amuse us with the "fleeting show" of things. His view of life, with one or two exceptions, has been that of the watering-place and the railroad. "A Wedding Journey," "Private Theatricals," "A Chance Acquaintance," "Dr. Breen's Practice," were delightful work, but they were of the wayside. The present work is episodic, and we see in the chapters on the "loggers' camp," and in the boarding-house and printing-office scenes, charming material from the old note-books,—capital reading, but for the most part

extraneous matter, and detrimental to the story as a work of art. But with this exception, the story-telling power has increased, and the hold on interior life is firmer.

But one quarrels with all the realistic novelists on just the ground which they seem to think their strongest. They begin, like the scientists, with what they can see and test,—what yields material results, and they end there. They give too little credit to what the mind, by its idealizing processes, adds to character. What a man would like to be is just as much a part of his real life as what he seems to be, and it is after all what he hopes and aspires to be, what in his heart he is in his best moments, that makes him a worthy object of contemplation. Dickens and Thackeray and Scott, and most of the old novelists, recognized this. They were inspiring writers, because they embodied the *possible* virtues, as well as the actual. Man gains a knowledge of anatomy by stepping aside into the dissection room; but the great majority of readers could forget anatomy, especially morbid anatomy, and be the better for it. We have in Thackeray's *Becky Sharp* the most bitter satire in fiction, but, nevertheless, "*Vanity Fair*" is not an altogether depressing book. It leaves our possibilities to us untouched. There is a generous complement of good, deep human life that has not been spoiled, and an incitement to simple living that is all the more keen for the sharpness of Becky's fall. The virtues are not made hard and dry; they are not austere and unfruitful. There is probably, to most of us, far less stimulus to virtue in seeing the wicked punished than in seeing the righteous rewarded. But to see both good and bad alike go down is depressing. To see Isabel, in "*The Portrait of a Lady*," stranded on Osmond, or Guyon, in that charming novel of "*Guernedale*," snuffed out by Phil Symonds's marriage to Annie, or Ben Halleck's pitiful deformity covered with sackcloth and ashes,—will it reform the bad or comfort the good? Will not the ugliness of sin be shown more successfully by the sharp contrast which genuine and not impossible virtue makes with it? We cannot help thinking that more saints have been made by the Madonna than by the Inferno. If this view is a correct one, as it certainly is an old one, is not the present school of novelists making a mistake in giving us too much of the crabbed harshness of fruition, and too little of the sweet fragrance of blossom-time? Have they not some strength of virtue to get from George Eliot, some beauty of sympathy to discover in Dickens, some genial and manly affection to find in Thackeray? Mr. Howells has many qualities fitting him to find in New England life both nobler virtues and uglier vices than any he has yet made out. That life has its charms and beautiful attractions. It has customs as unique, quaint, and pleasing, as any in Old England,—relics of old English customs, perhaps, with a smack of the new soil. It has women refined and beautiful, warm-hearted, high-souled, courageous. It yields, to be sure, its hard, reticent Squire Gaylords, its narrow, unbalanced Marcias, its shaky, disreputable Bartleys; but it yields also energetic merchants, upright statesmen, high-minded scholars, a yeasty quality in politics, an exquisite sentiment, a beautiful philanthropy. We miss this phase of New England life in Howells. Perhaps we have no right to



censure the novelist for not choosing to depict it, but we miss it all the same. Our people are continually saying, "We have been represented long enough by our showy men and women, by our ostentatious orators, by our gambling politicians, by our rakish young men and our thin society girls." The men who have made our greatness, and the women who have adorned it, are, as yet, by this new school of writers—the ablest school since Hawthorne—left almost untouched. It has been the interest of the makers of opinion abroad often enough to keep this side of our life in view, and to ignore the other side: but should it not be the work of our writers, having in view both home growth and the nation's repute abroad, to bring out some of the better phases of our interior life? If we were to be the gainers eventually in character by these depressing confessions, we might take kindly to them; but have we not for all purposes of home profit made a sufficient exhibition of our weaknesses? The coming American novelist must show us not only our lightness and frivolities, but those deeper and grander national forces that carried us strongly through a most terrible civil war, and that have made it possible for us to take in—if we have not yet altogether digested—five millions of Africans, and five millions of England's most tempestuous subjects, and that have still left us sufficient vitality to hold the American continent mightily under control. This work has been done by strong men, and the great coming novelist will find a way to tell us of them.

#### The Plays of Mr. Bronson Howard.\*

If we are beginning to have in America a little band of novelists who know their trade, and whose workmanship is as clean, and as fine, and as skillful as any in Europe, it is largely because of the American magazine in which the writer of prose fiction can practise his 'prentice hand. It is not that the American magazine accepts the serial stories of the beginner in fiction. Far from it; but it is glad to welcome work less ambitious and less exhausting to the untried and untrained hand of the novice. There is nothing an American magazine more earnestly seeks for than a short story by a writer who has eyes to see, and wit enough to find something worth seeing. From the sketch and the short story it is easy to pass to the novelette in two or three parts, and from this to the novel is no great distance; and by the time the clever young writer of fiction is ready to begin his first novel, he has learned the trade of storytelling, and has taught the American public that he is worthy of longer attention. It is thus that Mr. James, Mr. Howells, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Cable, Mr. Eggleston, Miss Woolson, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Aldrich, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote have tried and developed their powers.

But the American dramatist has no such opportunity, though he is in greater need of it: for the trade of play-making is far more difficult than the trade of novel-writing, and requires a longer apprenticeship. A comedy in one act may be taken as a fair equivalent of the short story; but where can any American

dramatist find a market for a comedy in one act? The shortest play that a manager will look at must have three acts. Thus the beginner has no chance to acquire gradually art and confidence and reputation by unambitious efforts. Thus, when he is at last emboldened to attempt a long play in three, four, or five acts, he is probably lacking in the experience and technical knowledge needed for so arduous an undertaking. Thus also, when he presents his play to a manager, he is plainly a novice, and a manager may well hesitate before risking the production of a three-act or four-act play by an untried hand. So it happens that while there are many practical playwrights in the United States,—adepts in devising the slight scaffoldings needed by some wandering "star" for his personal exhibition,—we have scarcely any trained dramatists. Now and then a novelist tries his hand on a play, and these plays sometimes succeed; but this success on the stage is nearly always due, at least in great measure, to the aid and advice of some one, either actor or stage-manager, who thoroughly understands the theater and its requirements. The hack play-makers who have all the stock devices at the ends of their fingers are not uncommon, and the novelists who can tell a story with no lack of merely literary merit are not uncommon; but the trained dramatist is uncommon, one who can set a plot on its legs so that it will run for weeks before the pleased eyes of the public, and who at the same time can clothe this plot with characters and dialogue worthy of serious consideration. Of the few, the very few, trained dramatists whom we have in America, Mr. Bronson Howard is the foremost.

Mr. Howard has written ten or a dozen plays, no one of which has been a dead failure, and four of which have been remarkable artistic and pecuniary successes. These four plays are "Saratoga," a five-act comic drama (1870); "Old Love-Letters," a one-act comedy (1878); "The Banker's Daughter," a comedy-drama (1878); and "Young Mrs. Winthrop," a four-act comedy (1882). The first remark to be made about these plays and their fellows is that they are all original. In these days, when so much of drama which speaks English originally spoke French, it is not a little pleasant to find one American dramatist who is resolutely self-reliant. Only one of Mr. Howard's plays is from the French. This is "Wives" (1879), which was avowedly derived from Molière's "École des Femmes" and "École des Maris," and which in fact was written chiefly to oblige the manager who produced it, and who had previously produced other plays of Mr. Howard's. All Mr. Howard's plays are his own; all of them are American in character and action; all of them reflect the life of our own time; all of them are endowed with what the American manager who introduced them to New York was wont to term "contemporaneous human interest."

Next to originality, the most marked quality of these plays is the technical skill of their construction. Mr. Howard is a working dramatist, and, in his plays, the merely literary feeling is subordinate to the dramatic. He is first of all a practical playwright, and a man of letters afterward, as were Shakspeare and Sheridan, Molière and Beaumarchais. His stories are told by a series of actions, not by haphazard narratives; and the spectator sees all that it is

\*Saratoga: a comic drama in five acts, by Bronson Howard. New York and London: Samuel French & Son. [Mr. Howard's other plays are not published.]



important and interesting for him to see. His characters are distinctly drawn, and they retain their consistency to the end. His dialogue is always direct and appropriate, rising to gentle pathos and simple dignity, and never falling into puerility or bombast. In a word, Mr. Howard knows his trade. He is master of the art and mystery of play-making. He has the grammar of dramatic construction at his fingers' ends, so that he needs no more think of it as he writes than a well-educated man needs recall the rules of English grammar. In a word, he constructs like a Frenchman. So well, indeed, are his plays built that they have successfully stood the trying voyage across the Atlantic, and the substitution of English surroundings for America. "Saratoga" was adapted to the English stage by Mr. Frank Marshall, under the name of "Brighton," and it has been acted over three hundred times in London, and at more than half a dozen different theaters. "The Banker's Daughter" was adapted to the English stage by Mr. James Alberry as "The Old Love and the New," and it has been acted at two London theaters more than two hundred times. "Hurricanes," a three-act farce (1878) was acted in London more than three hundred times as "Truth." It even happened that "Brighton" was taken across the Channel, and adapted into German and acted in Berlin.

The third quality of Mr. Howard as a dramatist is his humor. He has a distinctly American and delightfully easy humor. It is, perhaps, his strong sense of humor which has kept him from bombast and bathos in his serious dialogue, and from "sensation" and brutal effects in his construction. His humor is active as well as passive, and it informs his characters as well as his dialogue. *Mrs. Brown* in "The Banker's Daughter," and *Mrs. Dick Chetwynd* in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," are delightful humorous sketches of lighter American types. They are not in the least exaggerated, though they have the condensation which the stage demands. They have an airy grace and charm, too, and, with all their fantasies and humorous freaks, they have not lost any of their femininity. Consider, too, the frank and hearty independence of the heroine of "Saratoga,"—a lively, unabashed young lady, not without fascination, though Mr. Howard has drawn more finely since. Perhaps his most subtle female character, and the one in which his humor, though ever present, was most subdued, was the lady who made ready to return her "Old Love-Letters." There are touches in this play not unworthy of M. Émile Augier, by all odds the foremost of the French dramatists of to-day, with whose admirable and amusing "Le Postscriptum" it will well bear comparison. Mr. Howard's humor flows easily, without strain or effort. His dialogue is not encrusted with pert jests and punning gibes. It is as simple and direct in its humor as it is in its pathos; and it exists not for its own sake, but only to further the situation or to reveal character.

It is to be noted as a fourth characteristic of Mr. Howard's plays, that his dialogue is always cleanly. He has resisted the great temptation to make fun out of dirt,—a temptation which has overcome so many humorists. It is odd enough to be worth recording that "Saratoga" in Berlin, and "Hurricanes" in London, were thought to have a tinge, or at least a taint, of questionable mo-

rality, although in America the original plays had no hint of impropriety. "Saratoga," indeed, had a bold and lively story, which might easily have yielded a large crop of doubtful jests had Mr. Howard been so minded; but, as he wrote it, it is unobjectionable. It is a model of a Palais Royal farce in all but the impropriety, and its imbroglíos are to the full as ingenious and as comic as any of the dirty dramas of that most Parisian of play-houses.

The weak point in "Saratoga" was the introduction of a duel, or, rather, of seven duels,—a very comic circumstance, indeed, but practically impossible at a cold-water summer resort. The artistic defect in "The Banker's Daughter" was a certain stretching of the story, by the introduction of a very effective duel between a young American and an impossible Frenchman. This stretching, no doubt, made the play better suited to the theater where it was acted; but we are inclined to think that Mr. Howard's original version of this play, called "Lillian," and acted in Chicago and San Francisco, was a more shapely structure. Of "Old Love-Letters" this magazine spoke when it was originally acted, and it then gave a sketch of Mrs. Agnes Booth as the heroine.

Of Mr. Howard's latest work, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," produced at the Madison Square Theater in New York last October, space fails us to speak at length. It is an admirably made play, and its mechanical excellence is nowhere protruded. Its construction is symmetrical, and its plot unites simplicity and strength. The strength, indeed, is evolved out of the simplicity itself. The story has the interest of expectation, though every one might foresee and foretell the outcome of the opening situations: true dramatic interest is not aroused by deceiving or disappointing the spectator as to the end to be reached, but by leaving him in doubt as to the means whereby that end, however obvious, is to be obtained, and by choosing the freshest and best devices to reach the fixed point. Only second to the clean workmanship and constructive ingenuity of "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is the literary quality of the writing, which abounds in touches of tender pathos and strokes of playful humor. Though the sentiment never sinks into sentimentality, yet there is, perhaps, a little too plain an attack on the emotions. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is an honest and honorable play, creditable alike to the author, the manager, and the public.

#### Shairp's "Aspects of Poetry." \*

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, of St. Andrew's, who is also Professor of Poetry in Oxford, has here printed twelve selected lectures from a course delivered at the latter University, together with three essays originally contributed to "Good Words." The Chair of Poetry in Oxford has already enriched our critical literature with some of the most valuable essays of Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Shairp's forerunner, and, like him, a Balliol College man. The comparison thus suggested can hardly be to the present incumbent's advantage, but it is perhaps high praise to say that he fills his trying position so creditably as to make the compari-

\* Aspects of Poetry. By John Campbell Shairp. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.



son impertinent, were it not that he continually recalls it himself by appealing to, or, more frequently, by dissenting from some view of his predecessor. His own point of view is quite independent of the Oxford tradition. In opposition to the fastidious culture of Mr. Arnold, he presents the popular, spontaneous quality of poetry. In particular he takes exception, and as we think quite justly, to the former's celebrated dictum, that we can hope for no great creative epoch in modern English poetry until the soil has been first prepared by a thorough critical movement. What he says on this head in his chapter entitled "Criticism and Creation" is obvious, but also, we think, true. And no part of it is truer than the passage in which he describes the chilling effect of the academic atmosphere on original genius: "For those on this side of graduation, whose manhood is harnessed into the duties of the place, what between the routine of work and the atmosphere of omnipresent criticism in which life is lived here, original production becomes almost an impossibility. Any one who may feel within him the stirring of creative impulse, if he does not wish to have it frozen at its source, must, before he can create, leave the air of academic circles." This is written of Oxford, but there are many who could testify that it is equally applicable to Harvard and Yale.

Those who have read the author's previous book "On the Poetic Interpretation of Nature" are already familiar with the position which he takes in the warfare of critical sects which has become such a burden of late. They need not be told that he has no belief in the theory of art for art's sake or the moral indifference of art; that he denies beauty to be the sole criterion of poetry, or the giving of pleasure to be the sole or even the highest aim of the poet; and that he has a rather deficient sympathy with all kinds of poetry which contain no ethical or religious wisdom. It is strange that this question has been so tediously debated. It lies in a nut-shell. A poem may be beautiful but unmoral (not immoral); but it cannot be moral and unbeautiful, for then it ceases to be a poem. That is, beauty is of the essence of poetry, morality is its accident. But when it is asked if beauty of a spiritual kind is not superior to beauty of a merely sensuous kind, the answer may easily be given: yes, if the degree in both is the same. Whether, for example, the sentence,

"Virtue could see to do what Virtue would,  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk,"

is better poetry than these lines from the same poem,

"And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses,"

is a question which every one must answer for himself. If the glow of spiritual satisfaction produced by the former is equally intense with the excitement of the imagination caused by the latter, then it might be fair to say that the former was the nobler passage and would give a more permanent pleasure. But it is difficult or impossible in many particular instances to balance such very different kinds of pleasure against one another in quantitative scales. The insistence on this and similar questions in the lectures

entitled "The Province of Poetry," "The Spiritual Side of Poetry," and "The Poet as a Revealer," seems to us, therefore, wearisome and unprofitable; all the more so because Mr. Shairp, though a respectable critic, is evidently not a thinker of original insight and has nothing new to add to the discussion.

With his theological prepossessions and his doctrine of the true province of poetry, our author could not fail to be a devout Wordsworthian. Not only in the chapters on "The Three Yarrows," and "The White Doe of Rylstone," but in scores of citations and references throughout the book, it is made manifest that Wordsworth is his *magnus Apollo*. On this ground he is at home, and writes with an authority begotten of long study and strong love of the poet's works. The essay on "The Three Yarrows" seems to be the result of material accumulated by Professor Shairp while preparing his introduction to Dorothy Wordsworth's charming "Recollections of a Tour in Scotland," first published in 1874. Where he treats of poets or poetry outside the somewhat narrow range of his literary sympathies, he writes less confidently and is seldom illuminative. His mention of Keats has always a perfunctory air, and his lecture on Shelley is entirely inadequate, save in so far as it reproduces the ideas and often the language of R. H. Hutton's admirable study of the same subject. Of this indebtedness, of course, he makes due acknowledgment, but it is hard to see why he should have felt called upon to print anything at all on a theme so uncongenial that he is forced to treat it at second hand. That Professor Shairp is a patriotic Scot, appears from the chapters on "Scottish Song and Burns," "The Poetry of the Scottish Highlands," "Modern Gaelic Bards," and "The Homeric Spirit in Walter Scott." The last is an effort to get a reversal of the judgment which the consent of critics has passed upon Scott's poetry,—a judgment best summed up perhaps in Carlyle's essay on the subject.

The freshest thing in the book is the account of Duncan MacIntyre. This last survivor of the genuine old Gaelic bards—who died in 1812—was a forester on Ben Doran in the estates of Lord Breadalbane. He could not read or write, but carried his songs in his head. He was the poet of glen and corrie, of the shealing and the misty Ben; and his songs were composed to pibroch tunes. Specimens of translations from these are given by Professor Shairp, which seem to render the engaging simplicity of the originals with sufficient faithfulness to enable the non-Gaelic reader to judge of their contents and style. We subjoin a few lines from one of them:

"Yestreen I was on Ben Doran  
Which I had good right to know—  
I saw all the glens beneath me  
And the Bens loved long ago.  
Bright vision it used to be,  
Walking on that mountain ground  
When the sun was in gladness rising  
And the deer were bellowing round.

Joyous the frolicsome herd  
As they moved in their jaunty pride,  
While the hinds were at the cold hill-wells  
With their dappled fawns by their side;  
The little doe and the roebuck,  
The black cock and red grouse-bird,  
Their voices were filling the morning air—  
Sweeter melody never was heard."



## Frothingham's Memoir of George Ripley.\*

THE editor of this series is giving a generous construction to its title. Ripley has hardly a place among American authors, though he was emphatically a man of letters. He belonged to that army of toilers with the pen whose work, however useful for the needs of the day, makes little claim upon the morrow. As translator, reviewer, compiler, through a lifetime of nearly eighty years—during the last thirty of which he was the literary editor of the "*Tribune*,"—Ripley produced an amount of manuscript which it is fearful to contemplate, and yet he never wrote a book. As the veteran reviewer of our daily press he long enjoyed an honorable and authoritative position. His critical work was honest, conscientious, and, above all, kindly. Still, for a man whose business was with literature, he was singularly devoid of the literary gift. Mr. Frothingham admits that he had no impulse toward original creation. His papers in the "*Dial*" and elsewhere are heavy and without any grace of style. Even as a critic he had judgment rather than taste, which Mr. Lowell calls "the negative side of genius." He did not make criticism a fine art, as Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Lowell, and others have done. He remained an excellent newspaper reviewer, and never became a critic in a high sense. In fact, to put the matter succinctly, Ripley had understanding, knowledge, and industry, but not a spark of genius.

And yet the most interesting episode in his career, and that which will make him longest remembered, would seem, at first sight, due to the promptings of one of those sudden impulses to which the temperament of genius is most liable. Ripley was thirty-nine years old when, as Carlyle put it, he "left his pulpit in order to reform the world by cultivating onions." The Brook Farm Community was the poem of his life. For five years he worked unremittingly through all manner of drudgery, practical details, and "cold obstruction" to make his ideal come true. Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of the original stockholders, but his attitude toward the experiment was curiously different from Ripley's, and illustrative of the wide distance between the purposes of the earnest social reformer and of the poet who takes a merely artistic delight in strange conditions of society and unusual combinations of men, women, and things. Hawthorne remained always a spectator. He had, under his idealism, a merciless keenness of vision, which made him foresee the failure of an enterprise that lay so close to Ripley's heart that he could not admit a question of its success.

The letters which Mr. Frothingham gives us, written by various inquiring spirits to the founder of Brook Farm, show better than anything else perhaps could do, the highly electric state of the atmosphere in 1840. Brook Farm was not precisely one of those communities where "everything was common but common sense," but it of course drew the eyes of all the long-haired. These letters which "voice the enthusiasm of humanity," which Mr. Frothingham tells us was in the air, would now, we fear, be regarded as the productions of "cranks." In delightful contrast with them is a canny letter from Emerson, whose

"wise smile" becomes almost visible in the following paragraph:

"4. Mr. Hosmer disbelieves that good work will continue to be done for the community if the worker is not directly benefited. His boys receive a cent a basket for the potatoes they bring in, and that makes them work."

Alas! yes. And such is human nature and such will remain, though all the Socinian ministers in the land desert their pulpits for the onion-beds of Ephraim. Nevertheless, Brook Farm was a noble dream, and has left a broad track on our literature.

The break-up of Brook Farm left Ripley, at the age of forty-five, without a profession or resources, and with a load of debt on his shoulders. The courage with which he began life anew, and the patience with which he toiled at the desk at first, doing hack-work for small pay, with his life a failure behind him, and old age in the near future, were indeed admirable; and his final success is a lesson of encouragement that has few parallels. He had, to help him, an almost perfect constitution, and a capacity for steady drudgery more often possessed by German than by American scholars.

Mr. Frothingham has done his work as biographer with good judgment, letting his subject tell his own story, in letters and otherwise, so far as possible. His "*Life of Theodore Parker*" and "*History of New England Transcendentalism*," together with his own personal acquaintance with the leaders of the Unitarian pulpit, qualified him in advance for a task like the present. With the exception of Mr. Charles A. Dana—who was also a Brook Farmer—no one perhaps could have been found more suitable to write the life of Ripley.

## Browning's "Agamemnon."\*

SURELY no writer of the English language at present is so interesting a phenomenon as Robert Browning. He has not the political influence of Victor Hugo, nor has he made on English men of letters the mark that Hugo has stamped on French. He is not what Goethe is to the Germans. He has none of the popularity of Tennyson with minds of mixed sentiment and thoughtfulness, nor does he appeal at all to the great mass of Americans and English who love the simple strains of Longfellow. He has veiled himself in a language often obscure, oftener rough and discursive to the verge of obscurity, sometimes odd to the perilous point of mannerism, and yet his single poetic flights have, perhaps, been higher and stronger than those of any British contemporary. He began to write poetry at about the same period as Théophile Gautier, and was open to some of the same influences as the latter. The star of Byron was still brilliant in its western horizon when Gautier wrote "*Albertus*," betraying the Byronic impulse by many turns of phrase and thought. But faint indeed is the Byronic influence on the "less than adolescent" Browning who wrote "*Pauline*." It is not the work of Byron that is imitated in any way; if the trace can be found at all, it is rather the attitude of Byron's mind toward the world, rather the doings

\* *American Men of Letters*. Edited by Charles Dudley Warner. George Ripley. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* *Agamemnon*, *La Saisiaz*, and *Dramatic Idyls*. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



than the sayings of Byron. In either case, "Pauline" is a most remarkable piece of work, not for the art of it, but as affording a glimpse into the mind of the writer. On the one hand, its concentration on self, its self-importance, its rambling vein, its straining, are most youthful; on the other, its review is really that of a whole lifetime, and the ideas are those of an old, not of a young man. On the one hand, it is not lacking in lines that halt grievously, such as the third of these:

"Then what must be that love  
Which, with the object it demands, would quell  
Reason, though it soared with the seraphim?"

Or, again, the middle line of

"I can mount with the bird  
Leaping airily his pyramid of leaves  
And twisted boughs of some tall mountain tree."

Or once more:

"Scarce worth a moth's flitting which long grasses cross."

On the other hand, it has images most exquisite, passages that roll in the finest musical bass, lines that sound like the best of the classic writers of all great nations. The life that Byron lived, in fact, Browning seems to be living over in his mind; his longing is toward the unattainable. One of his confessions is the fact that he can no longer love. Yet Byron showed this by deserting the women on whom his fancy rested. Browning is content to be appalled at the idea, make the confession, and then draw closer to "Pauline," to whom the monologue is addressed, thus showing that with him it was introspection, with Byron action. Pauline, who appends a still more singular foot-note in French to the middle of this singular "Confession," must be a Swiss, as appears from this passage toward the close:

"We will go hand in hand.  
I will go with thee even as a child,  
Looking no farther than thy sweet commands,  
And thou hast chosen where this life shall be:  
The land that gave me thee shall be our home  
Where nature lies all wild amid her lakes  
And snow-swathed mountains and vast pines all girt  
With ropes of snow—where nature lies all bare,  
Suffering none to view her but a race  
Most stunted and deformed, like the mute dwarfs  
Which wait upon a naked Indian queen.  
And there (the time being when the heavens are thick  
With storms) I'll sit with thee while thou dost sing  
Thy native songs, gay as a desert bird  
Who crieth as he flies for perfect joy."

She is also a judge of poetry and a philosopher, and she alludes in her foot-note to the poet as *mon pauvre ami*, a very odd expression to apply to the man who speaks of her personal charms in the tone of an ardent and favored lover. But, whether Pauline was a living woman or an abstraction, the confession holds a vast deal of what every close and sympathetic reader of Browning must recognize as minute, careful, and perhaps sometimes remorseless, analysis of self.

"O dearest, if indeed I tell the past,  
Mayst thou forget it as a sad, sick dream!  
Or if it linger—my lost soul too soon  
Sinks to itself and whispers, we shall be  
But closer linked, two creatures whom the earth  
Bears singly, with strange feelings unrevealed  
But to each other; or two lonely things,  
Created by some power whose reign is done,  
Having no part in God or His bright world.  
I am to sing whilst ebbing day dies soft,  
As a lean scholar dies worn o'er his book,

And in the heaven stars steal out one by one  
As hunted men steal to their mountain watch.  
\* \* \* \* \*

I am made up of an intensest life,  
Of a most clear idea of consciousness  
Of self, distinct from all its qualities,  
From all affections, passions, feelings, power;  
And thus far it exists if tracked in all:  
But linked, in me, to self-supremacy,  
Existing as a center to all things,  
Most patent to create and rule and call  
Upon all things to minister to it;  
And to a principle of restlessness  
Which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel, all—  
This is myself; and I should thus have been  
Though gifted lower than the meanest soul."

After telling her how he lost the power to love, the opening up of the stories of the ancients to an eagerly receptive mind is told in this fine passage:

"They came to me in my first dawn of life,  
Which passed alone with wisest ancient books,  
All halo-girt with fancies of my own;  
And I myself went with the tale—a god  
Wandering after beauty, or a giant  
Standing vast in the sunset—an old hunter  
Talking with gods, or a high-crested chief  
Sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos.  
I tell you nought has ever been so clear  
As the place, the time, the fashion of those lives.  
I had not seen a work of lofty art,  
Nor woman's beauty, nor sweet nature's face.  
Yet, I say, never more broke clear as those  
On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea,  
The deep groves and white temples and wet caves:  
And nothing ever will surprise me now—  
Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,  
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's hair."

It is pretty well known that Mr. Browning is not merely a great lover of music; it is understood that he is somewhat of a musician. "Music, my life!" he exclaims in this poem, and again, to Pauline:

"Be still to me  
A key to music's mystery when mind fails,  
A reason, a solution, and a clue!"

His love for music is traced at an early period in this bit of autobiography:

"As peace returned, I sought out some pursuit;  
And song rose no new impulse, but the one  
With which all others best could be combined.  
My life has not been that of those whose heaven  
Was lamplless save when poesy shone out;  
But as a clime where glittering mountain-tops  
And glancing sea and forests steeped in light  
Give back reflected the far-flashing sun;  
For music (which is earnest of a heaven,  
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,  
Not else to be revealed) is as a voice,  
A low voice calling fancy, as a friend,  
To the green woods in the gay summer time:  
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes,  
Which have made painters pale, and they go on,  
While stars look at them, and winds call to them  
As they leave life's path for the twilight world,  
Where the dead gather. This was not at first,  
For I scarce knew what I would do. I had  
No wish to paint, no yearning, but I sang."

A good part of this self-dissection, however, seems to refer to age, not to youth. It is the whole life of a man from youth to death, rather than a fragment relating to one period.

"My selfishness is satiated not,  
It wears me like a flame; my hunger  
For all pleasure, howsoe'er minute, is pain;  
I envy—how I envy him whose mind  
Turns with its energies to some one end,  
To elevate a sect or a pursuit,  
However mean! \* \* \*  
This restlessness of passion meets in me  
A craving after knowledge: the sole proof  
Of a commanding will is in that power  
Repressed; for I beheld it in its dawn,  
That sleepless harpy with its budding wings."



Finally the thought of God comforts the poet in some measure; out of the chaos of his thoughts arises the idea of repose in a superior power:

"The last point I can trace is, rest, bencath  
Some better essence than itself, in weakness;  
This is 'myself,' not what I think I should be;  
And what is that I hunger for but God?"

In fact, the poem is both Credo and Confession—"Suntreader, I believe in God and truth and love"—and may perhaps be held as the most curious of all the many curious pieces by Browning; certainly the biographer will find more hints in it than in any other.

What more remains is better known to readers. The translation of the "Agamemnon" is interesting as a variation on the usual translations; in itself it is not great. "The Two Poets of Croisic" is lively and amusing in parts, but too long. The series of Dramatic Idyls in two parts shows Browning equally at ease—or equally himself?—in the dramatization of stories from the East, from classic mythology, from England in the seventeenth century, from Italy in the middle ages, and from the legendary lore of the Jews. They are almost always strong, rugged, and meaty. The taste for them is not given to every one; but, once acquired, it seems to please more than smoother work. The charm of Browning lies partly in the strong point of his story, partly in the comprehensive view he takes of a subject. But the best in him is something that hardly comes to the consciousness of a reader, though it influences him profoundly. This is the reserve power which seems to exist behind all his work and which makes the least sympathetic at least feel the touch of a master.

#### Mrs. Kemble's Reminiscences.\*

THE correspondence contained in this volume covers the period from 1834 to 1848, and is valuable both for the reminiscences it contains of well-known figures in London society and literature, and for the descriptions of life in America as Mrs. Kemble found it. There are numerous anecdotes of Sydney Smith, Lady Holland, Lady Morley, Thackeray, and a host of persons whom it seems Sydney Smith was himself in the habit of dividing into "dilletanti" and "talketanti," nearly all of which are new to us, and scattered as they are through the volume, lighten up its pages and make it thoroughly readable. As time goes on, however, we are inclined to think that the account given of life in America will, as a "record," retain as much permanent interest as any of the rest of the book, because it is a life nearly extinct. Brought up in England, in the midst of a highly cultivated society, surrounded by all sorts of comforts and luxuries, Mrs. Kemble was transplanted to the United States at a time of life when she was most sensitive to external impressions, and when American society was in a condition well calculated to make vivid impressions on any foreigner. She came with a strong good-will for this country, and a conscientious desire to adapt herself to it; but the task was an impossible one, and

why it was impossible every page of her book shows. The war has blotted out the United States which she in her younger days was brought to make a home in; but with a fine, bold touch she brings it back to us.

It was, in fact, not a pleasant country to live in, for the art of living, of extracting from life all the pleasures and benefit which it can be made to yield, was unknown and uncared for. The South (her husband was a planter) was a wilderness, made unendurable to a sensitive and conscientious woman brought up as Mrs. Kemble had been, by the existence of slavery. Mrs. Kemble has given, in this book and elsewhere, a very complete picture of life on a Georgia plantation, and we need not refer to it further than to point out that it will not do to give her the credit of telling the truth about one part of the country and not about another. Mrs. Kemble is eminently a truth-teller; it is her cardinal virtue as well as her weakness. Stories in this book show that she has suffered all her life from being unable to act upon the proverb "*toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire.*" Therefore, we may safely say that her picture of life in the North, as she found it, holds the mirror up to nature for us, very much as her Georgia journal did for plantation-life in the South.

It was a country in which there was, in the first place, no society as a European of that day or an American of this would understand the word. "It does not strike me," she says, speaking of Philadelphia, "that social intercourse is easy at all here; the dread of opinion and the desire of uniformity seem to me to give a tone of distrust and caution to every individual man and woman, utterly destructive of all freedom of conversation, producing a flatness and absence of all interest that is quite indescribable;" and this tone of uniformity, with the resultant flatness, Mrs. Kemble discovered, not only in Philadelphia, but wherever she went. Cut off from the society she had left behind her in London, she turned to domestic life, and here she gives a most amusing account of her struggles. When she settled down in Pennsylvania, at "Butler Place," or "The Farm," as she preferred to call it, she found to her dismay that all the country interests, duties, and occupations, "the village, the school, the poor, one's relations with the people employed on one's place, etc.," had all been contemplated by her from a point of view which, taken from rural life in England, "had not the slightest resemblance to anything in any American existence." Her husband's place was "in no aspect superior to a second-rate farm-house in England,"—though for all that her calling it "The Farm" probably pleased no one connected with it. Her attempts to gain her neighbors' good-will, which were evidently sincere, were ludicrous failures, because she simply approached them as she would have done had they been English dependants or tenants. In the goodness of her heart she offered to teach the little children of her gardener and farmer, and as many of the village children as liked to come, to read and write; but her benevolent proposal excited nothing but "a sort of contemptuous amazement." There was a public school, which they supported by taxation, and to which they sent their children; and an offer of gratuitous education by a lady in Mrs. Kemble's position was resented almost as an insult. On the 4th of July, Mrs. Kemble

\* Records of Later Life. By Frances Anne Kemble. London: Richard Bentley & Son. New York: Henry Holt & Co.



organized for the yeomanry and their families a feast which, considering her nationality, and the state of feeling toward England in those days, was about as touching and unequivocal a proof as she could have given of her desire to please. Unfortunately she provided her guests with beer and wine, and these beverages proved to be objects of moral reprobation to the Quaker farmer and his family, and were untouched. The feast was a failure. In Lenox, it seems that she sent a considerable distance for a barrel of beer for a number of men mowing in a meadow, and was remonstrated with by one of her best American friends for "introducing among the laborers of Lenox a mischievous need and a deleterious habit." Again, a curious source of disappointment to Mrs. Kemble was not finding any poor to whom she could be charitable. This was true, both of Pennsylvania and New England, and in Lenox, when she proposed to give the proceeds of one of her readings to "the poor of the village," she was assured that there were none, and so she was obliged to add it to a library fund.

Many more curious illustrations might be given; but it is unnecessary to multiply them. Twenty years ago it was the custom to quarrel with any observations made by an Englishman or Englishwoman about this country. Anybody who will take the trouble to read this "record" of an Englishwoman who has been all her life a lover of this country, will see how it was that English travelers of the period she describes found this country a strange, queer place; how it was that we detested all English travelers, and how it is, too, that the quarrel about English descriptions of America has passed away like a disagreeable dream. The America which they described has passed away. It is as strange to us as it once was to them.

The letters describing her visits to England are as entertaining as letters well can be, but it is difficult to give any idea of their character by extracts. The anecdotes of dramatic and musical people are especially valuable, because Mrs. Kemble, by birth, education, and instinct, belongs to the artistic world, notwithstanding her frequently expressed dislike for the stage as a career. Of Macready, his manner of acting, his extraordinary maltreatment of his fellow-actors, his egotism, his bad temper, a very full account is given. Of Rachel there is some descriptive criticism, which is all the more valuable, as the gift of reproducing the effect of fine acting is very rare. But, after all, it is the every-day life and anecdote in England which gives the volume its greatest charm. Mrs. Kemble was a friend of Sydney Smith; of Rogers; of Macaulay; she was run after by Lady Holland, and has a great deal to tell about that extraordinary woman, Mrs. Grote. Her ordinary life was passed among people who were all more or less celebrated, and she brings them and their lives before us with great vividness of outline. Perhaps nothing, on the whole, is pleasanter than the picture of Sydney Smith, of whose witty nonsense she gives some excellent specimens; she makes it evident that a large part of the charm of his conversation was impermanent, and lay in his voice, face, and manner, which invariably put his audience in a humor to enjoy anything. Among his jokes recorded here, one which shows the eccen-

tric operation of his humor as well as any, is the following: He declared that he found traveling abroad very expensive. "I know I never could live under fifty pounds a week," said he. "Oh, but how did you live?" was the next question. "Why," said he, "as a canon should live; and they charged me as enemy's ordnance." On another occasion, he asserted that he had passed a horrible night, having dreamed that he "was chained to a rock and being talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay." Rogers's dry, biting wit gained also from his cadaverous countenance, which led Smith to refer to him as the "departed" poet, and Mrs. Kemble has a great deal to say about him,—his bad tongue, his good heart, and his high regard for his own poetry, which he always insisted upon her reading aloud to him in preference to any other, much as Wordsworth gravely told an acquaintance that he had bound one of his poems in quarto "to show his own appreciation of it." It was a very remarkable society, that of London in the time of these reminiscences, and no one will lay down Mrs. Kemble's letters without joining in her sigh over its disappearance from the world. There is no better record of it in recent literature than is to be found in her pages.

The peculiarities of Mrs. Kemble's character, as they stand out in bold relief in her reminiscences, are, it is hardly necessary to say, very charming and attractive. A vigorous and vivacious mind, relieved by a playful humor, a generous and quick temper, deep attachments and strong principles, are traits which the most careless reader cannot fail to discover. The good taste and reticence displayed in her complete silence about passages in her life which were well adapted to arouse a vulgar curiosity, can only be fully appreciated by those who know the story of her life.

#### Miss Lazarus's "Songs of a Semite." \*

It is a very curious fact that the Jews, who seem as a race to be possessed of much more than ordinary intelligence, and whose intellectual members tend by no means, as some people assert, exclusively to music and acting, should have done little in literature to record the oppressions to which they have been subject. Even Heine, with his diamond wit and extraordinary attainments, was never the champion of his race in any manly, vigorous fashion. Notwithstanding the facility and versatility of Hebrews, notwithstanding the fact that wherever they have the chance, they take positions more or less before the public, in Germany and elsewhere, they now gravitate naturally toward the press; notwithstanding the fruitfulness of the subject, their own ill-treatment by believers in other religions has been hardly brought to the surface. Is it that they are, speaking of them as a whole, given to materialism, and, when protected by the laws of a country, quite content to feather their nests and live that opulent, pleasure-seeking life which is full of the kindly offices of those who love their families, but is little inclined to look beyond or above? Or does the rough logic of the world receive

\* Songs of a Semite: The Dance to Death and Other Poems. By Emma Lazarus. New York: Office of "The American Hebrew."



their secret approval, that logic worse than rough—cruel and relentless—which says practically that might is right, and that the people who will not fight for freedom do not deserve it? This might explain why the subject of persecutions becomes tabooed among them as soon as the persecutions cease. Or the explanation may be based on the ground on which apologists explain their long suffering under abuse, their inclination to win by ruse instead of hard blows, their preference for commerce, the lighter handicrafts, namely, that many generations of an existence as aliens under oppressive laws have dwarfed in them the militant side and fostered the mercurial. Be it as it may, the phenomenon is worth considering just now, when we have the shocking scenes of the middle ages reenacted in Russia, and at the same time come upon a Jewess who has made a departure from the rule of silence.

Miss Emma Lazarus, of New York, after writing prose and verse of a high grade on topics having to do with anything but Hebrew matters, has recently developed in a line which cannot help exciting the finest indignation of which she is capable, and which in fact has called out her very best resources. Her success hitherto has been among Christians rather than her own folk, but now she appeals to her race. Perhaps her studies of Heine, translations from whose poems appeared last year, may have pointed the way. But much more must the inexcusable misery inflicted on Jews in Russia have sharpened her pen. The fine ringing lines of "The Banner of the Jew" could only have been written under the stress of righteous wrath at the infamies perpetrated under the eyes, and sometimes with the covert approval of, Russian officials.

Oh, for Jerusalem's trumpet now,  
To blow a blast of shattering power,  
To wake the sleepers high and low,  
And rouse them to the urgent hour!  
No hand for vengeance—but to save,  
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh, deem not dead that martial fire;  
Say not the mystic flame is spent!  
With Moses' law and David's lyre,  
Your ancient strength remains unbent.  
Let but an Ezra rise anew  
To lift the *Banner of the Jew!*

A rag, a mock at first—erelong,  
When men have bled and women wept,  
To guard its precious folds from wrong,  
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,  
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.  
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

Strange that it should be a woman to say that word: "Strike! for the brave revere the brave!" It invests this little pamphlet with an interest that will go on deepening, if the call is heard, until it may, perhaps, attain some day to the place of a classic phrase among the Jews; for who shall say in these days what a race cannot do that has the domestic virtues, the ability, and the wealth of the Jews, and, behind all, a real grievance that strengthens their hands and makes every liberal and conscientious thinker their ally? In "The Crowing of the Red Cock" there is another cry of agony for the maltreatment of Russian co-religionists, but the mood is softer:

When the long roll of Christian guilt  
Against His sires and kin is known,  
The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,  
The agony of ages shown,

What oceans can the stain remove  
From Christian law and Christian love?

Nay, close the book; not now, not here,  
The hideous tale of sin narrate,  
Reëchoing in the martyr's ear,  
Even he might nurse revengeful hate;  
Even he might turn in wrath sublime,  
With blood for blood and crime for crime.

Nevertheless, she has not closed the book, for Miss Lazarus has given time and talents to a five act drama in which she narrated one "hideous tale of sin," full of the lurid glare of holocaust of innocent merchants, their wives and babes, and of the fantastic love for the horrible that existed in the humor of the Gothic ages. It is founded on *Der Tanz zum Tode; ein Nachtstück aus dem 14ten Jahrhundert*, a tale of unusual horror compiled by Richard Reinhard, "from authentic documents communicated by Prof. Franz Delitsch." The drama has fine passages, and the plot itself does much to awaken and fascinate the attention. It has also weak parts that might be left out, and the publishers have made mistakes not a few, both in grammar and spelling. Miss Lazarus herself must be in fault for several instances of halting lines. An attempt of this magnitude may well be pardoned for slips which can be corrected in a second edition. Meantime it is a fact to be noted that in "Songs of a Semite" this talented young authoress has struck on solid ground. Her ability to write works *de longue haleine* argues exceedingly well for her future fame in letters. Her appearance as a champion of her race is to be hailed with pleasure. A writer could not have better material from the past or a stronger stimulus in the present.

#### Holley's "Niagara and the Other Cataracts of the World."\*

THE author of this strikingly bound and profusely illustrated work is known as the writer of a guide-book to Niagara Falls, which indeed furnished the basis of this more elaborate volume. In an article contributed several years ago to this magazine, he showed his familiarity with every phase of the subject, and his ability to write entertainingly upon it. Mr. Holley speaks with the full information and enthusiasm of an old resident. It has been his purpose, evidently, to cover the whole ground of the early history, geology, and local features and incidents of the Niagara region, in a manner which will leave little to be done by any historian that may come after him. While the supplementary chapters on the other famous cataracts of the world are a small portion of the work, and make no pretension to originality, they serve the purpose of a comparison between the greatest known cataract and its numerous smaller rivals. Mr. Holley's volume is worthy of a place in every "working library," and visitors to Niagara Falls will find it the best of guides and souvenirs, thanks to its map, illustrations, and full descriptions of the local features and of the many tragic accidents that have happened there.

\* The Falls of Niagara, with Supplementary Chapters on the Other Famous Cataracts of the World. By George W. Holley. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.



## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Young Men and "A Modern Instance."

It is curious to hear the young people of the period discuss the qualities of Mr. Howells's story, especially the young man who, coming in late at night, sits up still later to finish it, and who, when you find him turning its pages in the day, blinks at your discovery. In his more confident morning hours he attempts a certain defense of Bartley, and intimates that a wider experience of the world might alter the writer's treatment.

"There isn't a single thing that Bartley Hubbard did," he declares, "that was so very bad,—not a thing which might not occur in almost any young fellow's life, and not send him to the devil either. It is nonsense to pretend that he is a much worse fellow than another, as the world goes, or that he isn't as much of a man any day as that photograph-keeping, conscience-wrestling Halleck. Talk about his knocking Henry Bird down! Talk about his using that history of Kinney! Talk about his beer! Talk about Sally Morrison even! What I am trying to say is—what I mean is—just this: Take most any man, even those who finally turn out all right, and show him up in that cold-blooded way,—all his secrets, his mean moments, and every little chance action,—and he won't appear much better than Bartley Hubbard. I tell you, all the facts remaining the same, his nature need not be so deeply tainted, and there is no use pitching into him and knocking the bottom out of his merits. Take these goody-goody fellows themselves, who have had their legs broken and their hearts smashed, but not their eye-teeth cut, and I guess you'll find places in them of just as doubtful gentility. What I mean is, that to brand Bartley Hubbard and spare Ben Halleck, coddling a baby's cold nose under his chin, while he shakes with love for the baby's mamma and scorn for the weakness of the baby's papa, shows what a chance it is where contempt shall fall. You needn't tell me that if the right sort of person had taken hold of him, and helped him along, Bartley wouldn't have made the better fellow of the two. Or is there no great good in any of us? Mr. Howells seems to think not. Look at the work Bartley had in him,—his good nature, his wit! It is the fashion to decry men with clever social qualities. I am not trying to say he is all right; but I know if I had to live with such a woman as that Marcia, with her crude passion, her sudden furies, her country stiffness, her exactions, her want of tender attributes, I doubt if we should ever reach the point of keeping house together in the spring. What I mean to say is"—and as this young man goes on his voice rises, and his hand, following his voice, rises and shakes with emphasis.

But deep in his heart he feels accused, and for the time at least, as he returns to his business, some perception of his low tone stirs within him. He has never before had his qualities so clearly presented to him, his motives so closely scrutinized. He is accustomed to think well of himself; to measure care-

fully the lengths he may go, and preserve a moderate self-respect; to make small account of the absence of stern integrity, and frequently to remark in a swelling tone, "That is not the kind of a man I am." "A Modern Instance" attacks his sort of moral structure at the foundation. It smiles at him, snubs him, discovers to him that his recurring derelictions are the outcrop of an unsound nature, and that, when he no longer has power to stay the decay, he may realize the importance of their evidence.

But in his self-defence he suggests the most assailable point of the story. One would like to believe that the men and women who preserve their moral sense, their correct instincts, their probity, their veracity, should sometimes be allowed to enjoy these virtues,—that they should be raised, supported, elevated by them,—that they should know moments when life would be sweet, and that the breaths which they draw through an atmosphere kept pure by these qualities should sometimes make their hearts beat full and strong. But in this story Mr. Howells has admitted nobody with any reach of spirit,—nobody with what he himself calls the poetic lift; and his excellent New Englanders suffer from a more bitter aridity than that which corruption produces in his hero. It might be said that an exception should be made in the case of the old squire,—in that last scene where he holds the stage in the double character of lawyer and father. If it were not that the lawyer so dominated the father,—if the desire to make a telling point against the plaintiff were not so apparent,—there would be something fine about it. As it is, the natural pathos of the situation is sacrificed—and perhaps rightly—to preserve the consistency of the character to its general hardness and lowness of tone.

The side characters of Kinney and Ricker are touched with a saving grace. They have a native spirit which keeps them out of the commonplace. They are alive, sentient, and in a sense sweet. While the Hallecks, the Gaylords, the Witherbys, know no moment of superiority to circumstance, no days that are not bleakish Mondays, they are essentially New Englanders in the constancy with which their thoughts dwell upon detail, in the grip which their environment has upon them, in their cohesion with facts, in their want of lightness and imagination. Mr. Howells does not seem to create them, but merely to present with ease what he has readily found.

S.

### Diaries and Journals.

"OH, that I had had time and patience to keep a diary!" declares the late Charles James Mathews, in the first chapter of that beginning of an autobiography which the present Mr. Charles Dickens edited and completed in 1879. "What a world of trouble it would have saved me, and what endless odd details and incidents, now forgotten, I should have been able to record! Harley kept one for some forty years. I have seen three volumes, all regularly bound and



lettered. They contain a most interesting account of what he had for dinner each day, and what he paid for coach-hire, and not a word of anything else. I doubt whether their publication would interest the public of the present day. I find that I, too, commenced a journal regularly on the first of January every year, and invariably broke down after a few weeks; then resumed, and finally dropped it altogether. My intentions were good, but my perseverance faulty."

In Charles Mathews and in Harley, two old actors, we have the exact opposite of Fanny Kemble, who started a journal early in life and has made a voluminous appearance in literature on the strength of it. Omitting her plays and poems and her latest book of Shaksperian criticism, all of Mrs. Kemble's books are made out of her journals, or out of the letters which were a substitute for it. First came the "Journal of a Residence in America"; then "A Year of Consolation," which was a transcript from a journal kept during a journey to Italy; then again the "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation"; and last of all come the two charming volumes of "Records of a Girlhood" and "Records of Later Life." But we need not come down to modern times for examples. Pepys lives in literature solely because he kept a diary. The journal of Judge Sewall sheds a light on the thoughts and feelings of our New England ancestors, not elsewhere to be found so fully focused.

It is, however, because most people want to imitate Pepys and Sewall, not to mention Mrs. Kemble and Charles Greville, that most people break down and give up their journals in the first few months, if not weeks, after the fair start has been had. Most people have not the opportunities of Sewall or Greville; most people lead quiet lives, and mix little with the great ones of the world and have but little to record out of the way or important. Yet every man's life is of importance to him and to his. Only one must not attempt too much. Charles Mathews failed because, characteristically enough, he made a great flourish at the outset. Harley failed as dismally, because, although he kept on heroically, he never set down what was really important, even to him. A country school-teacher, leading a humdrum life in a little village, does not need a diary large enough to set down the doings of court and king; but she will probably find much pleasure in jotting down a brief record of her daily life. And our aim is to suggest how this brief record may best be written, with the least expenditure of time and with the utmost benefit in result.

It is not necessary to buy a diary. Any blank book will do. The date can be written at the head of each day's entry. This has the advantage of allowing a long and elaborate entry whenever anything happens to demand it. But it is convenient to have a diary regularly laid off, with dates properly printed and a space for each and every date. There is something in the assured and stable look of a well-arranged blank diary which sustains the beginner in the task of keeping it up. No one who has kept a diary through a year ever needs help to keep at it the next year and the year after. The habit once formed, it is really easier to keep a diary than not. This, of course, is on the supposition that the diary is what has been suggested—a brief record. Indeed, the record can hardly be too brief. I have seen a diary full of interesting personal details, the page of which

was not larger than two inches by three, and each page contained the record of a full week of seven days. This, however, is a little too small. Perhaps the best book for a beginner has a page about four inches high and three inches broad, and gives two pages (facing each other) to a week,—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday on one page, and Friday, Saturday, and Sunday on the opposite page; this allows a double space for Sunday. In such a diary there is a space a little more than an inch high for every week-day.

Now, as to the things to be set down. Bearing in mind the fact that the diary is to be a brief record, the first question to be considered is—"What happenings in your life are worth recording?" And the answer to this varies with the individual. Every person must determine for himself or herself what he or she deems of most importance. A few general suggestions may be made. Most people take an interest in the weather: it may be well therefore to note first the extreme of temperature, with the general state of the weather. It is advisable to specify all visits paid or received and all letters written or read. Then it is well to record any special payment of money and any change in health, and lastly, to make note of the books read, setting down the day of beginning and ending. For example:

JAN. 1st, 1883, Monday.

36°, slight snow-storm. Went to Newsboys' Lodging House. Sent \$50 ck. to Children's Aid Society. Made eleven calls. Dined with father. Read Stedman's "Poe."

That of course is the record of a gentleman's New Year's day. Here is a lady's entry later in the year:

APRIL 13th, 1883, Friday.

51°, disagreeable wind. Caught slight cold. Called on Dr. From Mary; to her. Mrs. Brown called. Began Aldrich's "Story of Bad Boy."

The words "from Mary; to her," mean, of course, that a letter was received and answered. Obviously there are days when the record is brief to the point of meagerness and there are others when of necessity it must be full and ample. When a lady is going to Europe, the entry of a day on shipboard will probably be short. But, on her arrival in Paris, it may extend to any limit.

JUNE 20th, 1883, Wednesday.

On board SS. "Gallia." Run 343. Head winds. Heavy rain. Quite sea-sick. In berth all day. Tried to read Trollope's "Eye for an Eye."

JULY 16th, 1883, Monday.

Paris. Continental Hotel. Warm and clear. From Mother and Mary. To Father and John. Mr. Whyte and M. Blacque called. Went to Cluny Museum and the Bon Marché. Tried on at Worth's. Dined at the Lion d'Or. Saw Coquelin in "l'Aventurière" at the Théâtre Français. Headache went away.

A diary with memorandums as concise as these is no tax on the time. As it can be written in a minute every night before going to bed, it is no tax on the memory. It costs neither time nor trouble nor money. It may save all three. After keeping one for more than ten years, I can testify to the great advantage of having a brief record.

Arthur Penn.



**Women's Wages.**

I HAVE been looking for some clue to the unsatisfactory relation of woman's work to woman's pay. There are, in reality, two distinct classes of women who are in the field for remunerative employment: those who desire to add to an insufficient income, and those who depend upon themselves absolutely for bread. Both classes call for consideration, and yet the fact of their existence is precisely that in which the difficulty we are considering has its rise. "Women," it is often asserted by their apologists, "are quite as capable as men in many fields of labor; yet for the same work, equally well executed, they receive less pay." That women, under exceptional circumstances, can and do produce work that is equal to, and sometimes superior to, that of men, will be generally conceded; but if they universally did so, if woman's work in the aggregate was equal to that produced by men, then, by the irresistible law of supply and demand, hers would be preferred.

The great governing principle of the labor market is that which exacts the best results for the least expenditure, and all the arguments brought forward against the employment of women in fields at present occupied by men would yield if experience once proved that women, taken as a class, were as efficient as men.

Whatever may have been the case fifty years ago, or may still be true in older civilizations, public opinion in this country now recognizes the right of women to enter upon any field of labor. She has invaded the professions and many branches of business. She is found in factories, in mills, occupying the desk as a clerk, canvassing, teaching, nursing, speculating (unfortunately), and it is not unusual now to find her at the head of large business houses. Where is she not? What then is the meaning of this cry for justice to women who work for a living? Why are women toil-worn, struggling, and dissatisfied? The fault, if fault there be, must be with themselves, either in their physical or mental disability. As regards the former, although unquestionably the disability exists, it has never been prejudicial to women as a class. Mental disability is a far more serious stumbling-block, and one which repeated efforts have been made to overcome. "Women," it has been asserted again and again, "need training," and where training has been possible the results have justified the assertion. Girls trained for special duties in large business establishments have entered the lists with youths of the same age, and have, in many cases, succeeded admirably. Within the last few years, a wide field has opened for them as designers. But there is undoubtedly something which the majority of women lack beyond training, and we are inclined, after much consideration of the successful and non-successful competitors of the labor market, to the conclusion that the real disability of most women lies in the absence of a sense of responsibility.

Of the many who come forward to solicit employment, comparatively few are absolutely and entirely

self-dependent. The ranks are full of applicants who, having a pittance, desire to add to it, and to do so in a "genteel" way, the results in such cases being precisely analogous to those that beset young men seeking careers. The man who succeeds is he who feels impelled by dire necessity to struggle; who feels that upon his success everything depends. Imbued with a sense of responsibility, he strives, and strives successfully: in fact, he is successful in proportion as he has the sense of responsibility.

The same truth, as it appears to us, applies to woman. When she feels a sense of responsibility she does not fail, she succeeds; and for this reason, that, like the man, she sacrifices everything to the one object of success. Can the majority of women do this? When they can, and precisely in the measure that they do, they will compete upon equal terms with men, command equal wages, and work with equal success in every path they enter. For then, and then only, will they realize that it is not their need of employment which entitles them to it, but their capacity to fulfill every obligation, whether of minute detail or of grave moment, in a thorough and worthy manner.

*Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.*

**More Suggestions for a Family Ice-House.**

A PRACTICAL experience of many years enables me to modify the suggestions for "A Family Ice-House," in the November CENTURY. In my opinion, the earth should not be excavated at all where the ice-house is to stand, as the lower tiers of ice would rapidly melt, and the drainage would not be so good. The floor should be simply the ground, level with the surrounding surface. In large ice-houses even, the melting is so gradual that the water soaks into the ground, drains being rarely used, since they are apt to be the means of conveying air to the ice. Where the land is low and wet, a drain is dug outside the building, say three feet from it on all sides, and is filled with loose stones. This will dispose of the surface water and drain the ice-house. In constructing the ice-house the uprights, of two by four or two by six inches, must be set about three feet apart, securely spiked to the bottom plank, and braced between. After boarding up inside and out with common boards, and filling the spaces with dry saw-dust, stamping it down as it is being filled, two-inch narrow strips should be nailed perpendicularly on the outside, about six feet apart, and on these should be nailed the clap-boards. Thus an outside air-space will be obtained, through which the hot air will circulate in summer, reducing the temperature. There should be a square ventilator on the roof, with open slats on each side. In packing the ice, place the cakes close to each other, and close to the sides of the building, chinking the spaces between with broken ice as each layer is completed. No saw-dust should be put on before the top layer is in, and then not so much as to cause heating. Ice packed in this way will keep better, and there is less waste.

*S. J.*



## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Domestic Applications of Electricity.

THE use of electricity in dwelling-houses and offices—to ring a bell, sound an alarm, or light the gas, is now so general that the methods of applying it need no description. The making of the apparatus is now a regular business, and it only remains occasionally to note improvements in the methods employed and extensions of the field of usefulness. In burglar alarms, the more recent improvements relate to better connections and fittings at the doors and windows where the signals are placed, and better materials and apparatus in the annunciators. Clocks are now placed in the annunciators, and with each clock are one or more “time-sets,” or apparatus for setting the alarm at any desired hour. For instance, by turning the time-set (which is a metallic ring marked with the hours) to any hour, say eleven o'clock, the burglar alarm will be disconnected and silent till that hour. At eleven o'clock, the movement of the clock brings the alarm system into play, and after that time none of the doors or windows can be opened without sounding the alarm and causing the annunciator to display its numbers. In like manner, the alarm can be disconnected at any hour previously decided upon. By this arrangement the burglar alarm may be silent during the evening when not needed, set in order at any desired hour, and disconnected again in the morning, and the arrangement may be automatically repeated every day for an indefinite time. By means of another time-set, a bell in any part of the house or grounds may be made to ring at any hour, for the purpose of waking servants, calling the carriage, etc. In electric gas-lighting apparatus, one of the later improvements is an annunciator for calling attention to breaks or defects in the system. The gas is designed to be turned on by hand, and is then lighted. The current is put on by pulling a cord attached to the lamp. The two wires or electrodes are brought up to the burner, and the circuit is closed by the same motion of the hand; and, when the cord is released, the electrodes spring back out of the reach of the gas-flame. By this device the wires are saved from rusting and burning, and are preserved in good order for a long time. If by any accident, such as throwing a towel over the lamp or hanging anything on the fixtures, the circuit is closed, the annunciator, by means of a clock-work system, automatically cuts out of circuit the affected lamp, and announces the location of the trouble (or room in which the lamp is placed). This cutting out of a section of the system is to prevent trouble and confusion in lighting the remaining lamps of the system, when one is found to be out of order. Time is allowed for other lights to be lit, and then the affected lamp is cut out, and the position of the disorder is announced.

Perhaps the most convenient and effective system of giving a burglar alarm yet introduced is a comparatively new one, in which the intruder's footsteps sound the

alarm-bell. This is accomplished by means of mats placed on or under the carpet of the room to be protected. Each mat acts the part of a circuit closer, the slightest pressure upon it closing the circuit and bringing the alarm-bell into action. The mats are composed of thin strips of wood, glued or cemented to a stout canvas. On each strip are fastened two small copper wires, one end of each wire being joined to a larger wire that leads to the battery and bell. There is a small space left between the ends of each pair of wires, so that, while there are many branches or pairs spread over the under side of the mat, none touch, and the whole system of wires is an open circuit. At short intervals on each strip of wood are fastened light brass springs, each one being wide enough to cover and bridge the two wires. While the mat rests upon the floor, the springs have sufficient tension to keep clear of the wires. The moment a weight is laid on any part of the carpet, one or more of the springs are depressed, touching the wires, and closing the circuit. In one case the mats were arranged in narrow strips before the doors of the room, and out of sight under the carpet. Upon the wall were arranged alarm-bells and electric gas-lighting apparatus and switches for setting the system to work. When the switches were open, it was impossible to enter the room or even cross the floor without causing the alarms to sound. The alarms were arranged to give one stroke, or to ring continuously as long as any person stood on the mat, or to start a continuously ringing bell, that continued to sound even after the weight was removed from the mat, or to light the gas-lamp. The advantages of such a circuit-closing system are obvious, as the mats can be hid in any part of a room.

### Improved Ventilating System.

It appears to be well settled now that merely making an opening in the wall of a room into a ventilating shaft will not of itself ventilate the room. The column of air in the shaft must be made to move by mechanical means, as already described here (see page 796, vol. 19), or by heating the air till it expands and rises. This last is accomplished by means of gas-lamps, stoves, and hot-air flues. When a building, divided into a number of floors, is to be ventilated, it appears to be necessary to add one more feature to the system. This is to make the ventilating shaft larger in diameter as it ascends. From an examination of a ventilating system recently applied to a six-story office building in this city, there appears to be no reason why a large building, containing a great many tenants, may not be made perfectly safe in a sanitary sense. The building is six stories high, with basement, and is divided into small offices for business purposes. There is a hydraulic elevator, with a steam pump for lifting the water, and steam boilers for warming all the floors. The waste heat from these boilers is employed to



move the air in the ventilating shafts. To accomplish this, the toilet-rooms on each floor are placed at one side of the building, and adjoining the air-shaft. This shaft is of brick, extends from the basement to the roof. The cast-iron smoke-pipe of the steam boilers is placed inside the shaft, dividing it into two equal parts. The heat of this stack warms the air of the shaft, and causes a steady and rapid upward current. The shaft increases in diameter at each floor, being three times larger at the top than the bottom. Openings are made near the ceiling on each floor, into one-half the shaft, while the lavatories and toilet-rooms are connected with the other half. This increase of section in the shaft seems to make the system perfect. The movement of air in the shaft is rapid, and the increased burden of air it must carry from each floor does not impede the current. To ventilate the basins, sinks, etc., a copper pipe is placed inside the shaft, close to the smoke-stack, and connected by short pipes with every closet and sink. This pipe is warmed by the smoke-stack up to the fifth floor, and above this point the exhaust steam-pipe from the steam pumps enters the pipe, and continues inside up to the roof. This is to heat the air in the pipe still more, and assist the upward movement. This pipe also increases in diameter at each floor. In summer, when the heating boilers are not used, a small fire is kept in a furnace at the foot of the smoke-stack for the purpose of warming the shaft. To warm the other pipe, argand gas-burners are placed at the bottom of the pipe. These can be lighted in warm weather, and assist the movement of the air in the pipe.

#### Novel Form of Elevator.

THE endless band, with buckets attached, used in ordinary grain elevators, has been adapted recently to a new purpose. In some old mines, there was at one time a rude kind of passenger elevator employed, in which two long rods were hung in the shaft. These rods were provided with steps and handles, and had an alternate up-and-down motion. The miner wishing to ascend the shaft grasped the handle on one of the rods, and stepped upon the foot-board, or step, attached to the rod. In a few seconds the rod rose a few meters, and then paused for a second or more, and then descended. The miner, standing on the rod, was raised with it till a platform was reached, and then, as the rod paused, he stepped off and waited till the rod moved upward again, when he repeated the operation, and in this way he was gradually lifted to the top of the shaft. These two ideas, the endless belt with buckets and the lifting rod, have been used to make a novel kind of passenger elevator. The shaft, or well, is made in two parts, and at the top and bottom, between the division-wall that separates the two wells, are placed large drums, the upper one being controlled by a steam motor. Over these drums is placed a strong endless chain, or wire rope, and under the influence of the motor the rope travels continuously down the center of one shaft and up the other. Attached to the rope at intervals are small passenger cars, each designed to carry two persons. At the top and bottom of the shafts, where the ropes pass over the drums, guides are arranged in such a way that the cars are always kept upright, passing over or under the wheel

from left or right without altering their perpendicular position. The front of each well is open upon each floor of the building in which the elevator stands, and the cars move up and down past each floor. The passenger wishing to go up or down waits till a car comes in sight and is level with the floor, when, taking hold of a handle, he steps upon the car and is carried up or down. On reaching the floor where he wishes to get off, there is nothing to do but step off the instant the car reaches that floor. If by any accident the passenger does not get off in going up, he is simply carried to the top floor, and moves in the car over to the other shaft, and begins to descend. At first sight such a continuously moving elevator would appear to be exceedingly dangerous,—that unless the passenger stepped off just at the right moment, or if his foot extended beyond the edge of the car, he might be crushed against the floor above. To obviate this, the floor is cut away in front of the shafts, and a hinged flap, or cover, is laid down before the elevator. Anything projecting beyond the edge of an ascending car would strike the flap and lift it out of the way till all danger had passed. In a descending car, the only injury that could occur from this cause would be a gentle push back into the car as the passenger descended below the floor level. The mechanism used for controlling the elevator under the continually changing loads appears to be well designed, and the reports of the first machine in use are quite favorable.

#### Design for Fish-Curing Plant.

SOME modifications of the familiar fruit-drying plants have been suggested recently to adapt them to the drying and smoking of fish. In the fruit-dryers only one tower is used, and the trays are put in at the bottom, and are slowly raised to the top by endless travelling chains while a current of hot air rises through the tower. To adapt the system to curing and smoking fish three towers are used, and the double traveling chain passes through them all. In the new design, three towers under one roof are arranged side by side. The first is intended to be warmed by means of a stove at the bottom, precisely as in the evaporators. The second tower is the smoke-shaft, and is filled with smoke, while the last tower is for cooling the smoked fish. The endless chains start in a room outside the drying tower, where tables are arranged for preparing and loading the fish. For large herring the fish are threaded on narrow sticks or rods, and the ends of each rod are inserted in the links of the chains, so that the fish are always suspended vertically, whichever way the chains may travel. As the rods of fish are placed on the chains, they rise to the top of the shaft, and cross over and descend through the rising current of hot air. They then pass out of the tower and rise to the top of the smoke-tower, and descend in that. The fish is now cured, but to cool it off it is carried by the chains to the top of the next tower, through which it is carried to the packing-room, where the rods and loads are taken off. The empty chain then moves on, and passes through a sub-way under the towers back to the place where it started. For fish too small to be threaded on the rods, shallow carriers are provided, in which the fish are thrown loosely. On reaching the end of the trip these carriers



upset automatically, and throw their contents out upon a traveling table ready for the packers. The carriers then pass under revolving brushes, that free them from the dirt or soot that may cling to them. While the design is apparently suggested by the common American fruit-dryers, it differs in one point. The traveling chains, in passing downward (the reverse of the American practice), pass over and under a series of rollers, going part way down and then up again, and so on, and making many turns in the shaft in order to gain time. Another plan is to make the chains travel forward and back horizontally in a zig-zag course down the shaft. This may be necessary to keep the fish in the shaft till cured, but it evidently adds materially to the cost of construction, and enormously to the cost of maintenance, as the many convolutions of the chains would make necessary great power to move them.

#### Metallurgical Progress.

IN all metallurgical work the aim now appears to be to reduce the amount of heat required to do a given amount of work. For instance, the iron ore put in a blast-furnace to be cast in the form of pigs, is subjected to one heat in that step. The cast pigs are suffered to get cold before they are taken to the converter to be re-heated and cast into ingots of steel, or before they are re-heated in some other way to be worked into some new form. By placing the blast-furnace near the converter, the hot metal need not be cooled, but can be supplied while still hot to the next apparatus. The most recent step in this direction is the employment of the hot ingots of steel directly in the rolling-mill. There appears to be a moment when the hot ingot is in just the right condition for re-working on the outside, but is still too hot and fluid inside. If both the outside and inside could be cooled equally, there would be soon reached a moment when the whole ingot would be of the same temperature and fit for rolling. To accomplish this the ingots, as soon as they are taken out of the molds, are placed in brick pits. These pits are each just large enough to hold one ingot, and are closed at the top by a tight-fitting cover. The pits are heated red hot (by inserting hot ingots in them), and serve to keep the fresh ingots placed in them at an equal temperature till both the outside and inside have cooled down equally. The ingots can then be taken out and rolled without the expense and labor of re-heating. The pits have now been tried on a considerable scale, and appear to work well, and they suggest other fields of usefulness in the treatment of metals that require re-heating between the different processes to which they are subjected.

#### Improved Screws and Nuts.

THE common gimlet-pointed wood screw, at the time it was invented, was regarded as a most valuable

invention. The gimlet-point made it possible to put the screw into the wood wholly by screwing and without the use of a gimlet. However excellent this idea, it was quickly perverted, for the carpenter found the gimlet-point enabled him to drive the screw part way in with a hammer, and then a few turns would set it firmly in position. This naturally led to a second and more recent invention—the pointed wood-screw. In this screw the gimlet point is replaced by a sharp conical point. To use it the screw is treated as a nail and driven in with a hammer nearly up to the head and then given a turn or two to bind it firmly in place. To make such a screw the metal rods or blanks are rolled instead of cut. The threads are forced up from the surface of the rod into a spiral ridge, adding to the outside diameter of the screw without decreasing its weight. This leaves the smooth part of the screw above the thread of less diameter, just the reverse of the ordinary cut screw, and preventing the binding or sticking that always occurs at the last strokes in sending the screw home. The screws examined appeared to be well made and to bear out fully the advantages claimed for them. Closely allied to this invention is another in which bolts and nuts may be made self-locking or less liable to rattle loose. The bolt is unchanged, and may be made of the usual standard sizes for car and carriage work. The threads cut in the nut are designed to fit the threads of the bolt for half the thickness of the nut, and then the angle of the thread is gradually changed without changing the number of threads in a given distance. This change in the shape of the nut thread acts as a spiral wedge, and tends to force the metal of the bolt to flow into the new shape of the nut and to make a firm and tight fit between nut and bolt. In the bolts and nuts examined the two pieces had been cut in two after being screwed up, thus showing the union between bolt and nut. The union seemed to be quite perfect, the thread of the bolt having everywhere conformed to the shape of the nut, making a firm and solid joint.

#### Waste Water Alarm.

AMONG minor appliances for preventing waste of water in cities is a simple mechanical signal for indicating a flow of water from cisterns or reservoirs. The ball-cock may be out of order, and the water running in and escaping in silence through the overflow for weeks without discovery. The new device prevents this by causing the overflow to ring a gong-bell continuously as long as the water flows. The apparatus is exceedingly simple, and consists essentially of a small, over-shot water-wheel of metal inclosed in a casing. The escaping water in passing the wheel causes it to revolve, and the movement of the wheel causes a hammer to strike on a gong-bell. Cheap and simple as is this invention, it deserves to be recognized as one more means of preventing the excessive waste of water so common in American cities.



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### The Rainy Day.

BLEST drizzle that keeps prudent people  
Shut tight in-doors,  
And blots the town roofs and the steeple,  
And builded shores,  
Wipes out all bounds and limitations,  
And leaves but vaguest intimations  
Of his or thine! My old vexations  
Depart by scores;  
Abstract, I am, without relations,  
Whene'er it pours.

What are to me the wretched changes  
Of human life?  
Here, hemmed by mists, my being's range is  
All closed to strife.  
Despair may tackle me to-morrow,  
And I may share the whole world's sorrow,  
Or others woe from me may borrow,  
But not to-day,  
The sphere I walk in is too narrow  
To breed dismay.

The woods and fields I roam about in,  
Wet as an eel,  
At every step the water spouting  
From toe and heel,  
The traveling seeds of weeds and grasses  
I furnish gayly with free passes,  
They board me singly and in masses,  
By hook and crook,  
And, being of the clinging classes,  
Cannot be shook.

But night comes on; I'm stiff and weary,  
The storm grows rude,  
The landscape all is wild and dreary,  
And so's my mood;  
The task assigned by the Creator  
To me, as weed-disseminator,  
Is done; I'm ready now my fate for,  
And I would fain  
A gust of wind exchange my state for,  
Or drift of rain.

*Roger Riordan.*

### Affinities.

Stars, that from the purple depths  
Of Heaven gaze out above us;  
Eyes, that from the far-off homes  
Of hope look down and love us;  
Souls that from the pearly gates  
Steal forth and, smiling, listen;  
All things above—stars, eyes, and love—  
That watch and wake and glisten:

Moon, that in the tranquil eves  
Riseth in placid wonder;  
And music of the hollow seas,  
Drawn out in low-toned thunder;  
And winds that wander through the grass  
As sunset-lights are waning;  
And all sweet sounds that Nature hath,  
Apart from Man's complaining:

Most fair though far, as soul to star,  
Our lives their lives inherit;  
Each atom hath its dual part,  
Each soul its answering spirit;  
No song of bird, no bell-tone heard  
At night o'er languid waters,  
But strikes a thousand chiming chords,  
In music's sons and daughters!

*William M. Briggs.*

### Cupid's Mistake.

BLIND Cupid, on a summer's sultry eve,  
Went on love's errand, as we may believe,—  
But lost his way, and stumbled to a cave,  
Dark as the night and silent as the grave.  
But, pray, behold the strange reverse of fate!  
Death, who to Cupid ever bears a hate,  
Happened, likewise to stroll in there to hide,  
And slyly dropped his darts near Cupid's side.  
Where weary lay the lad, thick mists arose,  
And hid his senses in a doze.  
Awaking from his nap, strange news to tell,  
His pointed arrows from the quiver fell.  
Not quite awake, he stretched his arms around,  
To gather up his arrows from the ground;  
He took his darts, he thought, but thought in vain,  
So like they were, he knew them not again.  
Cupid took some of Death's, O fate unkind!  
And left some part of his, for Death, behind!  
Hence many sprightly youths in blooming prime,  
Struck with the darts of Death, forestall old Time;  
While greybeards, just preparing for their graves,  
Struck with Love's bolts, become his doting slaves.

*S. B. Foster.*

### Two Triolets.

#### WHAT HE SAID:

THIS kiss upon your fan I press,—  
Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it?  
And may it from its soft recess—  
This kiss upon your fan I press—  
Be blown to you, a shy caress,  
By this white down, whene'er you use it.  
This kiss upon your fan I press,—  
Ah, Sainte Nitouche, you *don't* refuse it!

#### WHAT SHE THOUGHT:

To kiss a fan!  
What a poky poet!  
The stupid man,  
To kiss a fan,  
When he knows that—he—can—  
Or ought to know it—  
To kiss a *fan*!  
What a poky poet!

*Harrison Robertson.*



## Uncle Remus's Christmas Dance-Songs.

[THESE songs, or something like them (I have endeavored to catch the spirit as nearly as possible) are sung with what Uncle Remus would call the "knee-racket"; that is to say, they are "patting" songs. If the reader will bear in mind that the rhythmical effect of these songs is based on *time*—on recurring and invariable pauses,—there will be no difficulty in catching the swing. The last verses of each stanza should be read with a quickening effect. The refrains in each are in the nature of a chorus. In the second song, the line "My honey, my love" is sung by all, and the last four verses of each stanza constitute the chorus proper.]

## I.

## RABBIT-TUM-A-HASH.

RABBIT foot quick, Rabbit foot light,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!  
Hop, skip, jump! Oh, mon, he's a sight!  
Kaze he res' all de day en run all de night,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,  
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Crow fly Eas', de crow fly Wes',  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,  
Jay-bird hunt de sparrer nes',  
En he eat all de aigs fer ter see w'ich de bes',  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,  
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Little pot simmer, big pot bubble,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!  
Dumplin' flirt like he done got in trouble,  
He flirt en he slip twel he look like he double,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,  
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Pot, he bigger dan de fryin' pan,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!  
En 'pun dis groun' I take my stan',  
I druther be a nigger dan a po' w'ite man,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,  
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

Nigger, he chunk up de fire en grin,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!  
Oh, do run yer, Miss Sooky Blueskin,  
You forgot fer ter put dat seas'nin' in,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!  
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

W'en Pa'tridge call—*Bob White! Bob White!*  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap!  
*Does yo' dogs bite? Oh, yes, at night!*  
Oh, den Mister Rabbit lif' he foot mighty light,  
—Tum-a-hash, tum-a-heap,  
Oh, Rabbit-tum-a-hash!

## II.

## MY HONEY, MY LOVE.

HIT's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane,  
My honey, my love!  
You may ax Mister Crow, you may ax Mister Crane,  
My honey, my love!  
Dey'll make you a bow, en dey'll tell you de same,  
My honey, my love!  
Hit's a mighty fur ways fer ter go in de night,  
My honey, my love!  
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—  
My honey, my love!

Mister Mink, he creep twel he wake up de snipe,  
My honey, my love!  
Mister Bull-Frog holler, *Come-a light my pipe!*  
My honey, my love!  
En de Pa'tridge ax, *Aint yo' peas ripe?*  
My honey, my love!  
Better not walk erlong dar much atter night,  
My honey, my love!  
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—  
My honey, my love!

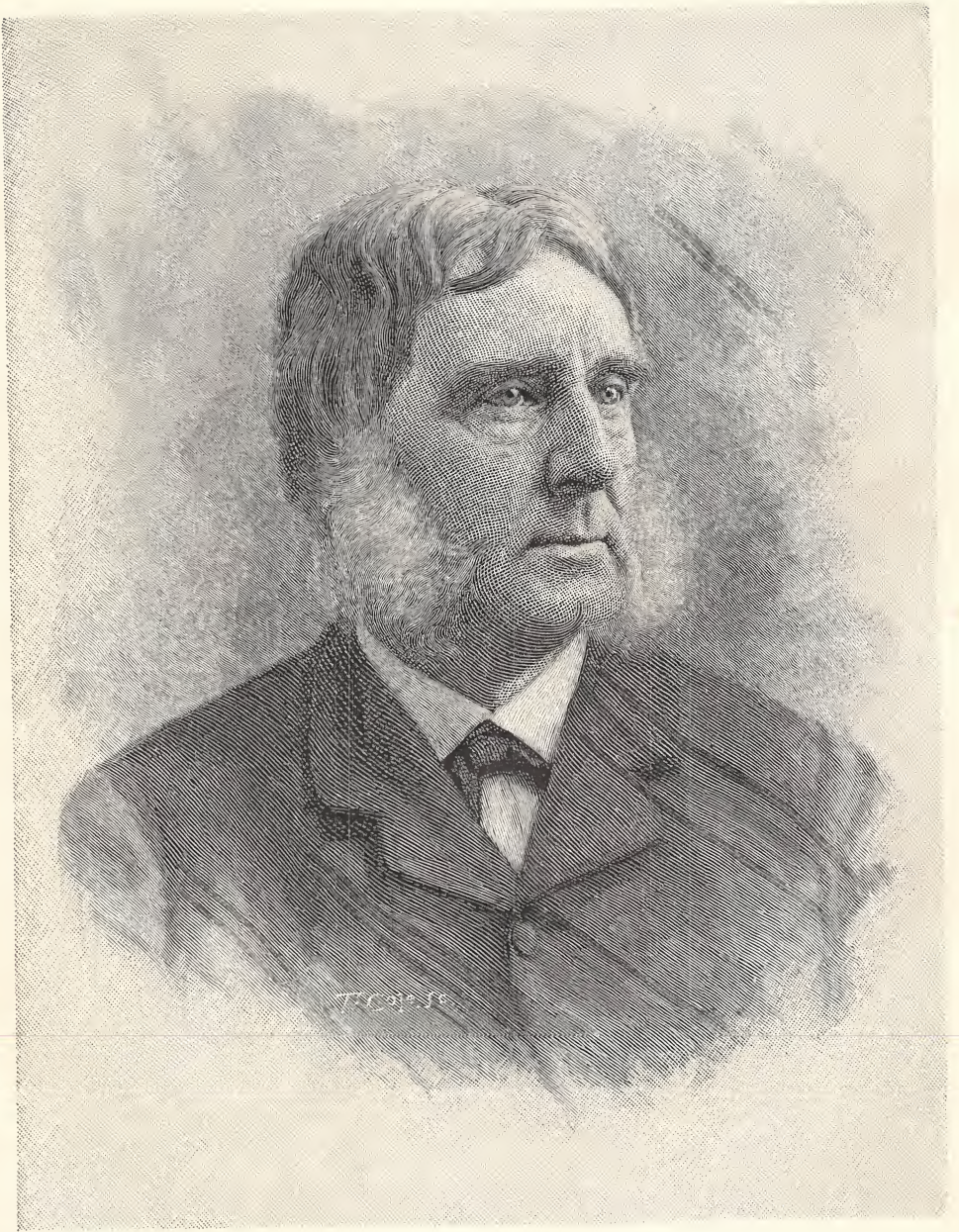
De Bully-Bat fly mighty close ter de groun',  
My honey, my love!  
Mister Fox, he coax 'er, *Do come down!*  
My honey, my love!  
Mister Coon, he rack all 'roun' en 'roun'  
My honey, my love!  
In de darkest' night, Oh, de nigger, he's a sight!  
My honey, my love!  
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—  
My honey, my love!

Oh, flee, Miss Nancy, flee ter my knee,  
My honey, my love!  
'Lev'm big, fat coons lives in one tree,  
My honey, my love!  
Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?  
My honey, my love!  
Tu'n lef, tu'n right, we'll dance all night,  
My honey, my love!  
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—  
My honey, my love!

De big Owl holler en cry fer his mate,  
My honey, my love!  
Oh, don't stay long! Oh, don't stay late!  
My honey, my love!  
Hit aint so mighty fur ter de Good-By Gate,  
My honey, my love!  
Whar we all got ter go w'en we sing out de night,  
My honey, my love—  
My honey, my love, my heart's delight!  
My honey, my love!

Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus.")





George William Curtis -



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## AMERICAN ETCHERS.

THE term etching has a definite and limited significance too often disregarded in popular speech. Its maltreatment seems the more excusable when we remember that it is not a word originally wider in meaning which has been narrowed by the custom of the studio into limited technical applicability; but that its etymological, dictionary force is at one with its employment in artistic parlance. And as it denotes not an effect but a process, there should not be the least confusion with regard to it. Even if it were possible—as it is not—to produce identical effects by other methods, no work so produced could be called etched work. *To etch* comes from the same root as *to eat*, the Greek *ἐσθω*. Only such prints as are made from plates that have been acted upon by acid—bitten into, eaten away—are to be named etchings. To produce a print of this kind, the artist takes a plate—usually of copper, though sometimes of zinc—and coats it with a preparation formed of wax and other ingredients. Upon this “ground,” after it has been blackened with smoke so that his strokes will show more clearly, he draws his subject with a sharp-pointed instrument called a “needle” or “point,” using just sufficient pressure to remove the ground along the line of his strokes without scratching the metal underneath. The plate is then immersed in a shallow pan of acid called a “bath.” This acid, or “mordant,” acts upon the uncovered portions of the plate—upon the artist’s lines, that is—but has no effect upon the portions still protected by the ground. When the “biting” is accomplished, the plate is cleaned, inked, and printed on a roller-press. This is the bald theory of etching; but its practice is a much more complicated affair than might be thought. Variety in the blackness or strength

of lines cannot be produced—as in pen-drawing, for example—by varying degrees of pressure given to the draughtsman’s tool. This can do no more than remove the ground with a finer or a blunter point, thus producing lines which would vary in width, but scarcely at all in blackness, were all acted upon to an equal extent by the acid. But all are not thus equally acted upon. The palest, finest lines in a print have been bitten for a very short period; the darkest, strongest ones for a comparatively long period; and all intermediate lines for periods of intermediate lengths. There are various ways of obtaining these results. In one—the traditionary process employed by the great etchers of other days—the subject is completely drawn upon the plate, which is then immersed in the acid long enough to bite the lines intended to be palest. Then the plate is removed from the bath, the finished lines are “stopped out” with protecting varnish, so that the acid can no longer touch them, and the biting is resumed, these “stoppings out” being continued until all the desired gradations have been successively arrived at.\*

Another process, usually called the “continuous,” consists in drawing at first upon the plate only such lines as are intended to be darkest, biting these, cleaning and re-grounding the plate, laying and biting the lines of the next degree of strength, and so proceeding until the plate is finished. A third process, first brought into favor by Mr. Haden, presupposes the use of an acid which works rather slowly. In this the untouched plate is immersed, and the etcher’s work is done upon

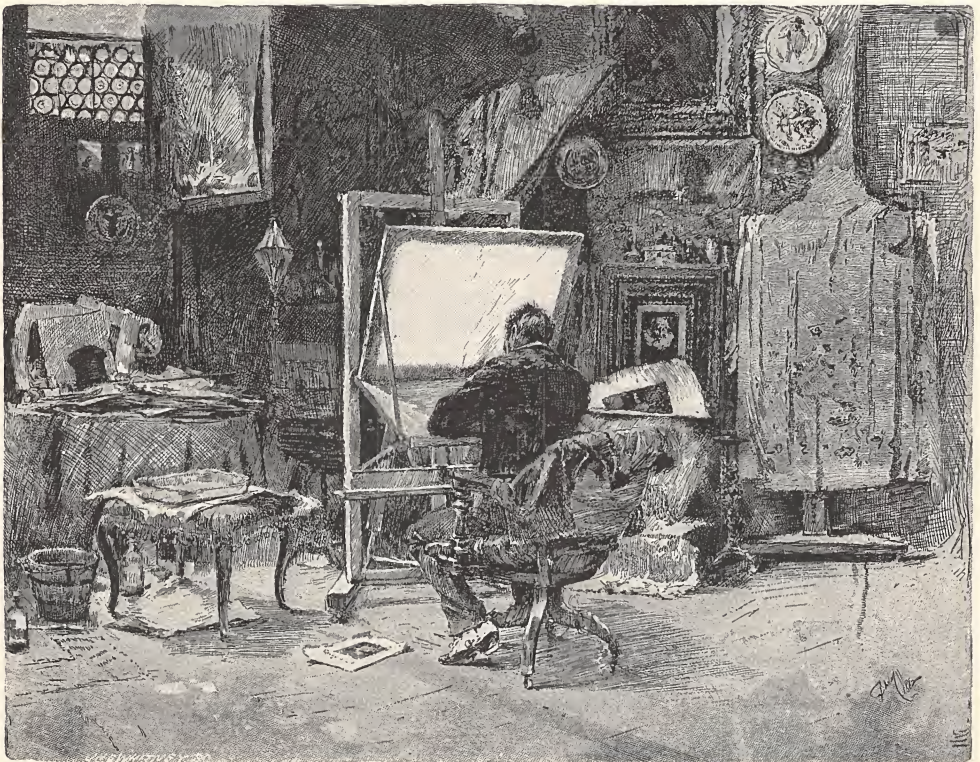
\* Of course the *order* in which the gradations are secured may be varied to suit individual desires. But it is impossible here to dwell upon the manifold minor resources of the art.



it through the liquid. Of course, here also the strongest lines will be laid in first and the work carried on gradually up to the very palest. This process has many advantages,—and not alone in its saving of trouble,—but it requires such mastery of the art, so perfect a foreknowledge of just what effects are desired and just what methods must be used to get them, that it is only fit for the most able hands. There are other methods and combinations of methods in use, but they cannot be here described. Enough has been said, I think, to show the general technical principles of the art. But a few words must be added with reference to the completion of a plate. The reader will understand that the biting plays as important a part in an etching as the draughtsmanship proper, since upon it depend all the artist's effects of tone and color and aerial perspective. But even when the last biting is finished, the plate is not of necessity complete. It may afterward be worked upon: with the "dry point,"—that is, with the needle, in lines that *cut* the copper, and are not submitted to the acid at all, and that give a peculiar effect of their own; with a line-engraver's burin; with the "roulette,"—a tiny wheel that gives results analogous to those of mezzotinting; with pumice-stone, to roughen

the surface; and in more than one way besides. Moreover, when the plate leaves the etcher's hands, the printer often has his special work to do. The simplest way to print an etching is, of course, to wipe the surface of the plate quite clean. Then nothing prints save the lines which hold the ink below the surface and into which the paper is driven by the action of the press. But to obtain *flat* tints, films of ink, of greater or less strength, are often left on or applied to portions of the plate, which films print tints of greater or less blackness. Often, as in the etching by Mr. Blum here reproduced, this so-called "artificial" or "artistic" printing plays a very important rôle. And some of my readers may remember the many "monotypes" which have been exhibited during the past year. These are produced by artificial printing *alone*—unassisted by any etched lines. Of course, with this process—as its name implies—a plate can only give a single impression; and equally of course, an etched plate, whether with or without added inked spaces, must be inked anew before the taking of each impression.

It is difficult, in the short space at my command and hampered by the desire to reserve as many pages as possible for a notice of



A MODERN ETCHER. (ROBERT BLUM.)





J. HEWHITNEY SC.

JOE. (JAMES A. M. WHISTLER.)\*

individual American workmen, even to hint at the peculiar characteristics of the etcher's art, the peculiar gifts necessary for its successful practice. But I must try, though in the fewest words. Why, in the first place, is etching held to be a much more "artistic" process than any other manner of engraving? Why does it attract the hand of original, creative artists who leave other processes to their special students? Simply because it is infinitely *freer* than any other multiplying process, being, indeed, freer than any other *point* process whatsoever, as the etching ground offers even less resistance to an artist's touch than paper to the pen or pencil. It is the only graphic process by which an artist can *improvise*

—can put his own thoughts—directly, and with such ease that his most fleeting vision can be fixed and the least idiosyncrasy of his handling be preserved—upon a plate from which many duplicates may be printed. And, of course, it is this characteristic which makes etching so seductive to the artist, and which makes its results so interesting to the amateur.

Another charm of etched work—one which is less easy to explain in words, however, and which cannot be fully understood from the wood-cut reproductions here put before the reader—lies in the fact that the lines obtained by it differ vastly *in kind* from those obtained by any other engraver's process. Its blacks are deeper and richer and more velvety than

\* Reprinted from this magazine for August, 1879.



those possible to any other linear process (whether a multiplying process or not), and its lights by contrast higher and more brilliant. Thus a wider range for the translation of color is at command. Moreover, an etched line, of whatever degree of strength or delicacy, has a peculiar quality of its own. An engraved line, cut slowly and painfully into the metal, will not only be stiffer, more mechanical, less autographic, than a line cut swiftly and easily into yielding wax, but when printed, from its even, monotonous structure, will always look cold and hard. But the action of acid is *not* even and mechanical. A bitten line is full of slight irregularities, ragged and minutely uneven; and when printed it will have far more of life and vivacity and accent. A lover of etching finds in the contemplation of a single strong, well-bitten line a pleasure akin to that found by the amateur of painting in the contemplation of a single strong, well-laid brush-stroke—a pleasure which has no equivalent if we study an engraved line in isolation. There is nothing at all in linear work (whether engraved or merely drawn) that compares with an etching for freedom, strength, and personal expression; and there is nothing like it in monochromatic work for warmth, variety, tenderness, and beauty of color.

A word must, however, be said as to the limitations of the art—limitations which its lovers will hardly acknowledge to be drawbacks. As it is a strictly linear process it cannot cope with processes where tints and masses are employed in the rendering of full and perfect tone. Almost perfect tonality can, it is true, be accomplished with the needle and its various aids, but only with much labor and a sacrifice of frank, linear expressiveness. Of the degree to which excellence has been attained in this respect, by modern "reproductive" etchers especially, I shall say a brief word later on. Here I will only note that the greatest original etchers are usually content to give tone and gradation in a partial, arbitrary, and strictly interpretative way, since by so doing they retain rapidity of handling and—the prime excellence of the art—strong linear expression. In a word, they think more of form and color and freedom than of complete tonality.

When we begin to examine etched work in particular examples, we shall prize most highly those prints in which its characteristic qualities are most perfectly exhibited, its limitations most loyally respected,—since, as Mr. Hamerton well says, an art is at its best when most thoroughly *itself*. Those etchings which are the freest and most personal in handling and the richest in color, and in

which the line is most strongly and expressively employed, will be the finest. Of course, as in all other arts so with this one, there is something more than technical skill to be considered: there is the idea which it expresses or the sentiment which it interprets. But as etching is not an imitative art, even to the comparative degree in which some arts may be so esteemed, as it is the most boldly and frankly interpretative of all graphic modes,—original, valuable ideas must have existed where really fine workmanship is seen. The etcher's translation into expressive linear language of something which has shown no similar lines in nature, presupposes a power of clear analysis. And in so interpretative an art, where very many facts in every theme must be omitted, their effect dispensed with altogether or merely suggested to the observer's memory, the converse power of synthesis is implied as well. An etcher who speaks strongly must speak concisely, significantly, rapidly, and, if I may so express it, typically or symbolically. Therefore he must be possessed by a clear idea of the things he wants to say, looking to it that they are not so many as to confuse or so alien as to confound his peculiar form of speech. And so it is that when we see in an etching really strong and individual workmanship, it vouches for intellectual qualities as well—it presupposes, by its very existence, clear, individual ideas or characteristic sentiments in the etcher, with the presence of the high artistic powers to which I have just referred,—the powers of analysis, condensation, and interpretation. It was his recognition of these facts which made Jules Dupré exclaim: "Artists paint on their good days and their bad, but etch on their good ones only." And such facts and such testimony may well dispose of the too prevalent idea that etching is an "easy" art,—one fitted for the casual attention of any dilettante.

And these facts imply that perhaps the chief thing to be prized in an etcher's work is *economy of labor*. As the art is essentially a free and rapid one, and as it is difficult (and so far as the action of the acid is concerned) always more or less uncertain, one's effects should be produced with as much simplicity as possible. An elaborate, patiently worked-up plate is never as delightful as one executed with more freedom, with less expenditure of time and effort,—provided, of course, that the desired effect has been secured. Work done with few lines and vital ones, its meaning suggested by subtle "short-hand" methods, which leave the white paper to play an important part in the general result, appeals to most lovers of the art with especial force and



charm. I should repeat, perhaps, that I am speaking now of original etchings only—"painter etchings" as distinguished from reproductive work.

I hope the reader has not found his patience too sorely tried by so many technical explanations. He must remember that we cannot understand an artist's speech in all its meaning or appreciate one-half his skill, unless we know how he has been helped and limited by his tools. And with regard to so artistic and so peculiar a process as etching, such knowledge is doubly needful.\*

The history of etching is a peculiar one. Though brought into notice by Albrecht Duerer and his contemporaries on both sides of the Alps, the full possibilities of the art were first developed a century later by Dutch and Flemish artists. The greatest of these as a painter was the greatest also as an etcher—the completest master of the art who has yet been born. In Rembrandt we find all the endowments of an etcher in such force, and find them displayed along so many lines,—with so many results of surprising unlikeness but of equal excellence,—that a study of his work alone would serve to show nearly all of which the art is capable. During a long period which succeeded the extinction of the great Netherland schools and lasted into our own century, the art fell into almost complete disuse and into completer public disesteem. But when a growing love of "romantic" and "picturesque" tendencies in art opposed itself to the insipidities, the "classicism," and the formalities of preceding generations, modern artists were inspired by the etched as well as by the painted work of their great Dutch predecessors. Delacroix, Charles Jacque, and Daubigny were among the first to re-create an art most admirably adapted to express what in their time had become the prevailing artistic mood. Méryon, one of the greatest etchers of our day, was at work in 1850, and with him a host of scarcely inferior workmen. And after the establishment of the Second Empire, etchers were recognized as a special class of exhibitors at the Paris *Salons*.

Strictly speaking, the art revived a little earlier in England than in France, but with so much less of truth and energy that the

English school was soon outstripped by the Parisian, to which all others are even yet inferior. Not only are etchers more numerous in France than in any other country and their products far more widely appreciated, but these last are, as a rule, more original and various and in greater conformity to the true spirit of the art. I do not forget that one or two of the very ablest modern etchers have been Englishmen, but, nevertheless, my words hold true of French etchers as a class. And it is, therefore, a matter of congratulation that our own men have started in French rather than in English paths, though by no means in a servile or an imitative spirit.

If we consider now the brief history of etching in America, here, too, it will be found to have had its ups and downs. An exhibition of American etchings, held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in the spring of 1881, showed that as early as the thirties and forties there had been etchers in this country. Among the names of these long-forgotten pioneers we read some which are quite unfamiliar; some, like that of William Dunlap, the first historian of American art, which are associated with quite other things; and some which are of artists who, like Edwin White, have since gone over to the majority, or who, like Mr. Falconer and George L. Brown, still live and work among us. It would be too much to say that any of these men were etchers in the true sense of the word, with the exception, I think, of Mr. Falconer; still less were they etchers of originality or force. Usually they drew upon the copper with little idea of its unique requirements and with results of no artistic value. But their aspirations should be held in grateful recollection none the less, for theirs was the day of small things,—a time when every earnest student of art must have had an appreciable influence in a community where his fellows were so few.

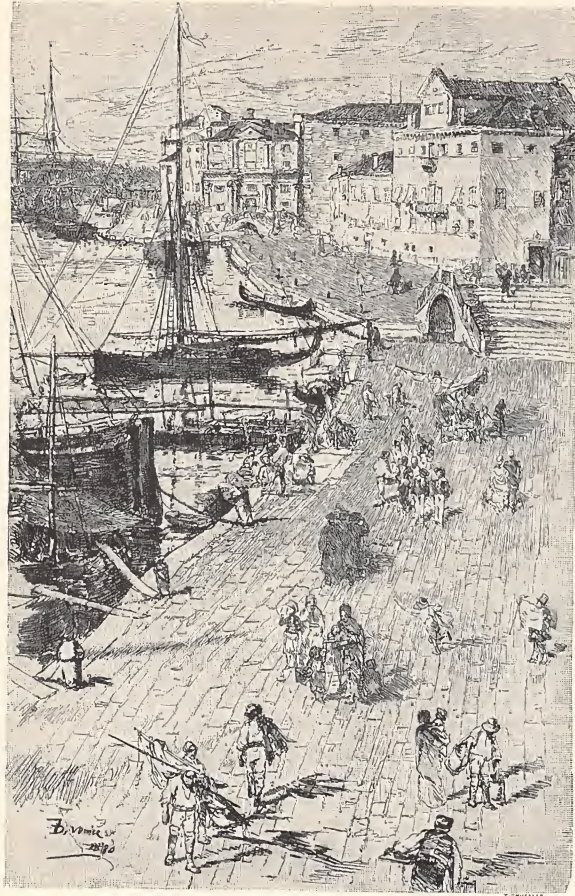
A name which should not be forgotten is that of Edwin Forbes, who published\* a large portfolio of etchings called "Life Studies of the Great Army," containing forty plates illustrating the life of the Union armies during the years 1861-65. They are not executed in the true "etcher's spirit" or with great technical skill, but they are clever and interesting none the less, and will have historic value as the most complete and characteristic contemporary record of our military life. Mr. Forbes's work won foreign praise, and caused him to be elected a member of the French Etching Club and an honorary foreign member of the old London Etching Club as well.

In the year 1866 a spasmodic interest in

\* For complete instruction in the theory and history of the art, the reader is referred to Mr. Hamerton's delightful volume, "Etching and Etchers." His "Etcher's Handbook" gives full directions for its practice, but should be read, not only by those who aspire to work, but also by those who wish to understand the work of others. Lalanne's book on "Etching," translated and annotated by Mr. S. R. Koehler, may also be recommended to every student, and much information may be got from Mr. Hamerton's essay on Mr. Haden's work in this magazine for August, 1880.

\* In what year I cannot say, but they were copyrighted in 1876.





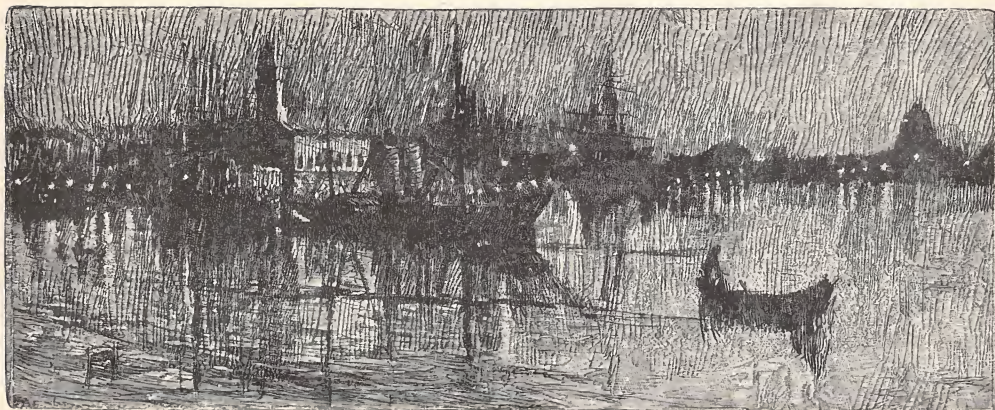
RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI, VENICE. (FRANK DUENECK.)

the art was prompted by a M. Cadart, who established in New York what he called a "French Etching Club," and whose instructions drew about him some of the younger artists of the day. But there followed another apathetic period, and it is only within very recent years that the art has shown any real, spontaneous activity likely to result in vigorous and fruitful growth. The year which followed that of the Centennial Exhibition, when so many unaccustomed eyes had been led to look with interest at things of art, may almost be called an epoch in the history of American development. In 1877, the torpid National Academy precincts saw the advent of certain young men from Munich who caused a great rattling of dry bones at the moment, and who proved but the advance guard of a whole battalion of fresh and eager painters. And, what more nearly concerns us here, it was this year which saw the birth of the "New York Etching Club," an association formed by a few earnest students of the art to incite activity by brotherly reunions and to spread its

results by annual exhibitions. The young society went through that struggle for existence which seems ordained for babes of every sort,—even for those which, like this artistic infant, are well fathered and tenderly watched over. The public was indifferent, and some of the Club's own members were too much absorbed in other work even to heed that condition of membership which prescribed that each should produce at least two plates every year. But though its survival was due to the pains and sacrifices of a few men who deserve well of the republic, the Etching Club is now prosperous and busy, and has been more potent than any other influence in aiding the progress of the art among us and in winning the public to its love.

An event which should be named as having worked with vigor toward the same good ends was the establishment, in 1879, of the "American Art Review." Its editor, Mr. S. R. Koehler, was especially anxious to foster etching in America, and gave with each monthly number of the magazine original





A WET EVENING IN VENICE. (OTTO H. BACHER.)

etchings by native workmen, accompanied by clear critical notices from his own pen. During the two years of the "Review's" most regrettably brief career it did much to benefit both the artist and the public, and its discontinuance was, in the words of the Etching Club itself, "a bereavement to the American etcher." In the spring of 1881, as I have said, an exhibition of American etchings was held in Boston, chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Koehler. At the same time, our workmen were winning their first foreign laurels. In the month of May was held in London the first exhibition of the English "Society of Painter-Etchers." The prints solicited from American artists caused such general surprise and were so cordially praised by the best foreign judges that a thrill of pride must have stirred every needle in this country. No less than nine or ten Americans—Mrs. Thomas Moran, Messrs. Thomas Moran, Farrer, Falconer, Swain Gifford, James Smillie, Bellows, Parrish, F. S. Church, and, I think, Frank Duveneck—were at once elected members of the new society, one print by each being chosen for its collection. Mrs. Moran's "Goose-pond," here reproduced, was one of the "diploma" pictures thus selected.

The exhibition held in New York last winter under the patronage of the Club, though not confined to the work of its members, was a surprise even to those who had watched with appreciative eyes the rapid progress of the art among us. Two rooms were filled with prints signed by fifty-three American names. Most of them were more than satisfactory, and some of them were quite admirable. We may not be able to count as yet any name of the highest rank save that of Mr. Whistler. But we must remember that, as Mr. Hamerton says, great etchers are produced at about the rate of two or three to a generation. And in an art so essentially artistic, and

so exacting and peculiar in its requirements, there are many places below the very highest which admirable workmen alone can fill.

One or two external influences have worked so palpably to encourage etching in America, that they also must be mentioned before I pass from this brief history of our school to a briefer criticism of the work it has thus far done. Mr. Hamerton's teaching is one such influence. It would be hard to compute the good done by his book,—which won a sudden wide popularity very unusual to volumes of its sort,—both in prompting artists to take up the point, and in telling the public how to appreciate their efforts. Mr. Haden's etchings have worked strongly in the same direction, not only in and by themselves, but through the benefits their success has conferred upon the least of Mr. Haden's brethren in art as well as upon himself. It is not necessary here to dwell upon the degree of that success or upon the merit which secured it. Just now, when Mr. Haden has so recently come to visit us, the most casual reader may be supposed to know something of the one and of the other. Before the day of that success it was difficult indeed to sell modern etchings in England or America. But Mr. Haden opened the market to all good workmen, for he opened the eyes of his countrymen and our own. It is hoped and believed that his visit will give a fresh impulsion to the etcher's art among us. The mere presence of a great man has an inspiring effect upon his fellow artists; and the words of such an one, whether speaking in print or from the lecture platform, appeal to a more receptive audience than is reached by a whole chorus of lesser voices. Mr. Whistler's influence is another that should not be forgotten in a summary of the things which have helped us on our way. He is an American artist and so must be discussed



with more of detail. First, however, I would say a word as to the characteristics of our school in general,—for it is, I think, sufficiently independent and sufficiently well-established to have some that are worthy of the name.

One of the chief temptations which assail an artist in our day is the temptation to make a show of boldness and rapidity and synthesis if the real things are not at his command,—to work in a rough and careless or pretentious way, which, to untrained eyes, may pass for the freedom and vigor and breadth of a master hand. And as etching is an art where freedom is especially prized, and where, from the strictly interpretative nature of the method, the public may find

best things. As a school they have begun conscientiously and soberly, and are therefore more likely to work their way to complete mastery than if they had begun in careless over-confidence or willful posturing.

Another fact which has struck me most favorably is that as a rule our men show a very just instinct in the choice of their material. There is no kind of material, scarcely an "effect" of any sort, which may not be attempted with success in etching,—which has not been successfully interpreted by the great men of one day or of another. But it is nevertheless true, with this art as with all others, that certain things are by nature best adapted to its use. From the description of



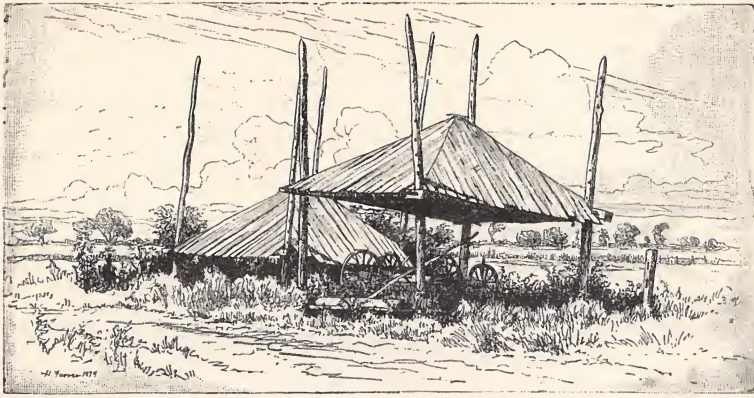
SEA-SHORE, LIDO, VENICE. (OTTO H. BACHER.)

it difficult to distinguish between an almost arbitrary yet truthful and brilliant interpretation of nature like one of Mr. Haden's, and a "free" but meaningless scribble on the copper,—it was to be feared that our young etchers might fall into sins of a careless or pretentious sort. But such has not been the case. When they do sin it is usually in the way of too much timidity, too little personality and force of handling, too much useless elaboration, too little abstraction and condensation and insistence upon the vital structure of their subject. They have not always conquered the possibilities of their art in the way of breadth and strength and originality; but they have not often travestied these

the process it will be felt that it must work most easily and surely upon things which can be expressed by few and powerful lines and simple tonic schemes. Form and color are its strongholds; strength and directness its great virtues; and, as Charles Blanc says, "It is attracted most by everything that is irregular, *bizarre*, incomplete, unexpected, disordered, or in ruin." And with these requirements our etchers seem to be in unison.

There is still a third tendency to be discovered in our work which cannot be too highly praised. Our best men—with the exception of Mr. Whistler and a few who have been inspired by him and Venice—have learned their art at home and have chosen local themes for





HAY-RICKS. (H. FARRER.)

its display. While our art is still so young and so rapidly developing, it cannot be too often said that all hope for its future as a characteristic national school must lie in the willingness of our men to interpret the life which gave them birth, and to which—in spite of foreign residence and training—their spirits must be most akin. Nor need the American etcher, by the way, be the man to complain that nature so decrees. Admirable material for his art lies ready to his hand,—especially in our great harbors and in our coast lands, with their long reaches of sand and rock, their changeful skies, their rugged, wind-torn growths of stem and foliage, their quaint forms of hull and sail, their tangled lines of mast and cordage, and the picturesqueness of their weather-beaten little towns, with the irregular shapes and strong outlines proper to wooden structures no longer in the ugly pride of newness. It is fortunate indeed that our men see the value of these things—fortunate for themselves as well as for the national repute, since every worker does his best when most at home with his subject-matter, and since, moreover, there is no such spur to originality of expression—

that chief of charms in etching—as freshness of material. We cannot be the parrots of any other man if we are saying something that none has said before.

Mr. Whistler's name is, of course, the first that should be mentioned in a list of American etchers. Though most of his art education was obtained in Paris, and though his long residence in England has caused him to be identified with the younger English school, Whistler is an American by birth and breeding; and—what is of more importance in deciding his artistic nationality—he is, it seems to me, quite peculiarly American in his temperament. He is one of the very first few among living etchers, and his plates assisted those of Mr. Haden in the good work of bringing the etcher's art once more into wide popularity. Mr. Whistler cares little for orthodox "composition," and does not often try for even approximate tonality, but in individuality, in sentiment, and in free, frank, artistic, and "telling" use of the line, he has no superior among the moderns and few equals in any age. His work is at times extremely strong, at times supremely delicate, and always wonderfully vital and original.

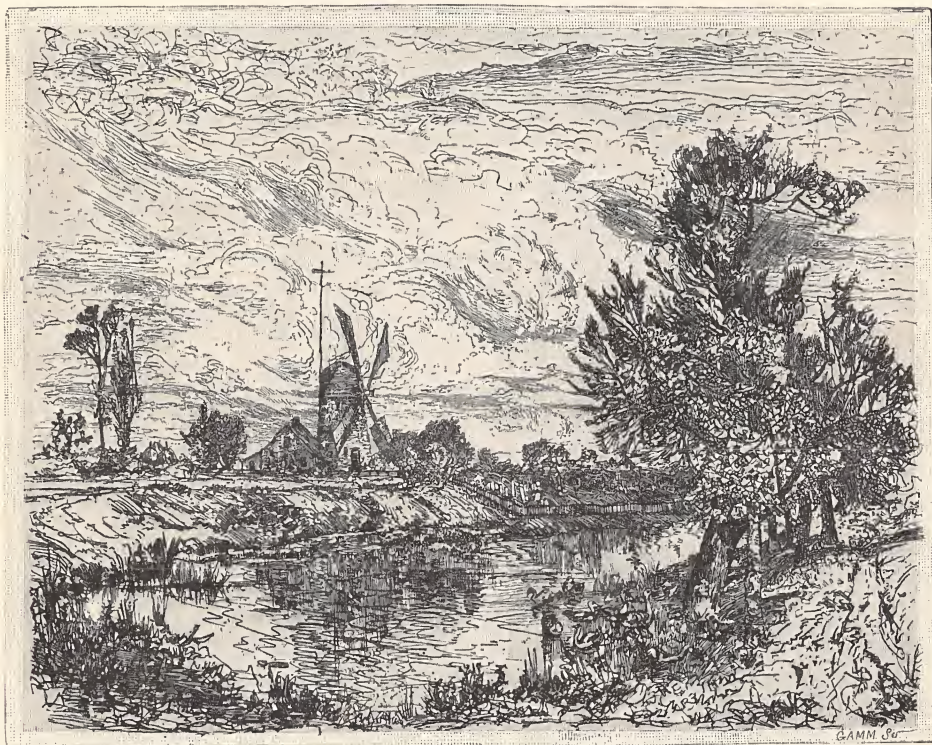


AN OCTOBER DAY. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)



His strength is nervous and brilliant and incisive, not massive like Mr. Haden's; but his utmost delicacy has never a hint of commonplace or weakness. Every stroke has meaning, and each is set with beautiful skill and rare artistic feeling. His best-known plates—a series representing the Thames in and about London—had, at the time of their publication, some twelve years back, a quite noteworthy influence in showing what may

his products are of an original sort. It is hard to explain such differences in words; but I may say that his plates are more massive, more full of detail and color, while showing less individuality of sentiment and a less free and graceful linear beauty than Mr. Whistler's. He is, too, less of an "impressionist" and more of a "realist,"—if I may use these words now consecrated to meanings which they but imperfectly convey. Some of Mr. Duveneck's

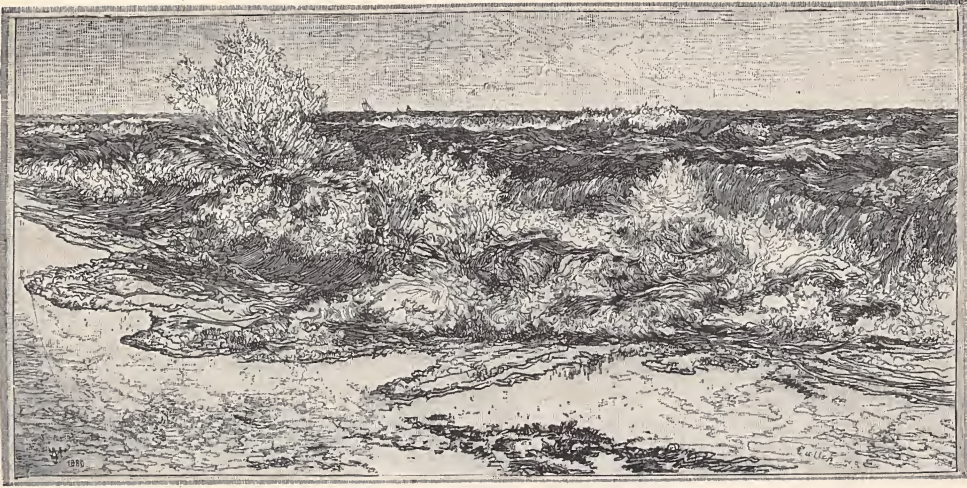


A GOOSE-POND—EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND. (MARY NIMMO MORAN.)

be done with materials essentially modern and supposedly unpicturesque. His figure and portrait etchings are, to me, the finest that have come from any living hand. Mr. Whistler has stood, by the fact of his foreign residence, outside the main current of the art as developed in America; but he has had a strong direct influence upon some few of our men, as well as a stronger indirect influence upon the art in general. Of late years he has worked largely in Venice, and has had about him there from time to time a group of younger workmen who, while not imitating him in any servile fashion, yet show the impress of his example. Among them is Mr. Duveneck—far too strong a man to be beholden even to a Whistler for thoughts or manner. Though doubtless inspired by Whistler's plates to work from similar themes,

large plates are among the best things done in recent years, and are quite wonderful in the way they reproduce the color and busy stir and strongly contrasted effects of modern Venice. Next, perhaps, I may speak of Mr. Otto Bacher, a young artist who worked at first in a simple, quiet style, and from simple pastoral subjects, but who, since his Venetian visits, has adopted a bolder, stronger manner and tried more complicated themes. His aims are very much the same as those of Mr. Duveneck, but he is not quite so skillful as the elder artist in his management of the vigorous, crowded lines which they both delight in. Mr. Bacher has usually etched direct from nature. At first he worked in the bath, but while in Venice he found the older process of biting and stopping out indoors to be more convenient. Other young men who have done





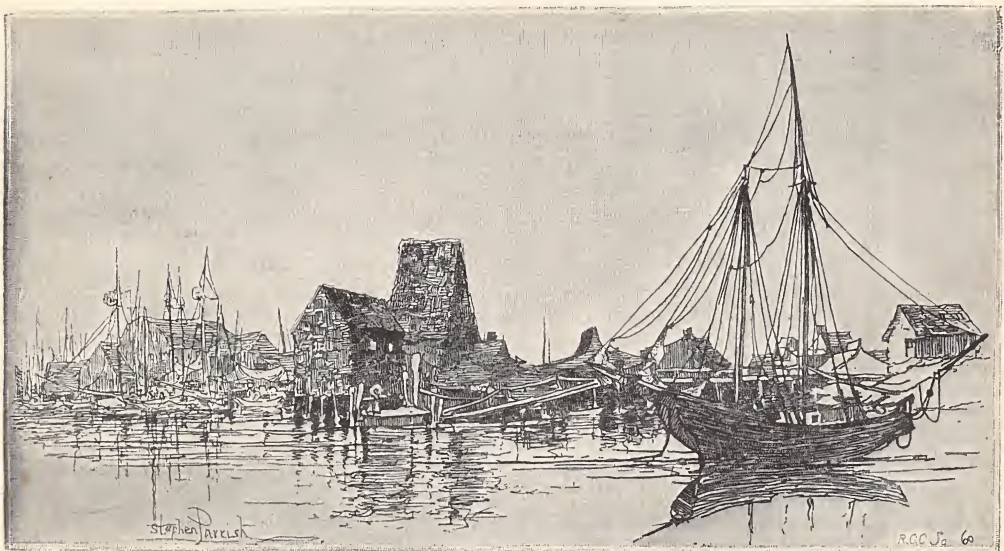
THE BREAKING WAVE. (THOMAS MORAN.)

good work from similar themes are Messrs. Corwin, Wendell, Rosenberg, and Hopkins.

It should be noted—as a happy sign once more—that, from Whistler and Duveneck down to their last young pupil, it is not the Venice of tradition or of fantasy which has inspired the needle, but the Venice of to-day,—that modern life where the nineteenth century utilizes the relics of the *cinqe cento*; where great ships loom up amid the hurrying gondolas, and where smoke and steam play their not ignoble part in the gorgeous panorama of Venetian skies.

Turning from this little band of clever workmen we find few American etchers who have chosen foreign themes, and not one

who, if so choosing upon occasion, has done his best work thereupon. Mr. Henry Farrer, for example, one of the earliest and most prolific of our etchers, has tried subjects of many sorts, but all of local flavor, producing his best plates, perhaps, when depicting scenes in and about the harbor of New York. His early work was very careful and elaborate, but he has gradually made his way to far greater simplicity and far greater power. I would especially name several plates with dark hulls relieved against a brilliant evening or morning sky, as strikingly effective and thoroughly good in workmanship. The "Hayricks" here reproduced is not very characteristic of his most individual mood or choice



GLOUCESTER FERRY. (STEPHEN PARRISH.)



of theme. But it has seemed better,—in this as in more than one other instance,—to choose for reproduction such a plate as the wood-engraver could give most successfully, rather than one which, while intrinsically finer, would suffer more by interpretation into another art.

In his etched as in his painted work, Mr. Swain Gifford goes most often to our low coast-lands for his subject-matter. In choice

this is the most perfect plate, in sentiment and in execution, that has yet been done in America, though less brilliant and immediately "effective" than some others. It was chosen by the English Society as Mr. Gifford's "diploma" print. Mr. Gifford usually finishes his work from nature, and employs the oldest processes of the art; but sometimes he works by the "continuous" method.

Mrs. Moran is, as yet, the only woman who

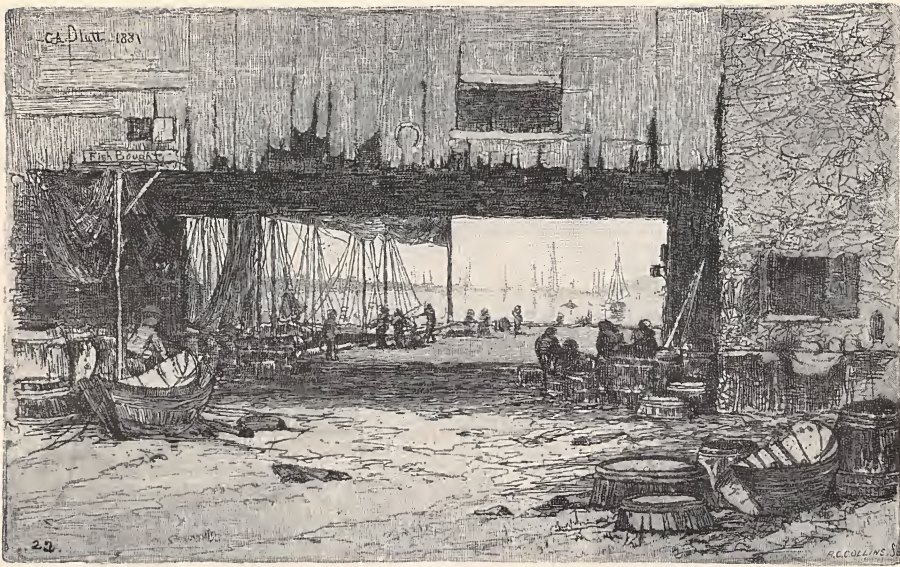


AN AMERICAN VENICE. (JOSEPH PENNELL.)

of theme he is peculiarly happy, and his handling combines both decision and delicacy to an unusual degree. It is difficult and might be unjust to use absolute superlatives when speaking of men so nearly on a par as our best etchers—to name one as superior to all the others. But I shall keep within a quite undisputed fact in saying that there is not one among them who shows a truer feeling for the requirements of this peculiar art than Mr. Gifford; who etches more truly in the etcher's spirit; who knows so exactly what to omit and what to insist upon, and thus produces such complete effects by such simple and synthetic means. His finest plate, to my eyes, is the "Pandaram Salt Works,"—most remarkable for quiet simplicity of manner and fullness of meaning, and for a truly artistic management of line and detail. I am only citing, of course, an individual preference; but to me,

is a member of the New York Etching Club, and no name stands higher on its roll. Her work would never reveal her sex—according, that is, to the popular idea of feminine characteristics. It is, above all things, direct, emphatic, bold,—exceeding in these qualities, perhaps, that of any of her male co-workers. The fine plate called "Solitude," published in the "American Art Review," in 1881, with its tall, thin tree-trunks cutting sharply against a back-ground half dark foliage and half pale sky, and its solid, well-contrasted effects of light and shadow, is a preëminently manly piece of work. The "Goose-Pond," here reproduced, is quite as good, though not so original in motive, while the largest plate yet etched by her, the "Twilight," shown at the New York Exhibition of 1882, is even finer. Mrs. Moran painted in oil and water colors for a number of years; but she found her true artistic voice only when she took up the point





INTERIOR OF FISH-HOUSE. (CHARLES PLATT.)

some three years ago. She has always etched direct from nature, usually finishing her plates to the very last stroke in presence of the chosen scene, and completing them with bitings as few and as vigorous as possible. In the "Twilight" she has made an extensive but well-calculated use of the roulette to produce effects of tone. Her methods are not so exquisitely frank and simple as those of Mr. Gifford, and she seeks more for "pictorial" results than he. For this reason her work is, perhaps, more popular than his. But this reason does not make it less praiseworthy. Their chief plates might well be put side by side to show how the art can vary while remaining at the same level of artistic excellence.

Mrs. Moran's immediate success with the needle was doubtless owing to the fact that she was her husband's pupil. Mr. Thomas Moran had etched for many years before the art became so popular as now, and has experimented in a score of ways, even with the little-practiced art of etching on glass. His plates are very various in character, but to me his best results are those of delicacy and refinement and grace, rather than those of force. His sea-shore sketches are especially attractive. If there is a fault to be found with his work—which, by the way, has won him hearty praise from Mr. Ruskin, who is not a lover of the art in general—it will be that his compositions sometimes lack unity of conception and consequently of effect,—an excellence that is strongly characteristic of the other names just mentioned.

Mr. Peter Moran has also been a prolific etcher. Animal life chiefly attracts him, and

a large plate called "The Return of the Herd," may possibly be called his best. He and his brother have both been fortunate in finding unhackneyed themes in the picturesque regions of the Yellowstone and of Spanish New Mexico.

Mr. Stephen Parrish, whom I should put with Mr. Gifford and Mr. Farrer and Mrs. Moran in the very first rank of our home-keeping etchers, and who is the most popular of them all, has tried his hand at themes of many sorts, but his name is especially associated with sea-board scenes. Our ragged fisher-villages, with their rocky foundations and primitive vessels, have found in him a first and most clear-voiced interpreter. He has experimented widely with his art, especially in the matter of sky-treatment. Those plates in which he has left the largest amount of almost untouched paper to play its part seem to me the most thoroughly successful. Unlike his associates just mentioned, Mr. Parrish does not believe in etching direct from nature, but thinks the peculiar requirements of his art may be better met if pencil sketches are leisurely adapted to the use of point and acid. He usually etches without stopping out, and sometimes altogether in the bath.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's work was hardly known, I think, until a couple of years ago, but secured him at once a place among the foremost. He too has struck out an original line for himself in his sketches of old Philadelphia, with its diversities of level and unexpected flights of steps, its quaint architectural forms, and its narrow streets and





BARNEY'S JOY. (LEROY MILTON VALE.)

curious court-yard so rich in effects of light and shade.\* During the last few months he has treated with success similar themes found in lower Louisiana. Mr. Pennell writes me: "I should be most happy to tell you about my 'usual method of working'—but I haven't any. I either work from dark to light, or in the bath, or make the whole drawing in the old-fashioned way and use stopping-out varnish. In fact all my work thus far has merely been a series of experiments \* \* \*

\* In an article called "From Cape Ann to Marblehead," published in this magazine in November, 1881, will be found wood-cuts after Mr. Parrish's best plates, while Mr. Pennell's work is similarly reproduced in "A Ramble in Old Philadelphia," in the number for March, 1882.

of my plates (in fact all, so far as I remember) have been done in a day—and most of them in half of one. About half were done out of doors and the rest from sketches. In future I intend to do everything from nature direct on the plate."

Mr. Charles A. Platt is a very young man, and just beginning, with energy and serious effort, his work in etching. He seems to have been influenced a good deal by Mr. Parrish, both in his choice of theme and in his manner of working. But his taste is artistic, his individuality is visible, and his master is a good one; so we may hope the three facts will work together till the former predominate in an art of first-rate quality.

Mr. Vanderhoof has done but few plates,



SOLITUDE. (CHARLES A. VANDERHOOF.)



in the preparation of which he has used the dry point very freely. They are all individual and poetic in sentiment and charming in workmanship. The one here reproduced is, so far as I know, the largest and most important he has published.

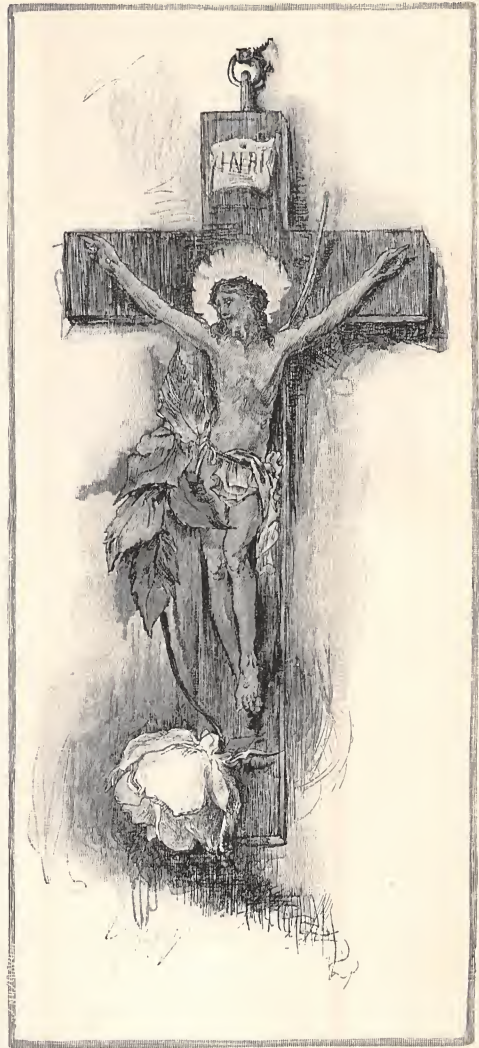
Mr. Nicoll is another artist worthy of all attention; and Mr. Falconer, the earliest of all our present etchers, has done a great deal of work of various sorts and qualities, from the most painstaking to the most sketchy sort,—the best being in clever renderings of time-worn and curious buildings.

Dr. Yale's name will not be found among those of our professional artists. Etching has been his recreation only, not even a minor branch of his main activity. But he deserves the name of artist none the less, and he is entitled to peculiar honor for the reason that, though standing outside the actual artistic guild, he was one of the most earnest founders and fosterers of the New York Etching Club.

Mr. Coleman, Mr. Bellows, Mr. George H. Smillie, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Kruseman Van Elten; Mr. Harry Chase, Mr. Laffan, Mr. McCutcheon, Mr. Sabin, Mr. Kimball, and Mr. Garrett—these are all men, of the elder or the younger generation, who have done interesting things, but whom the lack of space must deprive of further comment. Mrs. Greatorex has also produced many good plates, though rather in the spirit of the pen-and-ink draughtsman than of the etcher properly so-called. Still, her records of old New York are artistically as well as historically valuable.

As yet I have spoken only of our landscape etchers, and they form, indeed, a great majority among our workmen. But there are a few who have succeeded with other themes. Chief among these is Mr. F. S. Church, an artist who is so popular, and whose work has been so thoroughly discussed in Europe as well as here at home, that neither my description nor my praise is needed. His fantastic, graceful imagination is unique in our art, and works as well through the medium of point and acid as in other ways. The little cut here given does not show him in his most characteristic mood; but that mood is so familiar to every eye that perhaps a novelty was better chosen.\*

Mr. John Ames Mitchell began life as an architect and has done some good etched work with architectural motives. He studied with Brunêt-Debaines, one of the best French



THE ROSE OF PAIN. (F. S. CHURCH.)

etchers of our day, and learned from him a delicacy and refinement in the management of his tools which stood him in good stead in several series of small figure-subjects published a while ago in Paris. He is especially clever, if at times a bit theatrical, in his management of strong floods of light, and has an expressive touch when drawing one of his comically characteristic little faces.

Mr. Dielman's name should not be forgotten in this connection, nor that of Mr. Gaugengigl, who, though a German by birth and education, had never etched till he came to this country.

Mr. Blum shows only two or three plates as his work thus far; but the one here reproduced is among the most ambitious and dashing things we have yet accomplished. It is strongly sketched on zinc, and the

\* For a full and most appreciative notice of Mr. Church's work, the reader is referred to an article by Mr. Comyns Carr in "L'Art" for November 13th and December 4th, 1881.





LOUIS AGASSIZ. (ANNA LEA MERRITT.)

elaborate tonality is secured, as has been said, by a somewhat lavish use of artificial printing. The biting was done in a rough-and-ready way, which may be noted to show how many odd devices an etcher can employ. The whole plate was bitten once, and then the acid was poured on certain spots and wiped off when its purpose was accomplished. Naturally, no delicate gradations could be secured in such a way, but for Mr. Blum's purpose it has answered well enough.

Mr. Chase, too, has as yet done little with the needle, but enough to prove him possessed of abilities that would repay further exercise. Quite rightly he does not carry his methods with the brush into his practice with the point. His plate after his own picture called "The Jester," is not a "reproductive" etching, but an etcher's free version of a theme he had quite differently put on canvas. The face, for example, is not carefully modeled so as to duplicate the effect of the painting, but is cleverly and quickly touched with an etcher's characteristic lines and dots.

And thus I come at last to say a brief word about reproductive etching. It is a quite distinct branch of the art, though, as always, we may find many good works occupying a middle ground between two logical extremes. As so very widely practiced by modern engravers it was unknown in earlier days. Etching was long used as an auxiliary

in other kinds of engraving, but has only lately grown to its full proportions as an independent reproductive craft, its development being due to the decline of the great art of line-engraving, and to that newly born taste which demands color and tone and the preservation of a painter's technical method in a black-and-white reproduction of any sort. These things can all be secured to a quite wonderful degree in etching, but only at a sacrifice of some qualities we prize most highly in original work. The engraver-etcher's methods are very delicate, very subtle, very artistic, but almost always very slow and, of necessity, very complicated. So he lacks not only the individuality but the spontaneity and the swiftness of the artist, who is called—to mark him off from these engravers with the needle—the *painter-etcher*. Thus, while employing the same technical processes, the reproductive etcher uses them with such different aims that his art is quite another thing from that of Mr. Haden, for example. For has not Mr. Haden said that an etching which is finished in one sitting is likely to be the best? Each art is right and good in its own place. It is only when the spheres of the two have been confused in the same work, when the etcher has not been clear as to his aims and consistent in his methods, that we may call either aims or methods illegitimate.

It is curious to reflect—when we remember the wonderful interpretative skill of our wood-engravers, and also how American art has always been taunted with its lack of originality—that our etched work is almost exclusively "painter's etching," that only a few of our men have attempted reproductive work, and that even these have shown little love for its more tedious if completer methods. Among these few, however, are some who must not go unmentioned. It would have been better, perhaps, to speak of Mrs. Merritt among original workmen. Her plates are chiefly portraits, done from painted or photographic originals, often from her own pictures, but, though quite elaborate in workmanship, are not exactly to be called "reproductive" etchings. Whenever she finds her theme, she treats it in a somewhat interpretative way. Her work is essentially English in flavor, delicate and artistic, but not over strong in handling. The portrait of Sir Gilbert Scott, after a painting by George Richmond, R. A., (published in the late *Review*) is to my thinking the best she has accomplished.

Mr. James Smillie has done good original work, but more often clever reproductions. Among the best are versions of pictures by Charles Jacque and Bridgeman. Mr. Stephen



Ferris, too, has not confined himself to reproductions (having done among other original things some clever little portraits), but has won most of his reputation by their means. Mr. Peter Moran has also done reproductive work, and Mr. Thomas Moran's very large plate, after the Turner in his possession, is the most ambitious and also the most successful reproductive etching yet attempted in America. While acknowledging that we have no names to put into even remote comparison with the great French and German engraver-etchers of our day, we should not at all regret that our men show more inclination toward original, free, creative work.

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*



### OUR WOOD IN WINTER.

THE circle of the wind-swept ground  
Was paved with beechen leaves around,  
Like Nero's golden house in Rome;  
While here and there in solemn lines  
The dark pilasters of the pines  
Bore up the high wood's somber dome;  
Between their shafts, like tapestry flung,  
A soft blue vapor fell and hung.

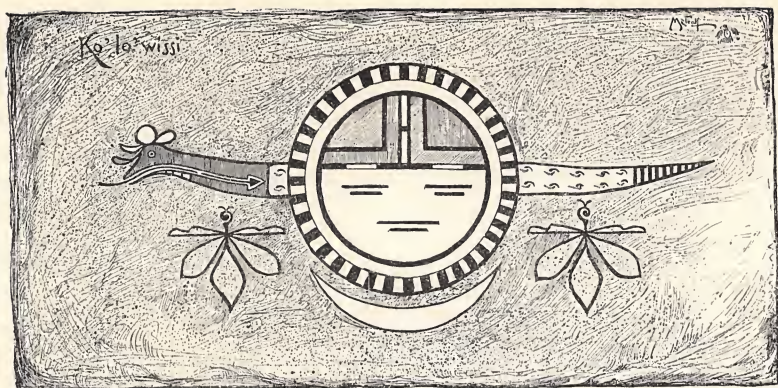
We paused with wonder-taken breath:  
It seemed a spot where frost and death  
Themselves were chained at nature's feet;  
And in the glow of youth and love,—  
The colored floor, the lights above,—  
Our hearts, refreshed, with rapture beat;  
The beauty thrilled us through and through  
And closer to your side I drew.

Ah, tell me when we both are old,  
On dismal evenings bleak and cold,  
When not a spark is in the west,  
When love, aweary grown and faint,  
Scarce stirs the echo of complaint  
Within the sad and laboring breast,—  
Ah! tell me then, how once we stood  
Transfigured in the gleaming wood.

And in a vision I shall turn  
To see the fallen beech-leaves burn  
Reflected in your lifted eyes,  
And so for one brief moment gain  
The power to cast aside my pain,  
And taste once more what time denies;  
Nor linger till the dream has fled,  
But on your shoulder sink my head.

*Edmund W. Gosse.*





KO-LO-WISSI, GOD OF THE PLUMED SERPENT.

## MY ADVENTURES IN ZUÑI. II.

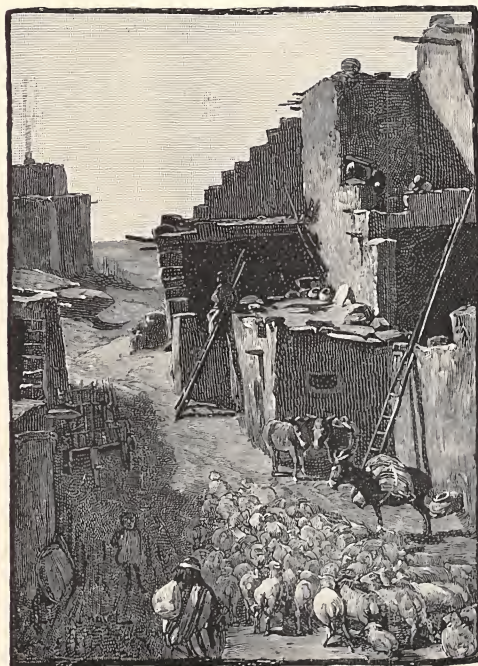
WHEN the frost first crackles the corn-leaves in the valley of Zuñi, it is, to the dweller in that desert land, what the first April shower is to husbandmen of New England. For in Zuñi autumn is spring-time. It is the time of soft breezes and hazy beauty of sky, not the days of blazing sun, driving sand-blasts and dust-hidden clouds and distances. You may stand on the topmost terraces of the old pueblo and see the busy harvesters bringing in their last crops, and the old women who have been off among the

mountains gathering peaches all day, staggering home at sunset, under huge baskets, strapped across their foreheads, full of the most delicious fruit. As you stroll through the narrow terrace-bounded streets your foot slips on pulpy melon-rinds, and from every dark window-hole dusky faces grin at your mishap. From as many door-ways welcomes greet you in unpronounceable clicks and guttural aspirations, which you are not long in comprehending, for basket after basket of the fruit brought in last evening is set before you. Day after day you may hear from the open plazas the sound of the drum and rattle, telling in strange cadences of the general joy of the time when "the corn grows aged, and the summer birds chase the butterfly to the land of everlasting summer."

It was toward the close of these merry days, one bleak evening in November, just as the red sun had set behind heavy black-bordered clouds at the western end of the plain of Zuñi, and the wind was wildly rushing to the opposite end, with its heavy freightage of sand, dead corn-leaves, and dried grasses, that the herald of Zuñi and I were walking down past the scalp-house toward the buildings of the mission. My companion turned to me with a pleasant smile on his face, and, tucking the corner of his *serape* more closely under one arm, raised his fingers as if to count them.

"Little brother, make your heart glad," said he, "a great festival is now every one's thought. Eighteen days more, and from the west will come the Shá-la-k'o; it welcomes the return of the Kâ-kâ and speeds the departure of the Sun. Make your heart glad, for you shall see it too."

Elated with the change of spirit toward me,



THE RETURN OF THE FLOCKS.



which this indicated on the part of the Indians, who had previously constantly opposed my presence at their ceremonies, I turned to reply, but he was shading his eyes and gazing intently off toward the road over the eastern mesas.

"Look! I wonder who are coming," said he.

A train of wagons was appearing at the

hail pelted fiercely down on the roof and against the plates of selenite in the windows. But the fire burned only the more brightly, shooting red tongues of flame up into the black, box-shaped flue, and casting dancing shadows against the white walls and over the stone-paved floor.

Next morning I crossed the pueblo, and looked down over the plain. The storm had



ZUÑI WEAVING.

FARNY  
O.

crest of the black, distant head-lands. It came but slowly in the dusk, and against the wind-storm, so we returned to the pueblo.

My room was no longer lonely as at first. Huge blocks of piñon blazed on the hearth, and the Governor, now my inseparable friend, with his watchful, industrious wife, were there to welcome me. Night grew black outside. The wind howled in the chimneys. Rain and

ceased. Tents were pitched in the corral of the mission; white-topped wagons stood around, and smoke rose from a little fire in the corner. By these signs I knew that the caravan we had seen was my party returning from Moqui.

Hastening back to tell the good news to my "old brother," as the Governor insisted I should call him now, I met at the entrance





CHIEF PRIEST OF  
THE BOW.

Colonel Stevenson. In-  
changed, he drew forth  
ed me a letter from the  
ian Institution, informing  
a continuation of leave had been granted as I  
requested.

That night, doubtful of the results, I told  
the Governor that Washington wished me to  
remain there some months longer, to write all  
about his children, the Zuñis, and to sketch  
their dances and dresses.

"Hai!" said the old man. "Why does  
Washington want to know about our Kâ-kâ?  
The Zuñis have their religion and the Amer-  
icans have theirs."

"Do you want Washington to be a friend  
to the Zuñis? How can you expect a people  
to like others without knowing something  
about them? Some fools and bad men have  
said 'the Zuñis have no religion.' It is be-  
cause they are always saying such things of  
some Indians, that we do not understand  
them. Hence, instead of all being brothers,  
we fight."

"My little brother speaks wisely, but many  
of my people are fools, too. He may get  
in trouble if he pictures the Kâ-kâ too much."

"Suppose I do."

"Well, then, what makes you puff up your

face with sad thoughts?"  
asked the old man impa-  
tiently. "Don't you have  
plenty to eat? When you  
came here you lived on  
pig's grease and baked  
dough, but I threw the  
light of my favor on you  
and cooked some mutton.  
Have you ever had to ask  
for more? Sister would make  
all the paper-bread, corn-  
cakes, and dumplings you could  
eat, but you will not eat them,  
and she has grown ashamed.  
What's the matter anyway?"  
he persisted. "Do you want  
to see your mother? Pah?  
Well you can't, for if Washing-  
ton says 'You stay here,' what have  
you to say? Now go to bed. You  
had better cut down that hanging bed  
of strings, though, and sleep on a cou-  
ple of sheepskins, like a man. Some  
night you will dream of 'Short Nose'  
[my mule], and tumble out of that  
'rabbit net,' and then Washington  
will say I killed you. You just wait  
till 'Teem-sy' [Colonel Stevenson] and  
his beasts [the Mexican cook and driv-  
ers] go away, I'll make a man of you then;"

and with this he leaned back against the  
adobe bench, with all the complacency of a  
tolerant, dutiful, and very responsible guardian.

A day or two afterward he approached me  
with a designing look in his eyes, and snatched  
off my helmet hat and threw it among some  
rubbish in the corner, producing from behind  
his back a red silk handkerchief. Folding  
this carefully, he tied it around his knee,  
and then placed it on my head. With a re-  
mark denoting disgust, he hastily removed  
it, and disappeared through a blanket-closed  
door into a quaint mud-plastered little room.  
After rummaging about for a time, he came  
out with a long black silken scarf, fringed at  
either end, which must have belonged once  
to some Mexican officer. He wound this  
round and round my head, and tied the ends  
in a bow-knot at my temple, meanwhile turn-  
ing his head from side to side critically.  
"Good! good!" said the old man. "There,  
now, go out and show the Zuñis, then travel  
down to the camp and show the 'Teem-  
sy-kwe' [Stevenson people] what a sensible  
man you are, and how much better an *óthl-  
pan* is than a mouse-head-shaped hat." He  
also insisted on replacing my "squeaking  
foot-packs," as he called a pair of English  
walking shoes, with neat red buckskin moc-  
casins.



Thus, in a blue flannel shirt, corduroy breeches, long canvas leggings, Zuñi moccasins and head-band, heartily ashamed of my mongrel costume, I had to walk across the whole pueblo and down to camp, the old man peering proudly around the corner of an eagle-cage at me as I started. The Zuñis greeted me enthusiastically, but when I reached camp great game was made of me. I returned thoroughly disgusted, determined

nials others would be elected for the ensuing year. Followed by a great crowd, they went from court to court, repeating in a sing-song, measured tone prayers to the gods and instructions to the people, whom they directed to prepare within four days for the coming festivities. Each of these clowns, save one,—their reputed father,—would start out soberly and properly enough in his recitation, but would soon, as if confused, wander off to



WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

never to wear the head-band again; but, when I looked for the hat and shoes, they were nowhere to be found. When I asked for them, the Governor said, "No-o-o-o! The Americans are asses. Don't you suppose I know what becomes a man? Here, what have you got that on sidewise for? You Americans *will* stick things on your heads as though your skulls were flat on one side; are they? Well, then! wear your head-band straight and don't make a hat of it. There!" said he, straightening the band. And every morning, just as I was about to go out, he would carefully equip me in the black silk head-band. He took so much satisfaction in this, and it pleased the other Indians so much, that I decided to permit them thenceforth to do with me as they pleased.

One night, toward the close of the month, there appeared in the pueblo the ten Kó-yi-ma-shis. It was for the last time, the Indians told me, for during the old Sun ceremo-

some ridiculous, childish nonsense, which would bring down the rebuke of the older one. Forthwith the culprit was hunted forth from the line and replaced by one of his companions. This one, in turn, repeated the failure of the first. Each sally of rude wit was greeted with loud laughter and shouts of applause from the by-standers, who crowded around the little circle and lined the house-tops in the dark. Those near the Kó-yi-ma-shis held torches in order that the grotesque faces might be seen. As soon as the prayer of the oldest one began, however, the torches were lowered, and the whole court was hushed until it was finished. Then the ceremony, varied only in the jokes, was repeated in some other plaza or court.

After all the plazas had been visited, I stealthily followed the retiring Kó-yi-ma-shis to a large room on the south side of the pueblo. A sentinel stood at the door, and no one but these clowns was permitted to enter.





ZUÑI SPINNING.

Nor could I catch more than a glimpse of the fire-lit interior, as the windows were heavily curtained with blankets. I learned that the group had been confined in this room four days and nights, engaged in fasting, prayer, and sacred incantations; so I determined to visit them.

Two days later I collected some tobacco and candles. The evening meal over, I asked where the Kó-yi-ma-shis were.

"They are tabooed," was the reply.

"I know," said I, "but where are they?"

"How do you know? What do you want with them?" the Indians glumly asked.

"They are good men," said I, "and I wish to give them some candles and tobacco."

It happened that an old man whom I knew, was one of the ten. He had temporarily come home after some plumes, and was standing aloof from the rest. A little while after his departure, a messenger came from the high-priest, with the request that I visit them, as "no harm would come from the presence of a *ki-he*." Forthwith, I was instructed how to behave.

"When you go in, little brother, you must breathe on your hand and, as you step into the fire-light, you must say, 'My fathers, how are you these many days?' They will reply, 'Happy, happy'! You must not touch one of them, nor utter a single word in Spanish or American, nor whistle. But you must behave very gravely, for it is *ák-ta-ni* [fearful] in the presence of the gods. If you should happen to forget and say a Spanish word, hold out your left

hand and then your right, one foot and then the other, and they will strike them very hard with a wand of yucca."

The messenger guided me to the low door, which I entered, breathing audibly on my hand. Stepping into the brightly lighted center of the room, I started off very well with, "My fathers" (*Hóm a tá-tchu*), but here broke down, and placing the candles and tobacco on the floor, with a muttered apology, I unfortunately finished, partly in Spanish. Instantly two or three of the sprawling priests started up exclaiming, "*Shu! shu!*" and stretched their hands excitedly toward me. One of them took a wand from the front of the altar, and gravely advanced toward me. Without a word I stretched out my hand, and he hit me a terrific blow directly across the wrist. Never wincing, however, although the pain was excruciating, I stretched out the other hand and my two feet in succession, receiving the hard blows on each. I breathed on my hand and said, *E-lah-kwa* (thanks!). The priest spat on the wand, smiled, and waved it four or five times around my head. The white-haired father of the ten then approached me, placed his finger on his lips as a warning, thanked me for the presents, and asked that the "light of the gods might shine on my path of life." But he directed that I be hustled away, for fear I might commit some other indiscretion.

I had gained my object, however, in merely entering the room. It was large. At the western end stood an altar, composed of tablets of various heights and widths, strangely



carved and painted in representation of gods, and set up in the form of a square. At the back were larger tablets, on and through which figures of the sun, moon, and stars were painted and cut. Within the square stood a number of sacred wands of long macaw feathers inserted into beautiful wicker-work handles. Overhead hung the figure of a winged god, a little in front of and below which was suspended horizontally an elaborate cross. It was composed of two tablets, carved to zigzag points at the ends, and joined at the center, so as to resemble a wind-mill with four arms. Numerous eagle-plumes depended from the lower edges of the four arms, on each of which was perched the effigy of a swallow.\* Underneath this stood

painted in red, green, blue and yellow, the figures of animals, birds, human monsters, demons, and significant pictographs.

This little glimpse revealed to me a mysterious life by which I had little dreamed I was surrounded, and I looked forward with curious anxiety to the coming ceremonies.

That night, on my way home, I saw great fires blazing on the south-western hills. I could hear the sound of rattles, and the long, weird cries of the dancers, whose forms were too distant to be seen even against the snow-sprinkled slopes. "The Long-horn and the Hooter, the wand-bearers and the sacred guardians, whom you shall see four days hence," said my brother, as he opened the



MAKING HÍ-WÉ (PAPER BREAD).

a large medicine-bowl with terraced edges. It was covered with figures of frogs, tadpoles, and dragon-flies, and contained a clear, yellowish fluid. Over this two of the priests were crouching and muttering incantations. Behind the altar, partly covered with little, embroidered cotton kilts, were the warty masks and the neck-cloths of these priestly clowns. Almost immediately on entering, my guide had uttered prayers and scattered medicine flour over them. All along the walls of the great room, now vivid in the fire-light, now indistinct in the flickering shadows, were

\* I have since learned that this represented the great morning star, and that the swallows were emblematic of the summer rains.

door to let me in, and motioned with his head in the direction of the sounds.

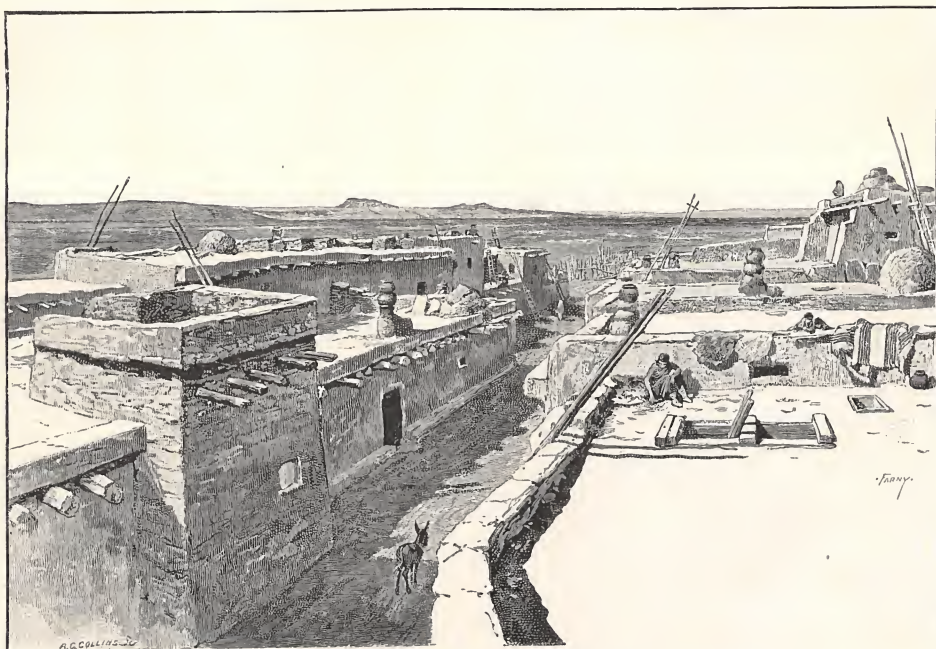
During the next day, hundreds of Navajos, Moquis, and Indians from the Rio Grande pueblos, gathered in from the surrounding country. Everybody was busy. Oxen were slaughtered by the dozen, sheep by the hundred. In every household some of the men could be seen sewing garments both for themselves and the women. The latter were busily engaged in grinding corn, cooking paper-bread over great polished, black stones, cutting up meat, bringing water, and weaving new blankets and belts. Outside, continual streams of burros, heavily laden with wood, came pouring in from the surrounding mesas.



My old brother, however, was none too busy to insist constantly that I should not sketch the "fearful Shá-la-k'o," when they came in from the west. If I would promise this, the party and I should be permitted to see the great ceremonial, which never before had the white man been allowed to look upon.

Toward evening, on the second day following, people began to gather all over the southern terraces, and away out over the

the shoulder-blades of deer, and in their left, painted plumed sticks. Following came two red-bodied, elaborately costumed and ornamented characters wearing round, green helmets, across the tops of which were attached painted round sticks with shell-rattles at either end. They bore in their hands white deer-horns and plumed sticks, and were, with the others, guarded by two nearly nude figures with round-topped, long-snouted, red



THE TOWER OF THE SHADOWS AND THE ROAD OF THE RED DOOR.

plain there appeared seven gigantic, black-headed, white forms, towering high above their crowd of attendants. Gradually they came toward the pueblo, stopping, however, midway in the plain across the river, to perform some curious ceremonials. Meanwhile, eight remarkably costumed figures preceded them, crossed the river, and passed along the western end of the pueblo. These were the same the Governor had told me of. The "Long-horn" and the "Hooter" were clothed in embroidered white garments, and their faces were covered by horrible, ghastly, white masks, with square, black eye and mouth-holes. Their head-dresses were distinguished from each other only by the large white appendages, like bat-ears, attached to one of them, while the other was furnished with a long, green horn, from which depended a fringe of wavy black hair, tufts of which covered the heads of both. They bore in their right hands clattering rattles made from

masks, surrounded at the neck by collars of crow-feathers. They carried rattles like those of the chief figures, and long yucca wands with which to chastise spectators who might approach too near.

All of these were preceded by a gorgeously costumed, bare-headed priest, with streaks of black, shining paint across his eyes and chin, and profusely decorated with turquoise earrings and shell necklaces. A snow-white deer-skin mantle was thrown gracefully over his shoulders and trailed in the dust behind. He carried a tray of sacred plumes in his hand, and was closely followed by a representation of the fire-god. This was an entirely nude boy, the body painted black and covered all over with many-colored round spots. His face and head were entirely concealed by a round-topped, equally black and speckled mask or helmet. Slung across his shoulder was a pouch made from the skin of a fawn, and in his hand a long, large, smoking torch



of cedar bark, which he kept gracefully waving from side to side.

The whole party passed rapidly toward one of the plazas, where a square hole had been dug by the Priest of the Sun. After dancing back and forth four times to the clang of their rattles, uttering at intervals cries of hoo too! hoo too! the four principal characters, with long prayers and ceremonials,\* deposited sacrifices of some of the plumed sticks. This ceremonial was repeated in the chief plazas of the pueblo, and outside of it north, south, and east, after which the whole party, just at sunset, retired into one of the immense sacred rooms at the southern side of the town.

After dusk, the giant figures which had been left on the plain across the river came in one by one. They were, by all odds, the most monstrous conceptions I had seen among the Zuñi dances. They were at least twelve feet high. Their gigantic heads were shocks of long black hair with great horns at the sides, green masks with huge, protruding eye-balls, and long, pointed, square-ended, wooden beaks; and their bodies were draped with embroidered and tasseled cotton blankets, underneath which only the tiny, bare, painted feet of the actor could be seen. The spasmodic rolling of the great eyeballs and the sharp snapping of the beak as it rapidly opened and closed, together with a fan-shaped arrangement of eagle-feathers at the back of the head, gave these figures the appearance of angry monster-birds.

To each new house of the pueblo one of these monsters was guided by two priests. The latter were clad in closely fitting buckskin armor and round, helmet-like skull-caps of the same material. Several elaborately costumed flute-players, together with a Kó-yi-ma-shi or two, attended. After prayers and ceremonials before the ladders of the houses to be entered, each, with his two attendant priests, mounted with great difficulty, descended through the sky-hole, and was stationed at one end of the room, near the side of an altar, differing only in details from the one already described as belonging to the Kó-yi-ma-shis. Immense fires of sputtering piñon-wood, and rude, bowl-shaped lamps of grease, brilliantly lighted up each one of these closely curtained rooms.

Toward midnight, my brother explained to me that, in each new room and sacred house of Zuñi, the twelve "medicine" orders of the tribe were to meet, and that, as he was a priest of one of them, I could go with him, if I would sit very quiet in one corner, and

not move, sleep, nor speak during the entire night.

As we entered the closely crowded, spacious room into which the first party of dancers had retired, a space was being cleared lengthwise through the center, from the altar down toward the opposite end. With many a hasty admonition, the Governor placed me in a corner so near the hearth that, for a long time, controlled by his directions, I was nearly suffocated by the heat. Along the northern side of the room were the dancers, their masks now laid aside. Conspicuous among them were the two priests, who were engaged in a long, rhythmical prayer, chant, or ritual, over eight or ten nearly prostrate Indians who squatted on the floor at their feet. As soon as this prayer was ended, great steaming bowls of meat, trays of paper-bread, and baskets of melons were placed in rows along the cleared space. A loud prayer was uttered over them by an old priest, who held in his hands a bow, some arrows, and a war-club, and who wore over one shoulder a strange badge of buckskin ornamented with sea-shells and flint arrow-heads.† He was followed by the Priest of the Sun, from the other end of the room. The little fire-god then passed along the array of victuals, waving his torch over them, with which the feast was pronounced ready.

Many of the dishes were placed before the dancers and priests and a group of singers whose nearly nude bodies were grotesquely painted with streaks and daubs of white. They were gathered, rattles in hand, around an immense earthen kettle-drum at the left side of the altar, opposite the now crouching monster. As soon as the feast was concluded, many of the women bore away on their heads, in huge bowls, such of the food as remained.

The singers then drawing closely around the drum, facing one another, struck up a loud chant, which, accompanied by the drumming and the rattles, filled the whole apartment with a reverberating din, to me almost unendurable. Two by two the dancers would rise, step rapidly and high from one foot to the other, until, covered with perspiration and almost exhausted, they were relieved by others. At the close of each verse in the endless chant, the great figure by the altar would start up from its half-sitting posture, until its head nearly touched the ceiling, and, with a startling series of reports, would clap its

† This, as I afterward learned, was Nai-iu-tchi, the Chief Priest of the Bow, or the high-priest of a powerful sacred order of war, in many ways strangely like the Masonic Order, and of which I have since become a member.

\* The purification of the pueblos.



long beak and roll its protruding eyes in time to the music.

When the little fire-god took his place in the center of the room, no one relieved him for more than an hour and a half, and I feared momentarily that he would drop from sheer exhaustion. But I learned later that this was a trial ceremonial, and that it was one of the series of preparations which he had to pass through before becoming a priest, to which rank his birth rendered him eligible.

Just as the morning star was rising, the music ceased, the congregation became silent, and the chief dancer was led to the center of the room, where he was elaborately costumed. Then the Priest of the Sun took him up the ladder to the roof, where, facing the east, he pronounced in measured, solemn tones a long prayer to the waning Sun of the Old Year. Descending, he pronounced before the multitude (signalizing the end of each sentence

with a clang of his rattles) a metrical ritual of even greater length. Then the spectators gathered around the altar, and hastily said their prayers, the sound of which reminded me of a recitation in concert in a large school-room. The sun rose, and they dispersed to their various homes.

Some time after, the dancers, one by one, still in costume, passed over the river toward the southward; and the monsters, to the sounds of chants, accompanied by rude music on the flutes, were guided across to a flat, snow-covered plain, where, in the presence of the assembled priests of Zuñi,—but no others,—they ran back and forth, one after another, over a great square, planted plumed sticks at either end of it, and, forming a procession, slowly marched away and vanished among the southern hills. Toward evening no fewer than seven curious dance-lines of the Kâ-kâ at one time occupied the principal court. Most of that, as well as of the three succeeding nights, were passed in ceremonials at the sacred houses and estufas. With this the great festival was over. The assembled Indian visitors, laden with food and the products of Zuñi looms, departed for their various tribal homes.

During the evening of the last day, just as I was sitting down with the rest around the family supper-bowl, Colonel and Mrs. Stevenson came in to bid me good-bye.



A NIGHT WITH THE SHÁ-LA-K'O.



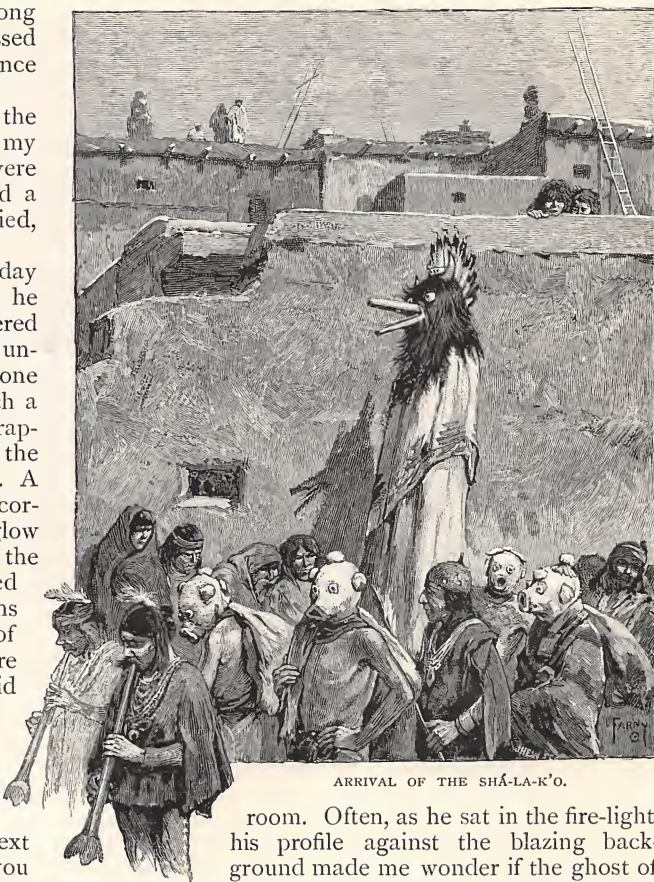
And on the following morning, long before daylight, their train passed over the lava-hills, and I was once more alone in Zuñi.

During the day I told the Governor that I would follow my friends before two months were over. With great emphasis and a smile of triumph, he replied, "I guess not."

On the evening of the second day he beckoned me to follow, as he led the way into the mud-plastered little room, whither he had unearthed my head-band. In one corner stood a forge, over which a blanket had been spread. All trappings had been removed, and the floor had been freshly plastered. A little arched fire-place in the corner opposite the forge was aglow with piñon, which lighted even the smoky old rafters and the wattled willow ceiling. Two sheepskins and my few belongings, a jar of water and a wooden poker, were all the furnishings. "There," said he, "now you have a little house, what more do you want? Here, take these two blankets,—they are all you can have. If you get cold, take off all your clothes and sleep next to the sheepskins, and *think* you are warm, as the Zuñi does. You must sleep in the cold and on a hard bed; that will harden your meat. And you must never go to Dust-eye's house [the Mission], or to Black-beard's [the trader's] to eat; for I want to make a Zuñi of you. How can I do that if you eat American food?" With this he left me for the night.

I suffered immeasurably that night. The cold was intense, and the pain from my hard bed excruciating. Although next morning, with a mental reservation, I told the Governor I had passed a good night, yet I insisted on slinging my hammock lengthwise of the little room. To this the Governor's reply was: "It would not be good for it to hang in a smoky room, so I have packed it away." I resigned myself to my hard fate and harder bed, and suffered throughout long nights of many weeks rather than complain or show any unwillingness to have my "meat hardened."

An old priest, whom I had seen at the head of one of the dances, and whose fine bearing and classic, genial face had impressed me, used to come and chat occasionally of an evening with the Governor, in the other



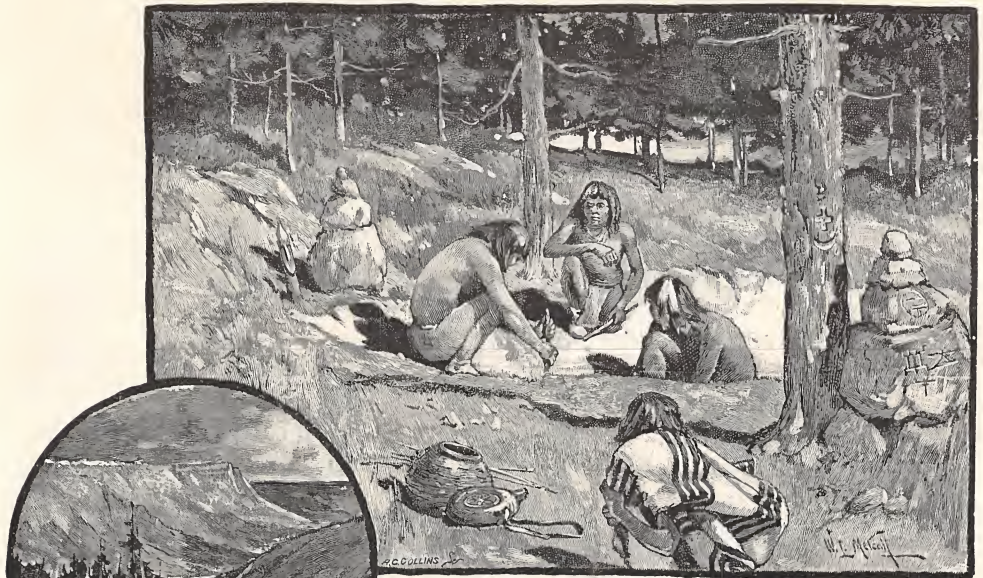
ARRIVAL OF THE SHÁ-LA-K'O.

room. Often, as he sat in the fire-light, his profile against the blazing background made me wonder if the ghost of Dante had not displaced the old Indian for a moment, so like the profile of the great poet was the one I looked upon. He had conceived a great affection for me, and his visits became more and more frequent, until at last one day he told me his name was Laí-iu-ah-tsai-lun-kia, but that I must forget his name whenever I spoke to him, and call him "father." Now that I wore the head-band and moccasins of his people, his attentions were redoubled, and he insisted constantly that I should dress entirely in the native costume, and have my ears pierced. That would make a complete Zuñi of me, for had I not eaten Zuñi food long enough to have starved four times, and was not my flesh, therefore, of the soil of Zuñi?"

I strongly opposed his often repeated suggestions, and at last he so rarely made them that I thought he had altogether given up the idea.

One day, however, the Governor's wife came through the door-way with a dark blue bundle of cloth, and a long, embroidered red belt. She threw the latter on the floor, and unrolled the former, which proved to be a strip of diagonal stuff about five feet long





ANCIENT MINES IN THE VALLEY OF THE PINES.

by a yard in width. Through the middle a hole was cut, and to the edges, either side of this hole, were stitched, with brightly colored strips of fabric, a pair of sleeves. With a patronizing smile, the old woman said,—

"Put this on. Your brother will make you a pair of breeches, and then you will be a handsome young man."

Under her instructions I stuck my head through the central hole, pushed my arms down into the little blanket sleeves, and gathered the ends around my waist, closely securing them with the embroidered belt. The sudden appearance of the Governor was the signal for the hasty removal of the garment. He folded it up and put it away under the blanket on the forge. Long before night he had completed a pair of short, thin, black cotton trowsers, and secured a pair of long, knitted blue woolen leggings.

"Take off that blue coat and rag necklace," said he, referring to my blue flannel shirt and a tie of gray silk. "What! *another* coat under that. Take it off."

I removed it.

"There, now! Go over into that corner and put these breeches on. Don't wear anything under them."

Then the coarse woolen blanket shirt was again put on as before, only next to my skin. There were no seams in this remarkable garment, save where the sleeves were attached to

the shoulders and from the elbows down to the wrists. The sides, a little below the armpits, and the arms inside down to the elbow, were left entirely exposed. I asked the Governor if I could not wear the under-coat.

"No," said he. "Didn't I say you must have your meat hardened?"

Fortunately, however, a heavy gray serape, striped with blue and black, and fringed with red and blue, was added to this costume. One of the young men gave me a crude copper bracelet, and the old priest presented me with one or two strings of black stone beads for a necklace.

The first time I appeared in the streets in full costume the Zuñis were delighted. Little children gathered around me; old women patronizingly bestowed compliments on me as their "new son, the child of Wa-sin-tona." I found the impression was good, and permitted the old Governor to have his way. In fact, it would have been rather difficult to have done otherwise, for, on returning to my room, I found that every article of civilized clothing had disappeared from it.

During my absence for several days on an expedition to the Valley of the Pines in search of mines which had formerly been worked by the Zuñis, the old Governor and his wife industriously plastered my room, whitewashed the walls and even the rafters, spread blankets over the floor, and furnished it in Indian style more luxuriously than any other room in Zuñi. On the wall at one end, the Governor, in recollection of the pictures in officers' quarters which he had seen, had



pasted bright gilt and red prints, which no one knows how many years past had been torn from bales of Mexican *bayeta*. Above, carefully secured by little pegs, was a photograph of Colonel Stevenson, which the latter had given the Governor before leaving, and which the Indians had designed as my companion. On my return I was so cordially greeted that I could no longer doubt the good intentions of the Zuñis toward me.

My foster father and many other of the principal men of the tribe, now insisted that my ears be pierced. I steadily refused; but they persisted, until at last it occurred to me that there must be some meaning in their urgency, and I determined to yield to their request. They procured some raw Moqui cotton, which they twisted into rolls about as large as an ordinary lead-pencil. Then they brought a large bowl of clear cold water and placed it before a rug in the eastern part of the room. K'iawu presently came through the door-way, arrayed in her best dress, with a sacred cotton mantle thrown over her shoulders and abundant white shell beads on her neck. I was placed kneeling on the rug, my face toward the east. My old father, then solemnly removing his moccasins, approached me, needle and cotton in hand. He began a little shuffling dance around me, in time to a prayer chant to the sun. At the pauses in the chant he would reach out and grasp gently the lobe of my left ear. Each time he grasped, I braced up to endure the prick, until finally, when I least expected it, he ran the needle through. The chant was repeated, and the other ear grasped and pierced in the same way. As soon as the rolls of cotton had been drawn through, both the old man and K'iawu dipped their hands in the water, prayed over them, and, at the close of the prayer, sprinkled my head, and scattered the water about like rain-drops on the floor, after which they washed my hands and face, and dried them with the cotton mantle.



A BIVOUAC IN THE VALLEY OF THE PINES.

I could not understand the whole prayer; but it contained beautiful passages, recommending me to the gods as a "Child of the Sun," and a "Son of the Coru people of earth" (the sacred name for the priests of Zuñi). At its close, the old man said—"And thus become thou my son, Té-na-tsa-li," and the old woman followed him with, "This day thou art made my younger brother, Té-na-tsa-li." Various other members of the little group then came forward, repeating the ceremonial and prayer, and closing with one or the other of the above sentences, and the distinct pronunciation of my new name.

When all was over, my father took me to the window, and, looking down with a smile on his face, explained that I was "named after a magical plant which grew on a single mountain in the west, the flowers of which were the most beautiful in the world, and of many colors, and the roots and juices of which were a panacea for all injuries to the flesh of man. That by this name,—which only one man in a generation could bear,—would I be known as long as the sun rose and set, and smiled on the Coru people of earth, as a *Shi wi* (Zuñi)."

Frank H. Cushing.







### THE CONSTANT HEART.

SADDE songe is out of season  
 When birdes and lovers mate,  
 When soule to soule must paye swete toll  
 And fate be joynd with fate;  
 Sadde songe and wofull thought controle  
 This constant heart of myne,  
 And make newe love a treason  
 Unto my Valentine.

How shall my wan lippes utter  
 Their summons to the dedde,—  
 Where nowe repeate the promise swete,  
 So farre my love hath fledd?  
 My onely love! What musicke fleet  
 Shall crosse the walle that barres?  
 To earthe the burthen mutter,  
 Or singe it to the starrs.

Perchance she dwelles a spirite  
 In beautye undestroyed  
 Where brightest starrs are closely sett  
 Farre out beyonde the voyd;  
 If Margaret be risen yet  
 Her looke will hither turne,  
 I knowe that she will heare it  
 And all my trewe heart learne.

But if no resurrection  
 Unseale her dwellinge low,  
 If one so fayre must bide her there  
 Until the trumpe shall blowe,  
 Nathlesse shall Love outvie Despaire,  
 (Whilst constant heart is myne)  
 And, robbed of her perfection,  
 Be faithfull to her shrine.

At this blythe season bending  
 Ile whisper to the clodde,  
 To the chill grasse where shadowes passe  
 And leaflesse branches nodde;  
 There keepe my watche, and crye—Alas  
 That Love may not forget,  
 That Joye must have swifte ending  
 And Life be laggard yet!

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*





## A WOMAN'S REASON.\*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

### I.

THE day had been very oppressive, and at half-past five in the afternoon the heat had scarcely abated, to the perception of Mr. Joshua Harkness, as he walked heavily up the Park street mall in Boston Common. When he came opposite the Brewer Fountain, with its Four Seasons of severe drouth, he stopped short, and stared at the bronze group with its insufficient dribble, as if he had never seen it before. Then he felt infirmly about the ground with his stick, stepped aside, and sank tremulously into one of the seats at the edge of the path. The bench was already partly occupied by a young man and a young woman; the young man had his arm thrown along the back of the seat behind the young woman; their heads were each tilted toward the other, and they were making love almost as frankly in that public place as they might in the seclusion of a crowded railway train. They both glanced at the intruder, and exchanged smiles, apparently of pity for his indecency, and then went on with their love-making, while Mr. Harkness, unconscious of his offense, stared eagerly out over the Common, and from time to time made gestures or signals with his stick in that direction. It was that one day of the week when people are not shouted at by a multitude of surly sign-boards to keep off the grass, and the turf was everywhere dotted with lolling and lounging groups. Perhaps, to compensate for the absence of the sign-boards (which would reappear over night like a growth of disagreeable fungi), there was an unusual number of policemen sauntering about, and it was one of these whom Mr. Harkness was trying to attract with his cane. If any saw him, none heeded, and he had to wait till a policeman came down the mall in front of him. This could not have been so long a time as it seemed to Mr. Harkness, who was breathing thickly, and, now and then, pressing his hand against his forehead, like one who tries to stay a reeling brain.

"Please call a carriage," he panted, as the officer, whom he had thrust in the side with his cane, stopped and looked down at him;

and then, as the man seemed to hesitate, he added: "My name is Harkness; I live at 9 Beacon Steps; I wish to go home at once; I've been taken faint."

Beacon Steps is not Beacon street, but it is of like blameless social tradition, and the name, together with a certain air of moneyed respectability in Mr. Harkness, had its effect with the policeman.

"Sick?" he asked. "Well, you *are* pale. You just hold on a minute. Heh, there! heh!" he shouted to a passing hackman, who promptly stopped, turned his horses, and drew up beside the curb next the Common. "Now you take my arm, Mr. Harkness, and I'll help you to the carriage." He raised the gentleman to his benumbed feet, and got him away through the gathering crowd; when he was gone, the crowd continued to hang about the place where he had been sitting, in such numbers that the young man first took his arm down from the back of the seat and the young woman tilted her head away from his, and then they both, with vexed and impatient looks, rose and walked away, seeking some other spot for the renewal of their courtship.

The policeman had not been able to refrain from driving home with Mr. Harkness, whom he patronized on the way with a sort of municipal kindness; and for whom, when he had got him indoors and comfortably stretched upon a lounge in the library, he wanted to go and call the doctor. But Mr. Harkness refused, saying that he had had these attacks before, and would soon be all right. He thanked the officer by his name, after asking him for it, and the officer went away, leaving Mr. Harkness to the care of the cook, who, in that mid-summer time, seemed to have sole charge of the house and its master. The policeman flipped the dust from the breast and collar of his coat, in walking back to his beat, with the right feeling of a man who would like to be better prepared if summoned a second time to befriend a gentleman of Mr. Harkness's standing, and to meet, in coming out of his house, a young lady of such beauty and elegance as he had just encountered. This young lady, as he closed the door behind



him, had run up the steps with the loop of her train in one hand, after the fashion of ten years ago, and in the other a pretty traveling-bag, carried with the fearlessness of a lady who knows that people are out of town. She glanced a little wonderingly, a little defiantly, at the policeman, who, seeing that she must drop one or other of her burdens to ring, politely rang for her.

"Thank you!" said the young lady, speaking a little more wonderingly, a little more defiantly than she had looked.

"Quite welcome, Miss," returned the policeman, and touched his hat in going down the steps, while the young lady turned and stared after him, leaning a little over the top step on which she stood, with her back to the door. She was very pretty indeed, with blue eyes at once tender and honest, and the fair hair, that goes with her beauty, hanging loosely upon her forehead. Her cheeks, in their young perfection of outline, had a flush beyond their usual delicate color; the heat, and her eager dash up the steps, had suffused them with a dewy bloom, that seemed momentarily to deepen and soften. Her loveliness was saved from the insipidity of faultless lines by a little downward curve, a quirk, or call it dimple, at one corner of her mouth, which, especially in repose, gave it a touch of humorous feeling and formed its final charm: it seemed less a trait of face than of character. That fine positive grace, which is called style, and which is so eminently the gift of exquisite nerves, had not cost her too much; she was slim, but not fragile, and her very motionlessness suggested a vivid, bird-like mobility; she stood as if she had alighted upon the edge of the step. At the opening of the door behind her she turned alertly from the perusal of the policeman's retreating back, and sprang within.

"How d' do, Margaret?" She greeted the cook in a voice whose bright kindness seemed a translation of her girlish beauty into sound. "Surprised to see me?" She did not wait for the cook's answer, but put down her bag and began pulling off her gloves, after shaking out her skirt, and giving that penetrating sidelong downward look at it which women always give their drapery at moments of arrival or departure. She turned into the drawing-room from the hall, and went up to the long, old-fashioned mirror, and glanced at the face which it dimly showed her in the close-shuttered room. Her face had apparently not changed since she last saw it in that mirror, and one might have fancied that the young lady was somehow surprised at this.

"May I ask *why* policemen are coming and going, in and out of our house, Mar-

garet?" she demanded of the cook's image, which, further down in the mirror, hesitated at the doorway.

"He come home with your father, Miss Helen," answered the cook, and as Helen turned round and stared at her in the flesh, she continued: "He had one of his faint turns in the Common. He's laying down in the library now, Miss Helen."

"Oh, poor papa!" wailed the young lady, who knew that in spite of the cook's pronoun, it could not be the policeman who was then reposing from faintness in the library. She whirled away from the mirror, and swooped through the doorway into the hall, and back into the room where her father lay. "The heat has been too much for him," she moaned, in mixed self-reproach and compassion, as she flew; and she dropped upon her knees beside him, and fondly caressed his gray head, and cooed and lamented over him, with the irreverent tenderness he liked her to use with him.

"Poor old fellow," she murmured. "It's too bad! You're working yourself to death, and I'm going to stay with you now, and put a stop to your being brought home by policemen. Why, you ought to be ashamed, breaking down in this way, as soon as my back is turned? Has Margaret done everything for you? Wouldn't you like a little light?" She started briskly to her feet, flung up the long window, and raising and lowering the shade to get the right level for her father's eyes, stood silhouetted against the green space without: a grass plot between high brick walls, on one of which clambered a grape-vine, and on the other a wistaria, while a bed of bright-leaved plants gave its color in the center of the yard. "There!" she said, with a glance at the succinct landscape. "That's the prettiest bit of nature I've seen since I left Boston." She came back and sat down on a low chair beside her father, who smiled fondly upon her, and took one of her hands to hold, while she pushed back his hair with the other.

"Are you awfully glad to see me?"

"Awfully," said Mr. Harkness, falling in with her mood, and brightening with the light and her presence. "What brought you so suddenly?"

"Oh, *that's* a long story. Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes. I was merely faint. I shall be all right by morning. I've been a little worn out."

"Was it like the last time?" asked Helen.

"Yes," said her father.

"A little more like?"

"I don't think it was more severe," said Mr. Harkness, thoughtfully.



"What had you been doing? Honor bright, now; was it accounts?"

"Yes, it was accounts, my dear."

"The same old wretches?"

"The same old ones; some new ones, too. They're in hopeless confusion," sighed Mr. Harkness, who seemed to age and sadden with the thought.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what, papa," said Helen, sternly: "I want you to leave *all* accounts, old *and* new, quite alone till the cold weather comes. Will you promise?"

Harkness smiled, as wearily as he had sighed. He knew that she was burlesquing somewhat her ignorance of affairs; and yet it was not much burlesqued, after all; for her life, like that of other American girls of prosperous parentage, had been almost as much set apart from the hard realities of bread-winning as the life of a princess, as entirely dedicated to society, to the studies that refine, and the accomplishments that grace society. The question of money had hardly entered into it. Since she was a little child, and used to climb upon her father's knee, and ask him, in order to fix his status in her fairy tales, whether he was rich or poor, she might be said never to have fairly thought of that matter. Of course, she understood that she was not so rich as some girls, but she had never found that the difference was against her in society; she could not help perceiving that in regard to certain of them it was in her favor, and that she might have patronized them if she had liked, and that they were glad of her friendship on any terms. Her father's great losses had come when she was too young to see the difference that they made in his way of living; ever since she could remember they had kept to the same scale of simple ease in the house where she was born, and she had known no wish that there had not been money enough to gratify. Pleasures of every kind had always come to her as freely and with as little wonder on her part as if they had been, like her youth, her bounding health, her beauty, the direct gift of heaven. She knew that the money came from her father's business, but she had never really asked herself how it was earned. It is doubtful if she could have told what his business was; it was the India trade, whatever that was, and of late years he had seemed to be more worried by it than he used to be, and she had vaguely taken this ill as an ungrateful return on the part of business. Once he had gone so far as to tell her that he had been hurt by the Great Fire somewhat. But the money for all her needs and luxuries (she was not extravagant, and really did not spend much upon herself) had come as before, and

walking through the burnt district, and seeing how handsomely it had been rebuilt, she had a comforting sense that its losses had all been repaired.

"You look a little flushed and excited, my dear," said her father, in evasion of the commands laid upon him, and he touched her fair cheek. He was very fond of her beauty and of her style; in the earlier days of her young ladyhood he used to go about with her a great deal, and was angry when he thought she did not get all the notice she ought, and a little jealous when she did.

"Yes, I *am* flushed and excited, papa," she owned, throwing herself back in the low chair she had pulled up to his sofa, and beginning to pluck nervously at those little tufts of silk that roughened the cobwebby fabric of the gray summer stuff she wore. "Don't you think," she asked, lifting her downcast eyes, "that coming home and finding you in this state is enough to make me look flushed and excited?"

"Not quite," said her father quietly. "It's not a new thing."

Helen gave a sort of lamentable laugh. "I know I was humbugging, and I'm as selfish as I can be, to think more of myself even now than I do of you. But, oh, papa! I'm *so* unhappy!" She looked at him through a mist that gathered and fell in silent drops from her eyes without clearing them, so that she did not see him carry the hand she had abandoned to his heart, and check a gasp. "I suppose we all have our accounts, one way or other, and they get confused like yours. Mine with—with—a certain person had got so mixed up that there was nothing for it but just to throw them away."

"Do you mean that you have broken with him finally, Helen?" asked her father gravely.

"I don't know whether you call it *finally*," said Helen, "but I told him it was no use—not just in those words—and that he ought to forget me; and I was afraid I wasn't equal to it; and that I couldn't see my way to it clearly; and unless I could see my way clearly, I oughtn't to go on any longer. I wrote to him last week, and I thought—I thought that perhaps he wouldn't answer it; perhaps he would come over to Rye Beach—he could easily have run over from Portsmouth—to see me—about it. But he didn't,—he didn't,—he—wrote a very short letter—oh, I didn't see *how* he could write such a letter; I tried to spare *him* in every way; and yesterday he—he—s—s—sailed!" Here the storm broke, and Helen bowed herself to the sobs with which her slimness shook, like a tall flower beaten in the wind. Then she suddenly stopped, and ran her



hand into her pocket, and pulled out her handkerchief. She wiped away her tears, and waited for her father to speak; but he lay silent, and merely regarded her pitifully. "I couldn't bear it any longer there with those geese of Merrills,—I'm sure they were as kind as could be,—and so I came home to burden and afflict you, papa. Don't you think that was like me?" She gave her lamentable laugh again, sobbed, laughed once more, dried the fresh tears with her handkerchief, which she had mechanically shaped into a rabbit, and sat plucking at her dress as before. "What do people do, papa," she asked presently, with a certain hoarseness in her voice, "when they've thrown away their accounts?"

"I never heard of their doing it, my dear," said her father.

"Well, but when they've come to the very end of everything, and there's nothing to go on with, and they might as well stop?"

"They go into bankruptcy," answered the old man, absently, as if the thought had often been in his mind before.

"Well, that's what I've gone into—bankruptcy," said Helen. "And what do they do after they've gone into bankruptcy?"

"They begin the world again with nothing, if they have the heart," replied her father.

"That's what I have to do then—begin the world again with nothing! There! my course is clear, and I hope I like it, and I hope I'm satisfied!"

With these words of self-reproach, Helen again broke down, and bowed herself over the ruin she had made of her life.

"I don't think you need despair," said her father, soothingly, yet with a sort of physical effort which escaped her self-centered grief, "Robert is such a good fellow that if you wrote to him——"

"Why, papa! Are you crazy?" shouted the young girl. "Write to him? He's off for three years, and I don't think he'd come posting back from China, if I *did* write to him. And how *could* I write to him, even if he were in the next room?"

"It wouldn't be necessary, in that case," said her father. "I'm sorry he's gone for so long," he added, rather absently.

"If he were gone for a *day*, it couldn't make any difference," cried Helen, inexorably. "I argued it all out—and it's a perfect chain of logic—before I wrote to him. I looked at it in this way. I said to myself that it was no use having the affair off and on, any longer. It would be perfect misery to a person of my temperament to be an officer's wife, and have my husband with me to-day and at the ends of the earth to-morrow. Besides his pay

wouldn't support us. You told me that yourself, papa."

"Yes," said Mr. Harkness. "But I thought Robert might leave the navy, and——"

"I never would have let him!" Helen burst in. "He would have been as unhappy as a fish out of water, and I wouldn't have his wretchedness on my conscience, and his idleness—you know how long that splendid Captain Seymour was trying to get into business in Boston, after he left the service: and then he had to go to California before he could find anything to do; and do you suppose I was going to have Robert mooning round in that way, for ages?"

"He might have gone into business with me for the time being," said Mr. Harkness, not very hopefully.

"Oh, yes! you could have *made* a place for him, I know! And we should both have been a burden to you, then. But I shouldn't have cared for all that. I would have met any fate with Robert, if I had believed that I felt toward him just as I should. But, don't you see, papa? If I had felt toward him in that way, I never should have thought of any—any—prudential considerations. That was what convinced me, that was what I couldn't escape from, turn which way I would. That was the point I put to Robert himself, and—and—oh, I don't see how he could answer as he did! I *don't* see how he could!" Helen convulsively clutched something in the hand which she had thrust into her pocket. "It isn't that I care for myself; but oh, I am so sorry for him, away off there all alone, feeling so hard and bitter toward me, and thinking me heartless, and I don't know what all,—and hating me so."

"What did he say, Helen?" asked her father, tenderly. She snatched her hand from her pocket and laid a paper, crumpled, be-wet, distained, in the hand he stretched toward her, and then bowed her face upon her knees.

Helen and her father were old confidants, and she had not more reluctance in showing him this letter than most girls would have had in trusting such a paper to their mother's eyes. Her own mother had died long ago, and in the comradeship of her young life her father had entered upon a second youth, happier, or at least tranquil, than the first. She adored him and petted him, as a wife could not, and this worship did not spoil him as it might if it had been a conjugal devotion. They had always a perfect understanding; she had not withdrawn her childish intimacy of thought and feeling from him to give it to her mother, as she would have done if her mother had lived; he knew all her small



heart-affairs without asking, more or less in a tacit way; and she had an abidingly grateful sense of his wisdom in keeping her from follies which she could see she had escaped through it. He had never before so directly sought to know her trouble; but he had never before seen her in so much trouble; besides, he had always been Robert Fenton's friend at court with Helen; and he had quietly kept his hopes of their future through rather a stormy and uncertain present.

He liked Robert for the sake of Robert's father, who had been captain and supercargo of one of Harkness and Co's ships, and had gone down in her on her home voyage, when he was returning to be junior partner in the house, after a prosperous venture of his own in Wenham ice. He left this boy, and a young wife who died soon afterwards. Then Mr. Harkness, who was the boy's guardian, gave him and the small property that remained to him more than a guardian's care. He sent him to school, but he made him at home in his own house on all holidays and in vacation. These sojourns and absences, beginning when Robert was ten years old, and continuing through his school-boy age, had renewed alternately his intimacy and strangeness with Helen, and kept her a mystery and enchantment which grew with his growth, while to her consciousness he was simply Robert, a nice boy, who was now at school or now at home, and who was often so shy that it was perfectly silly. When he was old enough to be placed in some career he was allowed to choose Harvard, and a profession afterwards, or any more technical training that he liked better. He chose neither: the sea called him, as the old superstition is, and every nerve in his body responded. He would have liked to go into the trade in which his father had died, but here his guardian overruled him. He knew that the India trade was dying out. If Robert's soul was set upon the sea, of which there seemed no doubt, it was better that he should go into the navy; at Annapolis he would have a thorough schooling, which would stand him in good stead if future chance or choice ever cast him ashore to live.

Helen was in the sophomore year of the class with which she was dancing through Harvard when Robert came home from his first cruise. She was then a very great lady, and she patronized the midshipman with killing kindness as a younger brother, though he was in fact half a year her senior. He now fell in love with her outright: very proud love, very jealous, very impatient. She could not understand it. She said to her father it was so *queer*.

She never *thought* of such a thing. Why, *Robert!* It was *absurd*. Besides, he had such a funny name: *Fenton!* But a passion like his was not to be quenched with reasons even so good as these. He went to sea again, bitterly, rapturously brooding over her idea, and came home in the autumn after Helen's class-day. All the fellows had scattered now; and she was left much younger and humbler in her feelings, and not so great a lady for all her triumphs. Two of her class had proposed to her, and lots had come near it; but her heart had been left untouched, and she perceived, or thought she perceived, that these young gentlemen, who were wise and mature enough for their age, though neither Solomons nor Methuselahs, were all silly boys. In herself, on the contrary, the tumult of feeling with which she had first entered the world had been succeeded by a calm, which she might well have mistaken for wisdom. She felt that she now knew the world thoroughly, and while she was resolved to judge it kindly, she was not going to be dazzled by it any longer. She had become an observer of human nature; she analyzed her feelings; sometimes she made cutting remarks to people, and was dreadfully sorry for it. She withdrew a great deal from society, and liked being thought odd. She had begun to take lessons in painting with a number of ladies, under an artist's criticism; she took up courses of reading; she felt that life was a serious affair. On his return, Robert at first seemed to her more boyish, more brotherly than before. But in talking with him certain facts of his history came out that showed him a very brave and manly fellow, and good, too. This gave her pause; so keen an observer of human nature at once discerned in this young man,—who did not brag of his experiences, nor yet affect to despise them as trifles, but honestly owned that at one time he was scared, and that at another he would have given everything to be ashore,—an object worthy of her closest and most reverent study. She proceeded to idealize him, and to stand in awe of him. Oh, *yes!* with a deep sighing breath, and a long dreamy look at him—*he!* What *he* had been through, must have changed the whole *world* to him. After that night in the *typhoon*—*well*, nothing could ever have been the same to *her* after that. He must find all the interests at home sickeningly mean. This was the tone she took with him, driving him to despair. When he again urged his suit, she said that she could not see why he should care for her. At the same time she wanted to ask him why he did not wear his uniform ashore, instead of that unnatural civil dress that he seemed so anxious to make himself ridiculous in. Being pressed



for some sort of answer, she said that she had resolved never to marry. After this Robert went off very melancholy upon his third cruise. But she wrote him such kind and sympathetic letters that he came home from this cruise, which was a short one, more fondly in love than ever, but more patiently, more pleasingly in love; and he now behaved so sensibly, with so much apparent consideration for her uncertainty of mind, that she began to think seriously of him. But though she liked him ever so much, and respected him beyond anything, the very fact that she was wondering whether she could ask him to leave the navy or not, and where and how they should live, seemed sufficient proof to her that she did not care for him in the right way. Love, she knew, did not consider ways and means; it did not stop to argue; it found in itself its own reason and the assurance of a future. It did not come after years of shilly-shallying, and beating about the bush, and weighing this and that, and scrutiny of one's emotions. If she loved Robert so little as to care what happened after they were married, she did not love him at all. Something like this, but expressed with infinite kindness, was what she had written from Rye Beach to Robert stationed at Portsmouth. She ended by leaving the case in his hands. She forbade him to hope, but she told him there *had* been a time, a moment, when she thought that she might have loved him.

Robert took all this away. He did not deign to ask her when this mysterious moment was, far less whether it might ever recur; he did not answer one of her arguments; he did not even come over to Rye Beach to combat and trample on her reasons. He wrote her a furious, foolish reply, in which he agreed with her that she had never loved him, and never would, and he bade her farewell. He managed to exchange with a friend who was bemoaning his hard lot in being ordered away from his young wife to the China station, and he sailed with their blessing three days after getting Helen's letter. She only learned of his departure by chance.

The old man held the letter in his hand, after reading it, for so long a time, that at last Helen looked up. "It seems to me you take it pretty coolly, papa," she said, her lips quivering.

"Yes, yes. Poor Robert! Poor boy!" sighed her father. Then, while she bridled indignantly at his misplaced compassion, he added, "I'm sorry, Helen. I think you would have come to like him. Well, well! If you are contented, my dear——"

"How can you *say* such a thing, papa?" cried Helen, astonished that he should have

taken what he understood of her letter just as Robert had done, "when you know,—when you know I—" but Helen could not finish what she was going to say. She could not own that she thought her letter susceptible of quite a different answer. She set her lips and tried to stop their trembling, while her eyes filled.

Her father did not notice. "My dear," he said presently, "will you ask Margaret to make me a cup of tea? I feel unpleasantly weak."

"Why, papa!" cried Helen, flying to the bell, "why didn't you tell me before, instead of letting me worry you with all this foolishness? Why didn't you *say* you were not so well?"

"I wasn't thinking of it," said her father, meekly accepting her reproof. "It's nothing. The wind has changed, hasn't it. I feel the east a little."

"You're *chilly*?" Helen was now tempted to be really harsh with him for his remissness, but she did not stay from running after the wrap, soft and light, which she had brought back from the sea-side with her, and had thrown down with her bag in the hall, and though she bemoaned his thoughtlessness, as she flung it over him, still she did not pour out upon him all the self-reproach in her heart. She went and hurried Margaret with the tea, and then set an old-fashioned tea-pot beside the sofa, and when the tea came, she drew up her chair, and poured it for him. She offered to pull down the window, but he made her a sign to let it be; and, in fact, it was not cooler without than within, and no chill came from the little yard, on whose lofty walls the sunset was beginning to burn in tender, red light. She poured herself a cup of tea when she came back, and when she had made her father repeat again and again that he felt much better, she began to see the absurdity of being tragic about Robert at this late day, when she had so often refused him before without the least tragedy. This, to be sure, was not quite like the other refusals; not so one-sided; but really, except for Robert's own sake, what had she to be sorry for, and why should she pity his towering dudgeon? An ache, faint and dull, made itself felt deep in her heart, and she answered sadly, "Well," to her father's tentative "Helen."

He did not go on, and she asked presently, "What is it, papa?"

"Oh, nothing. There was something I was going to speak to you about. But it will do another time." Helen recollected that once or twice before this her father had begun in the same way, and had postponed whatever he



had been going to say in the same fashion. It was not a thing to be curious about, and she had never pressed him to speak. She knew that he would speak when he really thought best. But she wondered now a little if his mind was still running upon Robert.

"Was it something in regard to—to—me, papa!"

"Why, yes. Yes, indirectly."

"Well, then, don't think of it any more. I shall not. I'm sorry I worried you about it."

"About what, my dear?" asked her father, who could not have followed her.

"Robert!" said Helen abruptly.

"Oh! I wasn't thinking about Robert."

"Because, if you were, papa, I want to tell you that I am quite reconciled to have everything end as it has done. Robert and I will always be good friends. You needn't be troubled about that."

"Oh, yes, certainly," assented her father, closing his eyes.

Helen sat looking at him, as if she would like to go on. But she was a little ashamed, and a little piqued that her father should shut his eyes in that way while she was talking of Robert. He had taken the whole affair rather oddly. She had been prepared to defend Robert if her father were angry with him, as she expected; but, instead of being angry, he had really seemed to side with Robert, and had somehow, by his reticence, implied that he would have been glad to have her humble herself to Robert.

"If you wish to sleep, papa," she said, with a dignity wasted upon him, for he still lay with his eyes closed, "I will go away."

"I'm drowsy," said her father. "But don't go, Helen. Sit down here."

He made a motion for her to sit beside him, and after an instant's further resentment she drew up her chair and laid her beautiful head down upon the cushion by his. She gave him a kiss, and dropped a large tear against his withered cheek and wiped it away with her handkerchief; and then she hid her face again, and wept peacefully till all her tears were gone. At last she lifted her face and dried her eyes, and sat dreamily watching the red sunset light creeping up the wall on which the wistaria clambered. It rose slowly, leaf by leaf, till it lit an airy frond at top that swayed in it like a pennon. Suddenly it leaped from this and left it dark, and a shiver coursed through the next rank of foliage. It somehow made her think of a ship going down below the horizon, and the waves running along the sky where the streamers had just hung. But Robert must have been out of sight of land for two days and more before that.

## II.

HELEN sat beside her father, while the solitude of the house deepened from silence to silence. Then Margaret came to the door and looked in as if to ask whether it was not time for her to fetch away the tea-things. Helen gave her a nod of acquiescence and presently rose and followed her out to the kitchen to tell her that she was going to her own room, and to say that she must be called when her father woke. But in the kitchen Margaret's company was a temptation to her loneliness, and she made one little pretext after another for remaining, till Margaret set her a chair in the door-way. Margaret had been in the house ever since Helen was born, and Helen still used the same freedom with her that she had in childhood, and gave herself the range of places to which young ladyhood ordinarily drives its radiant presence. She had, indeed, as much intimacy with the cook as could consist with their different ages, and she got on smoothly with the cook's temper, which had not been so good as her looks in youth, and had improved quite as little with age. Margaret was of a remote sort of Irish birth; but her native land had scarcely marked her accent, and, but for her church and her sense of place, which was sometimes very respectful and sometimes very high and mighty with those above her, she might have been mistaken for an American. She had a low voice, which only grew lower as she grew angry. A family in which she could do all the work had been her ideal when she first came to Boston, but she had failed of this now for some thirty years, and there seemed little hope that the chances would still turn in her favor. In Helen's childhood, when she used to ask Margaret, in moments of tenderness following the gift of dough in unexpected quantity, whether she would come and live with her after she got married, Margaret had always answered: "Yes, if you wont have any one else bothering round," which was commonly too much for the just pride of the actual second-girl. She had been cook in the family so long ago as when Mr. Harkness had kept a man; she had pressed upon the retreat of the last man with a broom in her hand and a joyful sarcasm on her lips; and she would willingly have kept vacant the place that she had made too hot for a long succession of second-girls. In the intervals of their going and coming, she realized her ideal of domestic service for the time being; and in the summer, when Helen was away a good deal, she prolonged these intervals to the utmost. She was necessarily much more the housekeeper than Helen,



though they both respected a fiction of contrary effect, and Helen commonly left her the choice of her helpers. She had not been surprised to find Margaret alone in the house, but she thought it well to ask her how she was getting on without anybody.

"Oh, very well, Miss Helen! You know your father don't make any trouble."

"Well, I've come now, and we must get somebody," said Helen.

"Why, I thought you was going back on Monday, Miss Helen," answered Margaret.

"No, I shall not leave papa. I think he's not at all well."

"He does seem rather poorly, Miss Helen. But I don't see why you need any one, in the summer, this way."

"Who's to go to the door?" asked Helen. "Besides, you couldn't take care of both of us, Margaret?"

"Just as you say, Miss Helen; I'd just as lives," answered Margaret, stubbornly. "It isn't for me to say; but I don't see what you want with anybody; you won't see a soul."

"Oh, you never can tell, Margaret. You've had a good rest now, and you must have somebody to help you." Helen's sadness smiled at this confusion of ideas, and its suitability to Margaret's peculiar attitude. "Get somebody that you know, Margaret, and that you'll like. But we must have somebody." She regarded Margaret's silent and stiff displeasure with a moment's amusement, and then her bright face clouded, and she asked softly: "Did you know, Margaret, that Robert—that Lieutenant Fenton—had sailed again?"

"Why, no, Miss Helen! You don't mean that? Why, I thought he was going to stay the summer at Portsmouth."

"He was," said Helen, in the same low voice, "but he changed his mind, it seems."

"Sailors is a roving set, anyway," Margaret generalized. Then she added: "Did he come down to say good-bye to your father?"

"Why, no," sadly answered Helen, who now thought of this for the first time. Her heart throbbed indignantly; then she reflected that she had kept him from coming. She looked up at the evening blue, with the swallows weaving a woof of flight across the top of the space framed in by the high walls on every hand, and "He hadn't time, I suppose," she said sadly. "He couldn't get off."

"Well, I don't call it very nice, his not coming," persisted Margaret. "I'd 'a' deserted first." Her associations with naval service had been through gallant fellows who were not in a position to resign.

Helen smiled so ruefully at this that she

would better for cheerfulness have wept. But she recognized Margaret's limitations as a confidant, and said no more. She rose presently, and again asked Margaret to look in pretty soon, and see if her father were awake, and call her, if he were; she was going to her room. She looked in a moment herself as she went, and listened till she heard him breathing, and so passed on through the drawing-room, and trailed heavily upstairs.

The house was rather old-fashioned, and it was not furnished in the latest taste, but it made the appeal with which things out of date, or passing out of date, touch the heart. It was, in fact, beginning to be respectable, because it was no longer in the contest for effect, which the decorations of the newer houses carried on about it, and there was a sort of ugly keeping throughout.

In the very earliest days of Mr. Harkness's house-keeping, the ornamentation of his home had reflected the character of his business somewhat. There had been even a time when the young super-cargo brought back—it was his first voyage—quaint and beautiful shells from the East, for his wife to set about the tables and mantels; but these objects, so exquisite in themselves, so unyielding in composition, had long since disappeared. Some grotesque bronzes, picked up in Chinese ports, to which his early ventures had taken him, survived the expulsion of ivory carvings and Indian idols and *genre* statuettes in *terra cotta* (like those you see in the East Indian Museum at Salem), and now found themselves, with the new feeling for Oriental art, in the very latest taste. The others were bestowed in neglected drawers and shelves, along with boxes containing a wealth of ghastly rich and elaborate white crape shawls from China, and fantastically subtle cotton webs from India which Helen had always thought she should use in tableaux, and never had worn. Among the many pictures on the walls (there were too many), there were three Stuarts; the rest were of very indifferent merit,—large figure paintings or allegorical landscapes, after the taste of Cole and Poussin, in great carved and scrollwork frames. Helen had once thought of making a raid upon these enemies of art, and, in fact, she had contemplated remodeling the whole equipment of the parlors, in conformity to the recent feeling in such matters; but she had not got further than the incomplete representation of some golden-rod and mullein-stalks upon the panels of her own chamber-door; and now that the fervor of her first enthusiasm had burnt itself out, she was not sorry she had left the old house in peace.



"Oh, I should think you'd *be* so rejoiced," said the chief of her friends; "it's such a comfort to go into *one* house where you don't have to admire the artistic sentiment, and where every wretched little æsthetic prig of a table or a chair isn't asserting a principle or teaching a lesson. Don't touch a cobweb, Helen!" It had never even come to a talk between her and her father, and the house remained unmolested—the home of her childhood. She had not really cared much for it since she was a child. The sense of our permanent relation to the parental roof comes to us very early in life; and, perhaps, more keenly to a young girl than to her brothers. They are of the world, by all the conditions of their active, positive being, almost from the first,—a great world that is made for them,—but she has her world to create. She cannot sit and adorn her father's house, as she shall one day beautify and worship her husband's; she can indeed do her duty by it, but the restless longing remains, and her housewifeliness does not voluntarily blossom out beyond the precincts of her own chamber, which she makes her realm of fancy and of dreams. She could not be the heart of the house if she would, as her mother is, or has been; and though, in her mother's place, she can be housekeeper, thrifty, wise, and notable, still some mysterious essential is wanting which it is not in her nature to supply to her father's house.

Helen went to her own room, and flinging up the windows, let in the noises of the streets. A few feet went by in the secluded place, and a sound of more frequent trampling came from the street into which it opened. Further off rose the blurred tumult of business, softened by the stretch of the Common, and growing less and less with the lapse of the long summer day. It was already a little cooler, and the smell of the sprinkled street stole refreshingly in at the window. It was still very light, and when Helen opened her blinds, the room brightened cheerfully all about her, and the sympathetic intimacy of her own closest belongings tenderly appealed to her. After something has happened, and we first see familiar things about us as they were, there comes, just before the sense of difference in ourselves returns to torment us, a moment of blind and foolish oblivion, and this was Helen's as she sat down beside the window, and looked round upon the friendly prettiness of her room. It had been her room when she was a child, and there were childish keepsakes scattered about in odd places, out of the way of youngladyish luxuries, high-shouldered bottles of perfume, and long-handled ivory brushes, and dainty boxes and cases,

and starred and beveled hand-glasses, and other sacred mysteries of toilet. Of the period when she had thought herself wedded to art, there were certain charcoal sketches pinned against the wall, and in *one* corner, not very definite at first glance under the draperies tossed upon it from time to time, was her easel. On projections of her mirror-frame hung souvenirs of Robert's first cruise, which had been in the Mediterranean; ropes of Roman pearls; nets and bracelets and necklaces of shells and beads from Venice; filigree silver jewelry from Genoa; strands and rosaries of black, barbarically scented wooden beads from the Levant,—not things you could wear at all, but very pleasant to have; they gave a sentiment to your room when you brought any one into it; they were nice to have lying about, and people liked to take them into their hands; they were not so very uncommon, either, that you had to keep telling what they were. She had never thought that, possibly, Robert had expected her to wear the absurd things. With an aching recurrence to their quarrel (it could be called no less) and a penitent self-pity, she thought of it now. It did not seem to her that she could touch them, but she went languidly to the mirror and took some of them down, and then all at once fantastically began to array herself in them; like a mad girl, she reflected. She threw the loops of Roman pearls and the black strands of Levantine beads about her neck; she set a net of the Venetian shell-work on her hair, and decked her wrists and her lovely ears with the Genoese filigree; a perfectly frantic combination, she mused, as she shook her head a little to make the ear-bobs dance. "Yes, perfectly frantic," she said aloud, but not much thinking of the image confronting her from the mirror, thinking rather of Robert, and poignantly regretting that she had never put them on for him; and thinking that if the loss of him had made her certain about him too late for ever, how fatally strange that would be. Again she went over all the facts of the affair, and was able to make much surer of Robert's motives than of her own. She knew that if he had understood her saying that she might have loved him once to be any encouragement for the future, he would not have written as he did. She could imagine Robert's being very angry at the patronizing tone of the rest of her letter; she had entire faith in his stupidity; she never doubted his generosity, his magnanimous incapability of turning her refusal of him into a refusal of her; his was not the little soul that could rejoice in such a chance. She wondered if now, far out at sea, sailing, sailing away, three years away, from her, he



saw anything in her letter but refusal; or was he still in that blind rage? Did he never once think that it had seemed such a great thing for her to make confession, which meant him to come to her? But had she really meant that? It seemed so now, but perhaps then she had only thought of mingling a drop of kindness in his bitter cup, of trying to spare him the mortification of having loved a person who had never thought for a moment of loving him? From time to time, her image appeared to advance upon her from the depths of the mirror, decked in all that incongruous frippery, and to say with trembling lips, "Perfectly frantic, perfectly frantic," while the tears ran down its face; and she found a wild comfort in regarding herself as quite an insane, irresponsible creature, who did not know what she was about. She felt that fate ought not to hold her to account. The door-bell rang, and she snatched the net from her hair with a fearful shudder, and flung down all the ornaments in a heap upon her dressing-table. Bumping sounds in the hall below reminded her that in her trance before the glass she had remotely known of a wagon stopping at the door, and presently she heard Margaret coming up the stairs behind the panting expressman who was fetching up her trunk. She fled into another room, and guiltily lurked there till they went out again, before she returned to unlock and unpack the box. It was one of Helen's economies not to drive home from the station, but to send her baggage by express and come up in a horse-car. The sums thus saved she devoted to a particular charity, and was very rigid with herself about spending every half-dollar coach-fare for that object. She only gave twenty-five cents to the express, and she made a merit of the fact that neither the coach-hire nor the charity ever cost her father anything. Robert had once tried to prove that it always cost him seventy-five cents, but she had easily seen through the joke, and had made him confess it.

She was still busy unpacking when Margaret came up to say that her father was awake now, and then she left off at once to go to him. The gas had been lighted in the hall and library, and that made life another thing. Her father was in his arm-chair, and was feeling decidedly better, he said; he had told Margaret to have tea there in the library. Helen laughed at him for having two teas within two hours; he owned to being hungry, and that reminded her that she had eaten nothing since an early dinner. When the tea and toast came in, and the cloth was laid half across the round table, in the mellow

light of the study lamp, they were very cozy. Helen, who was always thinking of Robert, whatever else she thought of, began to play in fancy at a long life of devotion to her father, in which she should never marry. She had always imagined him living with her, but now she was living with him, and they were to grow old together; in twenty years, when he was eighty, she would be forty-three, and then there would not be much difference between them. She now finally relinquished the very last idea of Robert, except as a brother. She did not suppose she should ever quite like his wife, but she should pet their children.

"Helen," said her father, breaking in upon these ideas, "how should you like to live in the country?"

"Why, papa, I was just thinking of it! That is, not in the country exactly, but somewhere off by ourselves, just you and I. Of course, I should like it."

"I don't mean on a farm," pursued her father, "but in some of the suburban towns, where we could have a bit of ground and breathing space. I think it grows closer and closer in town; at times it seems as if I could hardly catch my breath. I believe it would agree with me in the country. I can't get away from business entirely for a few years yet,—if the times continues so bad, I must bend all my energies to it, in fact,—and I have a fancy that the coming in and out of town would do me good. And I have a notion that I should like to build. I should like a new house—a perfectly new house. We could live on a simpler scale in the country."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Helen. "I should come into town to shop, with my initials worked in worsted on the side of my bag, and I should know where the bargains were, and lunch at Copeland's. I should like it."

"Well, we must think about it. I daresay we could let the house here without much trouble. I feel it somehow a great burden upon me, but I shouldn't like to sell it."

"Oh, no, papa! We couldn't think of selling it. I should just like to let it, and then never go near it, or look in the same direction, till we were ready to come back to it."

"I have lived here so long," continued her father, making her the listener to his musings rather than speaking to her, "that I should like a change. I used to think that I should never leave the house, but a place may become overcrowded with associations. You are too young, Helen, to understand how terrible it is to find one's own past grow into the dumb, material things about one, and become, as it were, imprisoned in them."

"Oh, yes," sighed the girl, "there are some



dresses of mine that I can't bear the sight of, just because I felt or said or did certain things when I wore them."

"An old house like this," Mr. Harkness went on, "gets to be your body, and usurps all your reality, which doesn't seem to live in it either, while you move round like a ghost. The past is so much more than the present. Think how much more these walls and these old chairs and tables have known of us than we now are!"

"No, no! Don't think of it, papa, or we shall be getting into the depths again," pleaded Helen.

"Well, I won't," consented her father, coming back to himself with a smile, which presently faded. "But it all makes me restless and impatient. I should like to begin a new life somewhere else, in a new house." He was silent awhile, trifling with the toast on his plate; his appetite had passed at the sight of the food, and he had eaten scarcely anything. He looked at Helen, and then at a portrait on the wall, and then at Helen again.

"I'm not much like mamma, am I, papa?" she asked.

"Not much in face," said Mr. Harkness.

"Do you wish I was more?" she pursued timidly.

"No, I don't think I do," said her father.

"It would only make me more painful, if I looked more like her, such a helpless, selfish thing as I am," morbidly assented Helen. "I should only make you miss her the more."

"Why, Helen, you're a very good girl—the best child in the world," said her father.

"Oh, no, I'm not, papa. I'm one of the worst. I never think of anybody but myself," said Helen, who was thinking of Robert. "You don't know how many times I've gone down on my mental knees to you and asked you to have patience with me."

"Asked *me* to have patience with you?" said her father, taking her by the chin, and pressing against his cheek the beautiful face which she leaned toward him. "Poor child! There's hardly a day since you were born that I haven't done you a greater wrong than the sum of all your sins would come to. Papas are dreadful fellows, Helen; but they sometimes live in the hope of repairing their misdeeds."

"Write them on a slip of paper, and hide it in a secret drawer that opens with a clasp and spring, when you don't know they're there," said Helen, glad of his touch of playfulness. "We've both been humbugging, and we know it."

He stared at her and said, "Your voice is like your mother's; and just now, when you came in, your movement was very like hers.

I hadn't noticed it before. But she has been a great deal in my mind of late."

If he had wished to talk of her mother, whom Helen could not remember, and who had been all her life merely the shadow of a sorrow to her,—a death, a grave, a name upon a stone, a picture on the wall,—she would not spare herself the duty of encouraging him to do so. "Was she tall, like me?" she asked.

"Not so tall," answered her father. "And she was dark."

"Yes," said Helen, lifting her eyes to the picture on the wall.

"She had a great passion for the country," continued Mr. Harkness, "and I liked the town. It was more convenient for me, and I was born in Boston. It has often grieved me to think that I didn't yield to her. I must have been dreaming of her, for when I woke a little while ago, this regret was like a physical pang at my heart. As long as we live, we can't help treating each other as if we were to live always. But it's a mistake. I never refused to go into the country with her," he said, as if to appease this old regret. "I merely postponed it. Now I should like to go."

He rose from the table, and taking the study-lamp in his hand, he feebly pushed apart the sliding-doors that opened into the drawing-room. He moved slowly down its length, on one side, throwing the light upon this object and that, before which he faltered, and so returned on the other side, as if to familiarize himself with every detail. Sometimes he held the lamp above, and sometimes below his face, but always throwing its age and weariness into relief. Helen had remained watching him. As he came back she heard him say less to her, as it seemed, than to himself, "Yes, I should like to sell it. I'm tired of it."

He set the lamp down upon the table again, and sank into his chair, and lapsed into a reverie which left Helen solitary beside him. "Ah," she realized, as she looked on his musing, absent face, "he is old and I am young, and he has more to love in the other world, with my mother and both my brothers there, than he has in this. O Robert, Robert, Robert!"

But, perhaps, his absent mind was not so much bent upon the lost as she thought. He had that way fathers have of treating his daughter as an equal, of talking to her gravely and earnestly, and then of suddenly dropping her into complete nothingness, as if she were a child to be amused for a while, and then set down from his knee and sent out-of-doors. Helen dutifully accepted this condition of their companionship; she cared for it so little as never to have formulated it



to herself; when she was set down she went out, and ordinarily she did not think of it.

A peremptory ring at the door started them both, and when Margaret had opened it there entered, all at the same instant, a loud, kindly voice, the chirp of boots, heavily trodden upon by a generous bulk, that rocked from side to side in its advance, and a fragrance of admirable cigars, that active and passive perfume which comes from smoking and being smoked in the best company. "At home, Margaret?" asked the voice, whose loudness was a husky loudness, in a pause of the boots. "Yes? Well, don't put me in there, Margaret," which was apparently in rejection of the drawing-room. "I'll join them in the library."

The boots came chirping down the hall in that direction, with a sound of heavy breathing. Helen sprang from her chair, and fled to meet the cheerful sound; there was the noise of an encountering kiss, and a jolly laugh, and "Well, Helen!" and "Oh, Captain Butler!" and later, "Harkness!" and "Butler!" as Helen led the visitor in.

"Well!" said this guest, for the third time. He straightened his tall mass to its full height, and looked out over his chest with eyes of tender regard upon Harkness's thin and refined face, now lit up after the handshaking with cordial welcome. "Do you know," he said, as if somehow it were a curious fact of natural history, "that you have it uncommonly close in here?" He went over to the window that opened upon the little grassy yard and put it up for himself, while Harkness was explaining that it had been put down while he was napping. Then he planted himself in a large leathern chair beside it, and went on smoking the cigar on the end of which he had been chewing. He started from the chair with violence, coughing and gesturing to forbid Helen, who was hospitably whispering to Margaret. "No, no; don't do it. I won't have anything. I couldn't. I've just dined at the club. Yes, you may do that much," he added to Helen, as she set a little table, with an ash-holder, at his elbow. "You've no idea what a night it is. It's cooler, and the air's delicious. I say, I want to take Helen back with me. I wish she'd go alone, and leave us two old fellows together here. There's no place like Boston in the summer, after all. But you haven't told me whether you're surprised to see me." Captain Butler looked round at them with something of the difficulty of a sea-turtle in a lateral inspection.

"Never surprised, but always charmed," said Helen, with just the shade of mockery in her tone which she knew suited this visitor.

"Charmed, eh?" asked Captain Butler. Apparently he meant to say something satirical about the word, but could not think of anything. He turned again to her father: "How are you, Harkness?"

"Oh, I'm very well," said Harkness evasively. "I'm as well as usual."

"Then you have yourself fetched home in a hack by a policeman every day, do you!" remarked Captain Butler, blowing a succession of white rings into the air. "You were seen from the club window. I'll tell you what: you're sticking to it too close."

"Oh, yes, Captain Butler, *do* get him away," sighed Helen, while her father, who had not sat down, began to walk back and forth in an irritated, restless way.

"For the present I can't leave it," said Harkness, fretfully. He added more graciously: "Perhaps in a week or two, or next month, I can get off for a few days. You know I was one of the securities for Bates and Mather," he said, looking at Captain Butler over Helen's head.

"I had forgotten that," answered Captain Butler, gravely.

"They left things in a complete tangle. I can't tell just where I am yet, and, of course, I've no peace till I know."

"Of course," assented Captain Butler. "I wont vex you with retroactive advice, Joshua," he added affectionately; "but I hope you wont do anything of that kind again."

"No, Jack, I wont. But you know, under the circumstances, it would have been black ingratitude to refuse."

"Yes," said Captain Butler. He smoked awhile in silence. Then he said, "I suppose it's no worse with the old trade than with everything else, at present."

"No, we're all in the same boat, I believe," said Harkness.

"How is Marian?" asked Helen, a little restive under the cross firing.

"Oh, Marian's all right. But if she were not, she wouldn't know it."

"I suppose she's very *much* engaged," said Helen, with a faint pang of something like envy.

"Yes," said Captain Butler. "I thought you were at Rye Beach, young lady."

"I thought you were at Beverly, old gentleman," retorted Helen; she had been saucy to Captain Butler from infancy.

"So I was; but I came up unexpectedly to-day."

"So did I."

"Did you? Good! Now I'll tell you why I came, and you shall tell me why *you* did. I came because I got to thinking of your father,



and had a fancy I should like to see him. Did you?"

Helen hung her head.

"No," she said at length.

The captain laughed.

"Whom had you a fancy to see here, then, at this time of year?"

"Oh, I didn't say I should tell. You made that bargain all yourself," mocked Helen. "But it was very kind of you to come on papa's account," she added softly.

"What are you making there?" asked the captain, bending forward to look at the work Helen had taken into her lap.

"Who—I?" she asked, as if she had perhaps been asked what Robert was making. Her mind had been running upon him since Captain Butler asked her why she had come up to Boston. "Oh!" she recovered herself. "Why, this," she said, taking the skeleton frame-work of gauze and wire on her fingertips, and holding it at arm's length, with her head aslant, surveying it, "this is a bonnet for Margaret."

"A bonnet, hey?" said the captain. "It looks like a Shaker cap."

"Yes?" Helen clapped it on her head, and looked jauntily at the captain, dropping her shoulders, and putting her chin out. "Now, does it?"

"No, not now. The Shaker sisters don't wear crimps, and they don't smile in that wicked way." Helen laughed, and took the bonnet-frame off. "So you make Margaret's bonnets, do you? Do you make your own?"

"Sometimes. Not often. But I like millinery. It's what I should turn to if I were left to take care of myself."

"I'm afraid you wouldn't find it such fun," said the captain.

"Oh, milliners make lots of money," returned Helen. "They must. Why, when this bonnet is done, you couldn't get it for ten dollars. Well, the materials don't cost three."

"I wish my girls had your head for business," said the captain, honestly. Helen made him a burlesque obeisance. "Yes, I mean it," he insisted. "You know that I always admired your good sense. I'm always talking it into Marian."

"Better not," said Helen, with a pin between her teeth.

"Why?"

"Because I haven't got it, and it'd make her hate me if I had."

"Do you mean to tell me that you're not a sensible girl?" inquired the captain.

Helen nodded, and made "yes" with her lips, as well as she could with the pin between her teeth. She took it out to say, "You should have seen my performances in my room a

little while ago." She was thinking of that rehearsal before the mirror.

"What were they?" asked the captain.

"Oh, as if I should tell!"

Helen bowed herself over the bonnet, and blushed and laughed. Her father liked to hear the banter between her and his old friend. They both treated her as if she were a child, and she knew it and liked it; she behaved like a child.

"Harkness," said the captain, turning his fat head half round toward his friend, who sat a little back of him, and breaking off his cigar-ash into the bronze plate at his elbow, "do you know that your remaining in the trade after all the rest of us have gone out of it is something quite monumental?"

Captain Butler had a tender and almost reverential love for Joshua Harkness, but he could not help using a little patronage toward him, since his health had grown delicate and his features had not distinctly prospered.

"I am glad you like it, Jack," said Harkness quietly.

"The captain is a mass of compliments tonight," remarked Helen.

The captain grinned his consciousness. "You are a minx," he said admiringly to Helen. Then he threw back his head and pulled at his cigar, uttering between puffs, "No, but I mean it, Harkness. There's something uncommonly fine about it. A man gets to be *noblesse* by sticking to any old order of things. It makes one think of the *ancien régime* somehow to look at you. Why, you're still of the oldest tradition of commerce, the stately and gorgeous traffic of the Orient; you're what Samarcand and Venice and Genoa and Lisbon and London and Salem have come to."

"They've come to very little in the end, then," said Harkness as before.

"Oh, I don't know about that;" the captain took the end of his cigar out and lit a fresh one from it before he laid it down upon the ash-holder; "I don't know about that. We don't consider material things merely. There has always been something romantic—something heroic about the old trade. To be sure, now that it's got down to telegraphing, it's only fit for New Yorkers. They're quite welcome to it." This was not very logical, taken as a whole, but we cannot always be talking reason. At the words romantic and heroic Helen had pricked her ears, if that phrase may be used concerning ears of such loveliness as hers, and she paused from her millinery. "Aha, young lady," cried the captain, "you're listening, are you? You didn't know there was any romance or heroism in business, did you?"



"What business?" asked Helen.

"Your father's business, young woman; my old business, the India trade."

"The India trade? Why, were *you* ever in the India trade, Captain Butler?"

"Was *I* ever in the India trade?" demanded the captain, taking his cigar out of his mouth in order to frown with more effect upon Helen. "Well, upon my word! Where did you think I got my title? I'm too old to have been in the war."

"I didn't know," said Helen.

"I got it in the India trade. I was captain and super-cargo many an eleven months' voyage, just as your father was."

Helen was vastly amused at this.

"Why, papa! were *you* ever captain of a ship?"

"For a time," said Mr. Harkness, smiling at the absurdity.

"Of course he was!" shouted the captain.

"Then why isn't he captain now?"

"Because there's a sort of captain that loses his handle when he comes ashore, and there's a sort that keeps it. I'm one sort and your father's the other. It's natural to call a person of my model and complexion by some kind of title, and it isn't natural to call such a man as your father so. Besides, I was captain longer than he was. I was in the India trade, young lady, and out of it before you were born."

"I was born a great while ago," observed Helen, warningly.

"I daresay you think so," said the captain.

"I thought *I* was, at your age. But you'll find, as you grow older, that you weren't born such a very great while ago after all. The time shortens up. Isn't that so, Harkness?"

"Yes," said Mr. Harkness. "Everything happened day before yesterday."

"Exactly," said the captain. Helen thought how young she must be to have already got that letter of Robert's so many centuries ago. "Yes," the captain pursued. "I had been in the India trade twenty-five years when I went out of it in 1857—or it went out of me." He nodded his great, close-clipped head in answer to her asking glance. "It went out of a good many people at that time. We had a grand smash. We had overdone it. We had warnings enough, but we couldn't realize that our world was coming to an end. It hadn't got so low as telegraphing, yet; but it was mere shop then, even, compared with the picturesque traffic of our young days. Eh, Harkness?"

"Yes, it had lost all attraction but profit."

"Were you ever down at India Wharf, Helen?" demanded the captain. "I don't blame you; neither were my girls. But were you?"

"Of course," said Helen, scorning to lift her eyes from her work. "The Nahant boat starts from it."

"The Nahant boat!" repeated the captain in a great rage. "In my day there was no Nahant boat about India Wharf, I can tell you, nor any other steamboat; nor any dirty shanties ashore. The place was sacred to the shipping of the grandest commerce in the world. There they lay, those beautiful ships, clean as silver, every one of them, and manned by honest Yankee crews." The captain got upon his feet for the greater convenience of his eloquence. "Not by ruffians from every quarter of the globe. There were gentlemen's sons before the mast, with their share in the venture, going out for the excitement of the thing; boys from Harvard, fellows of education and spirit; and the fore-castle was filled with good Toms and Jims and Joes from the Cape; chaps whose aunts you knew; good stock through and through, sound to the core. The super-cargo was often his own captain, and he was often a Harvard man—you know what *they* are!"

"Nicest fellows in the world," consented Helen.

The captain blew a shaft of white smoke into the air, and then cut it through with a stroke of his cigar.

"We had on a mixed cargo, and we might be going to trade at eastern ports on the way out. Nobody knew what market we should find in Calcutta. It was pure adventure, and a calculation of chances, and it was a great school of character. It was a trade that made men as well as fortunes; it took thought and forethought. The owners planned their ventures like generals planning a campaign. They were not going to see us again for a year; they were not going to hear of us till we were signaled outside on our return. When we sailed it was an event, a ceremony, a solemnity; and we celebrated it with song from all the tarry throats on board. Yes, the men used to sing as we dropped down the bay."

"Oh, Captain Butler, it *was* fine!" cried Helen, dropping her hands on her work, and looking up at the captain in his smoke cloud, with rapture. "Papa, why didn't you ever let me come down to see your ships sail?"

"It was all changed before you were born, Helen," began her father.

"Oh, yes, all changed," cried the captain, taking the word away from him. "The ships had begun, long before that, to stop at East Boston, and we sold their cargoes by sample, instead of handling them in our warehouses, and getting to feel some sort of human interest in them. When it came to that, a mere



shopman's speculation, I didn't much care for the New Yorkers' getting it."

The captain sat down and smoked in silence.

"How did the New Yorkers get it?" asked Helen, with some indignant stir in her local pride.

"In the natural course of things," said her father. "Just as we got it from Salem. By being bigger and richer."

"Oh, it was all changed anyway," broke in the captain. "We used to import nearly all the cotton goods used in this country,—fabrics that the natives wove on their little looms at home, and that had the sentiment you girls pretend to find in hand-made things,—but before we stopped, we got to sending our own cottons to India. And then came the telegraph, and put the finishing stroke to romance in the trade. Your father loads now, according to the latest dispatches from Calcutta. He knows just what his cargo will be worth when it gets there, and he telegraphs his people what to send back." The captain ended in a minor key. "I'm glad I went out of it when I did. You'd have done well to go out too, Harkness."

"I don't know, Jack. I had nothing else in view. You know I had become involved before the crash came, and I couldn't get out."

"I think you could," returned the captain, stubbornly. And he went on to show his old friend how. And the talk wandered back to the great days of the old trade, and to the merchants, the super-cargoes, the captains, the mates of their youth. They talked of the historic names before their date, of Cleaveland and his voyages, of Handasyd Perkins, of Bromfield, of the great chiefs of a commerce which founded the city's prosperity, and which embraced all climes and regions; the Dutch colonies and coffee; the China trade and tea; the North-west coast and furs; the Cape, and its wines and oil; the pirates that used to harass the early adventurers; famous shipwrecks; great gains and magnificent losses; the splendor of the English nabobs and American residents at Calcutta; mutinies aboardship; the idiosyncrasies of certain sailors; the professional merits of certain black cooks. These varied topics and interests conspired to lend a glamour to the India trade as it had been, that at last moved Captain Butler to argument in proof of the feasibility of its revival. It was the explanation of this scheme that wearied Helen. At the same time she saw that Captain Butler did not mean to go very soon, for he had already sunk the old comrade in the theorist so far as to be saying "Well, sir," and "Why, sir,"

and "I tell you, sir." She got up—not without dropping her scissors from her lap, as the custom of her sex is—and gave him her hand, which he took in his left, without rising.

"Going to bed? That's right. I shall stay a bit yet. I want to talk with your father."

"Talk him into taking a little rest," said Helen, looking at the captain as she bent over her father to kiss him good-night.

"I shall give him all sorts of good advice," returned the captain, cheerily.

Her father held her hand fondly till she drew an arm's length away, and then relinquished it with a very tender "Good-night, my dear."

Helen did not mean to go to bed, and, when she reached her own room, she sat a long time there, working at Margaret's bonnet, and overhearing now and then some such words of the captain's as "dyes," "muslins," "ice," "teak," "gunny-bags," "shellac," "Company's choppers,"—a name of fearful note, descriptive of a kind of Calcutta handkerchief once much imported. She imagined that the captain was still talking of the India trade. Her father spoke so low that she could not make out any words of his. The sound of his voice somehow deeply touched her; his affection appealed to hers in that unintelligible murmur, as the disembodied religion of a far-heard hymn appeals to the solemnity of the listener's soul. She began to make a fantastic comparison of the qualities of her father's voice and the captain's, to the disadvantage of the captain's other qualities. She found that her father was of finer spirit and of gentler nature, and, by a natural transition, she perceived that it was a grander thing to be sitting alone in one's room with one's heart-ache than to be, perhaps, foolishly walking the piazza with one's accepted commonplace destiny, as Marian Butler was at that moment. At this point she laughed at herself, said "Poor Marian!" aloud, and recognized that her vagaries were making Captain Butler an ill return for his kindness in dropping in to chat with her father. She hoped he would not chat too long, and tire him out. And so her thoughts ran upon Robert again, and she heard no more of the talk below till after what seemed to her, starting from it, a prolonged reverie. Then she was aware of Captain Butler's boots chirping out of the library into the hall toward the door, with several pauses, and she caught fragments of talk again: "I had no idea it was as bad as that, Harkness \* \* \* bad business, must see what can be done \* \* \* weather it a few weeks longer \* \* \* confoundedly straitened myself \* \* \* pull you through," and, faintly, "Well, good-night, Joshua. I'll see you



in the morning." There was another pause, in which she fancied Captain Butler lighting his cigar at the chimney of the study-lamp with which her father would be following him to the door. The door closed, and her father went slowly back to the library, where she felt rather than heard him walking up and down. She wanted to go to him, but she would not; she wanted to call to him, but she remained silent. When, at last, she heard his step upon the stairs, heavily ascending, and saw the play of his lamp-light on the walls without, she stealthily turned down the gas that he might not think her awake. Half an hour later, she crept to his door, which stood a little ajar, and whispered, "Papa!"

"What is it, Helen?" He was in bed, but his voice sounded very wakeful. "What is it, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know!" She flung herself on her knees beside his bed in the dark, and put her arms about his neck. "But I feel so unhappy!"

"About—" began her father, but she quickly interrupted.

"No, no! About *you*, papa! You seem so sad and careworn, and I'm nothing but a burden and a trouble to you!"

"You are nothing but a comfort and a help to me. Poor child! You mustn't be worried by my looks. I shall be all right in the morning. Come, come!"

"But weren't you perplexed somehow about business? Weren't you thinking about those accounts?"

"No, my dear."

"What were you thinking of?"

"Well, Helen, I was thinking of your mother and your little brothers."

"Oh!" said Helen, with the kind of recoil which the young must feel even from the dearest dead. "Do you often think of them?"

"No, I believe, not often. Never so much as to-night, since I first lost them; the house

seemed full of them then. I suppose these impressions must recur."

"Oh, doesn't it make you feel strange?" asked Helen, cowering a little closer to him.

"Why should it? It doesn't make me feel strange to have your face against mine."

"No; but— Oh, don't, don't talk of such things, or I can't endure it! Papa, papa! I love you so, it breaks my heart to have you talk in that way. How wicked I must be, not to like you to think of them! But don't, to-night! I want you to think of me, and what we are going to do together, and about all our plans for next winter, and for that new house, and everything. Will you? Promise!"

Her father pressed her cheek closer against his, and she felt the fond smile which she could not see in the dark. He gave her his promise, and then began to talk about her going down to the Butlers', which it seemed the captain had urged further after she had bidden him good-night. The captain was going to stay in Boston a day or two, and Mr. Harkness thought he might run down with him at the end of the week. Helen did not care to go, but with this in view she did not care to say so. She let her father comfort her with caressing words and touches, as when she was a child, and she frankly staid her weak-heartedness upon his love. She was ashamed; but she could not help it nor wish to help it. As she rested her head upon his pillow she heard his watch ticking under it; in this sound all the years since she was a little girl were lost. Then his voice began to sink drowsily, as it used to do in remote times, when she had wearied him out with her troubles. He answered at random, and his talk wandered so that it made her laugh. That roused him to full consciousness of her parting kiss. "Good-night," he said, and held her hand, and drew her down by it again, and kissed her once more.

(To be continued.)





## FEATURES OF THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

### SOLVING THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

GENERAL MILES, who has probably had more experience in fighting Indians than any other officer of the army, believes that any wild tribe can be civilized up to the point of becoming self-supporting, in four or five years, if the right method is pursued. His success with the Cheyennes, who surrendered to him at Fort Keogh a few years ago, gives him the right to hold this opinion. The Cheyennes were savages, who had never come into any relation with the whites, other than that of hostility, until Miles conquered them. When they surrendered they showed a decided repugnance to going upon a reservation. They thought they could shift for themselves if they were not put in charge of an agent. General Miles sold all their ponies, except one or two to a lodge, and with the money bought cattle for them. He detailed a soldier who understood farming to teach them to raise crops. They went to work on the Fort Keogh military reservation. For about a year it was necessary to issue rations to them, but the allowance was steadily diminished, and finally stopped altogether. The Indians raised wheat, corn, and potatoes, made gardens, and soon had a surplus of vegetables, grain, and melons to sell. In the winter they hunted buffalo, and with the proceeds of the sale of the skins bought wagons and plows. They soon learned the value of money and became expert in barter. When I visited Fort Keogh last May nearly all of them had left the military reservation and gone up the Little Rosebud River, to open farms and build log-houses. They asked nothing from the Government except to be let alone. Their only apprehension was that they would be forced to submit to the agency system. To a suggestion that the Government would provide a school for the children, the chiefs replied that they would establish a school of their own if they had good crops this year, and that they would rather pay the expense themselves and not be dependent upon the Government. Yet these people were roaming the plains, clad in skins, three years ago,—as wild and warlike a tribe of painted savages as ever harassed the frontier. They were wise enough to know that the agency system meant demoralization and poverty, and to understand that by working, as they saw the white man work, they

could get for themselves the good things they saw the white man enjoy.

I saw a little of the Indians of British Columbia during a visit to Victoria. The authorities of that province never treated the Indian tribes as though they were independent nations, owning all the land they roamed over. No treaties were made with them. Small reservations were set apart for their homes, but no money annuities were paid them, and there was no effort to pauperize them by feeding and clothing them at the public expense. The result is that these Indians are not only self-sustaining, but contribute in no inconsiderable degree to the trade and wealth of the province. Last spring over \$50,000 was spent by Indians at the Victoria stores for clothing and groceries, from the proceeds of their winter catch of furs. Nor do they live wholly by hunting and fishing. I saw Indians unloading vessels, driving teams, and doing other kinds of labor. Many are at work on the Canada Pacific Railroad.

The universal opinion in the North-western territories is that the reservation and agency system is wholly vicious and ought to be abolished. The essence of this system is to make the Indian think the Government is afraid of him, and is eager to buy his friendship and furnish him with food and blankets to keep him from going on the war-path. This makes him an arrogant pauper who is ready to turn murderer on the smallest provocation. The Canadians and British Columbians always treated the Indian as if he had reason to fear them, not they him. They protected him in his rights as a human being, and told him that if he wanted food and clothes, he must work as they did.

### THE PUGET SOUND INDIANS.

IN the Puget Sound country the Indian question is settling itself by the rapid decrease of the tribes living on the shores of that beautiful inland sea. Old steam-boat captains who navigated the Sound thirty years ago say that its surface then swarmed with the canoes of the natives, and that the aboriginal population was not less than thirty thousand. Now it is probably not over six thousand. No tribes have been removed to the interior. All are still living upon little reservations fronting the tide-water, where they can fish and dig clams as of old. Nor have there



been wars to thin their numbers. Whisky, and the law of the survival of the fittest, is fast exterminating them. It is a crime to sell them intoxicating drink, and the Government maintains a penitentiary on an island near Steilacoom, chiefly for the confinement of men breaking the law in this respect; but the Indian manages to procure the means of getting drunk now and then in spite of the Revised Statutes. These Sound Indians are a mild, harmless folk, subsisting partly on fish and partly on the Government. They are not picturesque, like their kindred of the interior, because they have adopted civilized costume and wear such cheap, ill-fitting garments as they can get at the clothing stores. They look best when skimming along the water in their boats, which are dug out of tree-trunks, and are of uniform model, with graceful lines and a high, curving beak. Painted black, these swift little craft are not unlike a Venetian gondola. A whole family will paddle to a town in a canoe, with dried fish enough to subsist on for a few days, sleeping in the boat at night and hanging idly about the streets in the day-time, sitting motionless on the sidewalk for hours, like so many bundles of rags. The number of light-complexioned faces among the young folks is remarkable and significant.

#### CHINESE TRAITS.

THE Chinese question is as important in Oregon and Washington as in California. Of the 30,000 inhabitants of Portland, at least 5,000 are Chinamen. About the same proportion prevails in the smaller towns. Every town has its Chinese quarter. The yellow, pig-tailed people abound as far up the coast as Vancouver's Island and the villages of the British Columbian mainland. On the Canada Pacific Railroad about 5,000 are employed; on the Northern Pacific 4,000; on the Oregon Railway and the Navigation Company's road building along the Columbia River about 3,000; on the Oregon and California Railroad, now being extended southward into California, 4,000. Thus there are 16,000 Coolies engaged in railway work in the coast country north of California. When the roads are finished they will be thrown upon the general labor market. In California 25,000 were landed between Jan. 1 and Aug. 4, when the new Chinese law went into operation.

There is a mistaken notion in the East that the Chinese are always humble and submissive, and much put upon and abused by the whites of the Pacific coast. There was a time when the hoodlums of San Francisco maltreated the Asiatic immigrants shamefully, but that time has gone by. Now the Chinaman appears to be as secure in his rights of

person and property as anybody. Instead of being deferential and timid he is often pushing and insolent. He does not give way in the street. He hustles you as rudely as an English navvy. A body of Chinese laborers marching down a narrow street will crowd ladies into the gutter. The Chinese merchants, doctors, and others belonging to the better classes, are as polite as Frenchmen, but the masses of the Chinese population on the Pacific coast are rude and brutal. The chief thing in their favor is their habit of personal cleanliness. The railroad laborers, who are the poorest and most ignorant class, wash themselves from head to foot at the end of each day's work. All classes are frequent customers of the barber, who gives minute attention to their heads, faces, ears, and necks.

Among the common laborers there is little sympathy for sick and injured comrades. If a man is likely to become a burden, the other members of his gang want to get rid of him as soon as possible. It is commonly believed by the white bosses on the railways that the Chinese doctors put sick men out of the way by poison when they think they cannot be speedily cured. A case was told me in Oregon of a Coolie railway laborer who had an arm broken. It was set by the company's doctor, and was doing well, but the man's comrades insisted on bringing a Chinese doctor to attend him. The doctor came from a distant camp and gave the patient a dose. In an hour the poor fellow was dead. In such cases there is no investigation; nobody cares that there is one Chinaman less. The death of a cart-horse is of much more consequence. One great difficulty the employers of Chinese labor have to contend with is the superstition of these queer people. Their religious worship consists chiefly in propitiating the malevolent spirits of the dead. If a Chinese domestic fancies there is a ghost in the house he departs at once, and leaves an inscription behind to warn his successors. It often happens that a family will be unable to keep a servant longer than a single day. Man after man will come and go without giving any reason for his abrupt departure. At last the warning sign is found in the kitchen or the servant's room and expunged; then there is no more trouble. Not long ago two Chinamen were killed in Oregon by the premature explosion of a blast on a new railway line. One of their fellow workmen declared that just before the explosion he saw two devils come to the opposite bank of the river and heard them talking. Thereupon the whole gang of forty men dropped work, and could not be induced, by threats or persuasions, to return to the spot. It was neces-



sary to send them to another part of the line, and bring on a fresh gang who had not heard of the occurrence.

It is commonly supposed in the East, that the Chinese make excellent servants. Some of them do, no doubt, but I met no housekeeper on the Pacific coast, who did not say she would greatly prefer a good, white woman, if one could be obtained, to the best Chinaman. As a rule, the Chinese domestic servants, while they do faithfully and in a machine-like way what they agree to do, and are shown how to do, are stubborn and disobliging if asked to go outside their regular day's routine of labor. They insist on having their evenings to themselves, and on leaving the house to smoke opium and gamble with their comrades in some dirty den. If, for any reason, breakfast is wanted at an earlier hour than common, the mistress must get it herself. The greatest trouble with them is, however, to teach them to show the same deference to the mistress of the house that they show to the master. They despise women as a lower order of beings, and cannot understand, until they have been some time in this country, how a woman can rightfully have authority in a household. The only reason the Chinese are valued as house-servants on the Pacific coast is because white service is scarce and very bad. Knowing that they can always get situations, the few white women who go out to serve are, as a rule, arrogant, lazy, and incompetent.

#### FRONTIER MANNERS.

THERE is an amusing amount of self-assertion in the manners of the frontier people. When you are introduced to a man, after giving you a cordial hand-grip, he pushes his hat back on his head, thrusts his hands into his pockets and throws his body back from the hips, in a swaggering way. He is far from meaning anything offensive. It is the custom of the country for every man to behave as if he were a tremendous fellow, and were determined the world should estimate him up to his full value. An introduction is almost invariably followed by an invitation to drink. The saloons are the social clubs and business exchanges of the male population. In them the lawyer meets his client, and the merchant his customer. Usually, there are two or three gaming-tables in the saloon, and the click of the ivory chips mingles with the clinking of glasses, and the din of many voices. Women are treated with great respect, if they are respectable, and with none at all if they are not. Not long ago, a timid lady from the East, on her way to join her husband, a government engineer officer, on getting out of a stage-coach, at the door of a hotel, in Southern

Oregon, was met by the stout French woman who managed the establishment, with this greeting: "Are you a decent woman, madam? If you are, you can come in; if not, you can't stop at my house."

Frontier towns swarm with dissolute creatures who drink at the bars and mingle with the men in the gaming-houses, betting recklessly at faro and keno. In one town, I heard a leading citizen openly defend the tolerance shown them by the authorities. He said they brought money to the place, and made trade good. Most men, in the new settlements, are known to their acquaintances by their first name, or by some droll nickname. Listening to a conversation between two ex-miners in Montana, both now prosperous men, about old times and acquaintances, I heard them speak of "Shirt-collar Bill," "Yeast-powder Joe," "Sour-dough Jim," "Six-toed Pete," and "Snapping Andy."

As a rule, however, the traveler from the East is more frequently surprised by the comforts and good manners encountered on the far frontier, than by rudeness and bad manners. People who live in cabins will go to an extravagant outlay of money to bring, over hundreds of miles of mountain roads, some articles of taste to remind them of their former homes in the East: an upholstered chair, perhaps a carpet, an engraving, or even a piano. I found pianos, carpets, and pictures in little log-houses in Montana far distant from any town. Often the grade of intelligence and culture of the inhabitants would be equal to that of the best class of country people in New England or New York. They like to show that it is possible to cultivate the graces of life in the wilderness as well as in cities. In Western Oregon and Washington, where civilization has had thirty years growth, manners and modes of living come pretty well up to Eastern standards. Indeed there is not enough newness and roughness for picturesque effects; save for a certain breezy frankness of manner and a little carelessness in dress, and a more hearty tone in conversation, you remark no special Western stamp in the people. Such towns as Olympia, on Puget Sound, and Salem, Albany, and Corvallis in the Willamette Valley, might almost have been transported bodily from Ohio or Northern Illinois.

The first harbinger of civilization in all the vast interior between Eastern Dakota and the settled country on the Pacific coast, is the saloon. It does not follow population; it takes the lead. If there is any reason to suppose that settlers will go into any distant and isolated section a year hence, you will find the whisky seller already on the ground



with his tent or his "shack," patiently waiting for customers. In mining camps, on bare and desolate cattle-ranges, at river fords, where a few horsemen or a mule team may cross, now and then, and on lonely forest trails, traversed only by prospectors and Indians, the man of decanters and bottles has established himself. Usually his only stock in trade is a barrel of whiskey and a few pounds of sugar, but if he be convenient to wagon transportation, he will have bottled beer. The consumption of beer in the camps of the railway builders is enormous. At Bismarck I saw an entire freight train of thirty cars laden with bottled beer from a Chicago brewery, bound for the town nearest the end of track. The chief engineer of the construction force said that an average of one bottle for every tie laid was consumed, and that the tie and the beer cost the same—fifty cents. Thus the workmen pay as much for their drink as the company for one of the important elements of railway construction.

#### NEWSPAPERS.

THE fecundity of the Far North-west in newspapers is remarkable. Towns which, in the Middle or older Western States, would barely sustain a weekly, have one or two dailies, and mere hamlets of two or three hundred inhabitants support a weekly to trumpet their advantages and aspirations. The proportion of newspapers to population in Oregon and Washington must be twice or three times as great as in Iowa or Illinois. As the town precedes the country in the development of this region, the papers must mainly subsist on such patronage as can be obtained within gunshot of their offices. The four dailies of Walla Walla, for example, depend upon a town which, in the East, would perhaps sustain two or three weeklies; but there are no tributary villages, the surrounding country being an immense wheat-field, with three or four families to a square mile of territory. The three dailies of Seattle depend upon a lumber town of perhaps 6,000 inhabitants with a wilderness on one side and the water on the other. The daily at Port Townsend is supported by a population not exceeding 2,500, including Indians and Chinese. The fact that newspapers live in such small communities argues a great deal of enterprise and liberality on the part of the people and a pretty high average of intelligence.

The general news field of the Pacific North-west is monopolized by a single rich and prosperous newspaper, the "Portland Oregonian," which controls the associated press dispatches and sells them in condensed form to small dailies in the interior and on the

Sound. There is no parallel case in the United States of a single newspaper having an absolute monopoly of so large a field of circulation, which is about 1,000 miles square.

An affectation of odd and original names prevails among the journals of the Far West. For instance: The "Lewiston Teller," the "Salem Daily Talk," the "Reese River Reveille," the "Pinal Drill," the "Las Vegas Optic," the "Colton Semi-Tropic," the "Calico Print," published in the new mining town of Calico, and the "Tombstone Epitaph" of the town of Tombstone, Arizona.

#### NORTH-WESTERN RIVERS.

THE rivers of the Pacific North-west are, in many instances, badly named. The Columbia should have been allowed to keep the old name of the Oregon; but, once called the Columbia, the name should have been applied to the longer branch of the stream, which flows wholly in United States Territory, instead of to the shorter branch, which heads in British America. The longer branch, called Clark's Fork in its lower course, is one of the most picturesque streams on the continent. Its dignity is diminished by its bearing at different points of its course no fewer than five names. First it is Clark's Fork—a clumsy appellation; above Pend d'Oreille Lake it is locally called the Pend d'Oreille River, as far up as the mouth of the Flat Head River; further up it bears the soft, musical name of the Missoula; still further, above the mouth of the Bitter Root, it is called the Hell Gate, from the savage gorge through which it flows, and finally, in South-western Montana, where it heads, it is called the Deer Lodge. As it seems now to be too late to call the entire stream the Columbia, would it not be well for Congress to christen it the Missoula? If an effort is made to abolish the confusing local names given to this noble stream, the Snake River, once called Lewis's Fork of the Columbia, might, at the same time, be given its Indian name of Shoshone, or be called Lewis River. It is a powerful stream, navigable for two hundred miles and draining an immense area of country. Its present name is detestable. The original Indian names for the smaller streams have very generally been retained. Some of them are pretty and melodious, like the Willamette, the Alsea, the Palouse, the Pataha, the Kalama, the Chehalis, and the Nesal. Some are barbarous and jaw-breaking, like the Stignamish, the Swinomish, the Cathlapootle, the Skagit, the Ya Chats, the Hy-as-kna-ha-laos, the Wenatchapam, and the Hum-tu-lups. The old resident rolls these names off his tongue with evident enjoyment.



## QUEER NAMES.

IN Oregon and Washington are many queer names of towns and streams that testify in some cases to the quaint fancy of the early settlers, and, in others, to a blunt, rude realism still displayed in mining camps. In the Willamette Valley you can pass through the hamlet of Needy, and a few miles further on arrive at Glad Tidings, and then, in ten miles more, reach Sublimity. On Puget Sound are two neighboring logging-camp towns, one called Arcadia and the other Hardscrabble. In neither of them does life appear to be Arcadian, and Hardscrabble is quite as attractive or unattractive as its neighbor with the poetic name.

A southern Oregon settlement, where the early gold-seekers met with disappointment, was called Humbug, and the name sticks to it to this day. Not far off are Louse Creek, Whiskytown, and Jump-off-Joe Creek, the latter named on account of an adventure of old General Joe Lane, who fought the Indians in that region. In Eastern Washington a railway station is called Eltopia—a euphemism for the Hell-to-Pay of the first settlers.

## RAILWAY LINES.

IN all parts of the Far West railway enterprise runs in advance of population. Powerful companies, backed by eastern or foreign capital, carefully survey the unsettled regions, sending out parties of experts to study the character of the soil, the grasses, the mineral deposits, and the timber, and report on the probable traffic to be had when settlers come in. The companies know that settlers will follow the new road and occupy a broad band of country on either side of it. A given population will afford a given amount of freight and passenger business; thus the problem is as simple as a sum in arithmetic, provided excessive competition does not lead to the construction of too many roads. Eastern Dakota is already well supplied with rail transportation, and the enormous wheat crop of that region is promptly moved to Chicago or to water transit at the head of Lake Superior. Oregon and Washington have also a remarkably well developed railway system, carrying their immense wheat surplus to tide-water at Portland and the Puget Sound ports. Between these two systems the long line of the Northern Pacific Railroad is rapidly advancing from both directions. Next summer the gap will be closed and the whole North-west will be linked together. The advanced condition of the transportation system of the

Pacific North-west is really remarkable, considering the isolated situation and slender population of that section. Two standard gauge and two narrow gauge lines traverse the Willamette Valley, and few farmers in that wonderfully productive region need haul their grain further than ten miles to reach a railway station. One of these lines is being pushed southward through the Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys and over three mountain ranges to California, where it joins a road building northward up the valley of the Sacramento. The completion of these roads next year will unite California and Oregon by unbroken railway between San Francisco and Portland.

A trunk line, owned by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, runs westward from Portland, up the deep gorge of the Columbia River, past the two great obstructions to navigation at the Cascades and the Dalles, and out into the open, fertile country east of the Cascade Mountains, draining all the rich grain and grazing regions of Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington, and taking their products westward to tide water. At Umatilla this line throws off a branch to the Grande Ronde Valley, which is being extended southward to Baker City, where it will meet the Oregon Short Line now building North-westward from the Union Pacific Road at Ogden. At Wallula junction it meets the main stem of the Northern Pacific, and, by an alliance between the two companies, becomes its Western extension to Portland and Puget Sound; the original plan of throwing the Northern Pacific over the Cascade Mountains directly to the Sound having been laid aside for a few years. At the same junction begins an important system of local roads, partly completed and being steadily extended, which throws out branches on both sides of the Snake River, penetrates the new, rich, wheat country skirting the base of the Blue and Cœur d'Alene Mountains and will next summer reach as far as the towns of Lewiston and Moscow in Northern Idaho.

In Western Washington a link of the Northern Pacific system runs from Kalama on the Columbia River, one hundred and five miles due North to Tacoma at the head of Puget Sound. The connection with Portland is now made by steamers on the Columbia, but next year the forty miles' gap will be closed by rail. Then the whole interior system of railways in the North-west will have two termini at ocean navigation—one at Portland and one on Puget Sound. In all there are now in operation in Oregon and Washington, over eleven hundred miles of railway, to be joined to the transportation



system of the East in 1883, by the completion of the Northern Pacific Transcontinental line. When one considers that the two communities of the Pacific North-west have only a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and are wholly isolated from direct communication with the rest of the United States, their enterprise in railway building is remarkable. Every locomotive and every rail used on their lines has been brought around Cape Horn. Practically, Oregon and Washington have, up to this time, been in the position of an island out in the Pacific Ocean, for their commercial relations with the rest of the world have been carried on by means of steamer lines to San Francisco and sailing ships going round the Horn to New York and Liverpool. When these beautiful and productive regions are brought within seven days of New York, their direct development will be enormously accelerated.

#### THE OREGON METROPOLIS.

PORTLAND has a population of about 25,000, and is growing rapidly. It has grown rich by handling and shipping the wheat of the Willamette Valley and the upper Columbia country and selling goods to the farmers of the interior. It has none of the look of a raw Western town. The business streets are well built with brick, the residence streets are handsomely shaded, and bordered by pretty white and cream-colored houses, each with its lawn, rose-bushes, and flower-beds. The streets running back from the water-front climb a gentle slope to a dense, dark forest. Ships with foreign flags, lie in the stream, and white, river steamers come and go. The town has large school-houses, fine churches, gas and water works, street-railways, a theater, a club, spacious stores, well-filled with all goods that appeal to the fancy of women in the East—in short, the attractions and comfort to be found in Eastern cities. It has also a stable, intelligent population, largely of the New England and Middle State elements. Portland, sitting at the gateway of the rich Willamette Valley and controlling the transportation lines leading up and down the Columbia River, has got beyond the stage of experiment.

#### THE PUGET SOUND TOWNS.

BETWEEN the Columbia River and Puget Sound, a distance of about one hundred miles, the country is all forest, save where a few settlements have been made along the Cowlitz River, or on spots of prairie land left

open by nature. The shores of the Sound, too, are one enormous, and almost unbroken forest, notched here and there, on the water-front by clearings for logging camps, and saw-mill villages. The towns are few and far between, and are encircled not by belts of cultivated fields, but by the dim aisles of the primeval woods. Lumbering is the chief industry, and an immense industry it is, counting its annual product by hundreds of millions of feet, sending building material to South America, China, and Australia, as well as to the whole California coast, and furnishing masts and spars to the navies of the world.

Seattle is the chief Sound port. It has about 8,000 inhabitants, and besides its big saw-mills, enjoys the profits of the coal business from the neighboring mines, and of a trade with the little lumbering hamlets up and down the Sound, on its numerous bays, coves, and straits. Big hotels, bustling business streets, two-story coal-wharves, and a young university are among the features of this thriving, ambitious place.

Tacoma, on Commencement Bay, is the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and of its branch to the Wilkeson coal fields, which is eventually to climb over the Cascade Mountains. It has perhaps 3,000 inhabitants. From the plateau on which it stands there is an inspiring view of the dark green base and dazzling snowy summit of Mount Rainier, the noblest of the white giants of the Cascade Range—a grander mountain than Mont Blanc, and though a thousand feet lower, apparently more lofty because it is seen from the sea level towering up into the sky, individual and alone. Its Indian name is Mount Tacoma, and so it should be called instead of after an English admiral who never saw it.

Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, is a pretty village, embowered in fruit trees, with 2,500 inhabitants, a branch railroad and a steam-boat that runs to Seattle and Tacoma. There is some farming country back of the place, and a good water-power close by.

Port Townsend, at the entrance to the Sound, looks down on the green water from a high plateau. There is a lower town by the wharves connected with the upper one by a long flight of wooden stairs. The population is about the same as that of Olympia. The custom-house is here for all the Sound ports, and it is in some sort a supply station for shipping. The other Sound towns are considerable settlements depending on big saw-mills for their existence, or on rather feeble agricultural settlements on tidal flats redeemed by dikes, or in the narrow bottoms of the little rivers that are fed by the melting snows of the mountains.



## COAL DEPOSITS.

WEST of the Missouri River, in the small valleys of the Heart and Little Missouri Rivers, numerous seams of lignite or brown coal are found, which furnish a valuable fuel resource for a region nearly destitute of timber. Two of the thicker seams are being worked. Further west, the whole valley of the Yellowstone abounds in lignite deposits. Many of them are too thin for working, but there are thick seams enough exposed on the face of the bluffs along the river to indicate that the supply is practically inexhaustible. The quality of the lignite varies considerably in different seams. The best develop a heat-producing power equal to about sixty-five per cent. of that of the same weight of good bituminous coal. On the slopes of the Belt Mountains, near Bozeman, veins of true bituminous coal were found last summer, which will be worked this year. They promise to yield much the best fuel to be found anywhere between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific coast. A hundred and fifty miles north-west of these veins, on the farther side of the main divide of the Rockies, I saw a mine that had been worked for local consumption in the neighboring valley of Deer Lodge, and abandoned, no doubt, because wood was cheaper to burn, when the rude facilities for mining, the high price of labor, and the small demand for fuel were taken into account. With the denser settlement of the country and the building of railways, an extensive coal-mining industry will, no doubt, be developed in the Rocky Mountain region.

The important coal region of the Pacific North-west lies east of Puget Sound and close under the western base of the Cascade Mountains. From this field is now derived the coal supply of San Francisco and all the cities on the Pacific coast. It probably extends north and south for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Thus far it has been systematically developed at two points only, one known as the Newcastle region, about twenty miles east of Seattle, and the other called the Wilkeson and Carbonado region, thirty miles west of Tacoma. Both these regions are connected by rail with tide-water on the Sound, the outlet of one being at Seattle and the other at Tacoma, and from each of these ports fleets of steam and sail colliers run to San Francisco. As the demand increases the output increases. New deposits are constantly being discovered, and the quality—a hard, black lignite, not readily slacked—improves as deeper veins are reached. The importance of these coal-fields in the future industrial

development of the Pacific coast communities can scarcely be overestimated.

## TIMBER LANDS.

PRACTICALLY, the whole country between the Minnesota prairies and the Rocky Mountains is bare of timber. There are little strips of forest trees along the water-courses in Dakota, but they consist mainly of cottonwood, soft maple, and alder, and furnish only a scanty supply of fuel to the settlers, and are of no value as a source of building material. West of the Missouri there is nothing worth sawing up into lumber until the advanced spurs of the Rockies are reached—the Big Horn, the Belt, the Judith, the Big Snowy, and the Yellowstone Mountains. In the gorges running up their sides there is sufficient “bull pine” and spruce for the settlers’ purposes and for railway ties and bridge timbers, but there are no large, well-timbered areas. On both sides of the main divide of the Rockies about the same condition is found. The pines are somewhat larger, and some cedar is met with. For want of something better, the timber is of great value for local consumption, for fuel and building purposes in the neighboring valleys, but this is all that can be said of it. Not until I reached Clark’s Fork of the Columbia, or the Pend d’Oreille, as it is known to the settlers, did I see any extensive body of good timber. On both sides of that stream, between the Cœur d’Alene and Cabinet Mountains, lies a heavily timbered belt of about one hundred miles in length by thirty in width, reaching down to and around Pend d’Oreille Lake. The trees are “bull pine,” cedar, hemlock, and spruce, with a little white pine. The western slopes of the Cœur d’Alene Mountains and the Bitter Root Mountains, which are a continuation of the same range, are moderately well timbered and furnish material for fuel, fences, and buildings for a wide stretch of rich, bare country further west. From these mountains, westward to the narrow valleys running up into the Cascade Range, the country is nearly destitute of forest growth. A few stunted pines grow on the sides of the deep narrow valleys through which the streams run. Along the lower course of the Columbia and around Puget Sound there are immense forests of fir, furnishing a practically inexhaustible lumber supply. Eastern Oregon is mostly treeless, but the slopes of the mountain ranges bear sufficient timber for local uses. Eastern Washington, fast becoming a great wheat field, feels most the lack of forests. Western Oregon, including the fertile, well-settled Willamette Valley, is well supplied



from both the coast and Cascade Mountains, while Western Washington is all a vast forest, where the clearings are mere specks upon the immense expanse of woodland. This magnificent forest is destined to be a source of great wealth for centuries to come. The lumbering operations up to this time, although very extensive, have only notched it here and there at long intervals close to the water-side.

#### CLIMATIC PECULIARITIES.

It is a common mistake in the East to suppose that the rigorous winter climate of Minnesota continues westward on parallels of latitude all the way to the Rocky Mountains. Dakota winters are even more severe than those of Minnesota, because there are no forests to break the force of the blizzards. There is, however, a great deal of bright, still weather, when the cold is hardly felt, because of the dryness of the air. West of the Missouri the mean winter temperature steadily increases as you go toward the Rockies, and the weather in December, January, and February, in the valley of the Yellowstone, is no more rude than in Maryland or Southern Ohio, with the great advantage of a dry, bracing atmosphere, instead of the cold rains and sloppy snow-falls which characterize the season in the middle latitudes of the Atlantic coast and Mississippi Valley. The snow-fall is much less than in the belt of country along the Union Pacific Railroad. On the Northern Pacific line, which runs at one point in Idaho almost as far north as the boundary of British America, the only region of heavy snow-fall is around Lake Pend d'Oreille, and for a hundred miles up Clark's Fork of the Columbia; but there the road is protected from drifts by the heavy forest growth. No serious obstacle to regular winter traffic will be occasioned by snow on any of the railways penetrating the northern line of States and Territories between Lake Superior and Puget Sound. The fact that Montana was formerly the great buffalo range, and is fast becoming a vast cattle and sheep range, verifies the assertions of its inhabitants regarding the light snow-fall.

Between the Rockies and the Cascade Range, in the new agricultural regions of Washington and Oregon, the climate does not greatly differ from that of Pennsylvania. The summers are cooler, because of the greater elevation above the sea level, and the winters dryer, with less snow. Cattle and horses live on the dried grasses all winter, in the whole region, as far north as the British line. West of the Cascades, in the rich valley of the Willamette, and the Puget Sound country, the summer weather is perfect; but there

are five disagreeable, rainy months, from October to April. Very little snow falls, but "the rain it raineth every day"; or, to be more precise, about two days out of three. Perhaps the best climate, the year round, of the Pacific North-west, is that of the Rogue River Valley, in Southern Oregon. The south-west winds, which bring the winter rains, strike the coast a little north of this valley, and its winter climate is said to resemble that of Italy. The summer climate is not unlike that of the interior of Massachusetts. On all the Pacific coast, it is the direction of the mountain ranges and of the currents of sea-air, that determine climate more than latitude. Thus, the winter in Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, is no colder than that of Baltimore, while the summer resembles that of Newfoundland, if any parallel to its delightful, cool, bracing weather can be found on the Atlantic coast. For the most agreeable climatic conditions possible, one should have a cottage in Victoria for the summer, looking out over the blue waters of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and a fruit ranch for the winter in one of the warm valleys of Southern California.

#### FUTURE STATES.

PUBLIC opinion in Dakota has firmly decided that the territory shall be cut into halves by a line following the 45th parallel of latitude, and be thus made into two States. The line is not a natural boundary. It is chosen because it gives about an equal area to North and South Dakota, and runs through the center of an unsettled belt now dividing the settled region along the Northern Pacific Railroad from the southern section of the present territory, already well supplied with railway facilities. Very soon this vacant belt will fill up with people, and the completion of north and south railroad lines, now considerably advanced, will make of both sections a homogeneous community. Still the territory is too large for one State, and the reasons for dividing it are identical with those which led to separating Minnesota from Iowa, and Kansas from Nebraska. Montana is even larger than Dakota, but it contains far less farming land and, save in a few valleys, will never support a dense population. The eastern portion is mainly a grazing country, while the western portion is a mass of mountain ridges, between which lie narrow, fertile valleys, where agriculture is very profitable, but can only be carried on with the aid of irrigation. There is no talk yet of dividing this immense territory, but the time will come when conflicts of opinion will arise between the people living on the Yellowstone and its



tributaries, and those inhabiting the mountain country. Perhaps it will then be found wise to make two States out of Montana, by a line drawn north and south.

Washington is destined to become a rich, populous State. It has in its eastern counties an extensive area of remarkably productive wheat land, yielding thirty, forty, and even fifty bushels to the acre. The Puget Sound counties are rich in coal and lumber, and in the region north of the Columbia, as yet only partly explored, both iron and coal have lately been found, as well as mines of nickel, silver, and gold. The population of Washington, now a little over 100,000, will probably increase to a million in a quarter of a century. Idaho develops very slowly. The streams mostly run in deep cañons, making no fertile valleys, and the high lands are too dry for cultivation. Mining for the precious metals is the leading industry. This territory and Wyoming will be the last to come in as States. The only section of Idaho containing broad, contiguous areas of arable land is embraced in the Pan Handle on the extreme north, and the four counties comprising that district are eagerly seeking to be detached and to be united with Washington, with which they are closely identified both geographically and commercially.

#### THE ULTIMATE FRONTIER.

IMMIGRATION pushes eastward from the Pacific coast as well as westward from the Valley of the Mississippi. In Oregon and Washington I met hundreds of families going East. They came from the well-settled valley of the Willamette and were bound for the new grain and pasture regions east of the Columbia River. The ultimate frontier may be said to be in Idaho. Into that territory emigrants seeking a new country come from east, west, and south. The whole Rocky Mountain region will, however, remain practically a frontier country for a long time to come. It is only adapted for very sparse settlement and will always afford a field of adventure for hunters and tourists. A belt of country about two hundred miles wide, in Montana and Idaho, and widening out to nearly one thousand in New Mexico and Arizona, will probably always preserve most of its present characteristics of wildness and vacancy. The lofty wooded ranges of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon and Washington, with their sublime isolated snow peaks and their profound gorge-like valleys, will also repel all settlement save that of hunters, lumbermen, and miners. Along the Pacific coast, between the Coast Range and the sea,

there is another belt of country too heavily timbered for occupancy by farmers save on the bottom lands along the streams.

#### DEFECTS OF THE PUBLIC LAND SYSTEM.

TRAVEL in the scantily settled regions of the Far West has convinced me that our present system of land laws abounds in mischievous defects. It was adopted when the central and extreme western portions of the continent were little known, and was well enough adapted at that day to encourage immigration into regions of nearly uniform fertility like Illinois and Iowa, and to parcel out the public domain among those who intended to occupy and cultivate it. The system is, however, poorly adapted to meet the conditions existing in regions like Montana, where the arable lands lie in narrow strips of valleys and most of the country consists of mountain ranges, or high, dry pasture tracts unfit for crops. In Eastern Dakota, one hundred and sixty acres of rich wheat-land are ample for a homestead, which will support a family; but what is a settler to make of one hundred and sixty acres of grassy plateau, too dry for any crop, but good for cattle and sheep, if he had enough of it.

The preëmption feature of the land system should be abolished altogether. Under it the gigantic wheat farms of Dakota have been formed. The owners first bought the alternate sections of land from the railroad company, and then placed their own hired men upon the government sections to preëmpt, purchase, and transfer them. Six months' real, or pretended residence in a six by nine shanty is sufficient to perfect a preëmption claim. The claimant then gets his patent by paying \$2.50 an acre if within the limits of a railroad grant, or \$1.25 if not, and he can at once sell out to the speculator or the "bonanza farmer." The public land laws ought to make the way of the land-grabber a hard one, and preserve the arable portions of the public domain for actual settlement and cultivation in small tracts. The "bonanza farm" system secures the cultivation of large areas, but only by the hired labor of men without families, who leave the farm as soon as the crop is harvested. Ten thousand acres tilled on this plan will support, as permanent residents, perhaps half a dozen families of employés, who look after the machinery, animals, and buildings. If divided into small, separate holdings, the same tract would sustain a hundred families, raising less wheat, perhaps, but more children, to become good citizens of the republic.



## THE CREOLES IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

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### I.

#### PRAYING TO THE KING.

IN 1699, France, by the hand of her gallant sailor, D'Iberville, founded the province of Louisiana. In 1718, his younger brother, Bienville, laid out the little parallelogram of streets and ditches, and palisaded lots which formed New Orleans. Here, amid the willow-jungles of the Mississippi's low banks, under the glaring sunshine of bayou clearings, in the dark shadows of the Delta's wet forests, the Louisiana Creoles came into existence,—valorous, unlettered, and unrestrained, as military outpost life in such a land might make them. In sentiment they were loyal to their king; in principle, to themselves and their soil. Sixty-three years had passed, with floods and famines and Indian wars, corrupt misgovernment and its resultant distresses, when in 1762 it suited the schemes of an unprincipled court secretly to convey the unprofitable colony—land and people, all and singular—to the King of Spain.

In the early summer of 1764, before the news of this unfeeling barter had startled the ears of the colonists, a certain class in New Orleans had begun to make formal complaint of a condition of affairs in their sorry little town (commercial and financial rather than political) that seemed to them no longer bearable. There had been commercial development; but, in the light of their grievances, this only showed through what a débris of public disorder the commerce of a country or town may make a certain progress.

These petitioners were the merchants of New Orleans. Their voice was now heard for the first time. The private material interests of the town and the oppressions of two corrupt governments were soon to come to an open struggle. It was to end, for the Creoles, in ignominy and disaster. But in better years further on there was a time in store when arms should no longer overawe; but when commerce, instead, was to rule the destinies, not of a French or Spanish military post, but of the great southern sea-port of a nation yet to be. Meanwhile, the spirit of independence was stirring within the inhabitants. They

scarcely half-recognized it themselves (there is a certain unconsciousness in truth and right); but their director-general's zeal for royalty was chafed.

"As I was finishing this letter," wrote M. d'Abbadie, "the merchants of New Orleans presented me with a petition, a copy of which I have the honor to forward. You will find in it those characteristic features of sedition and insubordination of which I complain."

A few months later came word of the cession to Spain. The people refused to believe it. It was nothing that the king's letter directly stated the fact. It was nothing that official instructions to M. d'Abbadie as to the manner of evacuating and surrendering the province were full and precise. It was nothing that copies of the treaty and of Spain's letter of acceptance were spread out in the council chamber, where the humblest white man could go and read them. Such perfidy was simply incredible. The transfer *must* be a make-believe, or they were doomed to bankruptcy,—not figuratively only, but, as we shall presently see, literally also.

So, when doubt could stay no longer, hope took its place,—the hope that a prayer to their sovereign might avert the consummation of the treaty, which had already been so inexplicably delayed. On a certain day, therefore, early in 1765, there was an imposing gathering on the Place d'Armes. The voice of the people was to be heard in advocacy of their rights. Nearly all the notables of the town were present; planters, too, from all the nearer parts of the Delta, with some of the superior council and other officials,—an odd motley of lace and flannel, powdered wigs, buckskin, dress-swords, French leather, and cow-hide. One Jean Milhet was there. He was the wealthiest merchant in the town. He had signed the petition of the previous June, with its "features of sedition and insubordination." And he was now sent to France with this new prayer that the king would arrange with Spain to nullify the act of cession.

Milhet met, in Paris, Bienville, ex-governor of the province and unsuccessful campaigner against its Indian foes, who, in his eighty-sixth year, was fated to fail once more in his effort to serve Louisiana. They sought, to-



gether, the royal audience. But the minister, the Duc de Choiseul (the transfer had been part of his policy) adroitly barred the way. They never saw the king, and their mission was brought to naught with courteous dispatch. Such was the word Milhet sent back. But a hope without foundations is not to be undermined. The Creoles, in 1766, heard his ill-tidings without despair, and fed their delusion on his continued stay in France and on the non-display of the Spanish authority.

By another treaty Great Britain had received a vast territory on the eastern side of the Mississippi. This transfer was easier to understand. The English had gone promptly into possession, and, much to the mental distress of the acting-governor of Louisiana, M. Aubry (M. d'Abbadie having died in 1765), were making the harbor of New Orleans a highway for their men-of-war and transports, while without ships, ammunition, or money, and with only a few soldiers, and they entitled to their discharge, he awaited Spain's languid receipt of the gift which had been made her only to keep it from these very English.

But, at length, Spain moved, or seemed about to move. Late in the summer a letter came to the superior council from Havana, addressed to it by Don Antonio de Ulloa, a commodore in the Spanish navy, a scientific scholar and author of renown, and now revealed as the royally commissioned governor of Louisiana. This letter announced that Don Antonio would soon arrive in New Orleans.

Here was another seed of cruel delusion. For month after month went by, the year closed, January and February, 1766, came and passed, and the new governor had not made his appearance. Surely, it seemed, this was all a mere diplomatic maneuver. But, when the delay had done as much harm as it could, on the 5th of March, 1766, Ulloa landed in New Orleans. He brought with him only two companies of Spanish infantry, his government having taken the assurance of France that more troops would not be needed.

## II.

### ULLOA, AUBRY, AND THE SUPERIOR COUNCIL.

THE cession—a sentence, as it seemed to the Louisianians, of commercial and industrial annihilation—had now only to go into effect. It was this, not loyalty to France, that furnished the true motive of the Creoles and justification of the struggle of 1768. The merchants were, therefore, its mainspring. But merchants are not apt to be public leaders. They were behind and under the people. Who, then, or

what, was in front? An official body whose growth and power in the colony had great influence in forming the public character of the Creoles,—the Superior Council.

It was older than New Orleans. Formed in 1712 of but two members, of whom the governor was one, but gradually enlarged, it dispensed justice and administered civil government over the whole colony, under the ancient "custom of Paris," and the laws, edicts, and ordinances of the kingdom of France. It early contained a germ of popular government in its power to make good the want of a quorum by calling in notable inhabitants of its own selection. By and by its judicial functions had become purely appellate, and it took on features suggestive, at least, of representative rule.

It was this Superior Council which, in 1722, with Bienville at its head, removed to the new settlement of New Orleans, and so made it the colony's capital. In 1723, it was exercising powers of police. It was by this body that, in 1724, was issued that dark enactment which, through the dominations of three successive national powers, remained on the statute-book,—the Black Code. One of its articles forbade the freeing of a slave without reason shown to the council, and by it esteemed good. In 1726, its too free spirit was already receiving the reprimand of the home government. Yet, in 1728, the king assigned to it the supervision of land titles and power to appoint and remove at will a lower court of its own members.

With each important development in the colony it had grown in numbers and powers, and, in 1748, especially, had been given discretionary authority over land titles, such as must have been a virtual control of the whole agricultural community's moral support. About 1752 it is seen resisting the encroachments of the Jesuits, though these were based on a commission from the Bishop of Quebec; and it was this body that, in 1763, boldly disposed this same order of its plantations, a year before the home government expelled it from France. In 1758, with Kerlerec at its head, this council had been too strong for Rochemore, the intendant-commissary, and too free,—jostled him rudely for three years, and then procured of the king his dismissal from office. And lastly, it was this body that d'Abbadie, in another part of the dispatch already quoted from, denounced as seditious in spirit, urging the displacement of its Creole members, and the filling of their seats with imported Frenchmen.

Ulloa, the Spanish governor, stepped ashore on the Place d'Armes in a cold rain, with that absence of pomp which character-



izes both the sailor and the recluse. The people received him in cold and haughty silence that soon turned to aggression. Foucault, the intendant-commissary, was the first to move. On the very day of the governor's arrival he called his attention to the French paper money left unprovided for in the province. There were seven million livres of it, worth only a fourth of its face value. "What was to be done about it?" The governor answered promptly and kindly: It should be the circulating medium at its market value, pending instructions from Spain. But the people instantly and clamorously took another stand: It must be redeemed at par.

A few days later he was waited on by the merchants. They presented a series of written questions touching their commercial interests. They awaited his answers, they said, in order to know *how to direct their future actions*. In a dispatch to his government, Ulloa termed the address "imperious, insolent, and menacing."

The first approach of the Superior Council was quite as offensive. At the head of this body sat Aubry. He was loyal to his king, brave, and determined to execute the orders he held to transfer the province. The troops were under his command. But, by the rules of the council it was the intendant, Foucault, the evil genius of the hour, who performed the functions of president. Foucault ruled the insurgent council and signed its pronunciamientos, while Aubry, the sternly protesting but helpless governor, filled the seat of honor. And here, too, sat Lafrénière, the attorney-general. It was he who had harangued the notables and the people on the Place d'Armes when they sent Milhet to France. The petition to the king was from his turgid pen. He was a Creole, the son of a poor Canadian, and a striking type of the people that now looked to him as their leader: of commanding mien, luxurious in his tastes, passionate, over-bearing, ambitious, replete with wild energy, and equipped with the wordy eloquence that moves the ignorant or half-informed. The council requested Ulloa to exhibit his commission. He replied coldly that he would not take possession of the colony until the arrival of additional Spanish troops, which he was expecting; and that then his dealings would be with the French governor, Aubry, and not with a subordinate civil body.

Thus the populace, the merchants, and the civil government—which included the judiciary—ranged themselves at once in hostility to Spain. The military soon moved forward and took their stand on the same line, refusing point-blank to pass into the Spanish service.

Aubry alone recognized the cession and Ulloa's powers, and to him alone Ulloa showed his commission. Yet the Spanish governor virtually assumed control, set his few Spanish soldiers to building and garrisoning new forts at important points in various quarters, and, with Aubry, endeavored to maintain a conciliatory policy pending the arrival of troops. It was a policy wise only because momentarily imperative in dealing with such a people. They were but partly conscious of their rights, but they were smarting under a lively knowledge of their wrongs; and their impatient temper could brook any other treatment with better dignity and less resentment than that which trifled with their feelings.

Ill-will began, before long, to find open utterance. An arrangement by which the three or four companies of French soldiers remained in service under Spanish pay, but under French colors and Aubry's command, was fiercely denounced.

Ulloa was a man of great amiability and enlightenment, but nervous and sensitive. Not only was the defective civilization around him discordant to his gentle tastes, but the extreme contrast which his personal character offered was an intolerable offense to the people. Yet he easily recognized that behind and beneath all their frivolous criticisms and imperious demands, and the fierce determination of their Superior Council to resist all contractions of its powers, the true object of dread and aversion was the iron tyrannies and extortions of Spanish colonial revenue laws. This feeling it was that had produced the offensive memorial of the merchants; and yet he met it kindly, and, only two months after his arrival, began a series of concessions looking to the preservation of trade with France and the French West Indies, which the colonists had believed themselves doomed to lose. The people met these concessions with resentful remonstrance. One of the governor's proposals was to fix a schedule of reasonable prices on all imported goods, through the appraisement of a board of disinterested citizens. Certainly it was unjust and oppressive, as any Spanish commercial ordinance was likely to be; but it was intended to benefit the mass of consumers. But consumers and suppliers for once had struck hands, and the whole people raised a united voice of such grievous complaint that the ordinance was verbally revoked.

A further motive—the fear of displacement—moved the office-holders, and kept them maliciously diligent. Every harmless incident, every trivial mistake, was caught up vindictively. The governor's "manner of living, his tastes, his habits, his conversation, the most trivial occurrences of his household,"



were construed offensively. He grew incensed and began to threaten. In December, 1767, Jean Milhet returned from France. His final word of ill-success was only fuel to the fire. The year passed away, and nine months of 1768 followed.

Ulloa and Aubry kept well together, though Aubry thought ill of the Spaniard's administrative powers. In their own eyes they seemed to be having some success. They were, wrote Aubry, "gradually molding Frenchmen to Spanish domination." The Spanish flag floated over the new military posts, the French ensign over the old, and the colony seemed to be dwelling in peace under both standards.

But Ulloa and the Creoles were sadly apart. Repeated innovations in matters of commerce and police were only so many painful surprises to them. They were embarrassed. They were distressed. What was to become of their seven million livres of paper money no one yet could tell. Even the debts that the Spaniards had assumed were unpaid. Values had shrunk sixty-six per cent. There was a specie famine. Insolvency was showing itself on every hand; and the disasters that were to follow the complete establishment of Spanish power were not known but might be guessed. They returned the governor distrust for distrust, censure for censure, and scorn for scorn.

And now there came rumor of a royal decree suppressing the town's commerce with France and the West Indies. It was enough. The people of New Orleans and its adjacent river "coasts," resolved to expel the Spaniards.

### III.

#### THE INSURRECTION.

NEW ORLEANS, in 1768, was still a town of some thirty-two hundred persons only, a third of whom were black slaves. It had lain for thirty-five years in the reeds and willows with scarcely a notable change to relieve the poverty of its aspect. During the Indian wars barracks had risen on either side the Place d'Armes. When, in 1758, the French evacuated Fort Duquesne, and floated down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, Kerlerec added other barracks, part of whose ruin still stands in the neighborhood of Barracks street. Salients had been made at the corners of its palisade wall; there was "a banquette within and a very trifling ditch without." Just beyond this wall, on a part of the land of the banished Jesuits, in a large, deeply shaded garden was a house that had become the rendezvous of a conspiracy.

Lafrénière sat at the head of its board. His majestic airs had got him the nickname of "Louis Quatorze." Foucault was conspicuous. His friendship with Madame Pradal, the lady of the house, was what is called notorious. Jean Milhet and a brother, Joseph Milhet, and other leading merchants, Caresse, Petit, and Poupet, were present; also Doucet, a prominent lawyer, and Marquis, a captain of Swiss troops; with Balthasar de Masan, Hardy de Boisblanc, and Joseph Villeré, planters and public men, the last, especially, a man of weight. And, as if the name of the city's founder must be linked with all patriotic disaster, among the number were two of Bienville's nephews, Noyan, a young ex-captain of cavalry, and Bienville, a naval lieutenant, Noyan's still younger brother.

On the 25th of October, 1768, the mine was sprung. From twenty to sixty miles above New Orleans on the banks of the Mississippi lies the Côte des Allemands, the German coast, originally colonized by John Law's Alsatians. Here the conspirators had spread the belief that the Spanish obligations due the farmers there would not be paid; and when, on the date mentioned, Ulloa sent an agent to pay them, he was arrested by a body of citizens under orders from Villeré, and deprived of the money.

Just beyond the German coast lay the coast of the "Acadians." From time to time, since 1755, bands of these exiles from distant Nova Scotia had found their way to Louisiana, and had settled on the shores of the Mississippi above and below the mouth of La Fourche and down the banks of that bayou. Hardships and afflictions had come to be the salt of their bread, and now a last hope of ending their days under the flag for which they had so pathetic an affection depended on the success of this uprising. They joined the insurgents.

On the 27th, Foucault called a meeting of the Superior Council for the 28th. In the night, the guns at Tchoupitoulas gate—at the upper river corner—were spiked. Farther away, along a narrow road, with the wide and silent Mississippi now hidden by intervening brakes of cotton-wood or willow and now broadening out to view, but always on the right, and the dark, wet, moss-draped forest always on the left, in rude garb and with rude weapons,—muskets, fowling-pieces, anything,—the Germans and Acadians were marching upon the town.

On the morning of the 28th, they entered Tchoupitoulas gate. At the head of the Acadians was Noyan. Villeré led the Germans. Other gates were forced, other companies entered, stores and dwellings were closed, and



the insurgents paraded the streets. "All," says Aubry, "was in a state of combustion." The people gathered on the square. "Louis Quatorze" harangued them. So did Doucet and the brothers Milhet. Six hundred persons signed a petition to the Superior Council, asking the official action which the members of that body, then sitting, were ready and waiting to give.

Aubry had a total force of one hundred and ten men. What he could do he did. He sent for Lafrénière, and afterward for Foucault, and protested bitterly, but in vain. Under his protection, Ulloa retired with his family on board the Spanish frigate, which had slipped her cables from the shore and anchored out in the river. The Spanish governor's staff remained in his house, which they had barricaded, surrounded by an angry mob that filled the air with huzzas for the King of France. The council met again on the 29th. A French flag had been hoisted in the Place d'Armes, and a thousand insurgents gathered around it demanding the action of the council. As that body was about to proceed to its final measure, Aubry appeared before it, warning and reproaching its members. Two or three alone wavered, but Lafrénière's counsel prevailed, and a report was adopted enjoining Ulloa to "leave the colony in the frigate in which he came, without delay."

Aubry was invited by the conspirators to resume the government. His response was to charge them with rebellion and predict their ruin. Ulloa, the kindest if not the wisest well-wisher of Louisiana that had held the gubernatorial commission since Bienville, sailed, not in the Spanish frigate, which remained "for repairs," but in a French vessel, enduring at the last moment the songs and jeers of a throng of night roysterers, and the menacing presence of sergeants and bailiffs of the council.

#### IV.

##### THE PRICE OF HALF-CONVICTIONS.

THE next move on the part of all concerned was to hurry forward messengers, with declarations, to the courts of France and Spain. The colonists sent theirs; Aubry and Ulloa, each his; and Foucault, his,—a paper characterized by a shameless double-dealing which leaves the intendant-commissary alone, of all the participants in these events, an infamous memory.

The memorial of the people was an absurd confusion of truth and misstatement. It made admissions fatal to its pleadings. It made arrogant announcements of unapplied prin-

ciples. It enumerated real wrongs, for which France and Spain, but not Ulloa, were to blame. And with these it mingled such charges against the banished governor as: That he had a chapel in his own house; that he absented himself from the French churches; that he inclosed a fourth of the public common to pasture his private horses; that he sent to Havana for a wet-nurse; that he ordered the abandonment of a brick-yard near the town, on account of its pools of putrid water; that he removed leprous children from the town to the inhospitable settlements at the mouth of the river; that he forbade the public whipping of slaves in the town; that masters had to go six miles to get a negro flogged; that he had landed in New Orleans during a thunder-and-rain storm, and under other ill omens; that he claimed to be king of the colony; that he offended the people with evidences of sordid avarice; and that he added to these crimes—as the text has it—"many others, equally just [!] and terrible!"

Not less unhappy were the adulations offered the king who so justly deserved their detestation. The conspirators had at first entertained the bold idea of declaring the colony's independence and setting up a republic. To this end Noyan and Bienville, about three months before the outbreak, had gone secretly to Governor Elliott, at Pensacola, to treat for the aid of British troops. In this they failed; and, though their lofty resolution, which, by wiser leaders, among a people of higher discipline or under a greater faith in the strength of a just cause, might have been communicated to the popular will, was not abandoned, it was hidden, and finally suffocated under a pretense of the most ancient and servile loyalty: "Great king, the best of kings, [Louis XV.] father and protector of your subjects, deign, sire, to receive into your royal and fraternal bosom the children who have no other desire than to die your subjects," etc.

The bearers of this address were Le Sassier, St. Lette, and Milhet. They appeared before the Duc de Choiseul unsupported; for the aged Bienville was dead. St. Lette, chosen because he had once been an intimate of the duke, was cordially received. But the deputation as a body met only frowns and the intelligence that the King of Spain, earlier informed, was taking steps for a permanent occupation of the refractory province. St. Lette remained in the duke's bosom. Milhet and Le Sassier returned, carrying with them only the cold comfort of an order re-funding the colonial debt at three-fifths of its nominal value, in five per cent. bonds.

It was the fate of the Creoles—possibly a



climatic result—to be slack-handed and dilatory. Month after month followed the October uprising without one of those incidents that would have succeeded in the history of an earnest people. In March, 1769, Foucault covertly deserted his associates, and denounced them, by letter, to the French cabinet. In April the Spanish frigate sailed from New Orleans. Three intrepid men (Loyola, Gayarre, and Navarro), the governmental staff which Ulloa had left in the province, still remained, unmolested. Not a fort was taken, though it is probable not one could have withstood assault. Not a spade was struck into the ground, or an obstruction planted, at any strategic point.

At length the project of forming a republic was revived and was given definite shape and advocacy. But priceless time had been thrown away, the opportune moment had passed, an overwhelming Spanish army and fleet was approaching, and the spirit of the people was paralyzed. The revolt against the injustice and oppression of two royal powers at once, by "the first European colony that entertained the idea of proclaiming her independence," was virtually at an end.

It was the misfortune of the Creoles to be wanting in habits of mature thought and of self-control. They had not made that study of reciprocal justice and natural rights which becomes men who would resist tyranny. They lacked the steady purpose bred of daily toil. With these qualities, the insurrection of 1768 might have been a revolution for the overthrow of French and Spanish misrule and the establishment and maintenance of the right of self-government.

The Creoles were valorous but unreflecting. They had the spirit of freedom, but not the profound principles of right which it becomes the duty of revolutionists to assert and struggle for. They arose fiercely against a confusion of real and fancied grievances, sought to be ungoverned rather than self-governed, and, following distempered leaders, became a warning in their many-sided short-sightedness, and an example only in their audacious courage.

They had now only to pay the penalties; and it was by an entire inversion of all their first intentions that they at length took part in the struggle which brought to a vigorous birth that American nation of which they finally became a part.

#### V.

#### COUNT O'REILLY AND SPANISH LAWS.

ONE morning toward the end of July, 1769, the people of New Orleans were brought

suddenly to their feet by the news that the Spaniards were at the mouth of the river in overwhelming force. There was no longer any room to postpone choice of action.

Marquis, the Swiss captain, with a white cockade in his hat (he had been the leading advocate for a republic), and Petit, with a pistol in either hand, came out upon the ragged, sunburnt grass of the Place d'Armes and called upon the people to defend their liberties. About a hundred men joined them; but the town was struck motionless with dismay; the few who had gathered soon disappeared, and by the next day the resolution of the leaders was distinctly taken, to submit. But no one fled.

On the second morning Aubry called the people to the Place d'Armes, promised the clemency of the illustrious Irishman who commanded the approaching expedition, and sent them away, commanding them to keep within their homes.

Lafrénière, Marquis, and Milhet descended the river, appeared before the commander of the Spaniards, and by the mouth of Lafrénière in a submissive but brave and manly address presented the homage of the people. The captain-general in his reply let fall the word seditious. Marquis boldly but respectfully objected. He was answered with gracious dignity, and the assurance of ultimate justice, and the insurgent leaders returned to New Orleans and to their homes.

The Spanish fleet numbered twenty-four sail. For more than three weeks it slowly pushed its way around the bends of the Mississippi, and on the 18th of August it finally furled its canvas before the town. Aubry drew up his French troops with the colonial militia at the bottom of Place d'Armes, a gun was fired from the flagship of the fleet, and Don Alexandro O'Reilly, accompanied by twenty-six hundred chosen Spanish troops, and with fifty pieces of artillery, landed in unprecedented pomp, and took formal possession of the province.

On the 21st, twelve of the principal insurrectionists were arrested. Two days later Foucault was also made a prisoner. One other, Brand, the printer of the seditious documents, was apprehended, and a proclamation announced that no other arrests would be made. Foucault, pleading his official capacity, was taken to France, tried by his government, and thrown into the Bastille. Brand pleaded his obligation as government printer to print all public documents, and was set at liberty. Villeré either "died raving mad on the day of his arrest," as stated in the Spanish official report, or met his end in the act of resisting the guard on board the frigate where



he had been placed in confinement. Lafrénière, Noyan, Caresse, Marquis, and Joseph Milhet were condemned to be hanged. The supplications both of colonists and Spanish officials saved them only from the gallows, and they fell before the fire of a file of Spanish grenadiers.

Against young Bienville no action seems to have been taken beyond the confiscation of his property, and his name disappears from the record with his refusal to be the bearer of the petition to France in the preceding October. But Petit, Masan, Doucet, Boisblanc, Jean Milhet, and Poupet were consigned to the Morro Castle, Havana, where they remained a year, and were then set at liberty, but were forbidden to return to Louisiana and were deprived of their property. About the same time Foucault was released from the Bastille. The declaration of the Superior Council was burned on the Place d'Armes. Aubry refused a high commission in the Spanish army, departed for France, and had already entered the River Garonne, when he was shipwrecked and lost. "Cruel O'Reilly" — the captain-general was justly named.

There could, of course, be but one fate for the Superior Council as an official body, and the Count O'Reilly, armed with plenary powers, swept it out of existence. The *cabildo* took its place. This change from French rule to Spanish lay not principally in the laws, but in the redistribution of power. The crown, the sword, and the cross absorbed the lion's share, leaving but a morsel to be doled out, with much form and pomp, to the *cabildo*. Very quaint and redolent with Spanish romance was this body, which for the third part of a century ruled the pettier destinies of the Louisiana Creoles. Therein sat the six *regidores*, or rulers, whose seats, bought at first at auction, were sold from successor to successor, the crown always coming in for its share of the price. Five of them were loaded down with ponderous titles; the *alferes real* or royal standard bearer; the *alcalde-mayor-provincial*, who overtook and tried offenders escaped beyond town limits; the *alguazil-mayor*, with his eye on police and prisons; the *depositarario-general*, who kept and dispensed the public stores; and the *recibidor de penas de cámara*, the receiver of fines and penalties. Above these six sat four whom the six, annually passing out of office, elected to sit over their six successors. These four must be residents and householders of New Orleans. No officer or attaché of the financial department of the realm, nor any bondsman of such, nor any one aged under twenty-six, nor any new convert to the Catholic faith, could qualify. Two were *alcaldes ordinarios*, common judges.

In addition to other duties, they held petty courts at evening in their own dwellings, and gave unwritten decisions; but the soldier and the priest were beyond their jurisdiction. A third was *sindico-procurador-general*, and sued for town revenues; and the fourth was town treasurer, the *mayor-domo-de-propios*. At the bottom of the scale was the *escribano*, or secretary, and at the top, the governor.

It was like a crane,—all feathers. A sample of its powers was its right to sell and revoke at will the meat monopoly and the many other petty municipal privileges which characterized the Spanish rule and have been handed down to the present day in the city's offensive license system. The underlying design of the *cabildo*'s creation seems to have been not to confer, but to scatter and neutralize power in the hands of royal sub-officials and this body. Loaded with titles and fettered with minute ministerial duties, it was, so to speak, the Superior Council shorn of its locks; or if not, then, at least, a body whose members recognized their standing as *guardians* of the people and *servants* of the king.

O'Reilly had come to set up a government, but not to remain and govern. On organizing the *cabildo*, he announced the appointment of Don Louis de Unzaga, colonel of the regiment of Havana, as governor of the province, and yielded him the chair. But under his own higher commission of captain-general he continued for a time in control. He had established in force the laws of Castile and the Indies and the use of the Spanish tongue in the courts and public offices. Those who examine the dusty notarial records of that day find the baptismal names, of French and Anglo-Saxon origin, changed to a Spanish orthography, and the indices made upon these instead of upon the surnames.

So, if laws and government could have done it, Louisiana would have been made Spanish. But the change in the laws was not violent. There was a tone of severity and a feature of arbitrary surveillance in those of Spain; but the principles of the French and Spanish systems had a common origin. One remotely, the other almost directly, was from the Roman Code, and they were pointedly similar in the matters which seemed, to the Creole, of supreme importance,—the marital relation, and inheritance. But it was not long before he found that now under the Spaniard, as, earlier, under the French, the laws themselves, and their administration, pointed in very different directions. Spanish rule in Louisiana was better, at least, than French, which, it is true, scarcely deserved the name of government. As to the laws themselves, it is worthy of notice that Louisiana "is at this



## VI.

## SPANISH CONCILIATION.



ALEXANDRO O'REILLY. (FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF C. GAYARRE, ESQ.)

time the only State, of the vast territories acquired from France, Spain, and Mexico, in which the civil law has been retained, and forms a large portion of its jurisprudence."

On the 29th of October, 1770, O'Reilly sailed from New Orleans with most of his troops, leaving the Spanish power entirely and peacefully established. The force left by him in the colony amounted to one thousand two hundred men. He had dealt a sudden and terrible blow; but he had followed it only with velvet strokes. His suggestions to the home government of commercial measures advantageous to New Orleans and the colony, were many, and his departure was the signal for the commencement of active measures intended to induce, if possible, a change in the sentiments of the people,—one consonant with the political changes he had forced upon them. Such was the kindlier task of the wise and mild Unzaga.

CROZAT — Law — Louis XV. — Charles III. — whoever at one time or another was the transatlantic master of Louisiana managed its affairs on the same bad principle: To none of them had a colony any inherent rights. They entered into possession as cattle are let into a pasture or break into a field. It was simply a commercial venture projected in the interests of the sovereign's or monopolist's revenues, and restrictions were laid or indulgences bestowed upon it merely as those interests seemed to require. And so the Mississippi delta, until better ideas could prevail, could not show other than a gaunt, ill-nourished civilization. The weight of oppression, if the governors and other officers on the spot had not evaded the letter of the royal decrees and taught the Creoles to do the same, would actually have crushed the life out of the province.

The merchants of New Orleans, when Unzaga took the governor's chair, dared not import from France anything but what the customs authorities chose to consider articles of necessity. With St. Domingo and Martinique they could only exchange lumber and grain for breadstuffs and wine. Their ships must be passported; their bills of lading were offensively policed; and these "privileges" were only to last until Spain could supplant them by a commerce exclusively her own. They were completely shut out from every other market in the world except certain specified ports of Spain, where, they complained, they could not sell their produce to advantage nor buy what was wanted in the province. They could employ only Spanish bottoms commanded by subjects of Spain; these could not put into even a Spanish-American intermediate port except in distress, and then only under onerous restrictions.



RELICS OF THE SPANISH OCCUPATION.





A PAGE FROM THE ARCHIVES OF NEW ORLEANS, CONTAINING THE SIGNATURES OF FIVE SPANISH GOVERNORS.

They were virtually throttled merely by a rigid application of the theory which had always oppressed them, and only by the loose and flexible administration of which the colony and town had survived and grown, while Anthony Crozat had become bankrupt, Law's *Compagnie d'Occident* had been driven to other fields of enterprise, and Louis XV. had heaped up a loss of millions more than he could pay.

Ulloa's banishment left a gate wide open which a kind of cattle not of the Spanish brand lost no time in entering.

"I found the English," wrote O'Reilly, in October, 1769, "in complete possession of the commerce of the colony. They had in this town their merchants and traders, with open stores and shops, and I can safely assert that they pocketed nine-tenths of the money spent here. \* \* \* I drove off all the English traders and the other individuals of that nation whom I found in this town, and I shall admit here none of their vessels." But he recommended what may have seemed to him a liberal measure,—an entirely free trade with Spain and Havana, and named the wants of the people: "flour, wine, oil, iron instruments, arms, ammunition, and every sort of manufactured goods for clothing and other domestic purposes," for which

they could pay in "timber, indigo, cotton, furs, and a small quantity of corn and rice."

Unzaga, a man of advanced years and a Spaniard of the indulgent type, when in 1770 he assumed control, saw the colony's extremity, and began at once the old policy of meeting desirable ends by lamentable expedients. His method was double-acting. He procured, on the one hand, repeated concessions and indulgences from the king, while on the other he overlooked the evasion by the people of such burdens as the government had not lifted. The Creoles on the plantations took advantage of this state of affairs. Under cover of trading with the British posts on the eastern bank of the Mississippi above Orleans Island, the English traders returned and began again to supply the Creole planters with goods and slaves. Business became brisk, for anything offered in exchange was acceptable, revenue laws were mentioned only in jest, profits were large, and credit was free and long. Against the river bank, where now stands the suburb of Gretna, lay moored (when they were not trading up and down the shores of the stream) two large floating warehouses, fitted up with counters and shelves and stocked with assorted merchandise. The merchants, shut out from these contraband benefits, complained



loudly to Unzaga. But they complained in vain. The trade went on, the planters prospered; the merchants gave them crop-advances, and they turned about and, ignoring their debt, broadened their lands and bought additional slaves from the British traders. Hereupon Unzaga moved, and drawing upon his large reserve of absolute power, gently but firmly checked and corrected this imposition.

The governor's quiet rule worked another benefit. While the town was languishing under the infliction of so-called concessions that were so narrowed by provisos as to be almost neutralized, a new oppression showed itself. The newly imported Spanish Capuchins opened such a crusade, not only against their French brethren, but also against certain customs which these had long allowed among the laity, that but for Unzaga's pacific intervention an exodus would have followed which he feared might even have destroyed the colony.

The province could not bear two, and there had already been one. Under O'Reilly so many merchants and mechanics had gone to St. Domingo that just before he left he had ceased to grant passports. Their places were not filled, and in 1773 Unzaga wrote to the Bishop of Cuba that, "There were not in New Orleans and its environs two thousand souls (possibly meaning whites) of all professions and conditions," and that most of these were extremely poor.

But conciliation soon began to take effect. Commissions were eagerly taken in the governor's "regiment of Louisiana," where the pay was large and the sword was the true emblem of power, and the offices of *regidor* and *alcalde* were by and by occupied by the bearers of such ancient Creole names as St. Denis, La Chaise, Fleurieu, Forstall, Duplessis, Bienvenue, Dufossat, and Livaudais.

In 1776, Unzaga was made captain-general of Carácas, and the following year, left in charge of Don Bernardo de Galvez, then about twenty-one years of age, a people still French in feeling, it is true, yet reconciled in a measure to Spanish rule.

## VII.

### THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION ON THE GULF SIDE.

Now, at length, the Creole and the Anglo-American were to come into active relation to each other,—a relation which, from that day to the present, has qualified every public question in Louisiana.

At a happy moment the governorship of

Unzaga, a man advanced in life, of impaired vision and failing health, who was begging to be put on the retired list, gave place to the virile administration of one of the most brilliant characters to be seen in the history of the South-western United States. Galvez was the son of the Viceroy of Mexico and nephew of the Spanish secretary of state, who was also president of the council of the Indies. He was barely grown to manhood, but he was ardent, engaging, brave, fond of achievement and display, and, withal, talented and sagacious.

A change now took place, following the drift of affairs in Europe. The French, instead of the English, merchants, commanded the trade of the Mississippi. The British traders found themselves suddenly treated with great rigor. Eleven of their ships, richly laden, were seized by the new governor, while he exceeded the letter of the Franco-Spanish treaty in bestowing privileges upon the French. New liberties gave fresh value to the trade with French and Spanish-American ports. Slaves were not allowed to be brought thence, owing to their insurrectionary spirit; but their importation direct from Guinea was now specially encouraged, and presently the prohibition against those of the West Indies was removed.

Galvez was, as yet, only governor *ad interim*; yet, by his own proclamation, he gave the colonists the right to trade with France, and, a few days later, included the ports of the thirteen British colonies then waging that war in which the future of the Creoles was so profoundly, though obscurely, involved. New liberties were also given to traders with Spain; the government became the buyer of the tobacco crop, and a French and French-West Indian immigration was encouraged.

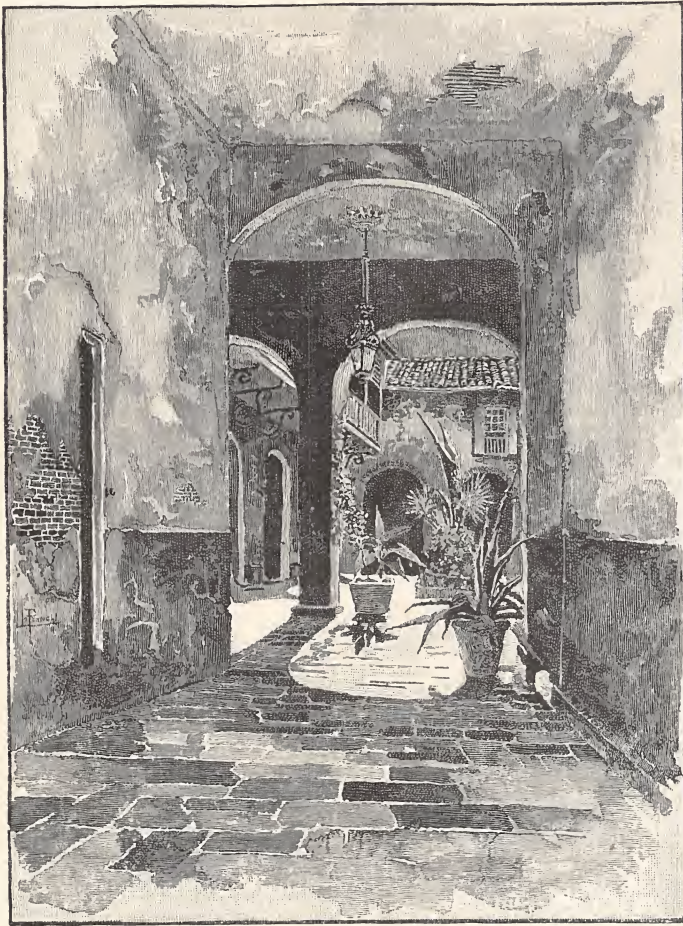
But these privileges were darkly overshadowed by the clouds of war. The English issued letters of marque against Spanish commerce, and the French took open part in the American revolution. The young governor was looking to his defenses, building gun-boats, and awaiting from his king the word which would enable him to test his military talents.

Out of these very conditions, so disappointing in one direction, sprang a new trade, of the greatest possible significance in the history of the people. Some eight years before, at the moment when the arrival of two thousand six hundred Spanish troops and the non-appearance of their supply-ships had driven the price of provisions in New Orleans almost to famine rates, a brig entered port, from Baltimore, loaded with flour. The owner of the cargo was one Oliver Pollock. He offered to sell it to O'Reilly on the captain-general's



own terms, and finally disposed of it to him at fifteen dollars a barrel, two-thirds the current price. O'Reilly rewarded his liberality with a grant of free trade to Louisiana for his life-time. Such was the germ of the com-

the oath of allegiance to Spain. The commercial acquaintance made a few years before with the Atlantic ports was now extended to the growing West, and to be cut off from European sources of supply was no longer a



INTERIOR OF AN OLD SPANISH HOUSE.

merce of New Orleans with the great ports of the Atlantic. In 1776, Pollock, with a number of other merchants from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, who had established themselves in New Orleans, had begun, with the countenance of Galvez, to supply, by fleets of large canoes, arms and ammunition to the American agents at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg). This was repeated in 1777, and, in 1778, Pollock became the avowed agent of the American Government.

Here, then, was a great turning-point. Immigration became Anglo-Saxon, a valuable increase of population taking place by an inflow from the Floridas and the United States, that settled in the town itself and took

calamity, but a lesson of that frugality and self-help in the domestic life which are the secret of public wealth. Between St. Louis and New Orleans, Natchitoches and Natchez (Fort Panmure), there was sufficient diversity of products and industries to complete the circuit of an internal commerce; the Attakapas and Opelousas prairies had been settled by Acadian herdsmen; in 1778, immigrants from the Canary Islands had founded the settlement of Venezuela on La Fourche, Galvez-town on the Amite, and that of Terre aux Bœufs just below New Orleans. A paper currency supplied the sometimes urgent call for a circulating medium, and the colonial treasury warrants, or *liberanzas* were re-





OLD SPANISH HOUSE ON BOURBON STREET.

deemed by receipts of specie from Vera Cruz often enough to keep them afloat at a moderately fair market value.

Were the Creoles satisfied? This question was now to be practically tested. For in the summer of 1779 Spain declared war against Great Britain. Galvez discovered that the British were planning the surprise of New Orleans. Under cover of preparations for defense he made haste to take the offensive. Only four days before the time when he had appointed to move, a hurricane struck the town, demolishing many houses, ruining crops and dwellings up and down the river "coast," and sinking his gun flotilla. Nothing dismayed, the young commander called the people to

their old rallying ground on the Place d'Armes, and with a newly received commission in one hand confirming him as governor, and his drawn sword in the other, demanded of them to answer his challenge: "Should he appear before the cabildo as that commission required, and take the oath of governor? Should he swear to defend Louisiana? Would they stand by him?" The response was enthusiastic. Repairing his disasters as best he could, and hastening his ostensibly defensive preparations, he marched, on the 22d of August, 1779, against the British forts on the Mississippi. His force, besides the four Spanish officers who ranked in turn below him, consisted of one hundred



LUGGERS IN THE MISSISSIPPI.



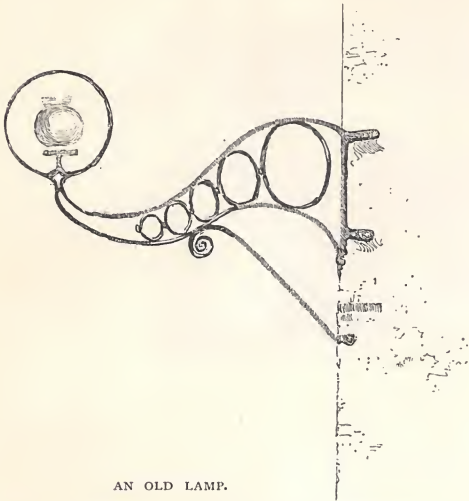
and seventy regulars, three hundred and thirty recruits, twenty carbineers, sixty militia men, eighty free men-of-color, six hundred men

spectacle of harming no fugitives, and of bearing in their arms to Galvez, uninjured, children who with their mothers had hid themselves in the woods.

In the following February, reënforced from Havana, and commanding the devotion of his Creole militia, Galvez set sail down the Mississippi, with two thousand men,—regulars, Creoles, and free blacks,—and issued from that mouth of the river known as the Balize or Pass à l'Outre, intending to attack Fort Charlotte, on the Mobile River. His fleet narrowly escaped total destruction and his landing on the eastern shore of Mobile River was attended with so much confusion and embarrassment that for a moment he contemplated precipitate retreat in the event of a British advance from Pensacola. But the British for some reason were not prompt, and Galvez pushed forward to Fort Charlotte, erected six batteries, and engaged the fort, which surrendered on the 14th of March, to avoid being stormed. A few days later, the English arrived from Pensacola in numbers sufficient to have raised the siege, but with no choice then but to return whence they had come. Galvez, at that time twenty-four years of age, was rewarded for this achievement with the rank of major-general.

He now conceived the project of taking Pensacola. But this was an enterprise of altogether another magnitude. Failing to secure reënforcements from Havana by writing for them, he sailed to that place in October, 1780, to make his application in person, intending, if successful, to move thence directly upon the enemy. Delays and disappointments could not baffle him, and early in March, 1781, he appeared before Pensacola with a ship of the line, two frigates, and transports containing fourteen hundred soldiers, well furnished with artillery and ammunition. On the 16th and 17th, such troops as could be spared from Mobile, and Don Estevan Miro from New Orleans, with the Louisiana forces, arrived at the western bank of the Perdido River; and on the afternoon of the 18th, though unsupported by the fleet until dishonor was staring its jealous commander in the face, Galvez moved under hot fire, through a passage of great peril, and took up a besieging position.

The investing lines of Galvez and Miro began at once to contract. Early in April, their batteries and those of the fleet opened fire from every side. But the return fire of the English, from a battery erected under their fort, beat off the fleet, and as week after week wore on it began to appear that the siege might be unsuccessful. However, in the early part of May, a shell from the Spaniards



AN OLD LAMP.

from the coast ("of every condition and color"), one hundred and sixty Indians, nine American volunteers, and Oliver Pollock. This little army of 1430 men was without tents or other military furniture, or a single engineer. The gun fleet followed in the river abreast of their line of march, carrying one twenty-four, five eighteen, and four four-pounders. On the 7th of September Fort Bute on Bayou Manchac, with its garrison of twenty men yielded easily to the first assault of the unsupported Creole militia. The fort of Baton Rouge was found to be very strong, armed with thirteen heavy guns, and garrisoned by five hundred men. The troops begged to be led to the assault; but Galvez landed his heavy artillery, erected batteries, and on the 21st of September, after an engagement of ten hours, reduced the fort. Its capitulation included the surrender of Fort Panmure, with its garrison of eighty grenadiers, a place that by its position would have been very difficult of assault. The Spanish gun-boats captured in the Mississippi and Manchac four schooners, a brig, and two cutters. On lake Pontchartrain an American schooner fitted out at New Orleans captured an English privateer. A party of fourteen Creoles surprised an English cutter in the narrow waters of Bayou Manchac, and rushing on board after their first fire, and fastening down the hatches, captured the vessel and her crew of seventy men. The Creole militia won the generous praise of their commander for discipline, fortitude, and ardor; the Acadians showed an impetuous fury; while the Indians presented the remarkable



having exploded a magazine in one of the English redoubts, the troops from Mobile pressed quickly forward and occupied the ruin, and Galvez was preparing to storm the main fort, when the English raised the white flag. Thus, on the 9th of May, 1781, Pensacola, with a garrison of eight hundred men, and the whole of West Florida, was surrendered to Galvez. Louisiana had heretofore been included under one domination with Cuba, but now one of the several rewards bestowed upon her governor was the captain-generalship of Louisiana and West Florida. He, however, sailed from St. Domingo to take part in an expedition against the Bahamas, leaving Colonel Miro to govern *ad interim*, and never resumed the governor's chair in Louisiana. In 1785, the captain-generalship of Cuba was given him in addition, and later in the same year, he laid down these offices to succeed his father, at his death, as Viceroy of Mexico. He ruled in this office with great

credit, as well as pomp, and died suddenly, in his thirty-eighth year, from the fatigues of a hunt.

Such is a brief summary—too brief for full justice—of the achievements of the Creoles under a gallant Spanish soldier in aid of the war for American independence. Undoubtedly the motive of Spain was more conspicuously and exclusively selfish than the aid furnished by the French; yet a greater credit is due than is popularly accorded to the help afforded in the brilliant exploits of Galvez, discouraged at first by a timid cabildo, but supported initially, finally, and in the beginning mainly, by the Creoles of the Mississippi Delta. The fact is equally true, though much overlooked even in New Orleans, that while Andrew Jackson was yet a child the city of the Creoles had a deliverer from British conquest in Bernardo de Galvez, by whom the way was kept open for the United States to stretch to the Gulf and to the Pacific.



## DAKOTA.

AGAINST the cold, clear sky a smoke  
 Curls like some column to its dome.  
 An ax with far, faint, boyish stroke,  
 Rings feebly from a snowy home.  
 "Oh, father, come! The flame burns low.  
 We freeze in this vast field of snow."

But far away, and long, and vain,  
 Two horses plunge with snow to breast.  
 The weary father drops the rein,—  
 He rests in the eternal rest;  
 And high against the blue profound  
 A dark bird circles round and round.

*Joaquin Miller.*



## SONGS.

### THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

THE songs of Nature never cease,  
Her players sue not for release.  
In nearer fields, on hills afar,  
Attendant her musicians are ;  
For aye, from brook or hedge or tree,  
Is borne some gentle melody.  
The dearer voices never die,—  
A song to soothe is ever nigh :  
The very air is music blent,  
An universal instrument.  
With myriad harmonies alive,  
The loves of Nature aye survive ;  
Beneath the voice of brook or bird,  
There is another nigh unheard.  
Does sound a moment drop the strain,  
Then silence takes it up again,  
Still sweeter,—as a memory  
Is sweeter than the things that be.  
Pleased Nature's heart is always young,  
Her golden harp is ever strung ;  
Singing and playing, day to day,  
She passes happy on her way.

### SONG OF THE SLEEPERS.

THE mold is our mother ;  
She trusteth no other.  
Sweet life must lay down  
Her robe and her crown ;  
There's naught that can keep  
The fairest from sleep ;  
His labors shall close,  
And the toiler repose.

The mold is our mother ;  
We have no other.  
All lips shall be sealed,  
And the old hurts healed ;  
On the mother's breast  
Shall her children rest.

As the day is bright,  
So dark is the night,—  
A glowing, a gloom ;  
The cradle, the tomb ;  
'Tis to come and go  
Like the summer, the snow ;  
Remembered, forgot,  
We are—and are not.

The mold is our mother,  
More kind than another :  
With the gift of years  
For smiling and tears,  
Is a better, she saith,—  
The blessing of death.

Set the font by the urn ;  
For the given return.  
No joy or sorrow  
Is sure of the morrow ;  
The fairest we know,  
Hath her bed below,  
And the daughter of care  
Findeth quiet there.

We may laugh or may weep,  
We have waked and must sleep ;  
The young and the old,  
In the mother-mold,  
The blamed and the blest  
On the mother-breast.

### RAIN-DROPS.

FIRST drops of rain  
Against my window-pane,  
I hasten, little hearts of air,  
To meet you, beating, beating there.  
Look not so timid through,—  
The world's at home to you.  
The leaves in languor close,  
And waiting is the rose.  
Rose and lily-cup,—  
Fill each chalice up.  
Soft the passions of the sky  
In the breasts of blossoms lie.

### "I NEED NOT HEAR."

I NEED not hear each night-wind loud  
Go moaning down the wold,  
I need not lift each bleachen shroud  
From bodies white and cold.

Call not, O naked, wailing Fall,  
O man's unhappy race !  
One drifting leaflet tells me all,  
'Tis all in one pale face.

*John Vance Cheney.*



## THE SPECTRAL MORTGAGE.

TOWARD the close of a beautiful afternoon in early summer I stood on the piazza of the spacious country-house which was my home. I had just dined, and I gazed, with a peculiar comfort and delight, upon the wide-spreading lawn and the orchards and groves beyond; and then, walking to the other end of the piazza, I looked out toward the broad pastures, from which a fine drove of cattle were leisurely coming home to be milked, and toward the fields of grain, whose green was beginning already to be touched with yellow. Involuntarily (for, on principle, I was opposed to such feelings) a pleasant sense of possession came over me. It could not be long before all this would virtually be mine.

About two years before, I had married the niece of John Hinckman, the owner of this fine estate. He was very old, and could not be expected to survive much longer, and had willed the property, without reserve, to my wife. This, in brief, was the cause of my present sense of prospective possession, and although, as I said, I was principled against the voluntary encouragement of such a sentiment, I could not blame myself if the feeling occasionally arose within me. I had not married my wife for her uncle's money. Indeed, we had both expected that the marriage would result in her being entirely disinherited. His niece was John Hinckman's housekeeper and sole prop and comfort, and if she left him for me she expected no kindness at his hands. But she had not left him. To our surprise, her uncle invited us to live with him, and our relations with him became more and more amicable and pleasant, and Mr. Hinckman had, of late, frequently expressed to me his great satisfaction that I had proved to be a man after his own heart; that I took an interest in flocks and herds and crops; that I showed a talent for such pursuits, and that I would continue to give, when he was gone, the same care and attention to the place which it had been so long his greatest pleasure to bestow. He was old and ill now, and tired of it all, and the fact that I had not proved to be, as he had formerly supposed me, a mere city gentleman, was a great comfort to his declining days. We were deeply grieved to think that the old man must soon die. We would gladly have kept him with us for years; but, if he must go, it was pleasant to know that he and ourselves were so well

satisfied with the arrangements that had been made. Think me not cold and heartless, high-minded reader. For a few moments put yourself in my place.

But had you, at that time, put yourself in my place on that pleasant piazza, I do not believe you would have cared to stay there long; for, as I stood gazing over the fields, I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I cannot say that I was actually touched, but I experienced a feeling which indicated that the individual who had apparently touched me would have done so had he been able. I instantly turned, and saw, standing beside me, a tall figure in the uniform of a Russian officer. I started back but made no sound. I knew what the figure was. It was a specter—a veritable ghost.

Some years before this place had been haunted. I knew this well, for I had seen the ghost myself. But before my marriage the specter had disappeared, and had not been seen since; and I must admit that my satisfaction, when thinking of this estate, without mortgage or incumbrance, was much increased by the thought that even the ghost, who used to haunt the house, had now departed.

But here he was again. Although in different form and guise, I knew him. It was the same ghost.

"Do you remember me?" said the figure.

"Yes," I answered, "I remember you in the form in which you appeared to me some time ago. Although your aspect is entirely changed, I feel you to be the same ghost that I have met before."

"You are right," said the specter. "I am glad to see you looking so well, and apparently happy. But John Hinckman, I understand, is in a very low state of health."

"Yes," I said, "he is very old and ill. But I hope," I continued, as a cloud of anxiety began to rise within me, "that his expected decease has no connection with any prospects or plans of your own."

"No," said the ghost. "I am perfectly satisfied with my present position. I am off duty during the day, and the difference in time between this country and Russia gives me opportunities of being here in your early evening, and of visiting scenes and localities which are very familiar and agreeable to me."

"Which fact, perhaps, you had counted upon when you first put this uniform on," I remarked.



The ghost smiled.

"I must admit, however," he said, "that I am seeking this position for a friend of mine, and I have reason to believe that he will obtain it."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that this house is to be haunted by a ghost as soon as the old gentleman expires? Why should this family be tormented in such a horrible way? Everybody who dies does not have a ghost walking about his house."

"Oh, no," said the specter. "There are thousands of positions of the kind which are never applied for; but the ghostship here is a very desirable one, and there are many applicants for it. I think you will like my friend, if he gets it."

"Like him!" I groaned.

The idea was horrible to me.

The ghost evidently perceived how deeply I was affected by what he had said, for there was a compassionate expression on his countenance. As I looked at him an idea struck me. If I were to have any ghost at all about the house, I would prefer this one. Could there be such things as duplex ghostships? Since it was day here when it was night in Russia, why could not this specter serve in both places? It was common enough for a person to fill two situations. The notion seemed feasible to me, and I broached it.

"Thank you," said the ghost. "But the matter cannot be arranged in that way. Night and day are not suitably divided between here and Russia; and, besides, it is necessary for the incumbent of this place to be on duty at all hours. You remember that I came to you by day as well as at night?"

Oh, yes; I remembered that. It was additionally unfortunate that the ghostship here should not be one of the limited kind.

"Why is it," I asked, "that a man's own spirit does not attend to these matters? I always thought that was the way the thing was managed."

The ghost shook his head.

"Consider for a moment," he replied, "what chance a man's own spirit, without experience and without influence, would have in a crowd of importunate applicants, versed in all the arts, and backed by the influence necessary in such a contest. Of course there are cases in which a person becomes his own ghost, but this is because the position is undesirable, and there is no competition."

"And this new-comer," I exclaimed, in much trouble, "will he take the form of Mr. Hinckman? If my wife should see such an apparition it would kill her."

"The ghost who will haunt this place," said my companion, "will not appear in the form of John Hinckman. I am glad that is so,

if it will please you; for you are the only man with whom I have ever held such unrestrained and pleasant intercourse. Good-bye."

And with these words no figure of a Russian officer stood before me.

For some minutes I remained motionless, with downcast eyes, a very different man from the one who had just gazed out with such delight over the beautiful landscape. A shadow, not that of night, had fallen over everything. This fine estate was not to come to us clear and unencumbered, as we thought. It was to be saddled with a horrible lien, a spectral mortgage.

Madeline had gone upstairs with Pegram. Pegram was our baby. I disliked his appellation with all my heart, but Pegram was a family name on Madeline's side of the house, and she insisted that our babe should bear it. Madeline was very much wrapped up in Pegram, often I thought too much so, for there were many times when I should have been very glad of my wife's society, but was obliged to do without it because she was entirely occupied with Pegram. To be sure, my wife's sister was with us, and there was a child's nurse; but, for all that, Madeline was so completely Pegramized, that a great many of the hours which I, in my anticipations of matrimonial felicity, had imagined would be passed in the company of my wife, were spent alone, or with the old gentleman, or Belle.

Belle was a fine girl; to me not so charming and attractive as her sister, but perhaps equally so to some other persons, certainly to one. This was Will Crenshaw, an old school-fellow of mine, then a civil engineer, in South America. Will was the declared suitor of Belle, although she had never formally accepted him, but Madeline and myself both strongly favored the match, and felt very anxious that she should do so, and indeed were quite certain that when Will should return everything would be made all right. The young engineer was a capital fellow, had excellent prospects, and was my best friend. It was our plan that after their marriage the youthful couple should live with us. This, of course, would be delightful to both Belle and her sister, and I could desire no better companion than Will. He was not to go to distant countries any more, and who could imagine a pleasanter home than ours would be.

And now here was this dreadful prospect of a household ghost!

A week or so passed by, and John Hinckman was no more. Everything was done for him that respect and affection could dictate, and no one mourned his death more heartily than I. If I could have had my way he would have lived as long as I, myself, remained upon this earth.



When everything about the house had settled down into its accustomed quiet, I began to look out for the coming of the expected ghost. I felt sure that I would be the one to whom he would make his appearance, and with my regret and annoyance at his expected coming was mingled a feeling of curiosity to know in what form he would appear. He was not to come as John Hinckman—that was the only bit of comfort in the whole affair.

But several weeks passed, and I saw no ghost, and I began to think that perhaps the aversion I had shown to having such an inmate of my household had had its effect, and I was to be spared the infliction. And now another subject occupied my thoughts. It was summer, the afternoons were pleasant, and on one of them I asked Belle to take a walk with me. I would have preferred Madeline, but she had excused herself as she was very busy making what I presumed to be an altar cloth for Pegram. It turned out to be an afghan for his baby carriage, but the effect was the same: she could not go. When I could not have Madeline I liked very well to walk with Belle. She was a pleasant girl, and in these walks I always talked to her of Crenshaw. My desire that she should marry my friend grew stronger daily. But this afternoon Belle hesitated, and looked a little confused.

"I am not sure that I shall walk to-day."

"But you have your hat on," I urged, "I supposed you had made ready for a walk."

"No," said she, "I thought I would go somewhere with my book."

"You haven't a book," I said, looking at her hands, one of which held a parasol.

"You are dreadfully exact," she replied, with a little laugh, "I am going into the library to get one." And away she ran.

There was something about this I did not like. I firmly believed she had come downstairs prepared to take a walk. But she did not want me; that was evident enough. I went off for a long walk, and when I returned supper was ready, but Belle had not appeared.

"She has gone off somewhere with a book," I said. "I'll go and look for her."

I walked down to the bosky grove at the foot of the lawn, and passed through it without seeing any signs of Belle. Soon, however, I caught sight of her light dress in an open space a little distance beyond me. Stepping forward a few paces I had a full view of her, and my astonishment can be imagined when I saw that she was standing in the shade of a tree talking to a young man. His back was turned toward me, but I could see from his figure and general air that he was young. His hat was a little on one side, in his hand he carried a short whip,

and he wore a pair of riding boots. He and Belle were engaged in very earnest conversation, and did not perceive me. I was not only surprised but shocked at the sight. I was quite certain Belle had come here to meet this young man, who, to me, was a total stranger. I did not wish Belle to know that I had seen her with him, and so I stepped back out of their sight, and began to call her. It was not long before I saw her coming toward me, and, as I expected, alone.

"Indeed," she cried, looking at her watch, "I did not know it was so late."

"Have you had a pleasant time with your book?" I asked, as we walked homeward.

"I wasn't reading all the time," she answered.

I asked her no more questions. It was not for me to begin an inquisition into this matter. But that night I told Madeline all about it. The news troubled her much, and like myself she was greatly grieved at Belle's evident desire to deceive us. When there was a necessity for it my wife could completely de-Pegramize herself, and enter with quick and judicious action into the affairs of others.

"I will go with her to-morrow," she said. "If this person comes, I do not intend that she shall meet him alone."

The next afternoon Belle started out again with her book, but she had gone but a few steps when she was joined by Madeline, with hat and parasol, and together they walked into the bosky grove. They returned in very good time for supper, and as we went in to that meal, Madeline whispered to me:

"There was nobody there."

"And did she say nothing to you of the young man with whom she was talking yesterday?" I asked, when we were alone some hours later.

"Not a word," she said, "though I gave her every opportunity. I wonder if you could have been mistaken."

"I am sure I was not," I replied. "I saw the man as plainly as I see you."

"Then Belle is treating us very badly," she said. "If she desires the company of young men let her say so, and we will invite them to the house."

I did not altogether agree with this latter remark. I did not care to have Belle know young men. I wanted her to marry Will Crenshaw, and be done with it. But we both agreed not to speak to the young lady on the subject. It was not for us to pry into her secrets, and if anything was to be said she should say it.

Every afternoon Belle went away, as before, with her book, but we did not accompany her, nor allude to her newly acquired love for solitary walks and studies. One



afternoon we had callers, and she could not go. That night, after I had gone to sleep, Madeline awoke me with a little shake.

"Listen," she whispered. "Whom is Belle talking to?"

The night was warm, and all our doors and windows were open. Belle's chamber was not far from ours, and we could distinctly hear her speaking in a low tone. She was evidently holding a conversation with some one whose voice we could not hear.

"I'll go in," said Madeline, rising, "and see about this."

"No, no," I whispered. "She is talking to some one outside. Let me go down and speak to him."

I slipped on some clothes and stole quietly down the stairs. I unfastened the back door and went round to the side on which Belle's window opened. No sooner had I reached the corner than I saw, directly under the window, and looking upward, his hat cocked a good deal on one side, and his riding whip in his hand, the jaunty young fellow with whom I had seen Belle talking.

"Hello!" I cried, and rushed toward him. At the sound of my voice he turned to me, and I saw his face distinctly. He was young and handsome. There was a sort of half laugh on his countenance, as if he had just been saying something very witty. But he did not wait to finish his remark or to speak to me. There was a large evergreen near him, and, stepping quickly behind it, he was lost to my view. I ran around the bush, but could see nothing of him. There was a good deal of shrubbery hereabouts, and he was easily able to get away unobserved. I continued the search for about ten minutes, and then, quite sure that the fellow had got away, I returned to the house. Madeline had lighted a lamp, and was calling down-stairs to ask if I had found the man; some of the servants were up, and anxious to know what had happened; Pegram was crying; but in Belle's room all was quiet. Madeline looked in at the open door, and saw her lying quietly in her bed. No word was spoken, and my wife returned to our room, where we discussed the affair for a long time.

In the morning I determined to give Belle a chance to speak, and at the breakfast-table I said to her:

"I suppose you heard the disturbance last night?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "Did you catch the man?"

"No," I answered, with considerable irritation, "but I wish I had."

"What would you have done if you had caught him?" she asked, as with unusual

slowness and deliberation she poured some cream upon her oat-meal.

"Done!" I exclaimed, "I don't know what I would have done. But one thing is certain, I would have made him understand that I would have no strangers prowling around my house at night."

Belle colored a little at the last part of this remark, but she made no answer, and the subject was dropped.

This conversation greatly pained both Madeline and myself. It made it quite clear to us that Belle was aware that we knew of her acquaintance with this young man, and that she still determined to say nothing to us either in the way of confidence or excuse. She had treated us badly, and we could not help showing it. On her side Belle was very quiet, and entirely different from the gay girl she had been some time before.

I urged Madeline to go to Belle and speak to her as a sister, but she declined. "No," she said, "I know Belle's spirit, and there would be trouble. If there is to be a quarrel I shall not begin it."

I was determined to end this unpleasant feeling, which, to me, was almost as bad as a quarrel. If the thing were possible I would put an end to the young man's visits. I could never have the same opinion of Belle I had had before, but if this impudent fellow could be kept away, and Will Crenshaw should come back and attend to his business as an earnest suitor ought, all might yet be well.

And now, strange to say, I began to long for the ghost, whose coming had been promised. I had been considering what means I should take to keep Belle's clandestine visitor away, and had found the question rather a difficult one to settle. I could not shoot the man, and it would indeed be difficult to prevent the meeting of two young persons over whom I had no actual control. But I happened to think that if I could get the aid of the expected ghost the matter would be easy. If it should be as accommodating and obliging as the one who had haunted the house before, it would readily agree to forward the fortunes of the family by assisting in breaking up this unfortunate connection. If it would consent to be present at their interviews the affair was settled. I knew from personal experience that love-making in the presence of a ghost was extremely unpleasant, and in this case I believed it would be impossible.

Every night, after the rest of the household had gone to bed, I wandered about the grounds, examining the porches and the balconies, looking up to the chimneys and the ornaments on top of the house, hoping to see that phantom, whose coming I had, a short



time before, anticipated with such dissatisfaction and repugnance. If I could even again meet the one who was now serving in Russia, I thought it would answer my purpose as well.

On the third or fourth night after I had begun my nocturnal rounds, I encountered, on a path not very far from the house, the young fellow who had given us so much trouble. My indignation at his impudent reappearance knew no bounds. The moon was somewhat obscured by fleecy clouds, but I could see that he wore the same jaunty air, his hat was cocked a little more on one side, he stood with his feet quite wide apart, and in his hands, clasped behind him, he held his riding whip. I stepped quickly toward him.

"Well, sir!" I exclaimed.

He did not seem at all startled.

"How d'ye do?" he said, with a little nod.

"How dare you, sir," I cried, "intrude yourself on my premises? This is the second time I have found you here, and now I want you to understand that you are to get away from here just as fast as you can; and if you are ever caught again anywhere on this estate, I'll have you treated as a trespasser."

"Indeed," said he, "I would be sorry to put you to so much trouble. And now let me say that I have tried to keep out of your way, but since you have proved so determined to make my acquaintance I thought I might as well come forward and do the sociable."

"None of your impertinence," I cried. "What brings you here, anyway?"

"Well," said he, with a little laugh, "if you want to know I don't mind telling you I came to see Miss Belle."

"You confounded rascal!" I cried, raising my heavy stick. "Get out of my sight, or I will break your head!"

"All right," said he, "break away!"

And drawing himself up he gave his right boot a slap with his whip.

The whip went entirely through both legs! It was the ghost!

Utterly astounded I started back, and sat down upon a raised flower-bed, against which I had stumbled. I had no strength, nor power to speak. I had seen a ghost before, but I was entirely overcome by this amazing development.

"And now I suppose you know who I am," said the specter, approaching, and standing in front of me. "The one who was here before told me that your lady didn't fancy ghosts, and that I had better keep out of sight of both of you; but he didn't say anything about Miss Belle; and by George! sir, it wouldn't have mattered if he had; for if it hadn't been for that charming young lady I shouldn't have been here at all. I am the ghost of Buck Edwards, who was pretty well known

in the lower part of this county about seventy years ago. I always had a great eye for the ladies, sir, and when I got a chance to court one I didn't miss it. I did too much courting, however, for I roused up a jealous fellow, named Ruggles, and he shot me in a duel early one September morning. Since then I have haunted, from time to time, more than a dozen houses where there were pretty girls."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, now finding strength, "that a spirit would care to come back to this earth to court a girl?"

"Why, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed the phantom of Buck Edwards. "Do you suppose that only old misers and love-lorn maidens want to come back and have a good time? No, sir! Every one of us, who is worth anything, comes if he can get a chance. By George, sir! do you know I courted Miss Belle's grandmother? And a couple of gay young ones we were too! Nobody ever knew anything of it, and that made it all the livelier."

"Do you intend to stay here and pay attention to my sister-in-law?" I asked, anxiously.

"Certainly I do," was the reply. "Didn't I say that is what I came for?"

"Don't you see the mischief you will do?" I asked. "You will probably break off a match between her and a most excellent gentleman whom we all desire——"

"Break off a match!" exclaimed the ghost of Buck Edwards, with a satisfied grin. "How many matches I have broken off! The last thing I ever did, before I went away, was of that sort. She wouldn't marry the gentleman who shot me." There was evidently no conscience to this specter.

"And if you do not care for that," I said, in considerable anger, "I can tell you that you are causing ill-feeling between the young lady and the best friends she has in the world, which may end very disastrously."

"Now, look here, my man," said the ghost; "if you and your wife are really her friends you won't act like fools and make trouble."

I made no answer to this remark, but asserted, with much warmth, that I intended to tell Miss Belle exactly what he was, and so break off the engagement at once.

"If you tell her that she's been walking and talking with the ghost of the fellow who courted her grandmother,—I reckon she could find some of my letters now among the old lady's papers, if she looked for them,—you'd frighten the wits out of her. She'd go crazy. I know girls' natures, sir."

So do I, I groaned.

"Don't get excited," he said. "Let the girl alone, and everything will be comfortable and pleasant. Good-night."

I went to bed, but not to sleep. Here was



a terrible situation. A sister-in-law courted by a ghost! Was ever a man called upon to sustain such a trial! And I must sustain it alone. There was no one with whom I could share the secret.

Several times after this I saw this baleful specter of a young buck of the olden time. He would nod to me with a jocular air, but I did not care to speak to him. One afternoon I went into the house to look for my wife, and, very naturally, I entered the room where Pegram lay in his little bed. The child was asleep, and no one was with him. I stood and gazed contemplatively upon my son. He was a handsome child, and apparently full of noble instincts, and yet I could not help wishing that he were older, or that in some way his conditions were such that it should not be necessary, figuratively speaking, that his mother should continually hover about him. If she could be content with a little less of Pegram and a little more of me, my anticipations of a matrimonial career would be more fully realized.

As these thoughts were passing through my mind I raised my eyes, and on the other side of the little bedstead I saw the wretched ghost of Buck Edwards.

"Fine boy," he said.

My indignation at seeing this impudent existence within the most sacred precincts of my house was boundless.

"You vile interloper!" I cried.

At this moment Madeline entered the room. Pale and stern, she walked directly to the crib and took up the child. Then she turned to me and said:

"I was standing in the door-way, and saw you looking at my babe. I heard what you said to him. I have suspected it before." And then, with Pegram in her arms, she strode out of the room.

The ghost had vanished, as Madeline entered. Filled with rage and bitterness, for my wife had never spoken to me in these tones before, I ran down-stairs and rushed out of the house. I walked long and far, my mind filled with doleful thoughts. When I returned to the house, I found a note from my wife. It ran thus:

"I have gone to Aunt Hannah's with Pegram, and have taken Belle. I cannot live with one who considers my child a vile interloper."

As I sat down in my misery, there was one little spark of comfort amid the gloom. She had taken Belle. My first impulse was to follow into the city and explain everything, but I quickly reflected that if I did this I must tell her of the ghost, and I felt certain that she would never return with Pegram to a haunted house. Must I, in order to regain my wife, give

up this beautiful home? For two days I racked my brains and wandered gloomily about.

In one of my dreary rambles I encountered the ghost. "What are you doing here?" I cried. "Miss Belle has gone."

"I know that," the specter answered, his air expressing all his usual impertinence and swagger, "but she'll come back. When your wife returns, she's bound to bring young Miss."

At this, a thought flashed through my mind. If any good would come of it, Belle should never return. Whatever else happened, this insolent ghost of a gay young buck should have no excuse for haunting my house.

"She will never come back while you are here," I cried.

"I don't believe it," it coolly answered.

I made no further assertions on the subject. I had determined what to do, and it was of no use to be angry with a vamping creature like this. But I might as well get some information out of him.

"Tell me this," I asked; "if, for any reason, you should leave this place and throw up your situation, so to speak, would you have a successor?"

"You needn't think I am going," it said contemptuously. "None of your little tricks on me. But I'll just tell you, for your satisfaction, that if I should take it into my head to cut the place, there would be another ghost here in no time."

"What is it," I cried, stamping my foot, "that causes this house to be so haunted by ghosts, when there are hundreds and thousands of places where such apparitions are never seen?"

"Old fellow," said the specter folding its arms, and looking at me with half-shut eyes, "it isn't the house that draws the ghosts, it is somebody in it; and as long as you are here the place will be haunted. But you needn't mind that. Some houses have rats, some have fever-and-ague, and some have ghosts. *Au revoir.*" And I was alone.

So then the spectral mortgage could never be lifted. With heavy heart and feet I passed through the bosky grove to my once happy home.

I had not been there half an hour when Belle arrived. She had come by the morning train, and had nothing with her but a little hand-bag. I looked at her in astonishment.

"Infatuated girl," I cried, "could you not stay away from here three days?"

"I am glad you said that," she answered, taking a seat, "for now I think I am right in suspecting what was on your mind. I ran away from Madeline to see if I could find out what was at the bottom of this dreadful trouble between you. She told me what you



said, and I don't believe you ever used those words to Pegram. And now I want to ask you one question. Had I, in any way, anything to do with this?"

"No," said I, "not directly." And then emboldened by circumstances, I added: "But that secret visitor or friend of yours had much to do with it."

"I thought that might be so," she answered, "and now, George, I want to tell you something, I am afraid it will shock you very much."

"I have had so much to shock me lately that I can stand almost anything now."

"Well then, it is this," she said. "That person whom I saw sometimes, and whom you once found under my window, is a ghost."

"Did you know that?" I cried. "I knew it was a ghost, but did not imagine that you had any suspicion of it."

"Why, yes," she answered, "I saw through him almost from the very first. I was a good deal startled, and a little frightened when I found it out, but I soon felt that this ghost couldn't do me any harm, and you don't know how amusing it was. I always had a fancy for ghosts, but I never expected to meet with one like this."

"And so you knew all the time it wasn't a real man," I exclaimed, still filled with astonishment at what I had heard.

"A real man!" cried Belle, with considerable contempt in her tones. "Do you suppose I would become acquainted in that way with a real man, and let him come under my window and talk to me? I was determined not to tell any of you about it, for I knew you wouldn't approve of it, and would break up the fun some way. Now I wish most heartily that I had spoken of it."

"Yes," I answered, "it might have saved much trouble."

"But, oh! George," she continued, "you've no idea how funny it was! Such a ridiculous, self-conceited, old-fashioned ghost of a beau!"

"Yes," said I, "when it was alive it courted your grandmother."

"The impudence!" exclaimed Belle. "And to think that it supposed that I imagined it to be a real man! Why, one day, when it was talking to me it stepped back into a rose bush and it stood there ever so long, all mixed up with the roses and leaves."

"And you knew it all the time?"

These words were spoken in a hollow voice by some one near us. Turning quickly, we saw the ghost of Buck Edwards; but no longer the jaunty specter we had seen before. His hat was on the back of his head, his knees were turned inward, his shoulders

drooped, his head hung, and his arms dangled limp at his sides.

"Yes," said Belle, "I knew it all the time."

The ghost looked at her with a faded, misty eye; and then, instead of vanishing briskly as was his wont, he began slowly and irresolutely to disappear. First his body faded from view, then his head, leaving his hat and boots. These gradually vanished, and the last thing we saw of the once Buck Edwards was a dissolving view of the tip-end of a limp and drooping riding whip.

"He is gone," said Belle. "We'll never see him again."

"Yes," said I, "he is gone. I think your discovery of his real nature has completely broken up that proud spirit. And now, what is to be done about Madeline?"

"Wasn't it the ghost you called an interloper?" asked Belle.

"Certainly it was," I replied.

"Well, then, go and tell her so," said Belle.

"About the ghost and all!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly," said she.

And together we went to Madeline, and I told her all. I found her with her anger gone, and steeped in misery. When I had finished, all Pegramed as she was, she plunged into my arms. I pressed my wife and child closely to my bosom, and we wept with joy.

When Will Crenshaw came home and was told this story, he said it didn't trouble him a bit.

"I'm not afraid of a rival like that," he remarked. "Such a suitor wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance."

"But I can tell you," said Madeline, "that you had better be up and doing on your own account. A girl like Belle needn't be expected to depend on the chance of a ghost."

Crenshaw heeded her words, and the young couple were married in the fall. The wedding took place in the little church near our house. It was a quiet marriage, and was attended by a strictly family party. At the conclusion of the ceremonies I felt, or saw, for I am sure I did not hear—a little sigh quite near me.

I turned, and sitting on the chancel-steps I saw the specter of Buck Edwards. His head was bowed, and his hands, holding his hat and riding-whip, rested carelessly on his knees.

"Bedad, sir!" he exclaimed, "to think of it! If I hadn't cut up as I did I might have married, and have been that girl's grandfather!"

The idea made me smile.

"It can't be remedied now," I answered.

"Such a remark to make at a wedding!" said Madeline, giving me a punch with her reproachful elbow.



## THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. MERRIAM saw faint traces of tears in Mrs. Sylvestre's eyes when she returned from her call on the Bosworths, and speculated, with some wonder, as to what her exact mental condition was, but asked very few questions, feeling that, upon the whole, she would prefer to hear the version of the story given to Mr. Arbuthnot when he called. He did so the following evening, and, having seen the Bosworths in the interval, had comments of his own to make.

"It was very good in you to call so soon," he said to Agnes.

"I wished very much to call," she replied. "I could not have waited longer."

"You left a transcendent impression," said Arbuthnot. "Tom was very enthusiastic, and Kitty feels that all their troubles are things of the past."

"They talked to me a great deal of you," said Agnes. "I felt after hearing them that I had not known you very well—and wished that I had known you better."

She said it with a sweet gravity which he found strangely disturbing; but his reply did not commit him to any special feeling.

"They will prove fatal to me, I see," he said. "Don't allow them to prejudice you against me in that manner."

"I wish," she said, "that my friends might be prejudiced against me in the same way."

Then he revealed a touch of earnestness in spite of himself. They had both been standing upon the hearth, and he took a step toward her.

"For pity's sake," he said, "don't overrate me! Women are always too generous. Don't you see you will find me out, and then it will be worse for me than before."

She stood in one of her perfect, motionless attitudes, and looked down at the rug.

"I wish to find you out," she said, slowly. "I have done you injustice."

And then she turned away and walked across the room to a table where there were some books, and when she returned she brought one of them with her and began to speak of it. He always felt afterward that the memory

of this "injustice," as she called it, was constantly before her, and he would have been more than human if he had not frequently wondered what it was. He could not help feeling that it had taken a definite form, and that she had been betrayed into it on the evening he had first spoken to her of the Bosworths, and that somehow his story had saved him in her eyes. But he naturally forbore to ask questions or even touch upon the subject, and thanked the gods for the good which befell him as a result of the evil he had escaped. And yet, as the time passed by, and he went oftener to the house and found keener pleasure in each visit, he had his seasons of fearing that it was not all going to be gain for him; when he faced the truth, indeed, he knew that it was not all gain, and yet he was not stoic enough to turn his back and fly.

"It will cost!" he said to himself. "It will cost! But——"

And then he would set his lips together and be silent for an hour or so, and those of his acquaintance who demanded constant vivacity from him began to wonder among themselves if he was quite the fellow he had been. If the friendship was pleasant during the season, it was pleasanter when the gayeties ceased and the spring set in, with warmer air and sunshine, and leaves and blossoms in the parks. There was a softness in the atmosphere not conducive to sternness of purpose and self-denial. As he walked to and from his office, he found his thoughts wandering in paths he felt were dangerous, and once unexpectedly meeting Mrs. Sylvestre, when so indulging himself, he started and gained such sudden color that she flushed also, and, having stopped to speak to him, forgot what she had intended to say, and was a little angry, both with herself and him, when a confusing pause followed their greeting.

Their interest in the Bosworths was a tie between them which gave them much in common. Agnes went to see them often, and took charge of Kitty, watching over and caring for her in a tender, half-maternal fashion. Arbuthnot took private pleasure in contemplating. He liked to hear Kitty talk about



her, and, indeed, had on more than one occasion led her with some dexterity into doing so. It was through Kitty, at last, that his mystery was solved for him.

This happened in the spring. There had been several warm days, one so unusually warm, at last, that in the evening Mrs. Sylvestre accepted his invitation to spend an hour or so on the river with him. On their way there they stopped to leave a basket of fruit for Tom, whose condition was far from being what they had hoped for, and while making their call Kitty made a remark which caused Arbuthnot's pulse to accelerate its pace somewhat.

"When you saw me crying on the street that night ——" she began, addressing Agnes. Arbuthnot turned upon her quickly.

"What night?" he asked.

"The night you took me into Lafayette Square," said Kitty; "Mrs. Sylvestre saw me, though I did not know it until yesterday. She was going to call on Mrs. Amory, and ——"

Arbuthnot looked at Agnes; he could not have forbore, whatever the look had cost him. The color came into her cheek and died out.

"Did you?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered, and rose and walked to the window, and stood there perfectly still.

Arbuthnot did not hear the remainder of Kitty's remarks. He replied to them blindly, and as soon as possible left his chair and went to the window himself.

"If you are ready, perhaps we had better go," he said.

They went out of the room and down the stairs in silence. He wanted to give himself time to collect his thoughts, and get the upper hand of a frantic feeling of passionate anger which had taken possession of him. If he had spoken he might have said something savage, which he would have repented afterward in sackcloth and ashes. His sense of the injustice he had suffered, however momentary, at the hands of this woman whose opinion he cared for, was natural, masculine, and fierce. He saw everything in a flash, and for a moment or so forgot all else in his bitterness of spirit. But his usual coolness came to the rescue when this moment was past, and he began to treat himself scornfully as was his custom. There was no reason why she should not think ill of him, circumstances evidently having been against him, he said to himself; she knew nothing specially good of him; she had all grounds for regarding him as a creature with neither soul nor purpose nor particularly fixed principles, and with no other object in life than the gratification of his

fancies; why should she believe in him against a rather black array in the form of facts. It was not agreeable, but why blame her? He would not blame her or indulge in any such personal folly. Then he glanced at her and saw that the color had not come back to her face. When he roused himself to utter a civil commonplace remark or so, there was the sound of fatigue in her voice when she answered him, and it was very low. She did not seem inclined to talk, and he had the consideration to leave her to herself as much as possible until they reached the boat-house. He arranged her cushions and wraps in the boat with care and dexterity, and, when he took the oars, felt that he had himself pretty well in hand. The river was very quiet, and the last glow of sunset red was slowly changing to twilight purple on the water; a sickle-shaped moon hung in the sky, and somewhere farther up the shore a night bird was uttering brief, plaintive cries. Agnes sat at the end of the boat, with her face a little turned away, as if she were listening to the sound. Arbuthnot wondered if she was, and thought again that she looked tired and a little pathetic. If he had known all her thoughts he would have felt the pathos in her eyes a thousand times more keenly.

She had a white hyacinth in her hand, whose odor seemed to reach him more powerfully at each stroke of the oars, and at last she turned and spoke, looking down at the flower.

"The saddest things that are left to one of a bitter experience," she said, in a low voice, "are the knowledge and distrust that come of it."

"They are very natural results," he replied, briefly.

"Oh, they are very hard!" she exclaimed. "They are very hard! They leave a stain on all one's life, and—and it can never be wiped away. Sometimes I think it is impossible to be generous—to be kind—to trust at all——"

Her voice broke; she put her hands up before her face, and he saw her tremble.

"One may have been innocent," she said, "and have believed—and thought no evil—but after one has been so stained——"

He stopped rowing.

"There is no stain," he said. "Don't call it one."

"It must be one," she said, "when one sees evil—and is suspicious and on the alert to discover wrong. But it brings suffering, as if it were a punishment. I have suffered."

He paused a second and answered, looking backward over his shoulder.

"So did I—for a moment," he said. "But it is over now. Don't think of me."



"I must think of you," she said. "How could I help it?"

She turned a little more toward him and leaned forward, the most exquisite appeal in her delicate face, the most exquisite pathos in her unsteady voice.

"If I ask you to forgive me," she said, "you will only say that I was forgiven before I asked. I know that. I wish I could say something else. I wish—I wish I knew what to do."

He looked up the river and down, and then suddenly at her. The set, miserable expression of his face startled her and caused her to make an involuntary movement.

"Don't do anything—don't say anything!" he said. "I can bear it better."

And he bent himself to his oars and rowed furiously.

She drew back and turned her face aside. Abrupt as the words were, there was no rebuff in them; but there was something else which silenced her effectually. She was glad of the faint light, and her heart quickened, which last demonstration did not please her. She had been calm too long to enjoy any new feeling of excitement; she had liked the calmness, and had desired beyond all things that it should remain undisturbed.

"There is one prayer I pray every morning," she had once said to Bertha, earnestly. "It is that the day may bring nothing to change the tone of my life."

She had felt a little ripple in the current ever since the eventful night, and had regretted it sorely, and now, just for the moment, it was something stronger. So she was very still as she sat with averted face, and the hour spent upon the water was a singularly silent one.

When they returned home they found Colonel Tredennis with Mrs. Merriam, but just on the point of leaving her.

"I am going to see Amory," he said. "I have heard some news he will consider bad. The Westoria affair has been laid aside, and will not be acted upon this session, if at all. It is said that Blundel heard something he did not like, and interfered."

"And you think Mr. Amory will be very much disappointed?" said Agnes.

"I am afraid so," answered Tredennis.

"And yet," said Agnes, "it isn't easy to see why it should be of so much importance to him."

"He has become interested in it," said Mrs. Merriam. "That is the expression, isn't it? It is my opinion that it would be better for him if he were less so. I have seen that kind of thing before. It is like being bitten by a tarantula."

She was not favorably inclined toward Richard. His sparkling moods did not exhilarate her, and she had her private theories concerning his character. Tredennis she was very fond of; few of his moods escaped her bright eyes; few of the changes in him were lost upon her. When he went away this evening, she spoke of him to Agnes and Arbuthnot—

"If that splendid fellow does not improve," she said, "he will begin to grow old in his prime. He is lean and gaunt; his eyes are dreary; he is beginning to have lines on his forehead and about his mouth. He is enduring something. I should be glad to be told what it is."

"Whatever he endured," said Agnes, "he would not tell people. But I think 'enduring' is a very good word."

"How long have you known him?" Mrs. Merriam asked of Arbuthnot.

"Since the evening after his arrival in Washington, on his return from the West," was the reply.

"Was he like this then?" rather sharply.

Arbuthnot reflected.

"I met him at a reception," he said, "and he was not Washingtonian in his manner. My impression was that he would not enjoy our society, and that he would finally despise us; but he looked less fagged then than he does now. Perhaps he begins to long for his daily Pi-ute. There *are* chasms which an effete civilization does not fill."

"You guess more than you choose to tell," was Mrs. Merriam's inward thought. Aloud, she said,—

"He is the finest human being it has been my pleasure to meet. He is the natural man. If I were a girl again, I think I should make a hero of him, and be unhappy for his sake."

"It would be easy to make a hero of him," said Agnes.

"Very!" responded Arbuthnot. "Unavoidable, in fact." And he laid upon the table the bit of hyacinth he had picked up in the boat, and brought home with him. "If I carry it away," was his private thought, "I shall fall into the habit of sitting, and weakening my mind over it. It is weak enough already." But he knew, at the same time, that Colonel Tredennis had done something toward assisting him to form the resolution. "A trivial masculine vanity," he thought, "not unfrequently strengthens one's position."

In the meantime, Tredennis went to Amory. He found him in the room, which was, in its every part, so strong a reminder of Bertha. It wore a desolate look, and Amory had evidently been walking up and down it, pushing chairs and footstools aside carelessly,



when he found them in his way. He had thrown himself, at last, into Bertha's own special easy chair, and leaned back in it, with his hands thrown out over its padded arms. He had plainly not slept well the night before, and his dress had a careless and disheveled look, very marked in its contrast with the customary artistic finish of his attire.

He sprang up when he saw Tredennis, and began to speak at once.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "this is terrible!"

"You have been disappointed," said Tredennis.

"I have been rui——" he checked himself, "disappointed isn't the word," he ended. "The whole thing has been laid aside—*laid aside*—think of it!—as if it were a mere nothing; an application for a two-penny half-penny pension! Great God! what do the fellows think they are dealing with!"

"Whom do you think is to blame?" said the Colonel stolidly.

"Blundel, by Jove, Blundel, that fool and clown!" and he flung himself about the room, mumbling his rage and irritation.

"It is not the first time such a thing has happened," said Tredennis, "and it won't be the last. If you continue to interest yourself in such matters, you will find that out as others have done before you. Take my advice, and give it up from this hour."

Amory wheeled round upon him.

"Give it up!" he cried, "I can't give it up, man! It is only laid aside for the time being. Heaven and earth shall be moved next year—heaven and earth! the thing won't fail—it *can't* fail—a thing like that; a thing I have risked my very soul on!"

He dashed his hand through his tumbled hair and threw himself into the chair again, quite out of breath.

"Ah, confound it!" he exclaimed, "I am too excitable! I am losing my hold on myself!"

Tredennis rose from his seat, feeling some movement necessary. He stood and looked down at the floor. As he gazed up at him, Amory entered a fretful mental protest against his size and his air of being able to control himself. He was plainly deep in thought even when he spoke, for his eyes did not leave the floor.

"I suppose," he said, "this is really no business of mine. I wish it was."

"What do you mean?" said Amory.

Tredennis looked up.

"If it were my business, I would know more about it," he said, "I would know what *you* mean, and how deep you have gone into this—this accursed scheme."

The last two words had a sudden ring of

intensity in their sound, which affected Amory tremendously. He sprang up again and began to pace the floor.

"Nothing ever promised so well," he said, "and it will turn out all right in the end—it must! It is the delay that drives one wild. It will be all right next season—when Bertha is here."

"What has she to do with it?" demanded Tredennis.

"Nothing very much," said Amory, restively, "but she is effective."

"Do you mean that you are going to set her to lobbying?"

"Why should you call it that? I am not going to set her at anything. She has a good effect, that is all. Plane-field swears that if she had stayed at home and taken Blundel in hand he would not have failed us."

Tredennis looked at him stupefied. He could get no grasp upon him. He wondered if a heavy mental blow would effect him. He tried it in despair.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "what people are beginning to say about Plane-field?"

"They are always saying something of Plane-field. He is the kind of man who is always spoken of."

"Then," said Tredennis, "there is all the more reason why his name should not be connected with that of an innocent woman."

"What woman has been mentioned in connection with him?"

"It has been said more than once, that he is in love with—your wife, and that his infatuation is used to advance your interests."

Richard stopped on his walk.

"Then it is a confoundingly stupid business," he said, angrily. "If she hears it she will never speak to him again. Perhaps she has heard it—perhaps that was why she insisted on going away. I thought there was something wrong at the time."

"May I ask," said Tredennis, "how it strikes *you*?"

"Me!" exclaimed Richard. "As the most awkward piece of business in the world, and as likely to do me more harm than anything else could."

He made a graceful, rapid gesture of impatience.

"Every thing goes against me!" he said. "She never liked him from the first, and if she has heard this she will never be civil to him again, or to any of the rest of them. And, of course, she is an influence, in a measure; what clever woman is not? And why should she not use her influence in one way as well as another. If she were a clergyman's wife she would work hard enough to gain favors. It



is only a trifle that she should make an effort to be agreeable to men who will be pleased by her civility. She would do it if there were nothing to be gained. Where are you going? What is the matter?" for Tredennis had walked to the table and taken his hat.

"I am going into the air," he answered; "I am afraid I cannot be of any use to you to-night. My mind is not very clear just now. I must have time to think."

"You look pale," said Amory, staring at him. "You look ghastly. You have not been up to the mark for months. I have seen that. Washington does not agree with you."

"That is it," was Tredennis's response. "Washington does not agree with me."

And he carried his hat and his pale and haggard countenance out into the night, and left Richard gazing after him, feverish, fretted, thwarted in his desire to pour forth his grievances and defend himself, and also filled with baffled amazement at his sudden departure.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. AMORY did not receive on New Year's day. The season had well set in before she arrived in Washington. One morning in January Mrs. Sylvestre, sitting alone, reading, caught sight of the little coupé as it drew up before the carriage step, and laying aside her book reached the parlor door in time to meet Bertha as she entered it. She took both her hands and drew her toward the fire, still holding them.

"Why did I not know you had returned?" she said. "When did you arrive?"

"Last night," Bertha answered. "You see I come to you early."

It was a cold day and she was muffled in velvet and furs. She sat down, loosened her wrap and let it slip backward, and as its sumptuous fullness left her figure it revealed it slender to fragility and showed that the outline of her cheek had lost all its roundness. She smiled faintly, meeting Agnes's anxious eyes.

"Don't look at me," she said. "I am not pretty. I have been ill. You heard I was not well in Newport? It was a sort of low fever and I am not entirely well yet. Malaria you know is always troublesome. But you are very well?"

"Yes, I am well," Agnes replied.

"And you begin to like Washington again?"

"I began last winter."

"How did you enjoy the spring? You were here until the end of June."

"It was lovely."

"And now you are here once more, and how pretty everything about you is!" Bertha said, glancing around the room. "And you are ready to be happy all winter until June again. Do you know, you look happy? Not excitably happy, but gently, calmly happy, as if the present were enough for you."

"It is," said Agnes. "I don't think I want any future."

"It would be as well to abolish it if one could," Bertha answered, "but it comes—*it comes!*"

She sat and looked at the fire a few seconds under the soft shadow of her lashes, and then spoke again.

"As for me," she said, "I am going to give dinner parties to Senator Planefield's friends."

"Bertha!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Yes," said Bertha, nodding gently. "It appears somehow that Richard belongs to Senator Planefield, and as I belong to Richard, why, you see —?"

She ended with a dramatic little gesture, and looked at Agnes once more.

"It took me some time to understand it," she said. "I am not quite sure that I understand it quite thoroughly even now. It is a little puzzling, or, perhaps, I am dull of comprehension. At all events, Richard has talked to me a great deal. It is plainly my duty to be agreeable and hospitable to the people he wishes to please and bring in contact with each other."

"And those people?" asked Agnes.

"They are political men, they are members of committees, members of the House, members of the Senate—and their only claim to existence in our eyes is that they are either in favor of or opposed to a certain bill not indirectly connected with the welfare of the owners of the Westoria lands."

"Bertha," said Agnes, quickly, "you are not yourself."

"Thank you," was the response, "that is always satisfactory, but the compliment would be more definite if you told me whom I happened to be. But I can tell you that I am that glittering being, the female lobbyist. I used to wonder last winter if I was not on the verge of it, but now I know. I wonder if they all begin as innocently as I did and find the descent—isn't it a descent?—as easy and natural. I feel queer, but not exactly disreputable. It is merely a matter of being a dutiful wife and smiling upon one set of men instead of another. Still, I am slightly uncertain as to just how disreputable I am. I was beginning to be quite reconciled to my atmosphere until I saw Colonel Tredennis, and I confess he unsettled my mind and embarrassed me a little in my decision."



"You have seen him already?"

"Accidentally, yes. He did not know I had returned, and came to see Richard. He is quite intimate with Richard now. He entered the parlor and found me there. I do not think he was glad to see me. I left him very soon."

She drew off her glove, and smoothed it out upon her knee, with a thin and fragile little hand, upon which the rings hung loosely. Agnes bent forward and involuntarily laid her own hand upon it.

"Dear," she said.

Bertha hurriedly lifted her eyes.

"What I wished to say," she said, "was that the week after next we give a little dinner to Senator Blundel, and I wanted to be sure I might count on you. If you are there—and Colonel Tredennis—you will give it an unprofessional aspect, which is what we want. But, perhaps, you will refuse to come?"

"Bertha," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "I will be with you at any time—at all times—you wish for or need me."

"Yes," said Bertha, reflecting upon her a moment, "I think you would."

She got up and kissed her lightly and without effusion, and then Agnes rose, too, and they stood together.

"You were always good," Bertha said. "I think life has made you better instead of worse. It is not so always. Things are so different—everything seems to depend upon circumstances. What is good in me would be far enough from your standards to be called wickedness."

She paused abruptly, and Agnes felt that she did so to place a check upon herself: she had seen her do it before. When she spoke again it was in an entirely different tone, and the remaining half-hour of her visit was spent in the discussion of every-day subjects. Agnes listened, and replied to her with a sense of actual anguish. She could have borne better to have seen her less self-controlled; or she fancied so, at least. The summer had made an alteration in her, which it was almost impossible to describe. Every moment revealed some new, sad change in her, and yet she sat and talked commonplaces, and was bright and witty and epigrammatic until the last.

"When we get our bill through," she said, with a little smile, just before her departure, "I am to go abroad for a year—for two, for three, if I wish. I think that is the bribe which has been offered me. One must always be bribed, you know."

As she stood at the window watching the carriage drive away, Agnes was conscious of a depression which was very hard to bear. The brightness of her own atmosphere seemed

to have become heavy,—the sun hid itself behind the drifting, wintry clouds,—she glanced around her room with a sense of dreariness. Something carried her back to the memories which were the one burden of her present life.

"Such grief cannot enter a room and not leave its shadow behind it," she said. And she put her hand against the window-side, and leaned her brow upon it sadly. It was curious, she thought, the moment after, that the mere sight of a familiar figure should bring such a sense of comfort with it as did the sight of the one she saw approaching. It was that of Laurence Arbuthnot, who came with a business communication for Mrs. Merriam, having been enabled, by chance, to leave his work for an hour. He held a roll of music in one hand and a bunch of violets in the other, and when he entered the room was accompanied by the fresh fragrance of the latter offering.

Agnes made a swift involuntary movement toward him.

"Ah!" she said, "I could scarcely believe that it was you."

He detected the emotion in her manner and tone at once.

"Something has disturbed you," he said. "What is it?"

"I have seen Bertha," she answered, and the words had a sound of appeal in them, which she herself no more realized or understood than she comprehended the impulse which impelled her to speak.

"She has been here! She looks so ill—so worn. Everything is so sad! I——"

She stopped and stood looking at him.

"Must I go away?" he said, quietly. "Perhaps you would prefer to be alone. I understand what you mean, I think."

"Oh, no!" she said, impulsively, putting out her hand. "Don't go. I am unhappy. It was—it was a relief to see you."

And when she sank on the sofa, he took a seat near her and laid the violets on her lap, and there was a faint flush on his face.

THE little dinner, which was the first occasion of Senator Blundel's introduction to the Amory establishment, was a decided success.

"We will make it a success," Bertha had said. "It *must* be one." And there was a ring in her voice which was a great relief to her husband.

"It will be one," he said. "There is no fear of *your* failing when you begin in this way." And his spirits rose to such an extent that he became genial and fascinating once more and almost forgot his late trials and uncertainties. He had always felt great confidence in Bertha.



On the afternoon of the eventful day Bertha did not go out. She spent the hours between luncheon and the time for dressing with her children. Once as he passed the open door of the nursery Richard saw her sitting upon the carpet, building a house of cards, while Jack and Janey and Meg sat about her enchanted. A braid of her hair had become loosened and hung over her shoulder; her cheeks were flushed by the fire; she looked almost like a child herself, with her air of serious absorbed interest in the frail structure growing beneath her hands.

"Wont that tire you?" Richard asked.

She glanced up with a smile.

"No," she said, "it will rest me."

He heard her singing to them afterward, and later, when she went to her dressing-room, he heard the pretty lullaby die away gradually as she moved through the corridor.

When she appeared again, she was dressed for dinner and came in buttoning her glove, and at the sight of her he uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"What a perfect dress!" he said. "What is the idea? There must be one."

She paused and turned slowly round so that he might obtain the full effect.

"You should detect it," she replied. "It is meant to convey one."

"It has a kind of dove-like look," he said.

She faced him again.

"That is it," she said serenely. "In the true artist spirit, I have attired myself with a view to expressing the perfect candor and simplicity of my nature. Should you find it possible to fear or suspect me of ulterior motives—if you were a Senator, for instance?"

"Ah, come now!" said Richard, not quite so easily, "that is nonsense! You have no ulterior motives."

She opened her plumy, dove-colored fan and came nearer him.

"There is nothing meretricious about me," she said. "I am softly clad in dove color; a few clusters of pansies adorn me; I am covered from throat to wrists; I have not a jewel about me. Could the effect be better?"

"No, it could not," he replied, but suddenly he felt a trifle uncomfortable again, and wondered what was hidden behind the inscrutable little gaze she afterward fixed upon the fire.

But when Blundel appeared, which he did rather early, he felt relieved again. Nothing could have been prettier than her greeting of him, or more perfect in its attainment of the object of setting him at his ease. It must be confessed that he was not entirely at his ease when he entered, his experience not having been of a nature to develop in him any

latent love for general society. He had fought too hard a fight to leave him much time to know women well, and his superficial knowledge of them made him a trifle awkward as it occasionally renders other men astonishingly bold. In a party of men, all his gifts displayed themselves; in the presence of women he was afraid that less substantial fellows had the advantage of him—men who could not tell half so good a story or make half so exhilarating a joke. As to this special dinner he had not been particularly anxious to count himself among the guests, and was not very certain as to how Planefield had beguiled him into accepting the invitation.

But ten minutes after he had entered the room he began to feel mollified. Outside, the night was wet and unpleasant, and not calculated to improve a man's temper; the parlors glowing with fire-light and twinkling wax candles were a vivid and agreeable contrast to the sloppy rawness. The slender, dove-colored figure, with its soft, trailing draperies, assumed more definitely pleasant proportions, and in his vague, inexperienced, middle-aged fashion he felt the effect of it. She had a nice way, this little woman, he decided; no nonsense or airs and graces about her; an easy manner, a gay little laugh. He did not remember exactly afterward what it was she said which first awakened him up, but he found himself laughing and greatly amused, and when he made a witticism he felt he had reason to be proud of, the gay little peal of laughter which broke forth in response had the most amazingly exhilarating effect upon him, and set him upon his feet for the evening. Women seldom got all the flavor of his jokes. He had an idea that some of them were a little afraid of them and of him, too. The genuine mirth in Bertha's unstudied laughter was like wine to him, and was better than the guffaws of a dozen men, because it had a finer and a novel flavor. After the joke and the laugh the ice was melted, and he knew that he was in the humor to distinguish himself.

Planefield discovered this the moment he saw him, and glanced at Richard, who was brilliant with good spirits.

"She's begun well," he said, when he had an opportunity to speak to him. "I never saw him in a better humor. She's pleased him somehow. Women don't touch him usually."

"She will end better," said Richard. "He pleases her."

He did not displease her, at all events. She saw the force and humor of his stalwart jokes and was impressed by the shrewd business-like good nature which betrayed nothing. When he began to enjoy himself she liked the



genuineness of his enjoyment all the more because it was a personal matter with him, and he seemed to revel in it.

"He enjoys *himself*," was her mental comment, "really *himself*," not exactly the rest of us, except as we stimulate him, and make him say good things."

Among the chief of her gifts had always been counted the power of stimulating people, and making them say their best things, and she made the most of this power now. She listened with her brightest look, she uttered her little exclamations of pleasure and interest at exactly the right moment, and the gay ring of her spontaneous sounding laugh was perfection. Miss Varien, who was one of her guests, sat and regarded her with untempered admiration.

"Your wife," she said to Amory, in an undertone, "is simply incomparable. It is not necessary to tell you that, of course, but it strikes me with fresh force this evening. She really seems to enjoy things. That air of gay, candid delight is irresistible. It makes her seem to that man like a charming little girl—a harmless, bright, sympathetic little girl. How he likes her!"

When she went in to dinner with him, and he sat by her side, he liked her still more. He had never been in better spirits in his life; he had never said so many things worth remembering; he had never heard such sparkling and vivacious talk as went on round this particular table. It never paused or lagged. There was Amory, all alight and stirred by every conversational ripple which passed him; there was Miss Varien, scintillating and casting off showers of sparks in the prettiest and most careless fashion; there was Laurence Arbuthnot, doing his share without any apparent effort, and appreciating his neighbors to the full; there was Mrs. Sylvestre, her beautiful eyes making speech almost superfluous, and Mrs. Merriam, occasionally casting into the pool some neatly weighted pebble, which sent its circles to the shore; and in the midst of the coruscations, Blundel found himself, somehow, doing quite his portion of the illumination. Really these people and their dinner-party pleased him wonderfully well, and he was far from sorry that he had come, and far from sure that he should not come again if he were asked. He was shrewd enough, too, to see how much the success of everything depended upon his own little companion at the head of the table, and, respecting success beyond all things after the manner of his kind, he liked her all the better for it. There was something about her which, as Miss Varien had said, made him feel that she was like a bright, sympathetic little girl,

and engendered a feeling of fatherly patronage which was entirely comfortable. But though she rather led others to talk than talked herself, he noticed that she said a sharp thing now and then, and he liked that, too, and was greatly amused by it. He liked women to be sharp, if they were not keen enough to interfere with masculine prerogatives. There was only one person in the company he did not find exhilarating, and that was a large, brown-faced fellow, who sat next to Mrs. Merriam, and said less than might have been expected of him, though when he spoke his remarks were well enough in their way. Blundel mentioned him afterward to Bertha when they returned to the parlor.

"That Colonel, who is he?" he asked her, "I didn't catch his name exactly. Handsome fellow, but he'd be handsomer if——"

"It is the part of wisdom to stop you," said Bertha, "and tell you that he is a sort of cousin of mine and his perfections are such as I regard with awe. His name is Colonel Tredennis and you have read of him in the newspapers."

"What!" he exclaimed, turning his sharp little eyes upon Tredennis, "the Indian man, I'm glad you told me that. I want to talk to him." And an opportunity being given him, he proceeded to do so with much animation, ruffling his stiff hair up at intervals in his interest, his little eyes twinkling like those of some alert animal.

He left the house late and in the best of humors. He had forgotten for the time being all questions of bills and subsidies. Nothing had occurred to remind him of such subjects. Their very existence seemed a trifle problematical, or, rather, perhaps, it seemed desirable that it should be so.

"I feel," he said to Plane-field, as he was shrugging himself into his overcoat, "as if I had rather missed it by not coming here before."

"You were asked," answered Plane-field.

"So I was," he replied, attacking the top button of the overcoat. "Well, the next time I am asked I suppose I shall come."

Then he gave his attention to the rest of the buttons.

"A man in public life ought to see all sides of his public," he said, having disposed of the last one. "Said some good things, didn't they? The little woman isn't without a mind of her own either. When is it she receives?"

"Thursdays," said Plane-field.

"Ah, Thursdays."

And then they went out in company.

Her guests having all departed, Bertha remained for a few minutes in the parlor.



Arbuthnot and Tredennis went out last, and as the door closed upon them she looked at Richard.

"Well?" she said.

"Well!" exclaimed Richard. "It could not have been better!"

"Couldn't it?" she said, looking down a little meditatively.

"No," he responded, with excellent good cheer, "and you see how simple it was, and—and how unnecessary it is to exaggerate it and call it by unpleasant names. What we want is merely to come in contact with these people, and show them how perfectly harmless we are, and that when the time comes they may favor us without injury to themselves or any one else. That's it in a nutshell."

"We always say 'us,' don't we?" said Bertha, "as if we were part-proprietors of the Westoria lands ourselves. It is a little confusing, don't you think so?"

She paused and looked up with one of her sudden smiles.

"Still I don't feel exactly sure that I have been—but no, I am not to call it lobbying, am I? What must I call it. It really ought to have a name."

"Don't call it anything," said Richard, faintly conscious of his dubiousness again.

"Why, what a good idea!" she answered.

"What a good way of getting round a difficulty—not to give it a name! It almost obliterates it, doesn't it? It is an actual inspiration. We won't call it anything. There is so much in a name—too much, on the whole, really. But—without giving it a name—I have behaved pretty well and advanced our—your—whose interests?"

"Everybody's," he replied, with an effort at lightness. "Mine particularly. I own that my view of the matter is a purely selfish one. There is a career before me, you know, if all goes well."

He detected at once the expression of gentleness which softened her eyes as she watched him.

"You always wanted a career, didn't you?" she said.

"It isn't pleasant," he said, "for a man to know that he is not a success."

"If I can give you your career," she said, "you shall have it, Richard. It is a simpler thing than I thought, after all." And she went upstairs to her room, stopping on the way to spend a few minutes in the nursery.

(To be continued.)

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## IN THE GARDEN.

I WALKED among the roses:

They were crimson and damask red.

"How perfect in bloom!" "how beautiful!"

Of this one and that I said.

Yet the rose that most my fancy

Delighted, least flaunting of all,

Least forward, hid in the hedges,

And was neither fair nor tall.

It bent its head so lowly

Through its blushing, I could see;

Then lifted it up so radiantly,

I was sure, in its love for me.

And leaning over to pluck it,

"Come hither," I cried, "sweet rose!

Thou surely of all in the garden art

The dearest to me that grows.

"Though others be tall and handsome,

And thou but a modest thing,

I'd choose thee for my diadem,

Though I were a crowned king."

So said I in my passion,

So in my eagerness said:—

The rose, in the hedges blushing,

Again bent down its head.

I leaned the more to pluck it,

Made glad by that dear sign;

But another behind me the rose had seen,

And its blushes were not mine.

*James Herbert Morse.*



## ARTISTS' MODELS IN NEW YORK.



A MODEL CRITIC.

WITH the rapid growth of New York as an art-center, the demand for, and supply of, living models have increased proportionately. Time was, when the American artist, returning from the schools of Europe where there are trained and experienced models, found himself quite at a loss for the material embodiment of his ideas in the shape of a professional sitter. He was obliged to resort to that process, jocularly defined, in studio language, as evolving an object from the inner consciousness, or to speak plainly, painting from memory and imagination. This evolution from the inner consciousness undoubtedly had a paralyzing effect upon American art, since it is a process successfully employed only by great geniuses. Realism, to which American art inclines, demands careful study of the model. As the artistic colony in New York became a recognized factor of the population,

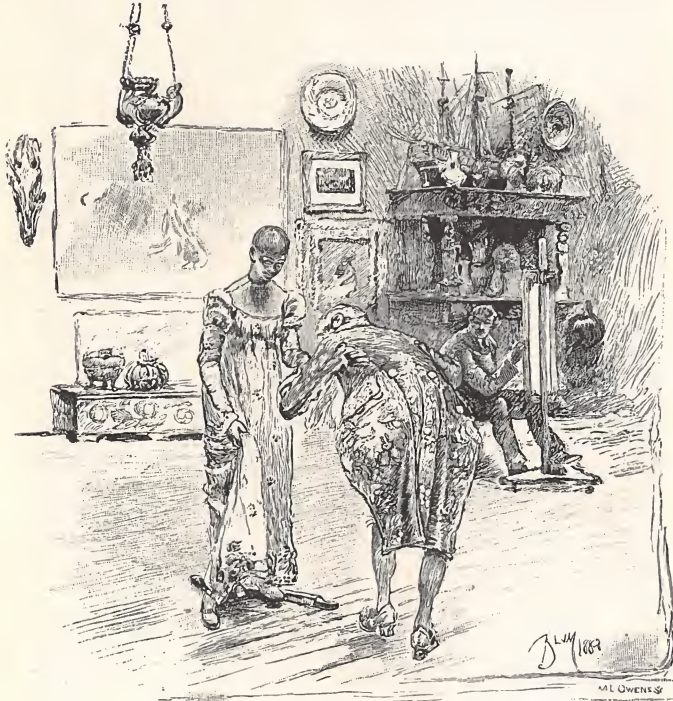
professional models followed as a natural consequence. It is little more than ten years since models were something of a rarity even at the Academy of Design. Some three or four were regularly engaged for the various classes and were paid at the rate of a dollar and a half an hour. With the appointment of the present director of the model department, a new order of things was instituted. By means of advertising and by exploring the by-ways of the great city, a number of models were brought together, untrained and inexperienced, but still suited to the purpose. The fee was temporarily reduced to seventy-five cents an hour, and competition rose high between the trained models and the inexperienced. Since that time, the supply of models has been constantly increasing, and to-day is fairly equal to the demand. They lack the experience and training of the for-



eign model, and it is rare to find one of either sex who has any of the grace or *chic* which makes of the Paris model a natural artist. They are also destitute of that dramatic instinct without which it is impossible to throw life or spirit into a pose. Few persons, outside of the charmed circle of art, realize the absolute power exercised by the conditions of the model over the brush of the artist. A stupid, awkward, or restless model will stultify

constantly increasing in numbers, it is fair to suppose that, with this nucleus, before many years have passed, trained and skilled models will be as easily procured in New York as in Paris.

The models of New York may properly be classed as a part of the floating population. Every few seasons, a new set of faces appears at the studio doors in search of employment. Most of these applicants are persons out of



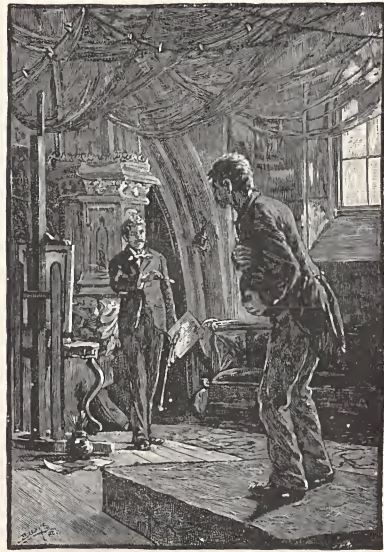
A LAY FIGURE.

the execution of a clever or charming idea. When a New York artist stands in need of a model, he has only to send to the Academy of Design or the Art-Students' League, on the books of which professional models are registered. The Academy has a list of some thirty models who pose for the nude figure as well as in costume. There are others who pose only for the draped figure. The average fee is fifty cents an hour. This is increased or lessened according to circumstances, such as special contract with the artist or class, or the varying demand for the model. Among these professional models are a few who have been trained to their occupation from childhood. These are chiefly foreign or of foreign parentage. One family, in particular, of mixed German and Italian blood, furnishes models of various ages and both sexes. This family serves as a stand-by through all the vicissitudes of the model-market, and as models are

work, who take this means of bridging over a gulf of consequent impecuniosity. In New York many trades and professions have their dull seasons, and at such times, many able and willing men and women are left stranded on the shore of literal starvation. Instinct sends them to the studios. Most artists have known the discipline of poverty, and unless success has hopelessly imbedded them in selfishness, they keep a warm corner of their hearts for these waifs blown by adverse winds to their studio doors. It is difficult to believe that the sturdy realism of New York life should offer such suggestions of romance as are presented by the procession of models which, in the course of a winter, passes in review before the eyes of the artists. Most of them, especially the female models, pose under fictitious names. They come no one knows whence and vanish when necessity no longer demands that they shall



eke out a livelihood in this precarious fashion. The tragedy which treads upon the heels of comedy in the great city's life, finds pitiful exemplification in the brief summing-up of the list of female models on the Academy's books, "Married women whose husbands cannot support them, or women unable to procure other employment." Many of them are educated and refined. One adds to the small income derived from copying law papers by the opportunities given her to pose in the Academy. Another case cited was that of a young lady, who, having married a foreigner of position, discovered that he had a wife in his own country. Left penniless by her husband and her friends, she supported herself by posing. A touching episode was offered by the case of an English actress who went out to Canada with her husband in search of professional employment. The husband fell ill and died, leaving the wife unprovided for and with a child to support. Unable to procure an engagement, at a time when the financial depression of the country affected theatrical matters, and having found her way to New York, she became a model attached to the Academy. It often happens that a pretty face looks down from the wall in a New York spring exhibition, of which only this is known—that its owner, passing under an assumed name, applied at the studios for employment, and, after earning the money she needed, carried her beauty and her reticence back into the obscurity they came from, leaving the artist who had perpetuated the one and respected the other to speculate upon her identity, and perhaps at some later day to meet her in an entirely different sphere of life. A rounded arm or throat, a tapering hand, a head of curling golden hair, have temporarily fed and clothed many a young woman. When the genius shall be born who will reconcile the opposing elements of New York life in fiction as Balzac did those of Paris, it would not be strange if he



AN AWKWARD MODEL.

should find some magnificent type of heroine in some anonymous beauty of the New York studios. Many of the professional female models have become such because they found they could earn a better living by posing than by working in shops, book-binderies, factories, in domestic service, or at the needle. I know of a French model who supports herself and a relative comfortably by posing. She formerly gave lessons in languages, and barely managed to exist. Another model, who is noted for her stately presence and superb physique, is greatly in demand, and commands three dollars a day. But the average fee of a model is fifty cents an hour when the engagement is made by the hour, or two dollars a day when the engagement is made for the day. For a morning or afternoon session, whether of two or three hours, the model receives only one dollar, unless there is a special agreement to pay more.

Foreign models occasionally come to New York on speculation, having exalted ideas on the subject of the gold to be picked up in the streets of the New World. There is a colony of Italian models in Crosby street, of the conventional type. They came from Paris to New York with magnificent ideas concerning the model-market. They began by asking a dollar and a half an hour, but finally condescended to accept twenty-five cents for the very few occasions upon which their services were required. American artists have rather outgrown the conventional Roman subject, so much in favor some years ago. With the increase of realistic tendencies and broad, rugged treatment, the Italian



EARNING HIS LIVING.





AN ITALIAN FAMILY.

model has been relegated to the region of artistic "prettiness," so heartily disliked by the younger school of American art. These Italian models haunt the studios in groups. When mysterious, thumping noises are heard on the silent stair-ways the artist is prepared for the loud, imperious rapping on his door which follows. Opening the door, he finds an entire family of Italian models grouped in the fashion of the Piazza di Spagna, smiling, bowing, and gesticulating in the conventional model manner. But, alas for them! Their day is over. Paris and Munich have driven out Rome. The neat old dame who sits in the portrait class of the League, with smooth white hair, good, patient face, and every-day dress of dark green and brown, is nearer the heart of the American art-student of the period than the insipid prettiness of the Roman *contadina*. Old women and old men are rather in demand as models in New York, now that strong and realistic types are preferred to ideal ones. Several of these models are known at the Academy as having posed for years. There is one old man, well known to the studios, whose head of snowy hair and long white beard cause him to be much sought after, particularly by artists recently from Europe. I saw him not long since, mounted on a posing platform in a studio, with his fine old head outlined against a tawny wall, bare-legged, the folds of his stockings simulating the leather folds of an antique boot. There was a staff in his hand, a gourd by his side, and about his body was draped a Spanish muleteer's cloak, orange, blue, and white. He was standing for a St. Joseph, in a water-color of the "Flight into Egypt." There was a reminiscence of Velasquez in the model and the picture.

Sometimes, an artist, upon answering the

knock at his studio door, sees before him a model whom he has known in Europe. He is obliged to be chary of demonstrations of sympathy, or the draught on his friendship will be heavy. An old model from Paris appeared not long since in New York,—a stout, military looking person, with a large mustache and pointed beard. A tradition hung over him to the effect that he had once been a sculptor. An artist of charitable and imaginative mind took him in and employed him as a water-color subject in a military costume, which gave him the look of a sturdy Fleming of the six-

teenth century. An artist of cynical soul dubbed him an old humbug, and refused to aid him on the basis of artistic brotherhood. One lent him a hat too old and shabby to be worn by a respectable artist in the streets of New York, too good to be the spoil of the studio. The understanding was, that when the hat was fairly worn out, it should be returned to the studio, and exchanged for another held in readiness. The pretext of showing the hat brought the old model to the studio door so often, that the artist, whose consideration for him had been based on a former acquaintance in Paris, greatly regretted having revived this friendship of the *atelier*. The vague romance associated with the models in Europe gives place in America to a practical estimate of their value as posing subjects. The New York

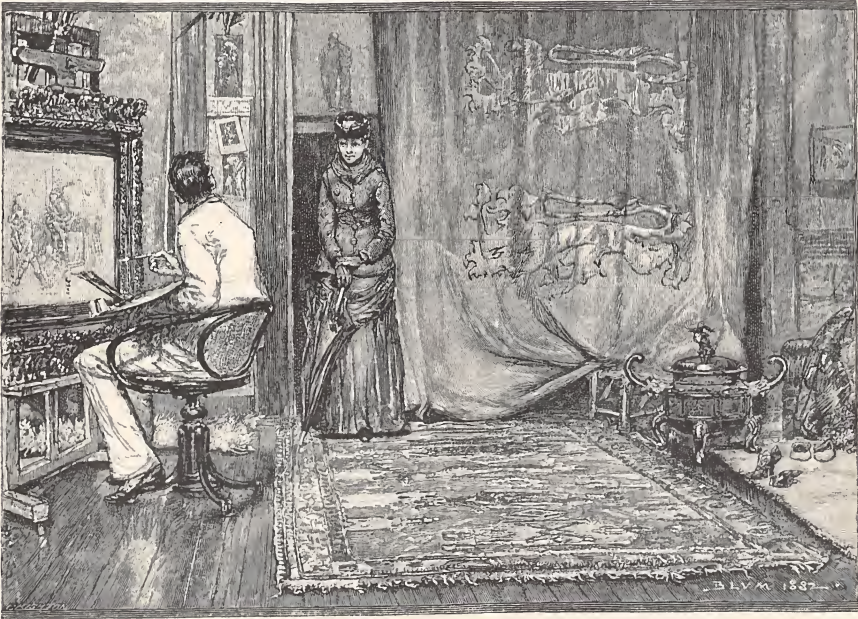


ONE OLD MAN.



model is not generally encouraged to tell his or her history. The opportunities of posing afforded to the official models in the classes of the Academy and the League, are so few in comparison with the number of models clamoring for employment that the artists in charge of the matter are obliged to use much kindly diplomacy in selecting the types required from the list of registered names. Sometimes models of absolutely unavailable

adorned, and resides in an inland city. Another temporary model was the son of a prominent artist in another city. Many studies of Arabs executed in New York during the past few years have had for their model a negro attached to the Academy, whose head and figure offered a perfect type of that race. A prosperous manufacturer of picture frames in an interior town, having failed in business, became a model in New



DO YOU WANT A MODEL, SIR?

personalities present themselves at the Academy, only to be disappointed at the refusal of their amateur services. Among the Academy models some time since, was the son of a banker in Wall street who had failed during a financial crisis. Later, the young model obtained a position in a down-town bank, but such was his pride in his physique and his interest in art that he continued to pose in the evening classes. Another model, valued for his fine muscular development, was a blacksmith by trade. Another was a house-painter, who, during the winter months, when all of his trade are thrown out of employment, supported himself in this fashion. Still another, also noted for his fine development, was a German athlete. One model, well-known in his day at the Academy, was a half-breed Indian employed as coachman in a wealthy family. In his leisure hours he posed at the Academy and became a popular model, but one day his employer discovered his artistic bias and forced him to desist. He has since returned to the equine sphere he

York. This might be regarded as an instance of retributive justice, since it is well-known that the mortal enemy of the impecunious artist is the prosperous, heartless, and dunning frame-maker. Imagine the grim delight with which a young knight of the brush, who had suffered the pangs of unpaid bills for frames, would avenge the wrongs of himself and his brethren on the person of a fallen frame-maker who sued for employment at fifty cents an hour.

A few artists in New York have their models acting also as domestics or studio-retainers. This is a foreign custom imported by artists who have received their schooling abroad. Under these circumstances, a sort of comradeship arises between the artist and his faithful model, which has its pathetic as well as its grotesque side, since the remuneration of the model is apt to depend upon the successes or failures of the artist. There is a colony of young artists in New York which possesses a retainer known to the world as "Sammy"—a youth of muscular type with



blonde mustache and hair and a fresh complexion. His face and figure fit him for all spheres of model life. One day, he poses as a stalwart fisherman, in a pea-jacket, a disreputable hat, and high sea-boots. Another week, in a dress-suit borrowed for the occasion, he figures as a ball-room gallant with one arm encircling the waist of a bald-pated lay-figure, arrayed in silken robes, likewise borrowed, into whose glass eyes he gazes with an expression of the deepest tenderness. He has even appeared as a bold horseman seated astride a wooden chair, which was placed on a table, tightly clutching two pieces of clothes-line for reins, with his body inclined at the angle necessary to imply a furious galloping on the part of his fiery steed, and his coat-tails spread out and fastened to the wall behind to illustrate the action of the wind. In addition to his accomplishments as a model, this young man does everything an artist's henchman can be expected to do, in the line of general usefulness. There is another model much in favor,



AN EQUESTRIAN MODEL.



FALLING FROM A HORSE.

particularly among illustrators, on account of his gentlemanly appearance. His well-shaped head, black mustache and clean shirt-front, can be adapted to almost any artistic exigency. When not engaged in posing, he finds employment as a porter, for his excellent education and musical accomplishments are of small service to him in the competitive bread-struggle of New York. Not long since, he entered the matrimonial state, espousing a widow with a pretty little daughter, seven or eight years old. The child entered the model field under the auspices of her step-father. Being a picturesque child, with long, chestnut hair, she soon became a favorite model for illustrations designed for juvenile magazines.

These child-models are much sought after by artists. Those on the lists of the schools do not always meet the wants of the painter. Advertisements for pretty little children to serve as models are often seen in the morning papers, and are doubtless viewed by the unenlightened and ignorant as the device of some hideous ogre, some Croquemitaine of the metropolis, seeking what he may devour in the shape of tender nurslings. The initiated person, familiar with the *coulisses* of New York art, sees at a glance that the advertisement is only the last resort of some unhappy artist. The introduction of Christmas cards has greatly increased the demand for child-models. Then the "high art" picture books for children, imitated or reproduced from



London publications, have set the fashion of mediæval or "Queen Anne" types in the illustration of native juvenile books and magazines. The good old picture-book of the past, with its broad classic illustrations by Gilbert and Cruikshank which laid no particular stress on individuality of face or dress, and was satisfied with simply pleasing, would hardly be tolerated to-day by these ambitious workers in the realm of æsthetic quaintness who

such matters to a degree that would astonish a Paris artist. Happy the artist whose women-friends or relatives are able to help him avoid the *baroque* developments of female attire which characterize so many of our native canvases, especially in genre subjects. I do not refer to the fashion of costuming known familiarly and satirically as "high art," for that, however abnormal, is the result of forethought and consistent



A MARINE MODEL.

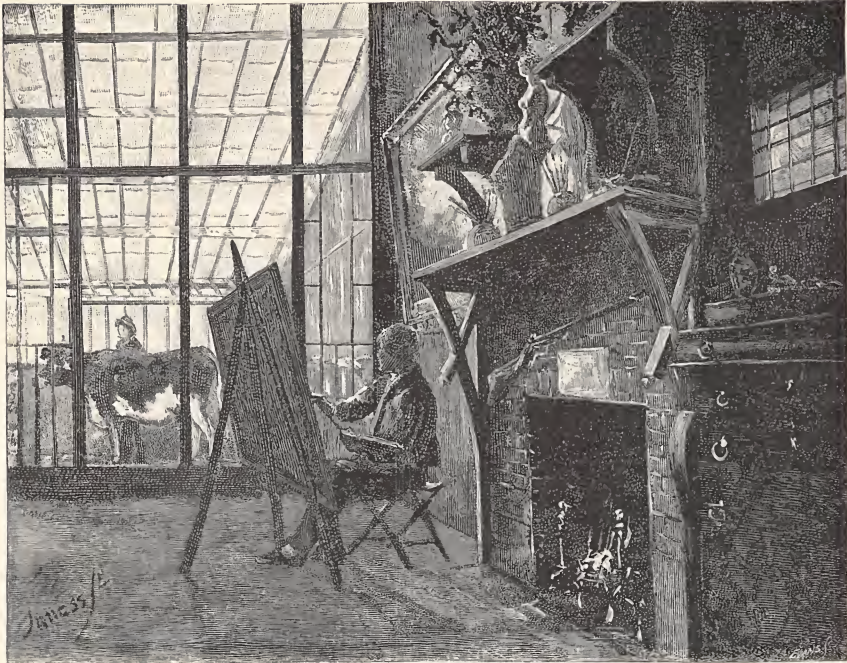
make careful individual studies of child-faces and costumes from the living model. The magazines, also, aim at absolute fidelity and care in their illustrations of the letterpress in their pages. This realistic tendency in book-illustration is constantly increasing, and as a natural consequence the demand for individual types of models keeps pace with it.

Yet the fact remains that models are still an artistic luxury in New York. Few young artists can afford to employ models for any length of time for pictures that are painted on speculation and must take their chances in the crowded art-market of New York. Many a young painter is forced to content himself with the suggestions given him by a few sittings, and relies on his imagination and his inventive faculty to help him out. Then comes in the question of costume. A model may be everything, personally, that is desirable, and yet not possess the costume required by the artist. A female model with a tasteful wardrobe can find numerous engagements and command her own prices. Few artists in New York possess any costumes at all, and still fewer own modern female dresses, or have other than the usual masculine crudity of idea as to how they should be worn. Consequently they are entirely at the mercy of their models, and helpless in

reasoning,—a logical development of our century,—but simply to those fortuitous combinations of shape and color which spring from instinctive vulgarity of taste or ingenuous ignorance.

Sometimes an obliging female relative will lend an artist a handsome gown for his Exhibition picture, with many cautions as to paint from palette and brush. Sometimes, he repairs to the theatrical costumer and hires a vile concoction of gaudy colors and cheap material at a ruinous rate. Sometimes his model makes a gown to fit herself of some common, inexpensive fabric, say, for instance, blue silesia. By that mysterious and convenient agency known as *chic* it will appear on the walls of the Exhibition as the richest of blue satin. The artist buys half a yard of blue satin and studies the effects of the folds, then applies the same combinations of light and shade to the silesia gown on his model. The properties and methods of the studio are not unlike those of the stage: magnificent results are produced from humble materials. To use *chic*, in artistic parlance is to produce effects by means of the imagination and by means of analogy—as, for instance, to create from one model's face a dozen of different ages, or by a few skillful strokes to transform the cloth garment on the model into a fur one on the





STUDIO OF AN ANIMAL-PAINTER.

paper or canvas, or to make a straw hat over into a beaver. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely of this very handy development of artistic creativeness.

The artists of New York are unanimous in the opinion that an agency for the hire of costumes exclusively for studio use is one of the absolute necessities of the artistic growth of the metropolis. I have heard of a model who contemplates establishing such an agency, but she is hampered by want of capital. The initiative must come from the artists themselves. Certainly New York art, and consequently American art, would be greatly the gainer by this apparently trifling circumstance.

Many artists prefer picking up their models in a chance way, believing that the types so secured will be more original and realistic than those whose poses have been reduced to method by Academic practice. One artist whose name is associated with the reproduction on canvas of the small street Arab of New York, gathers up his models from their native element of mud, thereby preserving all their delightful *gamin* characteristics. When he first undertook his researches, it was with difficulty that he was able to make the audacious bootblack and the dauntless newsboy enter his studio. Fear and horror seized them upon the very stair, and they struggled for escape. But a few of the boldest of the tribe having undergone the operation of having their "picters took," the report of the

wonders and beauties, not to say the commercial advantages of the studio, spread abroad, and the market became overstocked with small boy models. It is said that upon one occasion, the artist, being unable to overcome their embarrassment in posing, bethought himself of the expedient of inciting them to a fight, in order to throw some spint into their attitudes. An artist of my acquaintance was searching for a model in the streets of New York. Crossing Union Square, he saw the very type of face he required. The owner of the face was seated on one of the benches in an attitude of cheerful expectancy. The artist accosted the old man and asked if he would pose. He readily consented, went to the studio at the appointed time, was employed, gave satisfaction, and became a sort of retainer at the studio. His massive white head and large white beard met with favor in æsthetic circles. By degrees, items of his personal history came to light. He had been a gold-digger in California in the early days of the mining excitement. He claimed to have experienced fifteen shipwrecks in the capacity of a sea-captain. Left an orphan at an early age, he had been educated by a physician, and had acquired some knowledge of medicine. Fate threw him among the Indians of the far West, presumably on his way from the gold-diggings, and he became a medicine-man. He was learned in natural philosophy, and possessed a mineralogical cabinet



and also a singular collection of roots, each twisted by nature into the shape of one of the letters of the alphabet. He painted shells skillfully, and had an ambition to go round the world in a canoe. This remarkable person also wrote poetry and was a Yankee. It needed only a master-brush to make this same representative Yankee as classic as a Millet peasant. By far the best models, from the point of view of originality, are those captured by chance. A model—a tramp—picked up in the street not long ago, fainted after a few moments of posing. He had seemed overjoyed at the prospect of earning fifty cents. He revived, insisted upon completing his task, received something over the fee promised from a suspicion on the part of the artist that his feebleness was the result of hunger, and went his way. Such episodes as this often occur among the experiences of a searcher after models. When an athletic model is required, the painter sometimes applies to circus-performers, heavy-weight men, boxers, and pugilists. They frequently appear on canvas as gladiators, Greek wrestlers, and Roman senators.

The New York streets offer a variety of picturesque types, which for artistic value are not surpassed by those found in any European city. The deficiency in color and conventional picturesqueness is atoned for by the strong realism and robust distinctiveness of character to be found in the surging humanity of this many-sided American city. The artistic exponent of American life lies in the reproduction of the very types that pass under the studio windows, in their daily round of work or pleasure. The great masters of foreign art, whether ancient or modern, have always found their models close to their own door-stones and hearth-fires. The same must be true of American painters before we can claim for ourselves a nationality in art, remembering the while that the familiar is not necessarily the vulgar.

New York artists, in advertising for models, frequently find themselves the heroes of romantic or humorous adventures. Upon one occasion, an advertisement for a nude model inserted in a morning paper by two young artists, was answered by a palsied old woman, who, twenty-five years before, had once posed for some forgotten artist. Sometimes a young artist with a taste for intrigue amuses himself by answering the advertisement of his brother-painter. This results in much mystification and the enjoyment of a practical joke. Male

models have been procured upon occasion from the Young Men's Christian Association. The birds and animals in Central Park unconsciously do duty as models and are reproduced in illustrated books and magazines. Bird and animal fanciers frequently allow artists to make studies from their stock-in-trade.

Animal painters frequently have studios out of town, in which they can study from cows, sheep, and horses with a freedom and ease hardly afforded by a sixth-story New York atelier. Live stock of a minor kind for model purposes can, however, be comfortably quartered in some of the studios. A family of serious-minded kittens recently sojourned for months under the heraldic eaves of the old University Building and posed conscientiously for its board. Country dogs have been known to visit artistic New York and to pay their way by their services as models. Young alligators, turtles, macaws, parrots,—all these have I seen under conditions highly creditable to their appreciation of artistic and domestic exigencies.

The useful and protean lay-figure should not be forgotten,—that model who amid all the changes of artist-life remains ever true to its master. In one studio it lies upon a couch, clothed in spotless draperies of unbleached cotton, as an early Christian bearing the palm of martyrdom. In another, it appears as a young woman of fashion attired in a Parisian costume, seated at an imaginary piano with cotton gloves over its sawdust fingers, striking inaudible chords, and gazing into space with an inspired air. In another, it is seen as a bold *bravo* of mixed nationality, wrapped in a heavy cloak with a Turkish fez over one eye, and the rosy baldness of its head concealed by a flowing wig.

It does not come within the scope of this article to enter upon the question of study from the nude model which has given rise to so much argument during the last few years. In the life-classes of the New York art-schools the discipline is most rigid. The monitor of the class is the only person who holds communication with the model, and in the case of a female model a mask is sometimes worn over the face. New York possesses an abundance of crude material in the way of models, and it is fair to suppose that a few years more will see the establishment of a complete and perfected system of accomplished and trained models, of those realistic types most valued by American artists.

Charlotte Adams.



## GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MR. CURTIS is known to the American public as author, journalist, and statesman,—for, although he has never held a political office, he has made a profound study of statesmanship, and possesses a knowledge of public affairs second to that of no other man in the country; but his greatest and best work has been achieved in the field of journalism. Starting out on his youthful career as the author of several charming books of travel, and afterward drifting into literary engagements with the New York "Tribune," "Harper's Weekly," and other journals, he was at an early age, and in common with thousands of earnest young men in the North, driven by conviction to take part in the great moral revolution which culminated in the war for the Union and the abolition of slavery in the United States; and throwing himself with fervor into this new field of activity, he abandoned a profession, in which he might have attained high honors, for the one in which he has achieved his great reputation as a leader and teacher of men. It will be interesting to trace the steps by which he came into his chosen career of work.

Mr. Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824, but he was partly of Massachusetts descent, his father having been born in Worcester, in that State, of which an ancestor was the first settler. His mother was the daughter of James Burrill, Jr., at one time Chief Justice of Rhode Island, and afterward United States Senator. In 1830 he went to boarding-school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, where he remained for four years. Pleasant reminiscences of his school-days there are found in the early chapters of his novel, "Trumps," narrated with a freshness and enthusiasm which remind the reader of "Tom Brown at Rugby." Meanwhile he lost his mother; and in 1839, his father, who had married again, removed with his family to New York, and, desirous that his son should pursue a mercantile career, placed him, after a year's study with a private tutor, as a clerk in a German importing house in Exchange Place.

But mercantile life was not agreeable to the youth. His tastes were decidedly literary, and in the course of his reading he became deeply interested in the transcendental movement, in which so many of the best and purest minds of New England were at that time engaged. Accordingly, after about a year of

uncongenial drudgery in the importing house, he went to Brook Farm, in company with his elder brother, who shared in his tastes and aspirations. It is unnecessary to repeat the story of failure and disappointment which led to the breaking down of that amiable experiment; but the incident of his taking part in the endeavor to create an ideal society, is interesting as showing the early tendency of Mr. Curtis's mind. He is still called an idealist by those who use the word as a term of reproach, as though it were folly in the youth to believe that society may, in time and by persistent effort, be organized on a higher and purer basis than at present, and still greater folly in the man to retain such optimistic views. The millennium may be far away; but its coming will not be hastened by deriding the principles whose application in social and political life may make it possible, at some distant period; and men who endeavor to bring society into harmony with those principles are prophets and apostles of the Utopia that is to come.

Mr. Curtis and his brother remained at Brook Farm until 1844, and they then passed two years in Concord, Massachusetts, studying and farming. Here Mr. Curtis became very intimate with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Henry Thoreau, forming warm friendships with them which were broken only by death. In his "Homes of American Authors" he has printed some interesting notes of his intercourse with the philosopher, the romancer, and the hermit.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis determined upon making an extended tour in the old world, which, at that time, was a more eventful and important undertaking than it is now, when the "Atlantic ferry" will take you across in a little more than a week. In August of that year he sailed from New York for Marseilles in a passenger packet. The voyage occupied nearly fifty days. From Marseilles he went by steamer to Leghorn, and from that city to Pisa, where he lingered awhile to admire the wonders of the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo. From Pisa he passed on through the luscious vintage to Florence. The winter was spent in Rome. In the spring of 1847 Mr. Curtis visited Naples and other portions of southern Italy, then made his way slowly northward, back to Florence, where he remained some time, finishing the summer by a long and delightful



sojourn in Venice, in the congenial society of Kensett, Hicks, and other American artists.

In the autumn Mr. Curtis traveled through Lombardy to Como, and over the Stelvio through the Tyrol and Salzkammergut to Vienna, reaching Berlin in the middle of November. The spring of 1848 found him in Dresden, Prague, and again in Vienna, whence he sailed down the Danube to Pesth, returning to Switzerland for the summer.

Mr. Curtis traveled through Switzerland with all the delight of leisure, and not with the modern American frenzy, which counts as lost time every hour consumed in passing from place to place. In the same manner he studied the cities, the people, and the art of Holland,—who, indeed, could hurry through Holland?—and, in the autumn, sailed from Malta to Alexandria.

Mr. Curtis was fortunate in visiting the land of the Pharaohs when the spirit of modern progress had scarcely begun its devastating work within the shadow of the Pyramids. The destruction of the picturesque is surely not an evil necessarily attendant upon social, political, and industrial progress; but progress is very apt, when suddenly aroused, to play sad havoc with things which might better be preserved than destroyed. Were there not quarries of stone in Egypt that temples old as human traditions must be despoiled to build new cities? Doubtless the railroad and the steam-boat are great conveniences for people who are in a hurry, but they have unmade the Egypt of history and the imagination. They had not done so when our Howadji looked upon the Pyramids and sailed slowly up the Nile to the second cataract. The sacred river still flowed

"through old hushed Egypt and its sands  
Like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream,"

and the effect of that hushed and dreamy life upon his imagination found delightful expression in his "Nile Notes," which are full of the flavor and perfume of the East. Ten years afterward they could not have been written. Stephens visited the Nile still earlier; but he was a man of merely dry observation. He had no enthusiasm, no imagination, and the record of his journeyings is as dull as a ledger in comparison with the Howadji's dreamy musings and charming descriptions.

A journey across the desert by way of Gaza to Jerusalem, of which he wrote an account in "The Howadji in Syria," ended Mr. Curtis's Eastern travels. He spent the early summer of 1850 in England, and returned home in August. His pen had not been idle during his wanderings. Besides his journals, he had written letters for the

"Courier and Inquirer," of which Mr. Henry J. Raymond was then managing editor, and for the New York "Tribune," where his friend, Mr. Charles A. Dana, held the same position. On his return, he entered upon an active literary life. He became musical critic and editorial writer on the "Tribune," and wrote out his "Nile Notes," which were published in 1851 by the Harpers. In the autumn of that year he wrote a series of picturesque traveling letters to the "Tribune," from the Catskills, Saratoga, Trenton, Niagara, Newport, and Nahant, which were published in 1852 as "Lotus-Eating," beautifully illustrated by his friend Kensett. In the same year, "The Howadji in Syria" was published, and Mr. Curtis wrote some sketches of social life for "Harper's Monthly."

The establishment of "Putnam's Monthly," in 1853, opened a new field to Mr. Curtis, who, in conjunction with Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Charles F. Briggs, assumed the editorial management of that periodical, which was destined to a brilliant though brief career. Within the first year of its existence he wrote the papers on Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Bancroft, in the series on "The Homes of American Authors." To this magazine Mr. Curtis contributed "The Potiphar Papers," a brilliant satire on certain phases of New York society, and "Prue and I," a series of delightful sketches, rather than a story, which was published in 1857. When the magazine passed into the hands of Messrs. Dix and Edwards, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted became connected with the firm, and were involved in its failure. Considering himself morally, if not legally, responsible for a portion of the indebtedness, Mr. Curtis refused to avail himself of the technicalities of the law, and set himself to the work of paying the creditors. He devoted himself diligently to literary work. The amount of labor he performed was literally enormous. Besides filling the "Easy Chair" of "Harper's Magazine," in which he had just taken his seat, and writing "The Lounger" in "Harper's Weekly," he delivered a long series of lectures, sometimes speaking a hundred nights in a season, and traveling, almost without rest, from place to place at the insatiable call of managers and committees. No man was ever more popular as a lecturer. The charm of his manner was irresistible; he had not only something to say which the people wanted to hear, but knew how to say it with the grace and ease which belong to the true orator. One of the most popular of his lectures was that upon the perfect soldier of chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney. Scarcely less popular were his Lowell lectures upon the



modern English novelists, which were repeated in New York, Brooklyn, and other places. The physical and mental strain involved in this labor was so excessive that many people wondered that he was willing to undergo it. A few only of his immediate friends knew that the proceeds of all his lectures during a period of almost ten years, and a part of his salary as editor, were devoted to the liquidation of the debt from which the law, but not his high sense of moral responsibility, would have absolved him.

During these years the slavery question had gradually absorbed public attention, and had become the paramount theme in the press, the pulpit, and the lyceum. In his Newport loungings Mr. Curtis had noted the effect produced upon Northern society by the slave power, and his attention had been called to the necessity of combating the evil influence by every popular means. Accordingly in all his lectures, like many of the lyceum speakers at that time, he discussed the subject with great freedom and force. The lecture lyceum, indeed, did much to arouse and enlighten public opinion on this vital question, and to prepare the way for the great revival of anti-slavery feeling in the North which followed the personal assault upon Charles Sumner in 1856. It is necessary to recall these times in order to form a just estimate of Mr. Curtis, and his career in public affairs. He was one of a large number of young men who felt, when that assault took place, that there were more imperative duties than the delights of dalliance in the primrose paths of literature. In the year just mentioned he delivered a college address at Middletown upon the "Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times," in which the situation and the impending crisis were discussed from an anti-slavery point of view. He went upon the stump for Fremont, in that year, speaking in New York, New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and entered actively into politics on Staten Island, where he lived, and where for many years he was Chairman of the Republican County Committee.

Mr. Curtis was a delegate to the second National Convention of the Republican party, which assembled at Chicago on the 16th of May, 1860. It will be remembered that the construction of a "platform" was a labor of considerable difficulty. There were still many Republicans who wished to conciliate the border states, and when Mr. Joshua R. Giddings moved in convention to add to the first resolution the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" clause from the Declaration of Independence, the opposition was loud and determined. The motion was lost

by a large vote, and Mr. Giddings, who had urged its adoption in the most eloquent and impressive manner, proposed to withdraw from the convention; but Mr. Curtis took an early opportunity to renew the motion in a slightly modified form. There were again loud cries of opposition. Mr. Curtis asked whether the party was prepared at its second National Convention to vote against the great charter of American liberty, and cautioned the delegates to beware how, there in the broad prairies of the West, they receded from the position which the party had occupied at Pittsburg, and refused to repeat the words of the Fathers of the Revolution. His eloquent periods acted like magic on the convention. The amendment was adopted unanimously amid wild excitement, the great multitude rising and giving round after round of applause. "Ten thousand voices," says a contemporary report, "swelled into a deafening roar, and for several minutes every attempt to restore order was hopelessly vain. The crowd of people outside took up and echoed the cheers, making a scene of excitement and enthusiasm unparalleled in any similar gathering." It was a great popular triumph, and was of vital service to the party, not only in retaining the influence of Mr. Giddings and his followers, but in swelling the enthusiasm which greeted the platform and the candidates.

It was a noteworthy event in the history of American journalism when, in December of 1863, Mr. Curtis became the political editor of "Harper's Weekly." He had been conducting a department called "The Lounger," begun in the autumn of 1857, which consisted at first of essays in the lighter vein on social and literary topics, very much in the manner of the "Easy Chair." After the beginning of the war Mr. Curtis frequently introduced subjects of a national and political character in this department; but his field was comparatively restricted. From the moment, however, that he took his seat in the editorial chair, his discussions assumed a wider scope, embracing all the great issues before the country. Thoroughly equipped for his new position by mental training and political experience, and in full sympathy with his audience, he made "Harper's Weekly" a power in the Republican party. He was hampered by no office restrictions. The publishers knew the secret of a real responsibility, and, giving him their confidence, gave it unreservedly. There was, of course, entire harmony of principle and purpose between Mr. Curtis and his publishers; and while there were also, of course, occasional differences of judgment as to men and measures, there was never any



interference with the course pursued by Mr. Curtis, nor any attempt to dictate the tone of the paper. This unrestricted independence gave Mr. Curtis a commanding influence in Republican councils and over his readers. He won, and has kept the enthusiastic personal support and admiration of his audience, as no other editor has succeeded in doing, with the single exception of Horace Greeley. The relations between Mr. Curtis and his readers are, in fact, almost personal in their nature, and he has never seriously entertained proposals, however brilliant and tempting, that would interrupt those relations. Thus, although he could serve as a Regent of the University, and as non-resident Professor at Cornell University for four years, he declined, in 1869, upon the death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, who had previously asked him to become assistant editor, an invitation to the chief editorship of the New York "Times."

No other man has done more than Mr. Curtis to create and maintain a healthy popular sentiment on the subject of Civil Service Reform. In "Harper's Weekly," and in his public addresses, he has expounded and advocated this important measure with a persistency which has drawn upon him the wrath and ridicule of those who are pleased to style themselves "practical" politicians. "Sentimentalist" and "visionary" are among the mildest names applied to him by his political opponents; and he has been accused frequently of treachery to party allegiance because of the outspoken manner in which he has exposed and denounced obnoxious measures within the party. But Mr. Curtis acknowledges no party allegiance, in the sense that "machine" politicians understand the term; his only allegiance is to right, to high principle, to honor. He has the loftiest conceptions of the duty of the citizen. He holds that it should be the aim of every man, not only to keep himself pure, but to assist in the purification and elevation of politics; that it is the duty of every respectable citizen to take part in civil affairs, and to keep them out of the control of the baser elements of society. Between "sentimental" politics like this, and "practical" politics, which implies pandering to those baser elements, there can be no room for choice. As Charles Sumner once said, in his imperious way, to one who asked him to consider the other side of the slavery question: "Sir, in a matter of this sort there is no 'other' side!"

That the views which Mr. Curtis holds will win in the end admits of no doubt. Many a failure may yet be in store for their advocates, but, unless free institutions are destined to go

under, Civil Service Reform must ultimately triumph. Mr. Curtis was not discouraged by its failure under President Grant's administration. He accepted the Chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission, in 1871, with sanguine hopes of success. The President was sincere and earnest in his desire to thus signalize his administration; but, in 1873, becoming convinced that, yielding to the pressure of "practical" politicians, General Grant had changed his views, Mr. Curtis resigned, and the next year the President formally abandoned the project. It had been well for the President, and for the Republican party, had he listened to wiser counsels. Even those who have always sneered at "Sunday-school" politics begin now to discern the signs of the times; and the President's recent recommendations in his annual message, and the various bills hurriedly introduced in Congress, favoring reform in the Civil Service, show that the views which Mr. Curtis advocates have taken a stronger hold on the public than was dreamed of by his opponents.

Mr. Curtis has never accepted a political office, although often pressed to do so. By Mr. Seward he was offered the Consul-Generalship to Egypt; President Hayes urged him to accept the post of Minister to England, and afterward that of Minister to Germany; but he could not be tempted away from his editorial position. Once he accepted the nomination for Representative to Congress, knowing that his district was hopelessly Democratic, and that there was no prospect of his election. In 1867 he served in the State Constitutional Convention, in which he was chairman of the Committee on Education. He frequently took part in the debates, and made an elaborate speech in favor of the extension of the franchise to women,—a measure of which Mr. Curtis has been for years a consistent advocate.

Mr. Curtis was married in 1857 to a daughter of Mr. Robert G. Shaw, the eminent philanthropist, recently deceased. For many years he has resided in West New Brighton, Staten Island, except during the summer months, when he seeks rest and relaxation in a pleasant, old-fashioned country home in the village of Ashfield, Massachusetts.

His devotion to journalism and political affairs has prevented Mr. Curtis from pursuing authorship as a profession, if we are to regard authorship as the writing of books; but although he has put forth no volume since the publication of "Trumps," the readers of the "Easy Chair" in "Harper's Magazine," and of "Manners Upon the Road" in "Harper's Bazar," will recognize in him the most charming essayist of the day. The delicate,



graceful humor of these papers, the purity of style, the wide range of culture and observation which they indicate, but which is never obtrusive, give them a distinctive character of their own. The "Easy Chair" is the first part of the magazine to which the reader turns. The author of "Trumps," "The Poti-

phar Papers," and "Prue and I," could hardly have failed as a novelist, had he chosen to pursue that path of literature; but we will not regret his choice, for while we have many novelists, where shall we look for another name like his in the field of American journalism?

*S. S. Conant.*

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THE LADY OF THE EAST.

(ON A DRAWING BY JOHN LAFARGE.)

WHO art thou, Lady of the East,  
Whose day of eyes and night of hair  
The daughter of a king, at least,  
Proclaims, so brightly, darkly fair?  
Thy life is a perpetual feast,  
With but a single shadow there.

What is it, Lady? Some sweet thing  
Which once was thine, but now is fled?  
Thy lute hath lost its golden string?  
Thy rose its freshest odor shed?  
The bird thou lov'st has taken wing,  
And to another sings instead?

What is it, Princess, that hath cast  
This sudden sadness on thy brow?  
The shadow of what loving Past?  
The memory of what broken vow?  
Girlhood hath gone from thee at last,  
And thou art perfect woman now.

I see thee as thou standest there  
With those mysterious eyes of thine,  
And all that midnight length of hair,  
Like Dis's pall on Proserpine:  
I only know that thou art fair;  
I only wish that thou wert mine!

What Earth's first women were, thou art,  
Glorious and gracious to behold,  
With greater steadfastness of heart,  
Though cast in less heroic mold;  
And yet with tears that sooner start,  
And smiles that were not known of old.

Thou hast no need to wear a crown,  
So royal in thyself art thou:  
And whether Fortune smiles, or frowns,  
Thou hast the same unruffled brow;  
Content if only men bow down  
And worship thee—as I do now.

*Richard Henry Stoddard.*



## MY GARDEN.

Oh my garden full of roses,  
Red as passion and as sweet,  
Failing not when summer closes,  
Lasting on through cold and heat :

Oh my garden full of lilies,  
White as peace, and very tall,  
In your midst my heart so still is  
It could hear the least leaf fall :

Oh my garden full of singing,  
From the birds that house therein —  
Sweet notes down the sweet day ringing  
Till the nightingales begin :

Oh my garden where such shade is,  
Oh my garden, bright with sun,—  
Oh my loveliest of ladies,  
Of all gardens, sweetest one !

*Philip Bourke Marston.*

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## THE LED-HORSE CLAIM.\*

A ROMANCE OF THE SILVER MINES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "Friend Barton's Concern," "A Story of the Dry Season," etc.

### XI.

#### THE HONORS OF THE CAMP.

A TELEGRAM to the home-office, conveying the news of the fight and its result, was immediately followed by Hilgard's formal resignation.

This step was not taken from any consciousness of mistaken or excessive zeal, but from the personal aspect of the situation. Hilgard was like one stretched on a bed of pain who fancies that if he could get up and move around, the pain would be more endurable. He longed for anything rather than continuance of the present. His letter of resignation was accompanied by a brief statement of the circumstances that had led to the fight, and which had made it, so far as the Led-Horse was concerned, inevitable. The answer to his telegram prepared him for the prompt acceptance of his resignation. It was carefully worded and evidently intended as an official comment on his action. It was as follows:

*"Officers of company deplore unhappy tragedy of twenty-second. They repudiate measures requiring sacrifice of life for property. Less violent policy would better represent company."*

The administration in the East, while conceding discretionary power to the executive in the West, was keenly sensitive to any responsibility which might attach to itself through the exercise of that power.

"They don't repudiate the mine," Hilgard said to himself, bitterly. "Their scruples won't prevent their pocketing the dividends after

they have washed their hands of the men who saved their property."

For himself he did not care; it seemed but a grimace of that fate which had first dealt him its cruelest blow; but it hurt him to think of West. The only elaborate part of his letter had referred to West's share in the discovery and the quenching of the plot. He had taken a chief's pride in the loyalty and courage of his adjutant, and he commended him earnestly to his successor. Perhaps some recognition of his service, the kind of service that has no price, would come later. In the meantime he suppressed the telegram. He was ashamed to read it to the man who had said, "I reckon I could hold the drift alone!"

"They think it's a kind of Border-ruffianism," Hilgard said to himself; "they don't consider it legitimate mining."

It could not add to his hopelessness, but it embittered it somewhat, to find himself credited with the principles and classed with the very men he had sacrificed his life's happiness to defeat.

That element of the camp of which the Shoshone policy was the exponent accepted Conrath as its martyr. Gashwiler would have been a far less interesting figure in death. He and Conrath were both jumpers; but Gashwiler was known to be a professional jumper, while Conrath could claim the distinction of an amateur. Gashwiler was not young and handsome, not supposed to come of a good eastern family. Gashwiler's family was a subject of general indifference. He was not particularly free with his money.

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There were no ladies of fashion in the camp who would be likely to exchange reminiscences of his attentions to themselves, or compare their respective degrees of intimacy with the hero of the hour. Even the sober, thoughtful citizens, who would have dismissed Gashwiler's removal with the unperplexed sentiment that he had got his deserts, found a certain pathos in the fate of his young chief, cut off by an act of wild justice, at the beginning of his career.

Few stopped to think what that career was likely to have been. The more picturesque portion of the population of the camp was ready to say, "Poor fellow," in the general consciousness that the compassionate epithet might eventually apply nearer home. Of such frail clay were they themselves fashioned.

A delay, inexplicable to Conrath's friends, in the reply to their telegram to his father, roused a good deal of feeling among them. It was hastily assumed that Conrath's family had "gone back" on him. The facts of the case were, that when the telegram reached New York, his father was on shipboard between that city and Havana, where his wife had been ordered by her physician to spend the winter. The silence was certainly far from paternal. The camp was sensitive on the point of its relations with the east, especially in the event of death. Whatever their indifference or faithlessness to their eastern ties during life, the men of Conrath's rank on the frontier confidently expected those ties to contract in the extreme moment, and restore them to their early associations.

Without waiting for the silence of Conrath's father to be explained, the Shoshone partisans rose in wrathful championship of their insulted comrade, and said:

"If *they* can't bury him decently, damn him, we'll bury him ourselves!" The case of the living sister could wait on that of the dead brother.

It was on this honorable errand Gashwiler had come, when he encountered Hilgard in the first strong agony of his bereavement.

Gashwiler did not see Miss Conrath, but he had a long and exciting argument with Molly, who protested that her mistress should not be disturbed on this or any other business. She had met Cecil in the passage, after her parting from Hilgard, and, with a sure instinct, the girl had known that the hour of her young mistress's extremity was come. She indignantly repudiated, in her mistress's name, the offered honors to the dead.

"Wouldn't ye leave her even the body? Sure, *she'll* never sit behind that hearse—trailin' through the streets along with the lot of you, an' your music, an' your mil't'ry! She's not proud of his dyin', that *she'd* want

the whole camp to be throopin' after 'im. The least ye can do is to leave him to her now!"

But Molly could not prevail alone against the resolute sympathy of Conrath's constituency. All she could do was to soften the proposition by a little merciful deception, and present it as a decent, kindly offer to give the chief of the Shoshone appropriate burial at the hands of his fellow-Masons and comrades of the militia regiment to which he had belonged. Cecil gave her helpless consent, with the condition that all the expenses should be referred to her father. She was too far prostrated in body, as well as in spirit, to know more of the last scene in the tragedy of her life, than such dreary echoes as penetrated the darkened seclusion of her chamber.

Conrath's body was borne out of the house and conveyed to the camp, where it lay in state in the unfinished hall of the new Masonic temple, to be gazed upon by the multitude. It was subsequently enshrined in a plumed hearse, drawn by eight horses, fed on hay at one hundred dollars a ton. It was preceded by the regiment of militia, keeping step through the miry snow of the street, with guns reversed, to the measures of the Dead March. The band which furnished the music was attached to one of the principal variety theaters, and, in the intervals of its regular performance, was often required to assist at funerals, where the camp publicly honored some favorite actor in its social dramas, on his exit from the stage. The Masonic society marched behind the hearse in full regalia, followed by the fire companies and the populace. The latter had turned out promiscuously, on foot, or mounted on "livery horses" of uncertain gait and temper, and might be relied on to appear at any point in the procession, according to its caprice, joining the ranks of the Masons, the militia, or the firemen, and keeping up a current flow of conversation on topics more or less relevant to the occasion. The cortège moved on slowly along the principal streets of the town, and out through its straggling suburbs to the cemetery.

The ladies who joined in this public tribute were easily accommodated in three or four carriages. In the first of these sat Mrs. Denny. A prevalent theory of Conrath's death was that there had been bad blood between the two young superintendents from other than business causes, and Mrs. Denny enjoyed a temporary supremacy among the ladies of Conrath's preference as the heroine of this rumor. Hilgard's fate relented toward him in this one instance, and spared him the knowledge of this romantic fiction of the camp, which joined his name with Mrs. Denny's.



The cemetery was a grim, untended spot, an acre of the primitive fir-forest, sloping westward toward the valley, and exposed to the winds that blew across from the snow-covered peaks. The fire and the ax had passed over the forest, and the nakedness of the land was left as the inheritance of that peaceful community which had pitched its low tents on the bleak slope. A few stumps and stark, blackened pine-trunks, a few young, slight trees, the sole mourners of the forest, supplemented the scant memorials raised to the human dead. Unpainted boards marked alike the graves of those who awaited at the hands of distant friends removal to a more permanent resting-place, the graves of the poor and the unknown, and the graves of those, whose place of rest was of less importance to the general public than its finality. The camp grave-yard, like the camp itself, was peripatetic. The city was at that time reserving the money it might have spent on its adornment, in contemplation of its removal to another spot.

The heavy, soft snow had sunk and melted under the high glare of the sun, and lay in patches, like linen spread to bleach; offering a grotesque, irreverent suggestion that the dwellers in those sunken mounds might have risen in the night and washed their earth-stained cerements in readiness for the pending order to "move camp." The funeral procession, invading this desolate inclosure, took nothing from its haggard loneliness. It was impossible to associate the place with human love and reverence, or even with humanity's last, enduring rest.

Conrath's body was lowered into the alien soil. His final allotment of it was small, and was grudged by none. Here no locator encroached upon his neighbor's claim, and the original boundary lines were kept inviolate. A brief stillness fell upon the multitude, diverse and disunited as the stones of a river bed, except in the wave of sentiment which had brought them there; and then the words were spoken, of a common humility and a common hope.

The militia company, drawn up by the side of the grave, fired a volley over it. The second volley scattered badly, and the crowd, recovering from its momentary reflectiveness, echoed the failure with jeers of derision. The mounted mourners had become exalted, during the ceremonies, to a pitch of solemn enthusiasm which could only vent itself in the racing of their horses back to the camp; and the militia company reported at its captain's head-quarters before nightfall, and drank to Conrath's repose, in a keg of whisky opened for the purpose.

Hilgard had considered the spectacle of his victim's last honors, from the sidewalk of the principal street. The moving crowd, keeping pace with the procession, shoved against him, and occasionally pointed at him as an object of interest only second to that concealed from public view in the flag-draped coffin.

That night was Hilgard's last in the camp. At two o'clock of the chill, wan morning, in company with Godfrey, he was on his way to the new railroad station, which had lately superseded the stage office. The empty streets were covered with a light, pure renewal of the previous snows.

"What a ghastly hour for a train to leave," the doctor said, as they walked shiveringly the length of the platform, printing their progress on the untrodden snow. "We're recording ourselves at a great rate on these sands of time. Time here is eternity in the rest of the world. The shipwrecked brother will have to hurry up if he wants to profit by our foot-prints."

A truck passed them, with Hilgard's trunk piled among the others, eastward bound.

"You'll take all that's left of my youth with you, my boy."

"No, doctor; you are younger than I am now."

Godfrey stopped and looked earnestly at Hilgard.

"You're morbid, George. You're taking a bigger load on your shoulders than belongs to you. Try to look at it simply, and remember that poor Con didn't know how to live, anyway. He carried too much wick for his candle; he never could have stood a draught. Fate has been kinder to him than to you."

"Doctor, I can't talk about it!"

"Well, you'd better. It's better to handle a trouble pretty freely, and secularize it, so to speak, before it masters your common sense. I suspect you're hiding a deeper hurt—I won't touch it, boy; only just let me say: Don't think that everything ends here. If you spoke to her now, you spoke too soon."

"She hasn't heard from her father yet," Hilgard said after a pause. "Is there no one to take care of her but that bedlam crew?"

"She *has* heard—she heard to-day. Her father's coming for her, and the minister's wife has found her out. She's a friendly little soul, with a lot of children." And then he added, "Remember, George, you can count on nature in the long run. I don't mean to flatter you, but did you ever ask anything of a woman and want it very much, and not get it?"

Hilgard flushed angrily.

"Do you call that flattering me? It is not a question of women, and it's not open to discussion."

"I'm done, boy—I'm done—only, just



remember this: The worst thing that can happen to a man is to get some things, the best things, too easily."

"You've been my friend in a place where I haven't many," Hilgard said, relenting.

"You've had plenty of my kind. I tried to be your friend once, in a way that would have made you furious if you had known, but I didn't succeed."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't suppose you do. It's a pity I didn't succeed. However,— Well, take care of yourself, boy! My feet are confoundedly damp."

Hilgard looked after the stout, stooping figure, shuffling away through the chilly streets, and the dull ache in his breast included older failures, and more hopeless ones, than his own. The world seemed full of them.

As he turned he saw West, who had ridden Peggy down from the mine, and stood near the post where she was hitched, waiting for Hilgard's recognition.

Peggy's toilet had been carefully attended to. The smoke from her silky sides rose in the cold air. It might have been the sickly gleam of the station lamps that gave West a pale, dragged look.

Hilgard slipped his hand under Peggy's mane and patted her warm neck.

"You'll see that they take good care of her, West."

"I will, sir. Peggy and me'll leave the camp together."

"I don't mean anything of that sort. We haven't, either of us, any money to invest in sentiment."

"I know it, sir," said West, turning red. "But a man can fool himself with his own money, if he wants to. Peggy's all the Led-Horse I want! I'll take her for my two months' pay, if they'll call it square!"

"You mustn't do it, West! She isn't worth half of it. I've used her hard, poor old girl! She was too light for my weight." He slid his hand down her fore leg, which she lifted obediently. "Her feet are all banged up. She needs a six weeks' run in the valley."

Peggy was smelling around Hilgard's pockets.

"Prospecting for sugar, Peggy? The sugar's in my other clothes. West, I wish you were going along."

"I wish so, too, sir."

"If I should find another job pretty soon, with decent pay, would you come with me? I don't want to interfere with your chances here."

"I aint takin' any chances here," said West, grimly. "They'll be havin' a new deal all round, when the next boss comes out. I'm going to quit before I'm kicked out."

"You're just as well out of it. It's an ugly camp. Gashwiler is not done with you."

"I expect not. Maybe I aint done with him."

"You'd better get out of it, West! You're too good a man to be fooling with that kind of thing."

"Yes," said West. "They've got a notion in this camp that *fight's* all there is of me; but you know better than that, sir!"

"I should think I did. Well, look out for yourself!"

They shook hands silently.

As the train moved out of the depot, West stood with his arm across his saddle, his head hanging down.

"There aint a man on top o' ground I'd put up more on than him; I wouldn't wonder if he'd know it some day," he muttered to himself, and, remounting Peggy, he rode away, through the snow-glimmer, under the dark, starlit sky.

Hilgard, looking from the car-window on the long grade descending toward the valley, saw the shrunken old moon crawl up above the notch of the Pass. A light glowed from the Led-Horse shaft-house, but the neighboring light across the gulch was out.

## XII.

### ON THE DOWN GRADE.

THE glittering snows of the Range melted into gray, soft showers as the eastward-bound train reached the valleys at its foot. The valleys opened and widened until, like rivers entering the sea, they were lost in the effacing levels of the plain.

At that season of dearth the brown plains of Colorado and Kansas were swept bare as threshing-floors, where the feet of wandering herds beat out the desert harvest, and the winds met at the winnowing, mocking the sterile crop and scattering it in wild eddies, mingled with the dust of the arid trails.

In a single night of travel the naked, titanic plains were changed for the rich savannahs of eastern Kansas, green with miles of sprouting wheat. For eyes tired with dust-laden winds and glare of lofty snow-fields, there was rest in this breadth of fertile country, dimly seen through the rain-mist which was gathering and trickling against the car-windows. To Hilgard's homesick gaze it looked like the "lap of earth."

The rains continued. The deep, narrow runs that go winding and looping through the woods of Missouri were filling their dry, summer channels from the low clouds. It was bright, windy weather crossing the rolling prairies of Iowa and the level prairies of Illinois. Chicago was gray and chill with



the lake fogs at evening; but morning in the valley of the Genessee was red,—red with autumn woods, and the broad, low light of the sun shining through haze.

The "limited express" hurled itself into the stillness of the landscape, giving it a dizzy, panoramic movement; the woods marched like processions with banners along the horizon; fields of standing corn, barns, fences, villages, reeled past; young girls in doorways, groups of school-children, or men at work in the fields, waved a greeting to the train, and were left behind; and, long after they had gone their way, the figures and gestures remained transfixed on the vision, like an instantaneous photograph.

On that last day of his homeward journey, Hilgard watched the yellow twilight reflected in the upper reaches of the Hudson. The trains dashed past the lights of riverside hamlets and ferries, past little fleets of sloops, creeping with the tide round a bend of the river, and lazy communities of canal-boats trailing behind the urgent propeller; past country-seats, looking out from wooded knolls and farm-houses sheltered in the hollows, it came clanging into the dingy depots of the river cities. The familiar life roused him, like the pang of returning consciousness, from the dream-like succession of days and nights, set to the monotonous, rhythmic jar of the car-wheels pounding on the rails.

He entered New York with the daily incoming throng of summer tourists, returning from the sea, from the Islands of the St. Lawrence, from the mountains and lakes,—from camping, yachting, hunting, and dancing. He registered his name at a hotel opposite one of those small, sunny parks where summer in the city lingers longest, and appeared duly before a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Led-Horse. The directors found the situation an unexpected one; it was curious, it was even picturesque, and it implied an un hoped-for degree of prosperity in the future of the Led-Horse. Hilgard took his questioning very quietly. When the gentlemanly directors, finding, on reviewing the circumstances that, in point of sentiment, a small deficit remained on their part, proposed its settlement with a check, Hilgard replied:

"Gentlemen, you have paid me my salary as superintendent. I have simply been your superintendent, nothing more."

Hilgard had expected to lose no time on his return in looking up a new situation, and getting afield again; but he had not been prepared to find that the story of the fight in the drift had preceded him. The adventure met him everywhere among his acquaintances. It excited a certain enforced

admiration, but it impressed the Eastern business mind as something excessive; as pitched not quite on the key of daily life.

Hilgard had known little of his native city, since at twenty he had gone to the western frontier under the auspices of a government topographical survey. There were links of old acquaintanceship and of family that still held, in spite of his absences and wanderings, but he hesitated, in his sick and sore self-consciousness, from meeting familiar faces and subjecting himself to friendly questioning.

He thought he would go down to that quiet midland village where his half-brothers were at school. He had seen very little of them since their infancy, but they were endeared to him, not only for the sake of his mother and theirs, but through grateful memories of their father, who had been his model of manhood. Captain Norton's heroic and untimely death at sea had been more of a conscious loss to his step-son than to his own baby-boys. The twice-widowed mother, whose beauty, if it had brought her more than the common share of love, had not saved her from more than an equivalent of sorrow, did not long survive this last blow.

The thought of these two lads, and of their claim on his future, was, perhaps, the only one at this time that Hilgard could dwell upon in security from pain; and yet day after day found him still in the city.

A deadly weariness, like nothing he had known, an apathy, as of premature age, had crept into the marrow of his bones, and taken from him his native instinct of resistance. He often found himself shivering in the soft, fall sunshine. His thoughts seemed to swoon in the vacuum of his mind. He wondered indifferently if he could be ill; he had never counted illness among the chances of his life, but he would have welcomed it, if he could have believed it would come quickly and end surely all future chances.

One evening, before the level sunset light had faded from the house-fronts, he was sitting on one of the benches in the little park, with his face turned away from the passers along the walks. He was meditating on that balance-sheet of sentiment between himself and the Led-Horse, and reviewing the events of the summer with a sickening doubt of his own action. People who paused to take a seat on the bench beside him, stared at him intently and passed on. Beautiful women and young girls, rustling by in rich fall costumes, looked back at him and whispered together. Little children, swinging from their nurse's hands, regarded him curiously; the gaunt shadows of the leafless trees that were short on the asphalt walks, wheeled and lengthened softly



over the turf. The sun dropped below the roofs; the shadows were diffused, and the after-glow mounted to the rows of upper-windows fronting the square. Gray twilight came down, and the myriad gas-jets started into life through all the purple vistas of streets, rising to meet the long, bright lanes of sky. A four year-old child, loitering behind a white-capped maid, paused beside Hilgard's bench and laid a hand on his knee.

"What is the matter? Why don't you go home?"

The childish treble pierced Hilgard's dull mood, but he had no answer for the question. The maid returned in angry haste and hurried the child away.

Hilgard got upon his feet, stung by this involuntary tribute to his condition. Had he then become an object of such public commiseration that even the babes pitied him, and counseled him out of their wisdom of the nursery.

Mounting to the floor of his room he noticed, with vague surprise, that the motion of the elevator made him giddy. He staggered as he stepped into the corridor and apologized mechanically to a lady whom he had jostled.

She appeared to be a newly arrived traveler, waiting for the call-boy with her hand-luggage to show her to her room. She had a sensitive face, of a type we instinctively refer to pictures of a by-gone generation of faces. She looked at Hilgard earnestly, as he lifted his hat and muttered his apology, and with a slight, nervous blush, appealed to him in her momentary annoyance.

"I think I have mistaken the floor my room is on. The boy was to meet me at the elevator with my things and show me to fifty-six."

"Fifty-six is on this floor, madam,—I am going that way."

The lady hesitated, as if she felt under some obligation to wait for the call-boy; and then followed Hilgard along the hall. He tried to keep the number in his mind; the succession of white doors, with gilded numerals on them, swam before his eyes; the hall seemed endless, and the floor to rise and sink under his feet like the deck of a ship. He stopped and steadied himself against the wall.

"Why, here it is! thank you very much!" the lady said, in a tone of relief. At that moment a door on the opposite side of the hall unclosed, and the shock of a sudden heart-breaking recognition roused Hilgard like a blow in the face. Cecil Conrath had opened the door of fifty-six, and stood the width of the corridor away from him looking into his face with the blank gaze of a stranger.

The little lady made an exclamatory rush forward and the door was shut. Hilgard stood a moment staring at the number outside it, and then went to his own room. He made an effort to light the gas, groped about helplessly and sank down in a chair, the blood heavily surging in his veins. It ebbed wave by wave, and his life seemed ebbing with it, in slower and slower pulsations.

The servant coming in a few minutes later with a pitcher of ice-water, found him, in the dim light that streamed into the room from the transom, lying back in his chair, white and senseless.

### XIII.

#### NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

THAT part of his journey to the mountain camp which had reference to his daughter, had not given Mr. Conrath much uneasiness beforehand. He thought of her as little more than a child, to be petted into forgetfulness of the shock she had suffered. He did not know how fully Cecil might be acquainted with the circumstances of her brother's death, and he avoided any allusion to the subject; at the same time he resented her unyouthful silence, and the absence of all appeal on her part to the paternal refuge.

Cecil was not aware of the reproachful power of her grief. The effort by which she had set every strained and quivering nerve to its silent endurance had left her no strength for self-analysis or for comprehension of another's phases of feeling. As for help in her trial, she would sooner have asked the prayers of the church for one whose burden was heavier than she could bear, than have appealed to that automatic relation which was all she had ever known of fatherhood.

When Mr. Conrath proposed to find a suitable escort for her on her homeward journey, and to remain himself a week longer in the camp, for the purpose of investigating an interest his son was said to have had in some presumably valuable, though undeveloped, mining properties, Cecil gave a listless assent. It was arranged that she should travel in company with a lady experienced in railway journeys, opportunely going east, as far as Chicago, and be met in New York by her mother's sister, Miss Esther Hartwell. At the hotel selected by Mr. Conrath they were to await his return and his subsequent plans for Cecil's future home.

Home!—the very word seemed to mock the fragmentary, wistful existence which had been her life since early childhood.



Mr. Conrath's enforced stay in the camp was prolonged from day to day, while Miss Esther silently repined at her life of idleness, with her fall sewing yet undone, in a city full of men and women, all overworking or overplaying—while Cecil listened to every footstep along the hall, and paled or flushed expectantly, growing daily more restless with the haunting thought of Hilgard near, yet never seen.

Ten days had passed, and Hilgard had been sinking deeper, day by day, in that rift of oblivion into which he had fallen. The tide of movement in the city set southward in the morning and northward at night, through the shrill, echoing channels of its streets. There were inquirers for him among Hilgard's acquaintances, but they answered each other that he had gone out of town, probably, on that visit to his brothers, which he had mentioned among his earliest intentions. He lay, drifting fast toward the crisis of his strength.

"Cecil, do you know we have a case of fever in our hall?"

Miss Esther had gathered the information from scraps of talk in the elevator during the day's ascendings and descendings, and confirmed it through the medium of one of the chamber-maids. "It is only two doors from us,—fifty-two. Nobody comes to see him, Ellen says, except the Doctor; and he has a hired nurse."

Miss Esther Hartwell was from the country, and classed hired nurses with baker's bread and shop-made underclothing, and other desolations which properly belonged with the homeless existence of people who lived in hotels and boarding-houses.

"It's been running more than a week, now," Miss Esther continued; "they say he has typhoid symptoms, if it isn't the real thing. It seems as if I couldn't sit here, day after day, with my hands folded!"

Miss Esther was not literally sitting with her hands folded; on the contrary, her active habits were asserting themselves on a circuit of the room, for the purpose of softly dispersing, with a hare's-foot brush, the faint gray dust-films which had settled on the ornaments and carvings. The puffs of hair laid against her temples looked as if a faint gray film had settled on them too, but it had come gradually, and would not be brushed away until the finger of time should obliterate the gentle picture, of which it was now an essential part. It would be as impossible to think of Miss Esther without her soft, prim side-puffs, as without her gold eyeglasses, with their slender, worn rims, or the delicate depressions around her mouth and nostrils.

Cecil was standing at the window, with her back to her aunt, her elbows resting on the low sash, her head bowed between her hands until her forehead touched the cool window-pane.

Miss Esther was accustomed to Cecil's long silences; she thought the girl brooded too much, but she remembered her own youth, and youth's passionate preoccupation with its own troubles. She had not expected from Cecil much demonstration of interest in that forlorn sick-room, which appealed so strongly to her own experienced sympathies.

"I've known cases," Miss Esther meditated, aloud, "where they slipped away just at the turn, for want of some one who wouldn't give up hope. There are always plenty who will say, 'Oh, let him rest—let him draw his last breath in peace!' but then is the time not to think of rest."

Miss Esther shut the brush away in the drawer of a side-table, and stood with her back against it, still wrestling with the helpful impulse, of which she was half-ashamed, as we are apt to be, of gratuitous impulses of that kind. Her eyeglass fell, and tinkled softly against the buttons of her dress.

"Have you thought of offering to help nurse him, Aunt Esther?" Cecil asked.

"Anywhere but here I shouldn't stop to think about it,—I should go right in!" Miss Esther replied with energy. "After all, suppose he *is* a stranger," she argued with her own doubts,—"*he's* our neighbor in one sense. I'm ashamed to pass that door, and never even ask if there is anything I can do."

Cecil came and stood beside Miss Esther, half-embracing her, and crushing her firm young cheek, in which a sympathetic glow had begun to brighten, against Miss Esther's side-combs.

"You are good enough to do things you feel like doing, without stopping to think. You would do it at Little Rest?"

"At Little Rest!" Miss Esther repeated,—this isn't much like Little Rest! Here, it is the first law for every one to mind his own business. I can't get it out of my mind, Cecil, that he is the same young man I met in the hall the night I came. He looked so strange! I said to myself then, either he's stricken with some sickness or ——" Cecil looked at her aunt fixedly, while the arrested blush faded from her face. ——"*or else, he's been drinking!*" Miss Esther concluded in an undertone, burdened by the gravity of this last hypothesis.

"He might have been sick or dying; but he was not *that*!" Cecil said. She stood before Miss Esther, and put out her hands with a piteous gesture.

"Will you go to him now! Don't stop to



think any longer. What does it matter where we are? Ah—*go!*” she entreated in her sudden unaccountable excitement.

“Why, Cecil, do you care so much?” Miss Esther was utterly bewildered by the girl’s mood, but she had ever a gentle construction for all moods but her own, and found in this only an occasion for self-reproach. She took the young girl into her arms and let the convulsed face hide itself against her shoulder.

“Your heart is sore, poor child; too sore to bear anybody’s pain. I haven’t understood you; I thought you were wrapped up in your own trouble!”

“This—this is my trouble!” Cecil confessed helplessly.

“Don’t make too much of it, dear. I’m sorry I told you. After all, he *is* a stranger!”

“I hope he is; but, you *must* find out his name!”

Miss Esther had left the room and arrived at the neighboring door of number fifty-two, scarcely conscious of the steps which had taken her there, but once inside that door, face to face with an extremity of need, which she recognized at a glance, her perturbation was stilled by that active sense of power the true nurse feels in the presence of such need.

On her return to her own room, an hour later, she found Cecil lying on the bed, her eyes shut, her clasped hands close huddled beneath her chin.

Miss Esther softly drew up the coverlid over the motionless figure.

“I’m not asleep,” Cecil said, opening her eyes. She kept them on Miss Esther’s face, intently searching its expression. “What is his name?” she asked.

An intuition had come to Miss Esther during her absence which made it hard for her to answer. She sat down by the bed and laid her head by Cecil’s on the pillow. The girl did not repeat her question, but her hand wandered with a beseeching touch toward the face beside her own. Miss Esther took the hand and held it fast while she said, in the same hushed voice she had used in the sick room:

“It is a strange thing. He is that—Hilgard!”

The imprisoned hand closed quickly within her own and then relaxed. Cecil turned her face away.

“Did you know him, Cecil?”

“Yes.”

“Child, what can there be between him and Harry Conrath’s sister?”

“Nothing; but I may wish him not to die.”

Cecil lay, dull-eyed and silent, while Miss Esther stroked her unresponsive hand. Sud-

denly she withdrew it, and, rising on her elbow in the bed, demanded:

“What have you heard about him?”

“I have heard only what your father wrote me.”

“My father will never know the whole story; he knows—only one cruel thing!”

Cecil sank back on her pillow again, pressing her hands hard over her eyes.

“It is no use! I could never make you understand—no one will ever understand! Oh, why are men put in such places?”

She tossed her arms wide apart upon the bed, turning a look of suffering past all concealment upon the woman who was nearest to her.

“I love him,” she whispered, in all that was left of her choked utterance. “I could not take happiness from him—but now—now I may go to him! Now I can be merciful.”

“Hush, my poor child! Mercy is not in your hands,” Miss Esther said. “He is very young—he is very sick,” she added, simply, as if in further extenuation.

“But he was *not* to blame!” Cecil started up again and slipped from the bed to the floor, beginning, with trembling hands, instinctively to coil up her loosened braids. “I am going to him. It cannot do any harm. He shall know—” She stopped, arrested by a new and sickening doubt. “Aunt Esther, have you told me all?”

“My dear, there is not much to tell. He is very low. You must not expect him to know you. It is the same to him who comes or goes.”

Cecil received this blow in silence. She wavered in restless circles, like a broken-winged bird, around the room, and settled despairingly at last at Miss Esther’s knee.

“You will help him just the same, now you know who he is?”

“Help him? Why, Cecil, what kind of a woman do you think I am?”

“Oh, I know! I am talking wild! It is only I who can do such things. I let him go away that night without a sign. You saw he needed help. It was cruel to shut the door in his face.”

“Why, if you mean that night in the hall, I shut the door, Cecil. I remember——”

“Wont you go back to him now?” Cecil interrupted. “You have been a long time away. It will do no good for me to go, but I must—I must see him!”

Miss Esther yielded reluctantly to Cecil’s desire. The relation between Hilgard and her niece seemed too unreal, and, under the late circumstances, too unnatural to be admitted. Miss Esther, as Cecil had guessed, only knew concerning Hilgard the one fact



of the fatal conjunction of his name with that of her nephew. Mr. Conrath had written only enough to forestall rumor. He had neither defended his son nor accused Hilgard, but the simple fact of his death left Conrath master of sympathies that were already his by the tie of kinship, and had never been alienated by intimate knowledge of his character.

But Cecil's grief was not to be gainsaid. It was the more impressive from the silence that had preceded this sudden outburst of its smothered pain.

The two women went together along the corridor to the door of the sick-room. Miss Esther met the nurse, who admitted them with a few words of explanation, while Cecil, heeding no one, stared with dread into the gloom of the cool, shaded room.

The tenant of fifty-two lay sunk on a white, thinly-clad bed, the lines of his long form showing beneath the folds of the coverlid, like a carved effigy on a tomb. One hand, stretched by his side, stirred slightly, but the profile outlined against the swell of the pillow was as immobile as a death-mask. Cecil went to this figure and covered on the floor beside it, sparing her shrinking sight not one detail of the change. She crept close to the bed and laid her white cheek in the hollow of its dry, wasted hand. Her breath came in hard, tearless sobs. She gazed within the parted lids, where a dull, sightless glimmer remained. There was no recognition, no need for her to shrink where there was no importunity, to resist where argument and appeal had ceased. His estate was less than her own. The ruined tenement which had been his house of life was void and silent, welcoming no one, disputing no intrusion.

Though she had judged and sentenced him, she had held him blameless. She worshiped the steadfastness with which he had turned back to his barren post of duty in the face of a young man's last temptation. Who would ever understand, in the world of peace and order, that wild summons which had forced an instant's choice upon him! and where would peace and order be found, if there were no men to obey when such a summons came! And she had made him feel that they were forever aliens by this deed.

"My brother," she whispered, "my two brothers! God judge between you, and let me call you both mine!"

A small clock on the mantel ticked breathlessly, as if hurrying on the moments to the long silence on the threshold of which she knelt. In that sudden collapse of hope which youth can know, she felt that he was already gone. She could not conceive that a change so terrible might not be final.

Miss Esther went to her and with gentle insistence drew her away. At the door Cecil looked back as one who has laid the last flower on the bosom of the dead.

Miss Esther watched for the doctor's evening visit, and, when his examination of the patient was over, she proffered her help for the night-watch in a low-voiced conversation with him outside the sick-room door. Her quaint earnestness was mingled with a practical efficiency which the doctor recognized and readily availed himself of. At the close of their talk he alluded to the young lady visitor of whom the nurse had told him.

"A friend of the patient's?" he asked.

"She is my niece, doctor," Miss Esther replied. The doctor did not fail to note the evasion and her flush of embarrassment.

"The patient is a relative of yours, did I understand you to say, or of your niece?"

"He is not a relative, Doctor; I have no excuse for offering my help——"

"Except the best of excuses, madam,—that your help is needed. Mrs. Wren inferred that our patient and the young lady were not strangers to each other; does she propose to offer her assistance, too?"

"No, doctor—the patient is not a stranger to us, but my niece has no idea of helping to nurse him."

"Well, you know, it mightn't be altogether a bad idea. There might be circumstances that would make her presence, at least, a most fortunate thing for the case. I confess I counted on more resistance on the patient's part to the progress of the disease. There would be no need for volunteers by this time, if the case had developed as I expected. With his physique and at his age I didn't anticipate the least trouble. I'm inclined to think there has been some shock or strain that's telling against him now. The fact is, it struck me from the first that he wasn't particularly anxious to get well."

Miss Esther was silent a moment, and then, as the doctor appeared to wait for her to speak, she said:

"From what I know of him I shouldn't think he would be."

"But *why* shouldn't he? As far as one can judge by the outside of a man, he is well fitted to live."

"Oh, Doctor, there has been trouble!" Miss Esther admitted desperately.

"I supposed so. He appears to have something on his mind. It's often a very obstinate feature—the mind, you know. Mrs. Wren said the young lady appeared to be a good deal affected by the patient's condition. Was it with a particular interest in him



she came in to see him? It's—well—a little unusual, you know, unless there's some previous relation. This trouble you speak of—is it a common trouble—I mean a mutual trouble?"

"Yes, Doctor," Miss Esther replied, blushing with a sense of the responsibility imposed upon her. "It is partly mutual—that is—I'm not really in her confidence, but he is a great deal to her. I am sure of that. It's a terrible shock to her to see him like this. I don't know what influence she has over him."

The doctor smiled, as if to lighten Miss Esther's sense of the awfulness of her disclosure.

"Those things are often reciprocal, you know, madam. Is your niece's name Cecil, by the way?"

Miss Esther assented in surprise.

"The patient has mentioned that name. He wanders a little at times—can't get the number fifty-six out of his mind." The doctor glanced casually up at the door opposite.

"That is the number of our room," Miss Esther explained.

"Well, madam, if there is no serious objection—I wish the patient could see your niece, quietly you know, when he seems to be conscious. It may be another chance in his favor."

"I don't see what my niece can do for him, doctor—except deceive him," said Miss Esther, with shrinking conscientiousness.

"Our business, madam, is to get him well. He must take care of himself afterward."

About nine o'clock Miss Esther began her night toilet in preparation for watching instead of sleeping. She took out her tortoise-shell side-combs and rolled up her puffs into little flat rings against her temples and fastened each with a hair-pin. She substituted a warm wrapper for her rustling dress, and drew on a pair of noiseless knitted shoes. She wound her watch, and gave it a little shake before trusting to its good faith; then, in the silence of her own room, she murmured to herself the first verses of the psalm beginning: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." And, in the familiar words, she commended her labors of the night to the source of all her modest courage.

There was one more duty to perform. She went to the bed where Cecil lay in a stupor of hopeless grief.

"Cecil, my dear, the doctor thinks we may need your help. Not to-night, perhaps, but you must be ready. You must not go to bed without food, if it's only a glass of milk. And you need not waste your strength

mourning for that young man while he is living. Better save it to help him keep alive!"

Miss Esther had seldom spoken to better purpose, but she did not wait to see the effect of her words.

Morning, when it came, found the watchers hopeful.

Limp as sea-weed forsaken by the tide, Hilgard lay waiting for the returning wave of life to uplift and outspread the dragged filaments of his consciousness. The tide was creeping back; at dawn it floated him off into a sleep like that of a new-born babe, from which he woke scarcely less weak than one, to rest his eyes on the face of Cecil Conrath.

During his waking hours, all that first day of hope, his large-eyed gaze followed her with a mute surmise. She was always silent, but there was a mysterious joy in her face which puzzled him; he could not connect it with himself. The appeal in his eyes grew sharper with his strengthening pulse, until, wearied with this fair, unanswering apparition of a forbidden hope, he turned away from it, and tears of baffled weakness stole from under his closed lids. Cecil laid her cool touch upon his wrist, and held it there until he turned his head toward her again, and lifting his eyes, faintly formed the words:

"Why did you wish me to live?"

She withdrew her hand, but steadily meeting his eyes, with that primal question in them, answered,—

"Because I could not die, too."

He continued to gaze at her, as if pondering her words, and trying if their meaning would stretch to the limit of his reviving longing. Cecil bent her head low, to hide the wild-rose color that bloomed suddenly in her cheeks.

"You are going to get well, for my sake," she said.

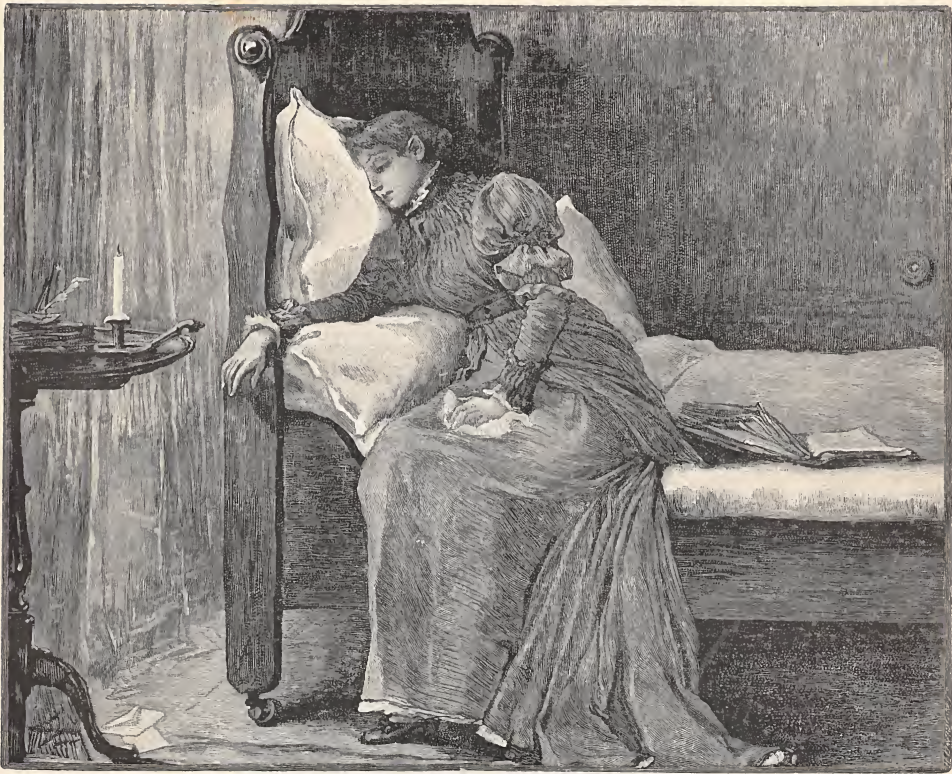
This was Cecil's deception.

No renunciation could have been quieter or more absolute in intention than hers, when she resolved that the way should not be left open for Hilgard's love to follow her when she left him again.

Her father returned, and robbed her meek sacrifice of its dignity by making it no longer voluntary.

Mr. Conrath felt no sympathy for any form of practical Christianity which took the women of his family into the sick-rooms of pilgrims and strangers. He found an absolute incompatibility between Miss Esther's spirit of promiscuous helpfulness and her chaperonage of his daughter. But, when the name of the patient transpired, Mr. Conrath permitted himself a vigorous use of language in characterizing this feminine crusade. He was under





"SHE DOUBTED LONG ON THE EVE OF HER DEPARTURE."

no illusions as to the part his son had taken in the collision between the *Led-Horse* and the *Shoshone*: the facts made it undeniably hard for Conrath's father to be magnanimous, since he was scarcely in a position to forgive Hilgard for defending the trust in his keeping from his son's rapacity.

Cecil was at once called upon to decide between two alternatives, either of which would remove her at once from her undesirable proximity. The choice lay between Havana and her stepmother's company and her grandmother Hartwell's house at Little Rest. Without hesitation, Cecil chose to go down into the country with Miss Esther to Little Rest.

She doubted long on the eve of her departure,—watching the night through, in weary tossings,—whether to go away without a sign, or trust herself to one last expression of her love to soften the fact of her desertion.

When Hilgard arose the next day from one of his long, restoring sleeps, a familiar perfume stole luxuriously upon his languid senses. The nurse brought to his bedside a bunch of long-stemmed, heavy-headed roses, and a note which had lain neighbor to them long enough to borrow a hint of their fragrance. But it

carried its own sting, keener than the sharpest of their healthy thorns. It was hastily written in pencil, in the hand Hilgard had seen once before when Cecil had bidden him to that forlorn tryst in the gulch.

The words of the note had been the result of Cecil's native necessity to be honest. "If it does harm," she had said to herself, worn out with self-conflict, "I cannot help it. I will give up everything, but he shall know that I love him." She wrote:

"My father has returned, and we leave town to-day. You must get well. I shall know, though I never see you, that your life will justify my love and faith. You need not try to find me. We are not for each other in this world."

Cecil's love had not enlightened her very deeply concerning the character of her lover, if she could imagine him restored to what he had been when she had first seen him, and yet passive under the gentle proscription. It served, however, as the tonic which his will required. It stung him into a passionate resolve to get control once more of that good servant, his body, with which he had so lately been willing to part company.

(To be continued.)



## FREDERICK LOCKER.



FREDERICK LOCKER. [FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.]

"PATRICIAN rhymes" is the apt phrase Mr. Stedman coined to characterize that kind of *vers de société*, nameless in English, which is more than mere society verse. It describes Mr. Locker's poetry more accurately than Mr. Austin Dobson's, for example, or Mr. Calverley's, since, as a rule, he confines himself more strictly within the circle of "good society," of Mayfair, and of fashion. Mr. Locker is the *du Maurier* of song, and his "London Lyrics" are as entertaining and as instructive to the student of Victorian manners as Mr. du Maurier's "Pictures of English Society." Mr. Locker has succeeded Praed as the laureate of the world, and he ignores the

flesh, and is ignorant of the devil, just as Praed did, and just as society itself endeavors to do. But Mr. Locker's range is wider than Praed's, whose success lay almost altogether in his songs of society; Praed was out of place when he ventured outside of Mayfair and beyond the sound of St. George's in Hanover Square; while Mr. Locker's Pegasus pauses at the mouth of Cité Fadette as gracefully as it treads the gravel of Rotten Row. The later poet has wider sympathies than the elder, who, indeed, may be said to have had but one note. The "Vicar" is a beautiful bit of verse, but its touch of tenderness sets it apart from all Praed's other work,





MR. LOCKER. [FROM AN ETCHING BY JOHN E. MILLAIS, R. A.,  
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which is brilliant with a hard and metallic brilliancy. Praed dazzles almost to weariness; his lines stand out sharply like fireworks at midnight. More brilliant than Praed no poet well could be. More pleasing Mr. Locker is, and gives a higher pleasure. He has wit like Praed, but far more humor; and the soft radiance of humor never tires the eye like the quick flashes of wit. With broader humor, he has a broader humanity, and a finer individuality. In short, the difference between the two may be summed up in favor of the younger man, by saying that Mr. Locker can write Praedesque poems,—compare “The Belle of the Ball-room,” for instance, and “A *Nice* Correspondent,”—while it may well be doubted whether Praed could have emulated Mr. Locker’s “To My Mistress” and “At Her Window.”

Of course, it is easy to say that Mr. Locker continues the tradition of Prior and Praed; it is easy also to see that, in two respects, at least, the progression shows the progress of the age. One improvement is in the form used by the poet; the other in the feeling, the temper of the poet himself. Praed contented himself with putting his best work into the eight-line stanza, now a little worn from overwork :

“Our love was like most other loves;  
A little glow, a little shiver,  
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,  
And ‘Fly not yet’—upon the river;  
Some jealousy of some one’s heir,  
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,  
A miniature, a lock of hair,  
The usual vows—and then we parted.”

In this meter, Mr. Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson, in England, and Mr. Saxe, in America, have written verses that Praed might not

disown; but though the metal was theirs, the mold was Praed’s. Mr. Locker’s best work has not gone into any one form; he has wisely varied his meter; he has invented of his own, and he has borrowed from his neighbor. “A *Nice* Correspondent” is Swinburnian in its rhythm, and “To My Grandmother” repeats the measures of Holmes’s “Last Leaf,” a delightful meter, lending itself easily to intricate harmonies, and not to be attempted now by meaner hands :

“This Relative of mine,  
Was she seventy-and-nine  
When she died?  
By the canvas may be seen  
How she looked at seventeen,  
As a Bride.

“Beneath a summer tree  
Her maiden reverie  
Has a charm :  
Her ringlets are in taste;  
What an arm! . . . what a waist  
For an arm!”

Is not this the perfection of daintiness and delicacy? Is it not delightful—this mingling of sly fun and playful banter? And this brings us to the second quality, in which Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson are plainly superior to Prior and Praed—in their treatment of woman. Prior thought of women with little feeling, and he wrote of them with little respect; however much he might pretend to worship a dame or a damsel, he kept a keen and unkind eye on her failings. At all times his tone toward women is one of good-natured contempt, often ill-concealed. With Praed, a complete change had come in the attitude; he is avowedly a friendly critic, and yet his verse catches no tinge of warmth from his friendliness. Though he may have felt deeply, he lets his skepticism



TAIL-PIECE TO THE PRIVATELY PRINTED EDITION OF “LONDON LYRICS.” [DRAWN BY KATE GREENAWAY.]





MR. THACKERAY READING "THE ROSE AND THE RING" TO MISS STORY. [DRAWN ON WOOD BY RICHARD DOYLE.]

and his wit hide his feeling until we are well-nigh forced to doubt whether he had any feeling to hide. The lively beauties who figure in Praed's glittering verse are far more true to life than the French fictions of Prior, but the ladies of Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson are quite as charming and indubitably more natural. They are true women, too, not mere figments of the fancy; they are the result of later and deeper observation; and they have far more variety from the given prototype. Prior wrote of women at large, and Praed rang the changes on the "Belle of the Ball-room." Now, Mr. Locker has a gallery of girls, all fresh and ingenuous young maidens. Prior did not respect women; Praed admired them coldly; Mr. Locker has a warm regard for them, and a manly respect, and, also a demure humor which sees into their wiles and their weaknesses quite as sharply as did Prior or Praed.

Having set forth thus some of the things which Mr. Locker, the poet, is and is not, it may be well to give a few facts about Mr. Locker, the man. He was born in 1821. His father, Edward Hawke Locker, was in the public service, and took a warm interest in literature and art. His grandfather, Captain W. Locker, R. N., was an old friend of Lord Nelson's; and both Collingwood and Nelson served under him. Mr. Locker composed little until late in life, or at least, until he was thirty; and he found great difficulty, so he wrote to a friend, "in persuading editors to have anything to say to my verses; but Thackeray believed in me, and used to say: 'Never mind, Locker, our verse *may* be small beer, but at any rate it is the right tap.'" Thus encouraged, Mr. Locker wrote

on, and in time editors began to relent. In 1857, he gathered his scattered poems and put them forth in a single volume as "London Lyrics." As edition followed edition, he has added the few poems he has written of late years, and has dropped those of his earlier poems that he thought unworthy. The latest published edition—the eighth, I think it is—is scarcely any heavier than the first. Later than this, however, is a little book, beautifully printed and beautifully bound, which Mr. Locker has recently given to his friends, and which contains a special selection of his very best work, made by Mr. Austin Dobson, who has prefixed this friendly little sextain:

"Apollo made, one April day,  
A new thing in the rhyming way;  
Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,  
It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear;  
Then Momus gave a touch satiric,  
And it became a 'London Lyric.'"

Besides putting his own *vers de société* into a book, Mr. Locker made a collection, under the title of "Lyra Elegantiarum," of the best specimens in English of the *vers de société* and *vers d'occasion* of poets no longer living. Of this a new and revised edition was published in 1867; it is a model of what such a selection should be; and it was ushered in by an essay of the editor's—all too brief—on the art of writing *vers de société*. In 1879, Mr. Locker published a most amusing little volume of "Patchwork," containing bits of rhyme and bits of talk, with here a jest and there a joke, excerpts from his commonplace book, and enlivened with a few of the anecdotes he is wont to tell so effectively. For the lyrist of London is no recluse; he is a man of the world, even more than he is a



man of letters. His little breakfasts recall those of Rogers, whose kindness to young authors Mr. Locker also shows. He is connected by marriage with the Poet Laureate, and with the late Dean of Westminster; and he knows most of the celebrities of to-day as he knew those of yesterday. It is a pleasure to hear him tell of Rogers, of Luttrell, and of Thackeray. In life as in literature he has both humor and good humor. Although satiric by nature, he is thoroughly sympathetic and generous. Well-to-do in the world, he has been able to indulge his liking for the little things in art which make life worth living. His collections of china, of drawings, of engravings, are all excellent; and his literary curiosities, first editions of great books and precious autographs of great men, make a poor American wickedly envious. He is a connoisseur of the best type, never buying trash or bargain-hunting, knowing what he wants, and why he wants it, and what it is worth; and his treasures are freely opened to any literary brother who is seeking after truth.

In studying Mr. Locker's pictures of English society, we cannot but feel that the poet has drawn his lines with the living model before him. It is in the distinctively London-town lyrics—in "The Pilgrims of Pall Mall," in "The Rotten Row," in "At Hurlingham," in "St. James' Street," and in "Piccadilly,"

"Piccadilly! Shops, palaces, bustle and breeze,  
The whirring of wheels and the murmur of trees,  
By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,  
Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly."

—it is in these that Mr. Locker most shows the influence of Præd, which is decidedly less apparent in the less local poems,—in "A Garden Lyric," in "On an Old Muff," in "Geraldine," and in the sportive and bright-some lines on "A Human Skull."

"A human Skull, I bought it passing cheap;  
No doubt 'twas dearer to its first employer!  
I thought mortality did well to keep  
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer."

"Time was, some may have prized its blooming skin;  
Here lips were woo'd, perhaps, in transport tender;  
Some may have chuck'd what was a dimpled chin,  
And never had my doubt about its gender."

"It may have held (to shoot some random shots)  
Thy brains, Eliza Fry! or Baron Byron's;  
The wits of Nelly Gwynne, or Doctor Watts—  
Two quoted bards. Two philanthropic sirens."

"But this, I trust, is clearly understood,  
If man or woman, if adored or hated—  
Whoever own'd this Skull was not so good,  
Nor quite so bad as many may have stated."

Besides the playful humor of these poems, two things especially are to be noted in them—individuality and directness of expression.

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Whatever influence you may think you see here of some other poet, Horace, or Béranger, or Gautier, or Thackeray—and the very variety of these names shows the poet's versatility—you cannot doubt that these poems are of a truth Mr. Locker's own, stamped with his seal, marked with his image and superscription. Here plainly is a man with a character of his own, looking at life through his own eyes, now laughing with hearty gayety, again smiling a sad smile.

"*'I still can laugh'* is still my boast,  
But mirth has sounded gayer;  
And which provokes my laughter most  
The preacher or the player?  
Alack, I cannot laugh at what  
Once made us laugh so freely;  
For Nestroy and Grassot are not,  
And where is Mr. Keeley?"

Quite as noteworthy as the individuality of the poet is his studied clearness. There is never an inversion or an involution; the verse is as straightforward as prose, and as easy to be "understood of the people." The rhythm flows freely; the rhymes are neat and novel, and never forced; and the manner never intrudes itself to the injury of the matter. But Mr. Locker is not like Théophile Gautier, that Benvenuto Cellini of verse, nor like the cunning artificers of Gautier's school,—poets who polish a poor little idea until they can see themselves in it. That he is ever going over his work with the file, any one can see who will compare the first stanzas of "Geraldine and I" and of "A Garden Lyric," but he never overweights his verse with a gorgeous setting, from selfish delight in the skill of his workmanship. Indeed, Mr. Locker sometimes has carried his search for simplicity of statement almost too far. But so many poets nowadays are as hard to understand as a Greek chorus, that we ought to be thankful to one who takes pains to be clear, and direct, and unaffected.

Affectation, indeed, is always a stumbling block in the path of the maker of *vers de société*; but in "London Lyrics" there are no traces of any slip. The poems are as simple and honest as the verse is direct and clear. Nowhere is affectation more easy than in addressing childhood; and, with the exception of Victor Hugo and Longfellow, perhaps, no poet of our day has written of children as often as Mr. Locker. He has made a "Rhyme of One," and "Little Dinky," a rhyme of less than one (she is twelve weeks old). He has written "To Lina Oswald" (aged five years), and to "Geraldine" (who is fifteen); and "Gertrude's Necklace" belonged to a maiden not much older. And all these poems to the young reveal the subdued humor and





MR. LOCKER'S BOOK-PLATE, DESIGNED BY H. STACY  
MARKS, A. R. A.

the worldly wit we have seen in the others written for their elders and betters, their pastors and masters, and they have even more of delicate tenderness and of true sentiment tainted by no trace of sentimentality. Thackeray, too, was fond of the young, and when he was in Rome, in 1854, he used to read the newly written chapters of "The Rose and the Ring" to an invalid daughter of Mr. W. W. Story. When the book was published he sent a copy to this young lady with an odd little sketch. This is the incident Mr. Locker versified and Mr. Doyle illustrated:

"And when it was printed, and gaining  
Renown with all lovers of glee,  
He sent her this copy containing  
His comical little *croquis*;  
A sketch of a rather droll couple,  
She's pretty, he's quite t'other thing!  
He begs (with a spine vastly supple)  
These are Mabel's roses.  
She will study *The Rose and the Ring*."

One of Mr. Locker's songs has a lyric grace and an evanescent sweetness, recalling Herrick or Suckling:

#### AT HER WINDOW.

Beating Heart! we come again  
Where my Love reposes;  
This is Mabel's window-pane;  
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel  
In the twilight stilly,  
Lily-clad from throat to heel,  
She, my Virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,  
Fading, will forsake her;  
Elves of light, on beamy bars,  
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead  
At the flowery grating;

If she hear me, will she heed?  
*Mabel, I am waiting.*

Mabel will be deck'd anon,  
Zoned in bride's apparel;  
Happy zone! oh, hark to yon  
Passion-shaken carol.

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,  
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;  
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—  
*Dearest Mabel!—dearest.*

Is not this a marvel of refinement and restraint? It is as purely a lyric as the song of the thrush itself. Especially in poems like this is it that Mr. Locker is wholly other than Praed, with whom people persist in linking him. He has at once a finer vein of poetry and a broader vein of humor. Perhaps, after all, humor is Mr. Locker's chief characteristic,—a gentle humor always under control, and never boisterous or burly, yet frank and free and full of mischief,—the humor of a keen observer, who is at once a gentleman and a poet. What, for example, can be more comic in conception, or more clear-cut in execution than this?—

#### A TERRIBLE INFANT.

I recollect a nurse call'd Ann,  
Who carried me about the grass,  
And one fine day a fine young man  
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.  
She did not make the least objection!  
Thinks I—"Aha!"

*When I can talk I'll tell mamma!*  
And that 's my earliest recollection.

It is in this quality of humor mainly, and in the fact that his verse is more individual than impersonal, that Mr. Locker's gifts differ from those of Mr. Austin Dobson, who is like Dr. Holmes in many things, and especially in that he dares not "write as funny as he can." At least he so impresses me. A comparison of Mr. Locker's work with Mr. Dobson's would, however, lead me too far afield, and, at best, comparisons are futile. Criticism is nowadays the tenth muse, and I am sure that Mrs. Malaprop would say that comparisons do not become that young woman. Suffice it to state that Mr. Frederick Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson stand each on his own ground, at the head of the poets who sing of English society as it is. Mr. Locker is the elder, and it was to him that Mr. Dobson dedicated his "Proverbs in Porcelain," in these lines:

Is it to kindest friend I send  
This nosegay gathered new?  
Or is it more to critic sure,  
To singer clear and true?  
I know not which, indeed, nor need:  
All three I found—in you.

*J. Brander Matthews.*



## EVILS OF OUR PUBLIC LAND POLICY.

THE cry of agricultural distress which has been heard for the last seven or eight years in the British islands, is finding an echo, faint, perhaps, but audible, in some of the older portions of the United States. The latest illustration of this fact is seen in connection with the fall in the price of fat cattle in the East, consequent on the successful shipment of dressed beef from the Western plains; and Western competition, in one form or another, is the thing most commonly complained of as a cause of diminished prosperity. An intelligent Maryland farmer recently said to me that this competition is felt by the farmers of his vicinity in everything they produce except the most perishable products, but chiefly in grain and hay. A resident of Loudon county, Virginia, informs me that grain culture has ceased to be profitable there. Beyond the Alleghanies, at least as far west as Ohio, complaint is heard of the diminished profits attending the fattening of stock.

It is needless, however, to multiply illustrations, since the existence of an agricultural depression more or less serious in the Eastern part of the country, appears to be pretty widely recognized. As one indication of this I may cite a writer in the agricultural columns of the New York "Weekly Tribune," who says it must be acknowledged "that Eastern farms are degenerating; that there is not apparent the thrift and energy of earlier days; that farm buildings, through lack of painting, indicate reduced incomes," and "that farm mortgages have increased in size and number." This writer appears to have a theory of his own as to the cause of this lack of prosperity, for he says that "Eastern farmers are slow in adopting needed reforms in methods," and that "many do not realize the rapid changes of the times, the results of the development of vast fertile territories," and of "the shifting of controlling centers of production,"—in other words, of Western competition.

It seems entirely probable that Eastern farmers, like most of their fellow men, are not so quick as even they themselves might wish in perceiving what is for their own advantage, and in learning how to adapt themselves to changing circumstances. Hence the advice tendered them by experienced agriculturists, as to the adoption of improved methods of farming, may be both acceptable and useful.

There is, however, a matter of a different kind which appears to me to be worthy of their attention. The exceptionally rapid

development of Western agriculture has not been a purely spontaneous phenomenon; nor has it been due so largely, as is supposed by certain writers, to the cheapening of transportation. That, of course, has been a circumstance favorable to agricultural development in the West, but the cheapening of transportation has itself been the consequence mainly of an agricultural development due to other causes. In the report on the internal commerce of the United States for 1880, by Joseph Nimmo, Jr., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, it is shown (pp. 6 and 7) that while the charges per ton of freight on three of the leading trunk lines were reduced sixty per cent. between 1868 and 1880, the increase during the same interval in the quantity of freight transported was more than two hundred per cent.

The fact that other causes than cheapened transportation have been actively at work in promoting the development of Western agriculture is sufficiently patent; and what more especially concerns the farmer is that one of these causes is the course pursued by the Government with respect to the public domain. So far as the farmer's interests suffer from the action of the Government, they suffer from a cause subject in part to his own control; and he may fairly raise the question whether that action is, on the whole, so wise and beneficent that, notwithstanding the harm it does him, he ought to acquiesce in its continuance.

Within the last twenty-one years grants of land, almost equal in aggregate area to the thirteen original states of the American Union, have been made to States and corporations—in the main directly to the latter—for the purpose of hastening the construction of railroads in the public-land States and territories. These extraordinary premiums to railroad builders for making the public domain accessible in all its parts,—together with the premiums for settlement upon it offered by our practice of parting with valuable land gratuitously, or at a merely nominal price, or permitting its gratuitous use without title, in unlimited quantities as grazing grounds,—have operated as immense subsidies devoted to the rapid extension of agricultural and pastoral industry over new ground;\* the Western

\* This, too, while our protective tariff was largely based on the assumption that the tendency of our people to agricultural pursuits was already too great and needed counteracting by special inducements to engage in the manufacturing industries.



farmer or stock-raiser, in practically receiving his land for nothing, being placed at a great advantage over his Eastern competitor, whose land usually represents a large investment of capital.

It is possible, however, to conceive of a public-land policy thoroughly liberal to the actual settler, of which the Eastern farmer would have no occasion to complain. Under such a policy the public lands would have been scrupulously reserved for those whose labor was to make them fruitful, and not given away in large quantities even for so desirable an object as the construction of the transcontinental railroads; though at the time when the Pacific Railroad acts were passed it might have been well enough to provide for some assistance to such enterprises out of revenues to be derived from the public domain. It would have been the aim of the Government to allow to each settler a sufficient amount of land for his personal needs, limiting the quantity as near as practicable by his power to cultivate it without hired labor, and granting no more than this unless at its full commercial value.\*

A homestead law rests upon a sound and beneficent principle, if it merely relieves the settler from paying tribute for the privilege of applying his own labor and that of his family to the utilization of the gratuitous bounties of nature. Whatever goes beyond this in giving public land, or the free use thereof, to individuals, involves the principle of pauperism; which can never be more odious or less excusable than when the recipient of public charity is far above the need of it, as, for example, are the great stock-raisers of the Western territories, whose capital returns them from thirty to fifty per cent. per annum, or even more, in consequence of the advantage they have in being allowed to use Government pasturage without compensation.

Under such a policy as has been roughly outlined—supposing it to have been practicable in the past, as it certainly will be in the future—the course of settlement in the West would have been quite different from what it has been. Few persons would have cared to advance far into the wilderness and live for years in comparative isolation, for I am supposing the existence of a system which would not have offered them any inducement to do so,—a system under which no present

sacrifice of the advantages of society and the conveniences of civilized life would have enabled them to reap future profit on monopolized land at the expense of later comers. There would always have been free land to be had, in proper quantities, just across the line of previous settlement, within reach of roads and bridges, school-houses, churches, stores, and market towns. These advantages, as a rule, would have very much more than counterbalanced any superiority of soil to be found at a distance in an isolated situation, and settlement would consequently have progressed with something of the regularity of spreading waters, flowing round some of the least desirable lands as these flow round the higher ones, but compactly covering all that were adapted to advantageous use.

Favored by the comparative density of population, the mechanical and manufacturing industries would promptly have taken root in the new soil, keeping nearly abreast with the development of agriculture, and furnishing so large a local demand for its products that there would have been comparatively little left for shipment to the Eastern markets. In short, under such a policy there would have been a symmetrical development of the industries of the newly settled districts, and but little, if any, derangement in those of the older communities. Population in the West might have increased in numbers even more rapidly than it has done, but being less preponderantly agricultural or pastoral, it would have interfered far less with the interests of agriculture in the older States. That some such policy should be promptly adopted is a matter of great interest, not only to the Eastern farmer, but to the nation as a whole.

The policy actually pursued has for its worst effect the concentration of the richest lands and mines, the best town sites, and the most valuable water privileges in the hands of a comparatively small number of the early occupants of the country, leaving these to drive as hard a bargain as they please with those who may arrive on the ground somewhat later. A region comprising hundreds of millions of acres, still belonging to the Government, has been brought largely into use for pasturage purposes, in which no communities can be said to have been formed, the population—such as there is—consisting almost exclusively of men without families employed in herding. In the great wheat country of Dakota there is a somewhat similar state of things, the large farms, thousands or even tens of thousands of acres in extent, being worked by hired men, varying in numbers according to the season, and having no per-

\* In view of the fact that no price could at present be obtained bearing any just relation to the future appreciation of the lands disposed of, and for other important reasons which need not here be discussed, this value should, in my opinion, be paid in the form of an annual rent, the Government retaining its title to the lands, but giving to the settler a sufficient security of tenure to justify him in making permanent improvements.



manent footing upon the land. The more extensively the Western country is converted into such farms, the more seriously will its settlement interfere with the interests of Eastern agriculture. In this connection it is worthy of note that while the number of farms of more than 1,000 acres fell between 1860 and 1870 from 5,364 to 3,720, it rose between 1870 and 1880 from 3,720 to 28,578. During that decade the total number of farms in the country increased by fifty-one per cent., while the number of farms comprising more than 1,000 acres increased in the same period by six hundred and sixty-eight per cent. A portion of the increase in the number of these large farms was probably due to the division of farms of several thousand acres into two or more of more than one thousand acres each, but in the main it undoubtedly represents a tendency to a rapid growth of the system of large farming. In the West, I think, this is especially the case, and it is in that section that the percentage of increase in the number of large farms has been greatest. While it seems to be the fact that the system of large farming is attended by important and desirable economies in the processes of agriculture, the modicum of advantage derived from these economies by the public will be purchased far too dearly, if it is only to be had by permitting gigantic monopolies of the soil, under which the lion's share of all the benefits derivable from the system in question must fall into the hands of a few persons.

It is to be hoped that, under favorable provisions of law, agricultural coöperation may afford a wholesome substitute for monopoly as a means of securing the advantages connected with farming on a large scale. The prominent part played by railroad grants in promoting the formation of the great farms of the North-west indicates that the interests of Eastern agriculture would be subserved by an enforcement of the forfeitures incurred by various railroads—*forfeitures* under which grants having an aggregate area considerably exceeding that of the German Empire are now subject to the will of Congress, and might be restored to the public domain, if there were a public sentiment on the subject sufficiently strong, and if it were manifested with sufficient clearness, to stir that body to action.

Another consideration which has favored large acquisitions of land is the commutation feature of the homestead law. This allows a money payment of two hundred dollars to be substituted for four and one-half years of the prescribed five years' residence, and renders it easy for a capitalist to acquire

numerous homestead tracts at the nominal price of \$1.25 an acre, by hiring men to make a pretense of settling on them, who, at the end of six months, can take out patents and transfer the titles to their employer. The pre-emption, timber-culture, and other settlement laws are successfully abused for a like purpose, and there is, in fact, a general laxity—partly in the laws themselves and partly in their administration—which makes our public land the easy prey of the monopolist.

In large portions of the pasturage region the laws appear to be openly defied, many of the "cattle kings" proceeding in the most high-handed manner to fence in vast tracts of Government land, barring up public roads which run across their illegally appropriated ranches, and, at the point of the rifle or revolver, forbidding intending settlers to exercise their rights under the laws of the country.

But, apart from abuses and violations of law, our public-land laws are themselves far too liberal to the settler; that is, they are liberal to the settler of the present, at the expense of the settler of the future. In an official document submitted to Congress, in February, 1880, it was pointed out that, under existing laws, 1120 acres of public land may be taken by one person; and although this may not often be practicable, it is practicable in many cases to take up 480 acres: 160 as a homestead, 160 under the preëmption law, at \$1.25 an acre, and 160 under the timber-culture act, for the trifling labor of planting and caring for ten acres of timber—a labor which might well be exacted of every homestead settler in the regions wherein timber-culture is desirable, and one which the settler might profitably perform on his own account, even though it were not required.

Not only in the interest of the farmers of the older States, but on broad national grounds, we need a public-land policy radically different from our present one. What its general character should be, I have already endeavored to indicate, and, in the brief space now remaining to me, I can only add that it should be based on an intelligent recognition of the evils which land monopoly has entailed upon more densely peopled countries in both modern and ancient times; that it should take account of the fact that our own country must soon be as densely peopled as any of these; and, finally, that its guiding principle should be, "The land for its inhabitants, now and always." On our present public-land policy we might fitly affix as a motto the reckless and ill-omened sentiment: "After us the deluge."

*Edward T. Peters.*



## THE JEWISH PROBLEM.\*

THE Jewish problem is as old as history, and assumes in each age a new form. The life or death of millions of human beings hangs upon its solution; its agitation revives the fiercest passions for good and for evil that inflame the human breast. From the era when the monotheistic, Semitic slaves of the Pharaohs made themselves hated and feared by their polytheistic masters, till to-day when the monstrous giants Labor and Capital are arming for a supreme conflict, the Jewish question has been inextricably bound up with the deepest and gravest questions that convulse society. Religious intolerance and race-antipathy are giving place to an equally bitter and dangerous social enmity. This scattered band of Israelites, always in the minority, always in the attitude of *protestants* against the dominant creed, against society as it is, seem fated to excite the antagonism of their fellow-countrymen. Intellectually endowed, as M. de Lavelaye has remarked, with "a high ideality and a keen sense of reality" they may be said broadly to represent Liberalism and Revolution in Germany and Russia, Conservatism and Capital in England and America. Liberty they must and will have, but when this is once obtained, their energy is transferred to the aim of fortifying and preserving it.

Before attempting to reach a conclusive estimate of their actual character and situation, it is necessary to review briefly their history since the Scriptural age, where ordinary readers are content to close it. It is a mistake to suppose that the first dispersion of the Jews dates from the destruction of Jerusalem. Several centuries before the birth of Jesus, finding their little Fatherland too narrow for them, they planted colonies abroad, which spread the fame of Jewish culture and energy over all the civilized world of the day. These Jews were no usurers and chafferers. Every conceivable trade and occupation flourished among them. Of these, the lowest and most despised were those of the camel and ass-drivers, the scavenger, the sailor, the shepherd, and the petty shop-keeper. Usury and the taking of interest were strictly prohibited. Agriculture, cattle-raising, and commerce formed their chief occupations in the valley

of the Euphrates. Nearda and Nisibis, which were natural strongholds, were the principal seats of the eastern settlement. On the opposite side of the river, Palmyra, on the caravan road, had a large Jewish population. The name of the Jewish Queen Zenobia is familiar to all. With the extension of the Parthian Empire, the Jews spread their colonies as far as India. Alexander the Great, in his Asiatic campaigns, became acquainted with them and was favorably disposed toward them. Many of them served in his armies and shared the dangers, fatigues, and glories of his mighty wars. In all the States founded by him he granted them, equally with the Greeks and Macedonians, the rights of citizenship, religious freedom, and exemption from taxes during the Sabbatical year. Under the later Macedonian kings they enjoyed the same privileges, and Egypt became a second Judea. They inhabited two out of the five quarters of Alexandria, and outside of Egypt they dwelt in the Libyan Valley as far as the boundaries of Ethiopia. The Macedonian princes regarded them as the most trustworthy and honorable subjects, whose intelligence and industry made them indispensable to the welfare of the State, and whose courage and endurance rendered them highly desirable as soldiers. In Antioch, the third city of the Roman Empire, they possessed a magnificent synagogue, and received a State pension for the maintenance of their worship. Ptolemy I. (Soter) intrusted them with the most important fortification on the Nile delta; Ptolemy II. (Philadelphus) had the Penta-teuch translated into Greek; Ptolemy VI. (Philometer) confided the administration of his kingdom and the command of his armies to two Jews; Ptolemy Lagi sent a number of them to Cyrene to consolidate his forces among the Cyrenaic towns. Thus they played an important rôle in the history of the Ptolemies, partly as soldiers, partly as statesmen, partly, also, as the most efficient general agency in maintaining civil order and the strength of the nation. It is unnecessary to follow them over Asia Minor, into all the cities of European Greece, and of the Roman Empire, where they had communities and synagogues. We see them as agriculturists,

\* For my brief review of the history of the Jews from the third century before the Christian Era to their emancipation during the French Revolution, I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to a pamphlet written by a German Christian, entitled "A Vindication of the Jews" by Dr. C. L. Beck, published in Leipzig, 1881, from which I have freely quoted. E. L.



merchants, and soldiers, showing no trace of the tendency to sordid occupations which is said to be innate in their character and essential to their social institutions.

In the year 70, Jerusalem, the soul of their national life, was destroyed by Pompey. From this period dates the singular, the unique phenomenon of a landless, denationalized people, dispersed over every country of the globe, and yet bound together by a purely spiritual tie—an idea—in the most enduring, subtly woven, and indissoluble union that the world has ever seen. Thenceforth their patriotism, as well as their religion, consisted in guarding intact against the corruptions of the outside world the sublime idea of the unity of God, and the just and lofty ordinances of the Mosaic code. "Our Messiah," says Johann Jacoby, "is Truth, which is undermining, with ever-increasing force, ancient prejudices and mediæval statutes, and which sooner or later will emancipate us."

The last efforts of the Jews to regain their national seat was made between the years 132-135, when Bar-Kochba preached a war against the Romans, and the people rose in insurrection, only to be vanquished and to lose forever their independence. Jerusalem was a ruin, Palestine a waste, and the fate of the Jews was sealed. But they did not go forth at first among strange nations, who merely tolerated them, and from whom they had to beg or else resort to the meanest employment for subsistence. They were received as brothers by the communities of their co-religionists, honorably established in all civilized lands. The Romans gave them the rights of citizenship, admitted them to the army, permitted them to intermarry with Roman families, and appointed them to any high official position requiring shrewd insight, a clear mind, and a strong will.\*

During the first century of Christianity the Jews lived on the friendliest terms with the Christians, their religious systems having sprung from a common root, while the only difference of opinion between them concerned the question of the Messiahship. It was left for a later age, when the facts of the case were less clear in the world's memory, to hold the Jews guilty of the crucifixion. The Romans designated them as the "better sort of Christians." Modern historians (Christian no less than Jewish) agree that the wide diffusion of Judaism was one of the chief elements in the rapid propagation of Christianity. The

Christians of the first century after Jesus were already divided into two sects, viz: Jewish Christians, and Pagan or Hellenistic Christians. The former were scarcely to be distinguished from the Jews proper. They regarded Jesus as a great and holy man, descended in a perfectly natural manner from King David; and they strictly observed the Jewish law, on the authority of Jesus himself, who said, "I am not come to destroy (the law) but to fulfill." Their motto was the verse, "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" hence they derived the name of Ebionites (poor). They were to be found in Jerusalem, Galilee, Capernaum, and other parts of Syria, especially in Antioch, where the name of Christian was first adopted. They founded colonies, the greatest of which was that of Rome.

The Pagan Christians were the followers of Paul and his disciples, Timothy and Titus, and they dwelt chiefly in the seven cities of Asia Minor: Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea, as well as in Greece, Macedonia and Thessaly. They regarded Jesus as the veritable Son of God, and worshipped him accordingly, they rejected the Jewish law, the observance of the Sabbath, and holy days, etc. The gradual crystallization of the huge organism of the church, and the curious blending of Judaism and Paganism in its rites and ceremonies, originated among the Hellenistic Christians. Thus, the Jewish ceremonies of baptism and the evening-meal or communion supper were retained, and to these was attached a mystic significance thoroughly in accord with the Greek temper of mind. Between the Jews and the Ebionites subsisted perfect cordiality and free intercourse; between the Jews and the Pauline Christians, on the other hand, existed from the beginning mutual repulsion and contempt. In proportion as the Ebionite Christians inclined more and more decidedly to the tenets of the Hellenistic Christians, they naturally widened the distance between themselves and the Jews, until all semblance of unity was lost.\*

In the year 339 A. C., the Emperor Constantius passed a law prohibiting the possession by Jews of Christian slaves, emancipating any slave who had embraced Judaism, and confiscating the entire property of the Jew who had had his slaves circumcised. As society was then constituted, the flourishing communities

\* Strabo, the historian, says: "The Jews have penetrated into all the towns, and it is not easy to find a spot on the earth which has not received this race, and is not under its domination."

\* For a succinct account of the schism in the Jewish Church, which resulted in the establishment of Christianity, see Graetz's "History of the Jews," vol. iv., chap. 5. He calls the Epistle to the Hebrews the "farewell" letter of Jewish Christianity to the Mother Community.



of the Jews could only be maintained with the help of slave labor, and thus their material interests were radically injured. The second blow was aimed at their dignity, their manly pride. In many a war they had fought for Rome; now, however, the army was no longer Roman but Christian. In the year 418 they were excluded from military service. Moreover, the Christian state shut them out from official posts, which they had honorably filled in Pagan Rome. These few measures summarily reduced their position from one of equality to one of marked inferiority. From this time dates a certain coolness in the mutual relations between Jews and Christians, to be followed by a breach which the growing power of the priests did its utmost to widen, and then, by the frightful tragedy of centuries, of which the main cause was the fanaticism of ignorant and brutal men, elevated to the rank of princes of the church. The unscrupulous priests represented Christ, the Son of God and man, as the victim of Jewish crime, and inflamed the hearts of believers with burning hatred. The storm began in Byzantium, under the Emperors Zeno Isauricus, Justinian I., Heraclius and Leo Isauricus. The Jews were slaughtered and burned, and the mob rapaciously plundered them. Fearful restrictions and persecutions ensued under the immediately succeeding emperors, and no law, no imperial promise held good in favor of the Jews. The church wanted money, money, money; more than all taxes, tithes, and begging could supply. But she was obliged to spare her own devotees, and so the infidel Jew became a convenient and helpless victim of pillage. "That this," says Schleiden, "was the only motive and aim of Jewish persecution is proved by council decrees, statutes, and events themselves." "The breath of the clergy was never wanting," says Dean Milman, "to fan the embers of persecution." "The Jews are the slaves of the Church," was the axiom formulated by Thomas Aquinas. Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Clugny, in a letter to the King of France, denouncing the Jews, begged to condemn them mercifully not to a general massacre, but in pure charity only to general pillage.

In vain did a few right-thinking princes, a few reasonable Popes come forward to protect the unhappy race; the priesthood proved stronger than prince or pontiff. Not only were the Jews held accountable for the crucifixion, but the priests goaded on the people with the wildest fables. They affirmed that the Jews bought or stole Christian children in order to kill them for Passover. Frederick II. tried to shield them against this monstrous charge; the Republic of Venice, in a

State document, represented it as a baseless lie, and several Popes did the same. Nevertheless in many places the horrible superstition exists to-day.

They were forbidden to own real estate; their marriages were illegal without the blessing of a Christian priest; in certain countries they were not permitted to have more than one child; no Christian could be indicted for a crime against a Jew; the right of emigration was denied them; they were literally chained to the soil, and became thralls of the proprietors. Add to all this, periodic riots, massacres, and expulsions. They were, moreover treated as property, bought and sold like objects of merchandise by subjects and sovereigns.\*

"The Jew was only treated as a source of revenue; and, till almost his life-blood was drawn, it would be difficult to satisfy the inevitable demands of a needy and rapacious master. He was granted away, he was named in a marriage settlement, he was bequeathed; in fact, he was pawned, he was sold, he was stolen." ("Milman," Vol. III., p. 172.)

The Jew was usually forced to wear a badge or a peculiar costume, and, in some places, branded on the chin in order to make him a more conspicuous mark for Christian contempt and hatred. He was imprisoned in Ghettos, where he forgot the use of his mother-tongue and exchanged it for a Hebrew jargon which serves as a theme of amusement to the Jew-haters of to-day and as a convincing proof that German Jews are no Germans. After being robbed of his lands, he was excluded from all trades and all manual occupation. One alone remained open to him—and this one was *forced upon him by law*—usury. The first Jew who lived by lending money on interest was the learned Rabbi Jacob Tam, of France, whom crusading hordes had plundered in 1146. He complained bitterly of the necessity that forced upon him such an occupation: "We have been left no other branch of industry to support life and to pay the onerous taxes imposed upon us by our landed seigneurs." Bernard de Clairvaux admonished his followers, during the second crusade, against persecuting the Jews, because, if the Jews

\* A recent writer, Mr. W. Cunningham, in his "Growth of English Industry and Commerce" remarks that, in the Middle Ages in England, "the Jews had no rights or status of their own; they were the mere chattels of the king, all that they had was his. \* \* \* Their transactions were all registered in the Exchequer; debts due to them were really due to the king, and they might not accept composition for payment, or grant a secret release. As a matter of fact, therefore, the king had indirectly a monopoly of the money-lending of the country, so that the expulsion of the Jews by Edward I. was a permanent loss of revenue to the crown."



were not there, he said, "Christian usurers would deal more hardly by the people than the Jews did." In 1430 the Florentines be-took themselves to the Jews of their city, who accepted lower rates of interest, in order to escape the extortions of Christian usurers. Centuries before the reproach of usury was raised against the Jews, organized bands of Christian usurers, under the name of Lombards, Etruscans, Florentines, Cahorsins, Ultramontanes, marched through Europe under the protection and recommendation of the Roman Curia, in order to enrich it by means of fraudulent loans and usury.

Of course only the wealthier Jews could lend money; the mass of the people were sunk in the deepest misery and condemned to labors which the Christians shrank from with loathing, to labors that degrade men and stamp upon them the mark of the Helot, the slave. "As if all powers of earth had sworn," says Dr. Graetz,—"and indeed they had so sworn,—to exterminate the Jewish race from the circle of humanity, or to change it into a brutalized horde, even so did they attack it."

If it be supposed that I am drawing too dark a picture of Christian atrocities, and too partial a presentment of the innocence of the victims, I can only say that I have spared my readers the bloodiest and most revolting scenes in this hideous tragedy, and refer them for these to the pages of the Rev. Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's. According to him, every great mediæval institution, was, in turn, a cause of anguish to the Jew. The Crusades were the signal for relentless carnage, pillage, and violation. We read of eight hundred Jews in one place, thirteen hundred in another, at the same time ruthlessly massacred, and of Jewish parents everywhere slaying their children and themselves to escape the tortures of the fanatics. Shortly after the accession of Philip Augustus, a golden crucifix and other ecclesiastical treasures having been found in possession of a Jew, the following Sabbath, when the Jews were peacefully assembled at worship, their synagogues were surrounded by royal troops and they were all dragged to prison. The upshot was the entire confiscation of their property, and the publication of a royal edict commanding them instantly to leave France. Twenty years later they were readmitted to the kingdom, and, as Milman says, "forgetting all past injuries, *in the steady pursuit of gain*," they returned under infamous restrictions only to be again plundered and expelled.

This "love of gain" is the single indictment urged occasionally against the Jews by Dean Milman, whom an unflinching study

of history evidently smote with the horror which all humane hearts must experience in reading the unvarnished record of Jewish persecutions. And even this accusation is unsupported by facts. The Jews did not select the vocation of usury; it was enforced upon them by law, and whenever they were left to a free development they chose other occupations in preference. Then again the love of money which Dean Milman confesses was the Christians' main motive in murdering, torturing, and robbing, was only natural in a race to whom wealth was the sole possible barrier—and that an inadequate one—against the brutality of despots and mobs. The devoted nation literally had no resting-place for the sole of their feet; if exiled from France, it was only to be slaughtered in England or Germany, in Spain or Italy. Therefore, when they received permission to reënter their former home, it is scarcely charitable to suppose that the "love of gain" prompted their return among the people who, however cruel, spoke their own language, and whom despite every injustice, they still recognized as fellow-countrymen.

After the Crusades, came the insurrection of the peasants, the "Pastoureaux," armed bands of shepherds marching through France, "driven by the sternest fanaticism," says Milman, "to relentless barbarities against the Jews." The latter appealed to King and Pope in vain. Five hundred of them being besieged in Verdun, where they had taken refuge, the shepherds set fire to the gates; "the desperate Jews threw their children down to the besiegers in hopes of mercy, and slew each other to a man." When this sort of horror was quelled then followed the plague, for which the Jews were held responsible, and, as the chronicle says, "they were burned without distinction."

But the heart sickens at these endless narratives of blood and fire. Let us turn to the other side and see what excuse is offered for the crime. The charges against the Jews are summed up in the story of Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons under Charlemagne. "Jealous of the enviable opulence of this alien people" (I quote Milman's words) he endeavored to prevent all communication between them and his flock, and issued several obnoxious Episcopal edicts. The Jews, who enjoyed a high degree of toleration at that time, appealed to the Emperor for redress. Agobard was summoned to state his grievances, and thereupon drew up a petition in which he accused the Jews of "cursing daily Christianity and Christ in their synagogues, and of insufferable pride in vaunting the royal favor; he complained that they went



freely in and out of the royal palaces, that the highest persons solicited their prayers and blessings, and that they boasted of gifts of splendid dresses to their wives and matrons from royal and princely donors." He complained also that "Jewish preachers had more hearers than Christian preachers, and were held by the uninstructed to be the better of the two." The only two charges of any weight made by him were that the *Jews sold to the Christians meat unclean to themselves*, and that they stole Christian children to sell them as slaves. He wound up with a long theological argument proving the wisdom and justice of persecuting the Jews. The ignominious contempt with which the Bishop and his petition were received proved the grave charges which are maintained by ignorant bigotry to this day to have been even then without foundation. Throughout the whole of Milman's volumes, so black with the perfidy and cruelty of his own sect, this petition of Agobard's is the one formal arraignment made against the Jewish people, and the Rev. Dean evidently considers it as ridiculous as did the Emperor Charlemagne.

It has been remarked with bitter truth that "if the Jews under the fearful tortures they have endured, had become a nation of idiots, they would only have formed a fitting monument to the brutality with which through the ages they have been wantonly persecuted."\* Let us leave, however, these revolting pages for a brighter side of their history; and before narrating their tardy emancipation, within the present century, and its brilliant results, let us glance at the one sunny spot which shines forth amid the mediæval darkness. While the rest of Europe was buried in superstition and barbarism, the dominion of the Moors exempted a large part of Spain from the influences of the Church. Here the intellectual and moral development of the Jews had free scope, and we find them consequently engaged in all branches of productive industry,—silk-merchants, dyers of purple, glass-manufacturers, as well as superintendents of the noble colleges founded by the Saracens, scholars, doctors, poets, statesmen, and philosophers. They were, according to Draper, the "leading intellects of the world." Their beneficent influence reached upward to the South of France. Fauriel, in his history of Provençal poetry, says:

"History has never sufficiently acknowledged the influence of the Jews in the Middle Ages, upon the culture of Europe in general, and especially upon that of Southern France. Their medical schools, as well as their schools for the promotion of a knowledge of oriental languages, were of the highest importance."

\* "Nineteenth Century." February, 1881.

Milman tells us:

"Their commerce was unrestrained, except by a limitation enforced upon Charlemagne rather by the irreverent covetousness of the clergy, than by the misconduct of the Jews. \* \* \* From the ports of Marseilles and Narbonne their vessels kept up a constant communication with the East. In Narbonne they were so flourishing, that of the two prefects or mayors of the city, one was always a Jew. The most regular and stately part of the city of Lyons was the Jewish quarter. The superior intelligence and education of the Jews in a period when nobles and kings, and even the clergy could not write their own names, pointed them out for offices of trust. They were the physicians, the ministers of finance to nobles and monarchs." (Vol. III, pp. 142, 143). "They rose even to higher dignities." (Pp. 144, 145).

Space forbids more than a passing mention of the illustrious Jews who, under a benign rule of tolerant enlightenment, adorned the annals of their race in Spain: Samuel ha-Nagid, the "Prince" (died 1055), nominally prime-minister, but virtually little less than Regent of Granada, under two successive kings, for thirty years; Moses ben-Ezra and Jehuda ha-Levi, poets of the first rank, from whom Heine drew a large part of his inspiration; Ibn-Gabirol, better known by his Spanish name of Avicbron, poet and philosopher, in whose works may be found the germ of Spinoza's system, and whose sublime poems have been incorporated in all Jewish rituals, side by side with the hymns of the Psalmist and the prophecies of Isaiah; last and greatest of all, Maimonides, the physician of Saladin, "the glory of the West, the light of the East, the Eagle of the Synagogue, the Second Moses,"—such men as these shed luster upon humanity.\* And these are only the most eminent from a long and splendid list, for which I refer my readers to Graetz's "History of the Jews."

To a later period, that of Ferdinand and Isabella, belonged another great Jew, Don Isaac Abarbanel, scholar, philosopher, and minister of finance. On account of his indispensable services, his unblemished character, and his profound learning, he was made the single exception in the decree expelling the whole Jewish nation from Spain. He threw himself at the sovereigns' feet, and offered the fortune of a prince to redeem his unhappy nation; but when this was refused, he himself declined to profit by the royal favor, and voluntarily went forth to misery and exile with his co-religionists.

The details of this expulsion of the Jews from Spain, at the instigation of the priests of the Inquisition, are harrowing beyond

\* Maimonides may be held as the founder of Rationalism, the first who endeavored on broad principles to establish the harmony of reason and religion." Milman, p. 160.



description. "They had no alternative," says Milman, "but baptism or exile. For three centuries their fathers had dwelt in this delightful country, which they had fertilized with their industry, enriched with their commerce, adorned with their learning. Yet there were few examples of apostasy or weakness; the whole race (variously estimated at from 300,000 to 800,000) in a lofty spirit of self-devotion determined to abandon all rather than desert the religion of their fathers. They left the homes of their youth, the scenes of their early associations, the sacred graves of their ancestors. \* \* \* They were allowed four months to prepare for this everlasting exile. \* \* \* Their property they might sell, but the market was soon glutted, and the cold-hearted purchasers waited till the last instant to wring from their distress the hardest terms. \* \* \* Incidents which make the blood run cold are related of the miseries which they suffered." Dying with cold, hunger, squalor, and thirst, they yet were refused admission to the inhospitable towns where they attempted to land—Genoa, Rome, Fez, etc. Some were disembarked, naked and destitute on the coasts of Africa, and were devoured by wild beasts; some plunged into the sea and "sunk like lead"; thousands were sold into slavery. The King of Portugal, Joam II., son-in-law of Ferdinand and Isabella, appointed a day for them to quit his kingdom, and in the meantime issued a secret order to seize all Jewish children under fourteen years of age, and disperse them to be baptized. "Great God of Mercy!" exclaims Dean Milman; "this was in the name of Christianity! Frantic mothers threw their children into wells and rivers—they destroyed them with their own hands."

For fully three centuries there remained in Europe no spot of refuge for the luckless race, until the French Revolution, breaking a million chains, brought with it also their emancipation. Wherever the French rule was established, the Jews were accorded full rights of citizenship, but almost a century was needed to complete their enfranchisement throughout the rest of Europe—nor is it to-day completed.

And in what condition emerged from the darkness this people who, as we have seen, might reasonably be expected to come forth "a nation of idiots"? "A few decades of freedom," says Johann Jacoby, "were sufficient to efface the inherited traces of an oppression lasting two thousand years." Only thirty years after their emancipation in Holland, Ritter J. D. Mayer, Judge of Instruction in Amsterdam, bore public witness to their unimpeachable conduct under the new administration, and concluded: "Facts prove

that even where nothing has been done, either by the government or in any other way, for the moral elevation of the Jews, mere social equality has ennobled them and will ennoble them gradually more and more."

In England they were emancipated in 1829, gained admission to the Bar in 1833, and to Parliament in 1858. Sixteen years later, a man of Jewish birth and characteristics, if not of Jewish creed, became for the second time, Prime Minister of England, and during six years was leader of the proudest aristocracy of Europe. To-day, fifty years after the Jews' admission to the English bar, the Master of the Rolls is Sir George Jessel, a Jew both by race and creed, reputed the greatest equity lawyer in England.

"The German Jews," says a recent writer in the *"Revue des deux Mondes,"* "so long oppressed and repressed, held in tutelage and bondage, treated like pariahs or like cattle, now obtained complete civil and political emancipation, and, as soon as emancipated, they became a power, to the huge displeasure of a great many persons who had conscientious or interested motives for disliking them. \* \* \* They form an insignificant minority in Germany, and yet they already preponderate in the municipal councils of the largest cities of Prussia. They have taken possession of journalism. \* \* \* The place they occupy in the universities, at the bar, in all the liberal professions is entirely disproportioned to their numbers. As soon as the doors of Parliament were opened to them they distinguished themselves in it."

"In the Italian Parliament," says M. de Lavelaye, "there are three or four more Jewish deputies than there ought to be in proportion to their numbers; a certain proof that they succeed by reason of their talent, since they reach the highest positions in despite of prejudice."

Let us examine how far facts go toward proving the oft-repeated assertion that no Jew can be a patriot. As we have seen, the French Revolution bestowed upon him liberty,—but when the French troops invaded Germany all the Jewish communities sprang to arms and emulated the Christians in their zeal for the fatherland. Whole Jewish regiments were formed, a great many Jews were promoted to the rank of officers and gained high distinction in the field. Yet a few years later when the conservative reaction set in, the Jewish veterans were excluded from the reward and honors offered to their Christian brethren in arms.

\* G. Valbert, better known in America by his real name Victor Cherbuliez, March, 1882.



When the Hungarian War of Independence broke out, Jews fought side by side with Christians, and "the precious vessels of the synagogues, the silver caskets that contained the *Thora*, were sacrificed with the same cheerful devotion upon the altar of patriotism as that wherewith the Catholics offered their holy reliquaries and the chimes of their cathedrals." \* "By what means," asks the Talmud, "should a man be revenged upon his enemy? By conferring on him many benefits." But after every benefit conferred by the Jew upon his persecutors, the reaction against him (what Milman calls "the singular dread of his dangerous superiority") revives with fresh violence. Thus six years after the conspicuous Jewish efforts for German freedom in 1812, the position of the Jews was legally restricted in 1818, and rendered worse than it had been before the emancipation. In the Roumanian War of Independence the first gun captured from the Turks was taken by a Jew who was decorated on the field for his services, and yet immediately after the war the Roumanian persecution began. Theories are stronger than facts. Whenever the Jews in any nation have sealed their patriotism with their blood and their gold, as on either side in the Franco-Prussian war, in our own civil war, and in the Russo-Turkish war, the wave of prejudice has swept back, and the old accusations of alienism, narrowness, and sectarianism are reiterated.

Even in America, presumably the refuge of the oppressed, public opinion has not yet reached that point where it absolves the race from the sin of the individual. Every Jew, however honorable or enlightened, has the humiliating knowledge that his security and reputation are, in a certain sense, bound up with those of the meanest rascal who belongs to his tribe, and who has it in his power to jeopardize the social status of his whole nation. It has been well said that the Jew must be of gold in order to pass for silver. Since the establishment of the American Union, Jews have here enjoyed absolute civil and political freedom and equality, and until the past few years, a large and in some places almost entire immunity from social prejudice. Their toleration, it is now asserted, has failed to produce beneficial results; on the contrary they have degenerated, rather than improved, under these favorable conditions. While I admit the fact that America has no such brilliant list of Semitic names as the Europe of to-day can show, I find nothing to support the theory of the

degeneracy of the race. Being subjected to the same influences as are the Christians who surround them, they simply evince the same proclivities. In this commercial country and commercial age they have been known chiefly as thriving merchants, tradesmen, and bankers who have enjoyed, as a rule, a high degree of credit and respect. If they have not surpassed, neither have they fallen behind, their competitors of other sects. They have been good citizens, furnishing, as statistics prove, proportionately fewer inmates to the prisons and fewer numbers to the proletariat than their neighbors of other descent. They have shared all national burdens and sorrows, fighting the battles of the Revolution and of the Union, grudging neither life nor money to the fortunes of the Republic. They are the prominent patrons of all musical enterprise—the only general division of art which has attained nearly as advanced a state of cultivation here as in Europe. The leader of free religious thought, and an indefatigable promoter of the better education of the poor in New York is a Jew—Felix Adler. The race is represented in every liberal profession, in the army, the navy, and the house of Congress.

And yet here, too, the everlasting prejudice is cropping out in various shapes. Within recent years, Jews have been "boycotted" at not a few places of public resort; in our schools and colleges, even in our scientific universities, Jewish scholars are frequently subjected to annoyance on account of their race. The word "Jew" is in constant use, even among so-called refined Christians, as a term of opprobrium, and is employed as a verb, to denote the meanest tricks. In other words, all the magnanimity, patience, charity, and humanity, which the Jews have manifested in return for centuries of persecution, have been thus far inadequate to eradicate the profound antipathy engendered by fanaticism and ready to break out in one or another shape at any moment of popular excitement.

## II.

EVEN so cursory a review of historic facts as I have condensed into the foregoing pages suffices, I think, to establish the chief points I desire to maintain, viz: that the Jews are naturally a race of high moral and intellectual endowments, and that such superficial peculiarities as may not infrequently be found among them to-day which excite the aversion of Christians, are the lingering traces of unparalleled sufferings. The mere survival of the Jew, despite every provision made for his extermination, evinces the vitality of a singularly well-equipped organization, while the

\* Dr. A. Schütte's "History of the Hungarian War of Independence."



elasticity with which he rebounds as soon as the strain of adverse conditions is removed, is without parallel. "Naturalists will tell you," says Emile de Lavelaye, "if, in the struggle for life, one race surpasses others, it is because it is endowed with some superiority. This is evidently the case with the Jews. A philosopher would discover still another cause. 'Like creed, like people,' says Quinet. Now, detach from the Mosaic creed the customs enforced by the necessities of climate, and there remains a splendid Deism, without superstition, without anthropomorphism, and in the Prophets are sentiments of equality, charity, and fraternity which Christianity tried to realize, and which answer so perfectly to the needs of humanity, especially in our own epoch. Pascal saw in the continuance of the Jewish people in the midst of persecution, a miracle and a proof of the Divine curse. When we consider the influence they actually exert at the present moment, and the power which the future seems to reserve for them, we can more readily believe in the fulfillment of the Messianic doctrine held by the chosen people themselves, who hope some day to reign over all the kingdoms of earth. Darwin would grant them the palm."

The insatiable thirst of the Jews is not for money, as calumniously asserted, but for knowledge. In those districts of Poland and Russia where they are refused admittance to the schools, they have had books of natural science and Darwinian treatises translated into Hebrew in order to follow the intellectual movement of the age. In the Russian universities, where they have been granted admission under onerous restrictions, they already largely outnumber the proportion of Christian students. The first use they make of their freedom invariably is to embrace all methods of higher instruction, and to strive toward a more complete intellectual development. It is assumed by Christian historians that the Jews, with their inflexible adherence to the Mosaic Code, are, as a people, a curious relic of remote antiquity, a social anachronism, so to speak, petrified in the midst of advancing civilization. This assumption is without foundation; the Jews are, on the contrary, most frequently the pioneers of progress. The simplicity of their creed enables them more readily and naturally to throw off the shackles of superstition and to enlarge the boundaries of free speculation than any other sect. Considering their religion from the highest standpoint, their creed to-day is at one with the latest doctrines of science, proclaiming the unity of the Creative force. No angels, saints, or mediators have any place in this sublime conception,

arrived at intuitively in a pre-historic age by the genius of the race, and confirmed by that modern scientific research which has revolutionized the thought of the world. The modern theory of socialism and humanitarianism erroneously traced to the New Testament, has its root in the Mosaic Code. The Christian doctrine is the doctrine of consolation; the kingdom of heaven is held out as a glittering dream to suffering humanity. Poverty exalted into a mission, the vocation of the mystic, the spiritualist, the idealist, enjoined equally upon all, a vision and an ecstasy offered to the hungry and the needy; what provision is here made for the world as it is? On the other hand, the very latest reforms urged by political economists, in view of the misery of the lower classes, are established by the Mosaic Code, which formulated the principle of the rights of labor, denying the right of private property in land, asserting that the corners of the field, the gleanings of the harvest belonged in *justice*, not in *charity*, to the poor and the stranger; and that man owed a duty, not only to all humanity, but even to the beast of the field, and "the ox that treads the corn." In accordance with these principles we find the fathers of modern socialism to be three Jews—Ferdinand Lassalle, Karl Marx, and Johann Jacoby.

As an example of the difficulties that impede the progress of religious reform among the Jews, it may be stated that when a large number of Prussian Israelites first founded a German "Temple" in Berlin, in order to put an end to obsolete rites and sighing after Jerusalem, and to introduce German hymns, a German ritual, and an organ accompaniment, the government interfered, and prohibited such services as "Deistical sectarianism." Preaching in the German tongue was especially forbidden, in the avowed fear that the Jews might thereby succeed in converting Christians.

The melancholy and disgraceful fact being established that, in these closing decades of the nineteenth century, the long-suffering Jew is still universally exposed to injustice, proportioned to the barbarity of the nation that surrounds him, from the indescribable atrocities of Russian mobs, through every degree of refined insult to petty mortification, the inevitable result has been to arouse most thinking Jews to the necessity of a vigorous and concerted action of defense. They have long enough practiced to no purpose the doctrine which Christendom has been content to preach, and which was inculcated by one of their own race,—when the right cheek was smitten to turn also the left. They have proved themselves willing and able to assimilate.



late with whatever people and to endure every climatic influence. But blind intolerance and ignorance are now forcibly driving them into that position which they have so long hesitated to assume. *They must establish an independent nationality.*

Neither we nor our immediate descendants can hope to see humanity at that point of perfection where the helpless and submissive victim will, as such, be respected. Existence continues to be a struggle in which the fittest can survive only through the energetic assertion and constant proof of superiority. The idea formulated by George Eliot has already sunk into the minds of many Jewish enthusiasts, and it germinates with miraculous rapidity. "The idea that I am possessed with," says Deronda, "is that of restoring a political existence to my people; making them a nation again, giving them a national center, such as the English have, though they, too, are scattered over the face of the globe. That is a task which presents itself to me as a duty; \* \* \* I am resolved to devote my life to it. *At the least, I may awaken a movement in other minds such as has been awakened in my own.*" "Revive the organic center," says Mordecai with still more eloquence. "Let the unity of Israel which has marked the growth and force of its religion be an outward reality. \* \* \* When our race shall have an organic center, a heart and brain to watch and guide and execute, the outraged Jew shall have a defense in the court of nations, as the outraged Englishman or American. And the world will gain as Israel gains. For there will be a community in the van of the East which carries the culture and the sympathies of every great nation in its bosom; there will be a land set for a halting-place of enmities, a neutral ground for the East as Belgium is for the West. Difficulties? I know there are difficulties. But let the spirit of sublime achievement move in the great among our people, and the work will begin."

I am fully persuaded that all suggested solutions other than this of the Jewish problem are but temporary palliatives. Could the noble prophetess who wrote the above words have lived but till to-day to see the ever-increasing necessity of adopting her inspired counsel, though her own heart would have been lacerated by "the hideous obloquy of Christian strife," yet she would have been herself astonished at the flame enkindled by her seed of fire, and the practical shape which the movement projected by her in poetic vision is beginning to assume. Highly significant in this connection are the labors of the "Alliance Universelle Israélite" and the recent Jewish conference held in Berlin

on April 23, 1882, where the chief cities of Germany, England, France, and the United States were represented, where such men as Lasker, Professor Derembourg, Sir J. Goldsmid, professors, privy-councilors, and members of the Imperial Diet took prominent part, and where a vast Jewish system of mutual coöperation and aid was organized. "The result of the present Russian persecution," says the "American Hebrew," "has been to knit Jew to Jew as never we have been knitted since the dispersion." From the princes of European finance to the most wretched despoiled refugee who steps from the steerage of the emigrant steamer upon our soil, every true Jewish heart to-day burns with the same sentiment of patriotism and of sympathy. Mr. Laurence Oliphant's scheme for the colonization of Palestine has been too thoroughly and clearly defined in his own interesting volume, the "Land of Gilead," and has attracted too much attention from the press of Europe and America to need more than brief mention here. Strongly impressed with the advisability on political, commercial, and philanthropic grounds, of establishing a Jewish colony in Palestine, Mr. Oliphant started three years ago on an exploring expedition through the land east of the Jordan. The result of his travels was to intensify into an ardent faith his conviction of the practicability and desirability of the plan. In commenting upon it in the "Nineteenth Century" of August, 1882, he writes:

"The idea of a return to the East has seized upon the imagination of the masses and produced a wave of enthusiasm in favor of emigration to Palestine, the force and extent of which only those who have come in direct contact with it, as I have done, can appreciate."

How politic and rational, as well as humane, is his suggestion, is proved by the fact that it met with cordial encouragement from princes and statesmen, among others the Prince of Wales, the Prince and Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, the Prime-Minister of England, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Grand Vizier of Turkey, Khairreddin Pasha. Committees were organized, and Palestine Colonization Societies were formed. All over Russia, Roumania, Poland, Galicia, and Bulgaria, thousands of Jewish families registered themselves as ready to start, a fund of over £2,000,000 was raised, and official agents were appointed all over Turkey, when suddenly the whole movement was paralyzed by the Sultan's ordinance prohibiting Jews from settling in Palestine.

Every Israelite who entered the Ottoman Empire was obliged to sign a paper binding



him not to establish himself in the Holy Land, and thus the enterprise for the moment is at an end. Nevertheless it has afforded conclusive proof of two vital points hitherto generally denied, viz: first, that a very large majority of the Jewish people earnestly wish to be restored to the land of their forefathers, and second, that the Jews not only evince no natural repugnance to agricultural labor, but, on the contrary, enthusiastically proclaim their desire to pursue it. Says Mr. Oliphant in his letter of August 4, 1882, to the "Jewish Chronicle" (London):

"The impetus has been given, and though the movement has been checked, nothing can now retard its final accomplishment; on the contrary, the temporary political obstructions now existing will merely have the effect of damming a flood which will burst forth with greater violence when they have been removed."

Eternally grateful as all Jews must be to such Christians as George Eliot and Laurence Oliphant, they neither should nor need seek outside of their own ranks their guide or their spokesman. They who in our own generation have led the Conservatives of England, the Liberals of Germany, the Republicans of France, can surely furnish a new Ezra for their own people.

While a few years ago the most enlightened Jews, yielding to the indolent apathy of comparative security, would have ignored or ridiculed the vision of a Restoration, to-day it is no exaggeration to say that whenever two Israelites of ordinary intelligence come together, the possibility, nay the probability, of again forming a united nation is seriously discussed. "Already," as Mr. Oliphant says, "the alternatives loom in the near future,—either of race-extinction by marriage in countries which are too civilized to attempt it by massacre, or of separation as a young nationality."

There is something absolutely startling in the world's sudden awakening to the probable destiny of Israel. To judge from the current literature of the day, as represented by the foremost European periodicals, it has been reserved for Christians to proclaim the speedy advent of that Jewish triumph for which the Jew has hoped against hope during his prolonged agony of twenty centuries. In all such questions as this, that which is agitated to-day, is formulated and acted upon on the morrow, or as Emerson put it, "the aspiration of this century is the code of the next." Again and again has history repeated this

process. Where so many minds are considering how best to overcome the obstacles, the problem must sooner or later be solved, and when the hour strikes, the man will not be missing. The question is not one of narrow sectarianism; indeed it is scarcely any longer a religious one. Jews who are fully emancipated from the yoke of dogmas have this national sentiment not less, but rather more, fully than do the bigots and zealots who are necessarily men of inferior intellect.

A young Russian Jew of the former stamp expressed to me, in a recent conversation, views of such significance on this subject that with them I may fitly close my paper, for they sum up the desires and ambitions of the nation.

"The mission of the Jews throughout history has been to protest against corruption and despotism in religion and morals. The religious mission of the Jew belongs to the past: it is no longer necessary to preach the unity of God. But the moral mission remains unchanged: he has still to protest against narrowness, corruption, and materialism. As for his mixing with Christians, I have no fear nor objection in regard to it; he can but mix in blood; the genius of the Semitic race cannot be adulterated, but flows through history pure and distinct as the waters of the Rhone through the Rhine. \* \* \* The racial tie binds Jews together even though they discard all religion. What they need is to be once more consolidated as a nation. They are essentially an original people, borrowing neither thoughts, emotions, nor manners of the nations around them. (From this statement I exclude American Jews, who have lost color and individuality, and are neither Jew nor Gentile.) Let them organize with sufficient strength under a competent leader, and establish their central government,—whether in Palestine or South America, East or West, is a matter of indifference. Thus only can they command respect from other nations. But I would not have all Jews congregate in a single community: their fate and their purpose is to be separated. They are to serve as the connecting link between hostile peoples, and to advance the glorious cause of our common humanity. In their midst is to be found every type of mind which a perfect community needs. They are the greatest hero-worshippers in the world; except in matters of religion, they can be more easily swayed and kindled to enthusiasm by an appeal to their imagination than any other people. Let the hero arise to lead. Such things have been seen before and shall be seen again. I am no dreamer; I speak of facts. In their present wretched condition the Jews have grown old, they have lived too long. But a new life will be instilled into them by such an achievement; and once more incorporated as a fresh and active nation, they will regain youthful vigor and power."

No, the nation is not dead that in its class of destitute outcasts produces men filled with so haughty a pride, so high a patriotism, and so indomitable a sense of election for a lofty mission as breathe through these literally-quoted words of a Russian pariah.

*Emma Lazarus.*



## A RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

IN an old memorandum book, written during the war, I have some notes of an interview between President Lincoln and several visitors which occurred in the winter of 1862-63, when I had several opportunities, in company with a former college-mate, Dr. P. D. Gurley, then Mr. Lincoln's pastor, of meeting the President. About twice a week, after the official and other privileged visitors had taken their departure, the doors of the President's reception room would be thrown open to whomsoever might be waiting without. Happening to be there on one of these occasions, I entered with about a score of these expectants; and curious to observe the character and process of this informal audience given to the people, I stationed myself in a corner near the President, where I could see and hear all that was going on. The notes referred to were jotted down soon after the interview.

President Lincoln's appearance is too well known to need particular description. The tall, thin, wiry form, which no burdens seemed able to bend, and no amount of labor to deprive of elasticity; the calm, rugged, honest face, grave and deeply melancholy when in repose, yet wont to be lighted up under the influence of some humorous sally—these are familiar to the world. He was clad plainly, but becomingly, in a black broad-cloth suit, nothing in all his dress betokening disregard of conventionality, save, perhaps, his neat cloth slippers, which were doubtless worn for comfort. He was seated beside a plain, cloth-covered table, in a commodious arm-chair.

The first to get the President's eye and ear was a dapper, smooth-faced, boyish-looking little person, intent apparently on obtaining a clerkship in one of the departments. Encouraged by a friendly nod and smile and a "Well, what can I do for you?" which seemed to show that he was not quite unknown, nor seen there for the first time, the youth approached the President, and spoke *sotto voce*, as if afraid that some one else would hear a syllable he had to say.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I will consider the matter and see what can be done," with a manner that implied that nothing further need be said and that this closed the interview. The applicant, however, did not seem to understand it so, but continued to press the matter in earnest half-whispers until inter-

rupted by the President with an emphatic "Yes, yes, I know all about it, and will give it proper attention." This ended the colloquy. The young man vanished, and was succeeded by an older man in military dress, wearing lieutenant's shoulder-straps, who desired to be appointed colonel of a colored regiment. The experiment of employing colored troops had not yet been fully tested, was, in fact, hardly begun, and its success may have been doubted, at this time, by Mr. Lincoln, as by many others. In answer to the request he said, "The whole thing amounts only to a colonelcy for the applicant, as, should a regiment be raised, in six months there would be a colonel without a negro left in the command."

"But my purpose is not that," said the lieutenant, "it is to serve the 'cause, not myself."

"That may be your purpose," said the President, "but the certain *effect* none the less will be what I have described." And as further argument seemed unnecessary the would-be colonel took his leave, with a countenance indicating anything but satisfaction at the result of his patriotic overture.

He was followed by a sturdy, honest-looking German soldier, minus a leg, who hobbled up to the President on crutches. In consideration of his disabled condition, he wanted some situation about Washington, the duties of which he might be able to discharge, and he had come to the President, hoping that he would provide the desired situation for him. On being interrogated as to how he had lost his leg, he answered that it was the effect of a wound received in battle, mentioning the time and the place.

"Let me look at your papers," said Mr. Lincoln.

The man replied that he had none, and that he supposed his word would be sufficient.

"What!" exclaimed the President, "no papers, no credentials, nothing to show how you lost your leg! How am I to know that you lost it in battle, or did not lose it by a trap after getting into somebody's orchard?" This was spoken with a droll expression which amused the bystanders, all except the applicant, who, with a very solemn visage, earnestly protested the truth of his statement, muttering something about the reasons for not being able to produce his papers. "Well, well," said the President, "it is dangerous



for an army man to be wandering around without papers to show where he belongs and what he is, but I will see what can be done for you." And taking a blank card from a little pile of similar blanks on the table, he wrote some lines upon it, addressed it, and handing it to the man bade him deliver it to a certain Quartermaster, who would attend to his case.

Then a striking scene occurred. A person apparently of sixty years of age, with dress and manner which showed that he was acquainted with the usages of good society, whose whole exterior, indeed, would have impressed people who form opinions from appearances, approached the president, asking his aid in some commission project, for the success of which Mr. Lincoln's favor was regarded as essential. The President heard him patiently, but demurred against being connected with or countenancing the affair, suggesting mildly that the applicant would better set up an office of the kind described, and run it in his own way and at his own risk. The man plead his advanced years and obscurity as a reason for not attempting this, but said that if the President would only let him use his name to advertise and recommend the enterprise, he would then, he thought, need nothing more. At this the eyes of the President flashed with sudden indignation, and his whole aspect and manner underwent a portentous change. "No!" he broke forth, with startling vehemence, springing from his seat under the impulse of his emotion. "No! I'll have nothing to do with this business, nor with any man who comes to me with such degrading propositions. What! Do you take the President of the United States to be a commission broker? You have come to the wrong place, and for you and every one who comes for such purposes, there is the door!" The man's face blanched as he cowered and slunk away confounded, without uttering a word. The President's wrath subsided as speedily as it had risen.

A white-haired, gentlemanly-looking person, in company with his daughter, who seemed quite young and was certainly very pretty and prepossessing, though she had a shy, bashful, and even frightened look, met with a most courteous and friendly reception. The gentleman said he had no business to transact and would not trespass on the President's time, that he had come simply to see and salute him, and to present his daughter, who had longed to have this honor before returning to their distant home. Mr. Lincoln greeted them very cordially, rising and shaking hands with them, and with the frank, bland, and familiar manner which made strangers feel

unconstrained and at ease in his presence, he chatted pleasantly, even playfully, with them for some minutes, to the evident delight of both visitors. When they were about to go away, he politely escorted them to a door opening into the hall, and different from that through which the visitors entered, and dismissed them with charming courtesy.

Going back to his chair, he found a gentleman from the "land o' cakes and brither Scots," with letter of introduction in hand, awaiting an audience. Being pleasantly received, the visitor, after some preliminaries, proceeded to say that he had but recently come from Scotland, and had called to present, in the name of numbers of his Scotch friends (mentioning Dr. Guthrie in particular), congratulations and greetings on the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation. He said that the great act met with warmest sympathy among his countrymen, and all trusted and prayed that the President would stand firm in maintaining the principles it promulgated. "Well," replied the President, "I am inclined to remain firm, but do not say I will, certainly, though all others should fail, as Peter once said and repeated with so much confidence, and only saw his folly and weakness as the cock crew—yet, God helping me, I trust to prove true to a principle which I feel to be right, of which the public sentiment approves, and which the country is prepared to support and maintain. Tell this to your friends at home with my acknowledgments for their sympathy and good wishes."

When this visitor had withdrawn, an immense specimen of a man presented himself. Broad-shouldered, robust, with thews and sinews to match his great height, and withal an honest, good-natured countenance—all seemed to mark him as belonging to the hardy yeomanry of the West. He sidled up awkwardly to the President, seeming almost afraid to accost him, but after some hesitation contrived to say, that being on a visit to Washington, he simply wanted before leaving to see the President, and have the honor of shaking hands with him. He found a kindly reception, and after some introductory civilities, Mr. Lincoln ran his eye curiously over his huge caller, surveying him from head to foot, and then saying with a humorous look and accent it would be hard to describe, "I rather think you have a little the advantage of me in height; you are a taller man than I am."

"I guess not, Mr. President," replied the visitor, with the self-abnegating air of one who seemed to regard any claim on his part, of possessing an *advantage* over the Chief Magistrate, as an offense little short of treason—"the advantage cannot be on my side."



"Yes, it is," was the rejoinder, "I have a pretty good eye for distances, and I think I can't be mistaken in the fact of the advantage being slightly with you. I measure six feet three and a half inches in my stockings, and you go, I think, a little beyond that."

The man still demurred, insisting very respectfully that the precedence in the matter lay on the President's side.

"It is very easily tested," said the President, and rising briskly from his chair and taking a book from the table, he placed it edgewise against the wall, just higher than his head. Then, turning to his doubting competitor for the nonce, he bade him "Come under." This the man did not do at once, pausing, with flushed face and irresolute look, as if not certain how far he might venture to trust the lion in his playful mood,—his countenance the while wearing a bewildered, half-frightened, and yet half-smiling expression that was really comical to see.

"Come under, I say," repeated the President, in a more peremptory tone, and then the visitor slowly complied. "Now straighten yourself up, and move your head in this way,"—suiting the action to the word. This being done, Mr. Lincoln added, "Now you hold the book, and be sure not to let it slip down a hair-breadth, and I will try." Planting himself accordingly underneath the book, and moving his head from right to left, it was found that he fell a trifle short of the other's measurement. "There," said he, "it is as I told you. I knew I couldn't be mistaken. I

rarely fail in taking a man's true altitude by the eye."

"Yes, but Mr. President," said the man, his courage, amid the merriment of the company, beginning to return, "you have slippers on and I boots, and that makes a difference."

"Not enough, to amount to anything in *this* reckoning," was the reply. You ought at least to be satisfied, my honest friend, with the proof given that you actually *stand higher* to-day than your President."

With this scene the reception, which had lasted about an hour, came to an end.

This brief interview, medley that it was, and stripped of ceremony, served the better to reveal the man in his true character, and to set forth the salient traits that fitted him for his great position and work, and endeared him so greatly to the popular heart. It showed how easily accessible he was to all classes of citizens, how readily he could adapt himself to people of whatever station or degree, how deep and true his human sympathies were, how quickly and keenly he could discriminate character, and how heartily he detested meanness and all unworthy arts and appliances to compass a selfish or sordid end. It showed the playful vein, whose ebullitions were as spontaneous as water bubbling from a fountain, and finally it showed the strong confidence he reposed in the convictions and heart of the people, with a trust that never faltered in the truth and ultimate triumph of the great principles he was bravely advocating.

*C. Van Santvoord.*

#### TO-DAY.

"O HEART, tired out with pain to-day,  
A thousand years to come  
Thy pain will all have passed away,  
Thy crying shall be dumb:  
As gayly bird-wings o'er the river  
Shall gleam with life that once was thine,  
As if this pulse, with pain a-quiver,  
Still leaped, with gladness half-divine:  
To thee, to all, it is as one  
When once thy restless years are done."

Oh, vain to turn upon your heart,  
And think to still it so!  
It cries back unto all your art,  
With pleading, "Ah, no, no!  
For gladness dies as well as sorrow;  
Then let me live, since I must die.  
Ah, quick, for death will come to-morrow—  
Quick, ere my years in vain go by!  
Because to-morrow I am clay,  
Give me my happiness to-day!"

*Milicent Washburn Shinn.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Thieves—and Robbers.

HE who takes by stealth what belongs to another is a thief: he who takes, by violence what belongs to another is a robber. The robber is popularly supposed to disappear, with other predatory animals, before the progress of civilization; but this is a superficial judgment. The force that unlawfully deprives men of their property passes through many transformations, but no force is more persistent. Men are plundered nowadays in America far more frequently and flagrantly than in England in the days of Robin Hood; there are men among us beside whose robberies those of the brigands of Italy and Greece and the Bedouins of the desert are mere pleasantries. Of all the triumphs of invention none are more wonderful than those by which the hard-earned gains of millions are forcibly conveyed to the vaults of the robber-princes. No business is more highly organized, more strenuously pursued, more successfully managed than the business of robbery. Yet, under all this elaboration of method, it is robbery, nothing worse nor better.

The peculiarity of the modern method of robbery is the employment, by the robbers, of the State as their enforced agent and accomplice. Sometimes, but not often, they organize their clients and retainers into armed bands and seize the coveted booty, combining to have the State confirm possession. But the force on which they prefer to rely is the quiet and resistless force of the laws and the courts. By artfully contrived legal schemes they constrain courts to do their bidding. The judges may be unwilling instruments, yet they are bound to sanction, impartially, the working of legal processes. But what shall we say when weak or corrupt judges hasten to legalize schemes by which great corporations are wrecked or rehabilitated as suits the purposes of the conspirators?

Of the gigantic fortunes now held in this country, not a few have been gotten by legal robbery. Twenty years ago our millionaires could be counted almost on the fingers of four hands. To-day their enumeration would carry us into thousands. Since the new system of robbery was perfected, about twenty men have amassed fortunes, which, taken together, exceed the debt of the nation. Twenty years ago many of these men were poor. Some of the new millionaires have grown rich honestly, but some of them have led a raid upon the production and the accumulated wealth of the country. So Napoleonic in its boldness and success has been the method of the master robbers, that rich men of better instincts have been dazzled by it, and have adopted it openly and independently, or have lent indirect coöperation and social credit to the robber chiefs and have shared in the plunder. Men of honorable reputations, who have been crowned with public honors, have countenanced these crimes as affording the surest way of adding to their unsatisfying fortunes of ten, twenty, or even thirty millions. It is by no

means our purpose to throw discredit upon the pursuit of wealth. Honest production and the honest gains of wealth that is employed in the service of society are the bulwarks of civilization. But we do say that examples of private greed are sapping the sources of public honor; examples of gigantic and countenanced robbery are undermining the foundations of public morality and corrupting the national character.

Our legislators have failed to see, or, for private and corrupt reasons, have winked at the fact, that the laws which were made to fit old-fashioned ideas of honor and morality instead of protecting the public, are the strength and the protection of dishonest men. The old code of commercial honor is lost sight of in the complex transactions of stock-jobbers, who remain out of sight while their work is being done by conscienceless factors; by lawyers skilled in discovering loop-holes in the law and in juggling with the law; by lobbies with money at the doors of legislatures; by paper shares and paper promises to pay; by cipher messages and spies, and by abusing the facilities of stock exchanges.

It is well that our legislators are making at least the show of inquiring into the methods by which the public is robbed in the interest of stockholders, and they, in turn, are robbed by corporate managers; by which wholesale robbery is cloaked with legal forms of "consolidation," "reorganization," "receiverships," and "watered stocks"; by which men may safely conspire to pervert the natural course of production and trade, and rob the public by the artifice of "corners"; by which a man is allowed to control rival or double systems of railways, and with impunity array one against the other, as suits his varying purpose, thereby despoiling the public with the ease of a gambler playing with marked cards.

What have the people to say about these practices? They do not appear, as yet, to have anything to say. The robber princes are held in high esteem. They go about to the colleges, some of them, and Doctors of Law and Doctors of Divinity grovel at their feet; if any Mordecai has refused to bow down before them, his name has not been reported. Men whose riches have been increased by spoiling their neighbors are held up as shining examples for the imitation of our youth. So long as teachers of morality silently indorse such iniquities, it is not to be expected that the people will cry out against them. But the day is sure to come when plain men will clearly see that no one man can get with clean hands, in an ordinary lifetime, a hundred million dollars; that such an enormous pile, so suddenly collected, must be loot, not profit. That will be a day of reckoning, indeed, for the robbers and for the judges and the legislators and the public teachers who have been their accomplices.

Meantime these facts are to be kept in mind,—that we have among us a class of men who, in their rapac-



ity, are bent on enriching themselves by forcibly seizing the property of their neighbors; and that they have learned how to use for this purpose the organized force of the State. Some means must be found of putting a stop to them. Unless this be done speedily, the respect for law on which social order rests will not long survive.

#### The British Strawberry.

THERE was a time when it did not do for a foreigner to speak disrespectfully, even in his own country, of anything American; of our rivers, lakes, waterfalls, skies, statesmen, manners, voices, liberties, or strawberries. We had the provincial supersensitiveness to criticism. But we have been getting bravely over the weakness lately. We can, on occasion, abuse ourselves roundly; and we can listen, without ruffling, to the tarest things that are said against us by others. If you see in an American paper a truculent reply to a foreign criticism of America, ten chances to one, it is written by a foreign-born writer. The eagle does indeed sometimes spread its wings and tail feathers in prominent places—in Congress for instance; but the emitted scream is not the old-fashioned genuine Yankee scream; it is nowadays pretty sure to be known by its brogue.

At one time, we have said, the whole country possessed the provincial supersensitiveness to criticism. After that, for many years, this supersensitiveness was most marked in our Southern States. For obvious reasons, the foibles of provinciality lingered later there. The North is no longer supersensitive. The South, with the extinguishment of slavery, and the recovery of and advance in prosperity, yearly (we may almost say daily),—loses its supersensitiveness. The Southern States have wheeled into the line of human progress; its citizens are more and more serious, busy, well-informed, independent. Calamity and prosperity have, alike, been good school-teachers to them. They are becoming citizens not merely of the South, but of the Union, and of the world. A few years ago, Mr. George W. Cable, for having an opinion of his own about his own country, would have been strung up to a lamp-post in that native city of his which now is proud to do honor to his genius and to his manly independence of character.

No one can know better than the editors of *THE CENTURY* how generously hospitable is the English public to American literature, art, and opinion. Curiously enough, however, the supersensitiveness to criticism of which we have spoken, while gradually fading out in America, seems lately to have been developed in certain quarters of "the mother country." A singular instance of this state of mind is noticeable in the remarks that have been made abroad on certain essays in the November number of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*. Mr. Howells, in his essay on Mr. James, ventures to express his views as to a change in the manner of writing novels. In the course of his argument, he gives it as his opinion that a different kind of novel-writing has come into vogue; a kind different in form from that of Richardson and Fielding, Dickens and Thackeray, and without certain of their peculiarities; a kind derived from

Hawthorne, George Eliot, and the better modern Frenchmen, like Daudet. (He might have said derived also very largely from the Russian Tourguéneff.) Mr. Howells says that Mr. James is "shaping and directing American fiction, at least." But he asks "will the reader be content to accept a novel which is an analytic study rather than a story, which is apt to leave him arbiter of the destiny of the author's creations?"

There was something in Mr. Howells's way of saying this about the current novel that roused the ire of many readers and critics in both America and England. Mr. Howells's attitude toward Dickens and Thackeray was misunderstood by many—as he has himself explained in a note to a English friend, quoted in the London "Athenæum"; as he may possibly explain more fully in an article which he intends to write on the genius of those two great masters of fiction. Mr. Howells, we say, has been very severely criticised for what he was supposed to mean, in both American and English papers,—in American not less than in English,—the difference being that in England the expression of a purely literary opinion by a novelist, on the art of novel-writing as it now exists, was taken to be a "spread-eagle" attack by an American on those purely British institutions, Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray! The critics of the London press forgot to notice that in fixing the derivation of the modern novel—especially the American—the name of only one American was given, that of Hawthorne (see "English Men of Letters" series)! while as an unconscious offering to the equal demands of British and French sensitiveness, Mr. Howells did not fail to mention George Eliot and the fiction of France!

So sensitive have some of our good English friends become that they at times appear to lose their literary insight, and sense of humor as well. We are willing to submit to any fairly constituted international Peace Congress the question whether Mr. Warner's article on "England," in the same number of *THE CENTURY*, is not a good-natured, frank, mainly serious, partly humorous, literary essay. Along with its earnestness of statement is the dry humor and exaggeration of the same author's "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-log Studies." The fact is that Mr. Warner was principally moved to write this essay on England by a cordial friendship for English people and a hearty admiration of the country. But he wrote judicially, not gushingly, not sycophantishly. He wrote with admiration and enthusiasm, but with discrimination. He did not merely marshal forth a series of complimentary and superlative phrases; he criticised, sometimes solemnly, sometimes in the spirit of fun. But listen again to this, O insatiate London critic: "This little island is to-day the center of the wealth, of the solid civilization of the world!" "For any parallel to her power and possessions you must go back to ancient Rome!" "And we must add to all this that an intellectual and moral power has been put forth from England clear around the globe, and felt beyond the limits of the English tongue." In the midst of such praise of England, Mr. Warner pauses to pay his attentions to his own country; and in doing so he makes one of the most



biting criticisms of America that have been made by native or foreigner this many a long year. "What educating influence," he says, "English fiction was having upon American life" Congressmen "have not inquired, so long as it was furnished cheap and its authors were cheated of any copyright on it." This is bad enough, but it is not the statement to which we referred; only Americans can know with what shame we read the bitter and degrading avowal that follows,—that these same Congressmen, after all, "represent us intellectually and morally a good deal better than we sometimes like to admit!"

In this essay then Mr. Warner not only praises England, but abuses his own country. What more can an Englishman desire! Ah, but he gives the other side of the shield also; he does not shrink from praising "Knickerbocker's History of New York" and "The Biglow Papers,"—both notoriously products of the new world; nor does he on occasion shrink from dispraising the English shop-keeper, and the British strawberry. As the two American books named above have long ago been adopted in England itself as creditable parts of modern "English literature," we do not think the rub is there. From the criticisms we have read, and the letters we have received, it is evidently this last offense that most deeply rankles in the British bosom. And there can be no doubt that Mr. Warner has spoken with extreme disparagement either of the British strawberry, or the manner in which it is served (we are ourselves not quite sure which). We are sorry that we cannot help him or ourselves out of this difficulty. We fear it cannot be explained away, as Mr. Howells can perhaps explain away his "attack" upon Dickens and Thackeray. There it stands in the November number of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* in all its vagueness, and in all its certainty, a flagrant and continuing example of American "spread-eagleism,"—and of the lately developed English super-sensitiveness to American criticism.

P. S.—We have just received advices from England, sent since the arrival there of the December number of the magazine. Mr. James's paper, "The Point of View" has made all right again!

#### Law-making at Albany.

THE political complexion of several of the State legislatures which assembled at the beginning of the new year has been changed since their last session. But the conviction is growing, among reflective people, that some change more radical than a change of political complexion is needed to secure intelligent and honest legislation, and equally to secure a diminution of ignorant, or dishonest, or meddlesome, or superfluous legislation. In fact most of the State legislatures have fallen into public contempt. The newspapers express moderate expectations of the incoming legislature, and speed the parting legislature with hootings. There is no easier road to popularity for a governor than to treat the collective wisdom of the law-making body with ostentatious contempt, and to make a free and even "slashing" use of the veto power which is theoretically vested in him for rare emergencies.

An examination of the work done by the last legislature of New York certainly tends to confirm the disesteem of legislative wisdom expressed by the newspapers and by the governors. In mere volume, legislative activity has diminished since ten years ago, when the annual "out-put" of new laws was nearly a thousand. The increasing freedom with which recent governors have used the veto power partly accounts for this diminution, which in the last legislature was further accounted for by a dead-lock which prevented the passage of any distinctly partisan law. Nevertheless, it is still true of the legislature of New York, as was wittily said by the author of "The Commonwealth Reconstructed," that "it exhibits the natural fecundity of low organisms." There is no printed record of bills introduced, and it is perhaps a nice question whether the presumption is in favor of bills which passed both houses, or of those which failed in one house or the other. But at any rate there will be a popular presumption in favor of those which the governor allowed to become laws; and of these "Laws of New York" for the session of 1882 there were passed and have been published four hundred and eight, or between two and three for every legislative day.

The most cursory examination shows that the title, "Laws of New York," is in most cases a misnomer. Leaving out amendments to the codes (14), acts merely formal, such as releases of title and legalizations of informal official acts (35), grants and alterations of charters (58), and regulations merely local (198, or almost half of the whole number), and leaving out also appropriations and what are strictly mere bureau regulations of executive departments (64), the number of what are on their face laws of the State is reduced to sixty-four, less than one-sixth of the total volume. Not all of this select fraction are really laws. If we came upon a law providing, for instance, that all red-haired, one-eyed grocers doing business in cities of more than 15,000 and less than 20,000 inhabitants might do something not permitted to other citizens, we might be sure that the object of the statute was to benefit some individual grocer contemplated by the framer of the bill. There are bills in which the private purpose is not much more artfully disguised. Chapter 290, for example, provides in a large and general way that "any corporation" which has sold any of its real estate may, notwithstanding any prohibition in its charter, buy any land of equal value adjoining its own. Of course this is special legislation, and that it has to be granted in general terms makes it the more ridiculous, and is very likely to make it the more mischievous. Another bill of the same kind is chapter 349, which provides that a horse railroad may make use of five hundred feet or less of the track of another horse railroad in order to get from its own track to its car-house, New York and one street in Brooklyn being specially excepted. Some of these special laws can scarcely be said to be disguised. Here, for example, is chapter 216, which provides that a student at law who has been prevented from completing his course of study, "by reason of his necessary absence from such university while a member of the legislature," shall be entitled to admission to the bar on passing his examination. Here the one-eyed, red-haired grocer of our parable stands confessed. The



implication that making laws may be a satisfactory substitute for studying them shows the concurrence of the legislature in the general belief that service in the State legislature is merely an apprenticeship.

Of these sixty-four laws, there are only two which can fairly be said to have excited much public interest, or to have been enacted in answer to a public demand. These are the bill to legalize primary elections, of which the aim is doubtless good, although it is doubtful whether the means provided are sufficient to attain it, and the Railroad Commission Bill, of which much the same is to be said. The subject which seems to have excited most attention in the legislature itself seems to have been the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine, and the treatment of this subject furnishes a characteristic illustration of the capacity of the legislature for its work. The object of all the bills on the subject introduced was the same, to prevent the sale of oleomargarine as butter, or of cheese adulterated with lard as unadulterated cheese. It ought not to be a great strain upon the human intellect to draw a single clear and sufficient act to effect this purpose. But it seems to have been beyond the assembled wisdom of the legislature. So the legislature passed four laws. The first and second (chapters 214 and 215) became laws on the same day, and presumably passed the scrutiny of the same intelligent committee. Chapter 214 makes the coloring of oleomargarine and lard cheese, in imitation of butter and cheese respectively, a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$200, or by imprisonment for not less than thirty nor more than ninety days, or by both. Chapter 215 repeats chapter 214, with variations, prohibiting the imitation in color even of butter artificially colored ("with or without coloring matter"), and takes in "keepers of hotels, restaurants and boarding-houses" (what, by the way, is the legal definition of a "boarding-house"?) as well as makers and dealers, and makes the penalty a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$200, half to go to the informer and half to the poor, or an imprisonment of not less than ten nor more than thirty days. Thus the State of New York, by two laws passed on the same day, prescribes two different penalties for the same offense. But the wisdom of the legislature did not stop here. Chapter 238 provides that every person who manufactures for sale, or offers for sale, or exports to a foreign country any substance in semblance of butter and cheese "not the legitimate product of the dairy," shall brand the same "oleomargarine butter" or "imitation cheese," as the case may be, "in Roman letters not less than one-half inch in length." If he does not he is liable to a fine of \$100, with costs, for each offense, besides being subject to a prosecution for misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$200, or by imprisonment for not less than ten nor more than twenty days, or by both. This ought to settle the wretch, but the legislature returns to the charge with unabated fury in chapter 246. "Any person who shall hereafter sell, either at wholesale or retail, any oleomargarine, butterine, suine, or other substance not butter, and represent the same to be butter, shall be fined not less than \$25, or be imprisoned for thirty days or less, or both." And then, as a second section, follows this mysterious but delightful addition: "The sale by any person of

such oleomargarine, butterine, suine, or other substance not butter, representing the same to be butter, shall be deemed presumptive evidence of the guilt of such person."

This is a fair enough exhibition of the manner in which the legislative intellect grapples with a "giant evil." Four separate, and, in some respects, incongruous acts are passed in addition to those already on the statute book, to attain a purpose which might have been fully attained by a single act. And this illustrates the manner in which the statute books become choked with rubbish. It must not be supposed that all, even of these general laws, are really of general application. To one law, for example, making public property all drains and ditches dug before 1872, which have since been maintained at the public cost, there is a considerable exception of fourteen counties; and a bill was passed excepting fifteen counties from the operations of the County Treasurers' Act. This facility of exception is a great promoter of reckless legislation. A legislator who imagines that his constituents will not like a law dispenses himself from the necessity of examining it by proposing that his county shall be excepted, and the exceptions sometimes apply to more of the people of the State than the rule; and there are instances of bills that have been passed with every county of the State exempted from their operation except the county of the mover. In truth, the notion of a law, in Hooker's sense or in Bentham's, seems never to have entered the minds of the makers of laws for the State of New York.

It is, however, in bills professedly local that this lawlessness of law, this literally "unprincipled" character of legislation, is most manifest. It is in these also that the "jobs" of a session are to be looked for, while a very moderate degree of skill suffices to conceal them from an investigator unacquainted with the local circumstances. It will surprise most readers to learn, however, that local regulations actually make changes in the substantial rights and remedies of citizens in different parts of the State. Chapter 119 discloses the existence of a special mechanics' lien law in Onondaga County. Chapter 171 amends an act of 1871 in relation to "persons who abandon or threaten to abandon their families in the County of Kings." Even if, at the date of the original law, there was so general an upheaval of the social fabric in Kings County as to demand that its heads of families should be put under bonds to live with their families, the domestic morality of that region must since have been so nearly assimilated to that of the rest of the State as no longer to require a keen and special terror of the law. There are many laws of 1882 exempting particular places from the operation of general laws. There are seven laws extending the time for the payment of taxes in districts not known to have been devastated by pestilence or famine, and two enforcing the collection of taxes in other districts. There is a law relating to arrests without process in Schenectady, which, if it is good for Schenectady, is manifestly good for all other places in the State. There is a comic act requiring a person whose leg is about to be broken by a defective bridge or sidewalk in Schenectady to give twenty-four hours' notice of his danger to "the superintendent of streets," in order to make the city liable



for damages. One wonders what is imagined to be the function of a superintendent of streets in Schenectady.

These one hundred and ninety-eight measures, constituting nearly half in number and more than half in volume of the work of the last legislature, are a mighty maze, and quite without a plan. It is impossible to classify them according to any principle, since they betray none; and all but impossible to classify them according to the objects sought to be attained, so miscellaneous are they. The most noticeable thing about them is the triviality of their subject-matter. When there is no question of politics, any importunate legislator seems to be able to "get through" whatever any important constituent desires to be got through. Almost complete local self-government in some cities and villages is contrasted with almost complete wardship to the legislature in others. Cherry Valley is authorized to spend money for certain specified purposes, "and for any other improvements which a majority of the trustees may deem proper," while Utica must have a special law to build an engine-house, and Lockport a special law to buy \$1000 worth of hose, and the village of Sherburne a special law to spend \$250 on a survey for a water supply. There is a general law for villages, it appears, but the existence of the rule is only made manifest through the multitude of the exceptions. Special laws were passed last session for fifty-four cities and villages. In almost every bill it is evident that the legislature can know nothing about the merits of the case, but must pass it on trust, because it is believed to be approved by the people concerned. And why, in the name of all that is rational, should it not be left to the people concerned to say what they will do with their own?

A bill was introduced into the legislature of 1881 containing a proposition to amend the constitution of New York by restricting the legislature to the passage of laws applicable to all cities or incorporated villages alike, and restricting local self-government only by providing that a direct popular vote should be required to increase the debt of any municipality. If this proposition had become part of the organic law, 198 laws, or half the annual out-put would last year have been saved; 42 more, if executive officers, or courts, were given the power of correcting informalities in local offices, of granting formal releases of title, and the former of making their own bureau regulations; and 58 more, if all charters were granted under general laws. If the power of passing special laws of these several kinds had been taken away from the legislature, three-fourths of its work for the past session would have disappeared, and when you examine the treatment by the legislature of the remaining bills, the subject-matter of which is clearly within the province of a legislature, the question what is the public use of the legislature at all, presents itself as a "question of urgency." For assuredly there was not a single law passed by the legislature of 1882, the postponement of which for a year could have brought any public mischief. Not only the constitutional convention, the real legislature of the State, but the municipal commission, and every other body which undertakes in earnest to effect any important improvement in State affairs, finds one of the first conditions of success to be the restraint of legislative activity, and the putting of

an artificial check upon "the natural fecundity of low organisms." If we cannot attain millennial sessions of such a body, it seems that the mild palliative of biennial sessions, which would afford a fair chance of cutting down the birth-rate one-half, might be applied without the least danger of bringing on any public calamity. The clear saving every other year of \$373,000—\$340,000 for compensation and mileage to members and officers of the legislature, and \$33,000 for contingent expenses—though the most direct, is one of the least of the advantages that might reasonably be expected from that change.

#### Free Art.\*

IF a dangerous fallacy is in vogue and has obtained a powerful influence over many minds, the first step in the direction of its extinction is to find a clear and uncompromising statement of it. We are, therefore, much pleased to find a statement in the recent report to Congress of the Tariff Commission that "the advance in the duties on works of art" was "made for the encouragement of original American art." This was undoubtedly the view of the case taken by the politicians of Congress in making the present rates; and this view of the case was undoubtedly imposed upon our national legislators by those American artists who worked for a "protective" art tariff, with the intention of making a "corner" in art in the new world for their own especial benefit and that of their friends and cronies. As these gentlemen, or their survivors, are probably anxious to have their share in the matter now quite forgotten, we will name no names. Let us try to forget this, with many another shady episode of the Dark Ages!

But if it is fortunate to find a fallacy boldly and clearly announced, it is still more fortunate to find its opposing truth put with equal bravery and distinctness. A few days before the Tariff Commission report was made public, the public heard a better gospel announced in a resolution of the Society of American Artists which was passed unanimously November 7, 1882, in words as follows:

RESOLVED: That the attention of the present Tariff Commission and of Congress should be called to the fact that, whereas the United States of America is the only leading nation in the world that has not inherited the works of art of any great epoch of the past, it is, at the same time, the only nation that puts a penalty, by means of a tariff, upon the importation of works of art, both ancient and modern, and that, in the opinion of this society, all works of art should be excepted from the payment of duties, both in the interest of art in general, and of American art in particular.

WILL H. LOW,  
Secretary.

WYATT EATON,  
President.

It is not necessary for us to call attention to the fact that the Society of American Artists contains a considerable part of the artistic talent of the country. Its membership is not confined to the juniors of the

\* See "Art and the Stupidities of the Tariff," by Dr. Holland, "Topics" for February, 1881. Also "Communications," in the same number.



profession, but it includes in its ranks most of the older men whose art is abreast with the times. It can be truthfully said of this society that in its own exhibitions and elsewhere it has greatly helped to redeem American art from the stigma of ignorance and provinciality. It is largely—of course not exclusively—upon the members of this society that the future of our art depends; it is largely from its membership that the Academy is now wisely recruiting its own ranks. The decided utterance of such a society cannot fail to have great weight. It is to be hoped that the Academy, as a body, will now add its testimony on the side of culture and enlightenment. We are sure that many of its better-educated and more liberal-minded members will be glad to bear individual testimony in favor of removing the penalty inflicted upon all persons who presume to bring art works into the United States. As we go to press we learn that the Boston Art Club has put itself right on the record on this vital question, and we have no doubt that similar action will be taken by art societies throughout the United States.

There were formerly two points urged in favor of a "protective tariff" on art-works. One was that foreign artists could live at home on less money, therefore could "produce" pictures at less expense, and had, therefore an unfair advantage in competition with the "home producer." One would think that such an argument as this, an argument confounding art with manufacture, pictures with potato-mashers, or whatever it is that the tariff "protects," must have emanated from the brain of a Congressional representative of some "manufacturing district." On the contrary, we have never known this insult to the profession to be given forth except from the lips of some venerable and well-to-do National Academician!

The other argument advanced is an insult, not so much to our artists as to the intelligence of the country at large, and of picture buyers in particular; namely, that unless the public are "protected" by a tariff on works of art, the country will be overrun with painted and sculptured rubbish from the old world, the idea being that good pictures will not be bought when bad ones can be had! This, we believe, is not only the most degrading argument yet advanced in favor of a tariff, and a high tariff, on art works, but it is the most humorously illogical. If a buyer knows enough to buy good pictures, is he going to buy rubbish simply because the country is flooded with it? And if a man likes bad pictures, either dear or cheap, will he be under the necessity of sending to Europe for them? We should say rather that if the extinction of the tariff does have the effect of making the country swarm with painted rubbish from Europe, the only distinctive thing in the way of modern art would be a picture painted by a native artist. Even a commonplace American painter, under such circumstances might have a better show than ever before.

If the Society of American Artists, who have done themselves so much credit by passing unanimously the resolution quoted above, were asked to explain their position more fully, they would probably say that art is not manufacture; that true art can flourish in no community where taste is not cultivated and keyed up by the contemplation of the best works of art, either in the original or by reproduction; that artists them-

selves especially need the example and stimulus furnished by the art productions of other hands and lands, both ancient and modern; and that every barrier against the free introduction into a country of art works, either in the original or in reproduction, is a barrier against the advance of art.

If the society had been asked for fresh examples of injury it might, perhaps, have referred to several conspicuous "modern instances," not only of the inhospitality and hardship of the tariff, but of its actual detriment to the cause of art and to the dissemination of interest in and taste for art productions. No one will deny the good accomplished by the visit to this country of such eminent and able artists as Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Hubert Herkomer. One need not make any undue claims as to the value of their specific teachings in order to insist upon the great good to artists themselves, and to those interested in art, of the independent and clearly expressed views of strong men like these. The very presence of such artists along with the contemporaneous public exhibition of their works, serves as a stimulus to our own artists, and an instruction to the public. But see how our great, rich, powerful, and supposedly hospitable country treats Mr. Herkomer! It lays violent hands upon all the drawings, etchings, paintings, he brings over—not for sale, but to let us look at merely—it lays violent hands upon them, and after keeping them in its possession for we know not how many anxious days, mulcts the unfortunate artist in a good round sum of hundreds of dollars. Mr. Seymour Haden, having been apprised in time of the abomination of our desolations of imported art, prudently refrained from bringing over those valuable works of art with which it was his desire to illustrate his American lectures on original engraving. He estimated that he would have to pay to the United States Government (a government whose annual surplus is one hundred and forty-five millions of dollars) the sum of five thousand dollars cash for the privilege of fully illustrating and elucidating his lectures on art to American audiences!

The American tariff on works of art is without precedent in the civilized or barbarous world of to-day. Other governments exert themselves to obtain works of art from abroad, and to hold fast those which conquest, purchase, or native genius has given them. The one great country of the world that has neither inherited nor produced great works of art is the one country of the world that, through the short-sighted selfishness of a passed, or passing, generation of artists, and the proverbial ignorance and stupidity of its legislators in all æsthetic matters, sets up a troublesome barrier against the admission of art works to any part of its enormous domains! And it does it by means of a law which in effect discriminates in favor of the rich, and against the poor man,—who might be content with a photograph, a plaster cast, an engraving, or an original not made costly by an excessive impost. The Tariff Commission has openly declared that the present duties are for the protection of home artists. Every American artist who avowedly or tacitly consents to the tariff as it is, and who refuses to join in the movement now started for its entire abrogation, should be down on the records, and descend to history, as an obstructionist, as a child of darkness, and not of light.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Judicial Oaths and Affirmations.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: Archdeacon Paley, in his "Moral and Political Philosophy," said that in no country are the words of an oath worse contrived to convey its meaning or impress its obligations than in England; the accusation applies with equal justice to most of our States, where the same form still prevails. The concluding words of the oath upon which all the other words are understood to depend are "So help me God"; and their meaning, as defined by the principal writers upon the subject, is that the swearer thereby invokes the vengeance of the Almighty, and renounces His pardon if what he swears to be not strictly true. The tendency of such an oath, as usually administered, must be, if no worse, to confuse the mind of the person taking it as to its true meaning, to impair the reverence which is due to the sacred name of Deity, and thereby to defeat the very object for which an oath is designed. The force of the sentence quoted is said to lie in the word *so*, meaning *upon condition* of my speaking the truth, or performing the promise, and not otherwise may God help me or save me. An ancient form had the additional words *at thy holy dome*; that is, so help me at the last day, or day of judgment. The Latin words known to have been used as early as the sixth century, whence the English form was taken, ran thus: *Sic me Deus adiuvet et hæc sancta Evangelia*. With the latter clause, which is now omitted in the English form, originated the custom of kissing the Gospels. This oath was imitated from the pagan form of the ancient Romans, wherein the juror held a stone in his hand and invoked a curse upon himself, should he swear falsely.

Thus, it will be seen that the idea of a curse or imprecation has been attached to the words from the earliest times, and an imprecation of some sort appears indeed to have been an essential feature of every ancient form of oath with which we are acquainted. But the primitive Christians, who interpreted literally the command of their Master, "Swear not at all," refused to utter any imprecation, and for judicial purposes under the Christian emperors of Rome there was substituted a form of religious asseveration as *in the presence* of God. When, however, priestly power began to flourish, and the Church fell away from its pristine purity, oaths of cursing or imprecation were again introduced, and thus became imported into the customs of England. Although, by the common law, no special form of oath was requisite, yet, by the practice of the Courts, an oath concluding with the imprecatory words before referred to was universally tendered to witnesses and jurors who professed a belief in the Deity. But as there were some who, upon conscientious grounds, refused to swear, it became necessary, in the interest of justice, no less than of humanity, that some provision should be made for those who were thus scrupulous. The first

British statute on this subject was enacted in 1696 [7 and 8 Wm. 3., Ch. 34] for the benefit of the people called Quakers, and provided that instead of an oath they should be permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration in these words: "I, A. B., do declare, in the presence of Almighty God, the witness of the truth of what I say." By subsequent legislation, the privilege was extended to the sects called Moravians and Separatists, and in the case of the Quakers all appeal to the Deity was stricken from the required form. Yet the evidence of those persons who refused to take an oath was not admitted in criminal cases for still a century later. All such disability is, however, removed by the Common Law Procedure Act, and under it all persons, without distinction of sect, who shall satisfy the court or officer of his conscientious scruple, may affirm without any appeal to the Deity, subject, however, to the penalties of perjury in case of a false affirmation.

In this country, nearly all the States have passed similar acts, substituting a solemn affirmation in all cases where the person is conscientiously scrupulous of taking an oath. In some of the States, no question of conscience is raised, but the taking of the one or the other is a mere matter of choice. In many of them also, when forms of oath in certain cases are prescribed by statute, words of imprecation have no place in such forms. In the Federal Courts, and in all proceedings under the general laws of the United States a solemn affirmation may be taken by any one in lieu of an oath. These changes show that with us and in England, the oath is no longer deemed essential in order to bind a man to veracity.

According to Lord Hardwicke, all that is necessary to an oath is an appeal to the Supreme Being, as thinking Him the rewarder of truth and avenger of falsehood. And Lord Coke himself, although generally esteemed somewhat narrow in his conception of an oath, inasmuch as he considered that none but a Christian was qualified to take one, yet was so far advanced as to define its essential feature to be simply "calling Almighty God to witness" the truth of the testimony. The design of an oath is now understood to be, not to call the attention of God to man, but of man to God. Not to call on Him to punish the wrong-doer, but on man to remember that He will. In this view, the imprecatory words become totally unnecessary, and for a believer in the Deity a solemn affirmation taken as in His presence expresses all that is required in an oath.

In France, there is no appeal in words to the Supreme Being, but the person whilst making his declaration, holds up his right hand, which action is understood to imply an oath. Formerly an exception to this form was made in the case of the clergy, who instead of raising the hand placed it upon the breast. Recent action in the Chamber of Deputies in that country; the discussions growing out of the Bradlaugh case in the British Parliament, and the com-



ments thereupon which have from time to time appeared in the public journals on this side the water, indicate a growing sentiment in Christian communities against the use of any oath.

Of the evil tendency of the imprecatory clause so lightly taken in the multiplicity of oaths used among us, no argument can at this day be needed to convince any thoughtful person. If then, the evil of a custom which has so long had a hold upon our institutions be acknowledged, some may ask, what is the remedy? My answer is that, there are three. (1) Let every conscientious person without regard to sect, invariably refuse to take an oath in the form objected to, and claim his right, which, as we have seen, is now almost universally accorded, of substituting an affirmation. (2) Let the judges of our courts having authority to prescribe rules for the qualifying of witnesses and jurors strike from the oath the imprecatory words in all cases within their respective jurisdictions. (3) Let the legislatures of each of our states when assembled, pass an act definitely prohibiting the use of such words in every form of oath, or providing for an affirmation (subject for its violation to the penalties of perjury) to be taken in lieu of an oath by every one without distinction. The first of these remedies is a very simple one. If it were generally availed of the second and third would speedily follow, and the form of oath now so common would come to be looked upon with just abhorrence. Yours truly,

*Benjamin P. Moore.*

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 10, 1882.

#### Vandalism in "Saint Sophia."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: AMONG the multitudes of tourists who almost daily visit the mosque of Saint Sophia, in Constantinople, there are probably few who do not carry away with them a number of fragments of the colored glass used in the Byzantine mosaic with which this ancient edifice is profusely decorated. The youth who has undertaken to supply the increasing demand for these interesting mementos, is usually found in the gallery against the rear wall of the mosque, and any one may

purchase as many fragments as he desires at the expense of a few piastres. It must be that the methods resorted to in obtaining a sufficient supply of this commodity have not come to the knowledge of the traveling public, else the great majority would hardly make themselves even indirectly responsible for the most outrageous vandalism which it has been my fortune to encounter.

Our guide, an intelligent and apparently honest fellow, who most certainly was not interested in misrepresentation in this instance, informed us at the conclusion of our visit to the mosque that the bits of mosaic purchased by foreigners in the building had not fallen from the vault on account of some defect in the cement as represented, but had been rubbed off by the persevering application of a bamboo rod in the hands of a small boy!

Comment upon the irreparable injury which will surely be caused by the continuance of this nineteenth century iconoclasm seems hardly necessary, but tourists might somewhat delay the work of destruction by discouraging the advances of the pious Mahometan who thus ingeniously combines religious duty and worldly advantages. Yours truly,

*J. S. Seymour.*

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., December, 1882.

#### The Supreme Court of the United States: A Correction.

EDITOR CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: In the December number of your magazine, on page 175, the author of that very valuable and interesting article, "The Supreme Court of the United States," is made to say: "In 1799 President Adams, on the recommendation of a Senate Committee, sent a commission to France to negotiate a treaty. Oliver Ellsworth, Patrick Henry, and William Van Murray were the commissioners." The fact is that Ellsworth, Henry, and Van Murray were appointed, but Patrick Henry having declined the appointment, William R. Davie, of North Carolina, was named in his stead and served with the commission.

Yours truly,

*W. R. Davie.*

LANDSFORD, CHESTER CO., S. C.,

Dec. 7, 1882.

## LITERATURE.

#### Leland's "Gypsies."\*

COMPARED with "The English Gypsies and their Language" and "Anglo-Romany Ballads," the latest publication from Mr. Leland on his favorite hobby is more a collection of short essays than a connected work. As Liszt became inspired by the music of Hungarian gypsies, so the study of Romany words and ways appears to breed in a man a very pleasant species of monomania. In the case of Mr. Leland it results

in bright, agreeable literature of a light sort, and incidentally in not a little solid information which ought to lose nothing in the eyes of serious persons, because it happens also to be picturesque. Whether Mr. Leland's firm belief that the history of the gypsies has been traced will be always gospel; whether it be true beyond peradventure or not that they are descended from a certain tribe of Hindostan which still has representatives in India,—the pictures he draws are fascinating, and the book, like those that went before, may be hailed as a fresh and stirring addition to the literature of the subject. Mr. Leland's enthusiasm is

\* The Gypsies. By Charles G. Leland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. London: Trübner & Co.



infectious, and the reader finds it hard to put himself in the shoes of the farmer whose small livestock have mysteriously disappeared, or of the buyer of a horse who finds his purchase going lame before the gypsy is out of sight. Marian, in Gay's "Shepherd's Week," takes the rustic view of these light-fingered gentry:

"Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,  
I, near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met;  
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,  
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;  
They said that many crosses I must prove,  
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.  
Next morn I missed three hens and one old cock,  
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock."

The tendency of Mr. Leland's books, however, is to make one feel that community of goods should be allowed in the case of people who are so wholesome physically, so kindly in their social relations, and so honest among themselves. Not that he directly states that their morals are of a high grade, but he gives one that impression. He is never tired of telling how he watched a mountebank at a fair, followed him to an inn, and then astonished him by talking gypsy to him. It seems to afford him unending pleasure, especially in the instances where the gypsy, though he understands, pretends not to, thereby acting closely like Indians and other savages, who show great repugnance to intrusion on their secrets, and need to be very slowly approached before they will give an alien their confidence. And it is not the English or American gypsy alone whom Mr. Leland pursues: Russian, Austrian, Welsh, Egyptian, and Syrian gypsies are bagged by the same methods, and made to yield some new words or add some new light to the vexed problem of their common origin. The chapter on Russian gypsies is perhaps the most attractive of all. On reading of the irregular part-singing of these gypsies, without notes and without a leader, apparently without any concerted action or training for a special piece, one thinks of the music of such Hungarian gypsies as were lately in New York:

"And I listened to the strangest, wildest, and sweetest singing I had ever heard,—the singing of Lurleis, of sirens, of witches. First, one damsel, with an exquisitely clear, firm voice, began to sing a verse of a love ballad, and as it approached the end the chorus stole in, softly and unperceived, but with exquisite skill, until, in a few seconds, the summer breeze, murmuring melody over rippling lake, seemed changed to a midnight tempest, roaring over a stormy sea, on which the *basso* of the *kalo shuresko* (the black captain) pealed like thunder. Just as it died away, a second girl took up the melody, very sweetly, but with a little more excitement,—it was like a gleam of moonlight on the still agitated waters,—a strange contralto witch-gleam; and then again the chorus and the storm; and then another solo yet sweeter, sadder, stranger,—the movement continually increasing, until all was fast and wild and mad,—a locomotive quickstep, and then a sudden silence—sunlight—the storm had blown away."

Mr. Leland is a lively writer, who by no means confines himself to the subject before him, but throws in side remarks, and vents his feelings on irrelevant matters with a raciness not at all displeasing. He may have had a sharp lesson for many Americans and other "Anglo-Saxons" in mind when he digressed thus:

"It is worth remarking that whenever a race is greatly looked down on by another from the mere stand-point of color, as in America, or mere religion, as in Mahometan lands, it always contains proportionally a larger number of *decent* people than are to be found among those who immediately oppress it. An average Chinaman is a human being far superior to a hoodlum, and a man of color to the white man who cannot speak of him or to him except as a 'naygur' or a 'nigger.' It is when a man realizes that he is superior in nothing else save race, color, religion, family, inherited fortune, and their contingent advantages, that he develops most readily into the prig and snob."

A singular fact recorded by Mr. Leland regarding the spread of the gypsy tongue is corroborated by various gypsies: it is that at present more pure gypsy is talked in the United States than in Europe. The same statement has been made in regard to the Irish, the purest form of the Keltic dialects. In "Shelta, the Tinker's Talk," Mr. Leland discusses the possibility of that lingo being a remnant of the language of the Picts and decides against it. Yet he says: "Shelta is perhaps the last Old British dialect as yet existing, which has thus far remained undiscovered." The chapters on American gypsies would alone entitle Mr. Leland to a good audience, even were there not much else in his book that is piquant and instructive.

#### Miss Phelps's "Doctor Zay."\*

It is now about fourteen years since "The Gates Ajar" introduced Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who was then a young lady of twenty-four, to something more than local fame. Since the success of that book, with its twenty editions in a single year, Miss Phelps has had a good share of public attention. The story was novel and striking rather than strong. Coming, as it did, from the bosom of orthodoxy, and flying in the face of current notions, it was bold in its conception of heaven. But boldness was soon discovered to be a constant factor in all the work done by Miss Phelps. It was an honest boldness that went with careful training and was under the control of a severe conscience. "The Story of Avis" was possibly bolder than "The Gates Ajar." It was certainly more ambitious, and took high, not to say haughty, ground in the illustration of the disabilities and the intellectual disfranchisement of women. It showed, moreover, singularly courageous, artistic independence. The novelty of the author's treatment of the new theme, the incisiveness of her attack on old prejudices, and the daring of her style, were more remarkable than the inworking, dramatic force of the story. The reader found himself at his wits' end in his effort to seize the substance behind the dazzling glow of her metaphor. Her male reader must have been not a little vexed at her choice of his champion. She had set up in conflict a man of straw and a woman of might, and the man naturally went down. Still, what complaint could be made? The thesis which she had undertaken to prove, was precisely this: that a woman of metal might sometimes be pitted against a man of straw, and that, in just this case, the world had

\* Doctor Zay. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



denied her the natural use of her weapons. The novelist had chosen her theme and her method of treatment, to both of which she had a right, and it was left to the unleavened critic to admire the beauty and mental force of the heroine, and to feel deep disgust for the wayward obliquity of the hero, while he felt secure in his conviction that the situation, while possible—nay, even common—was uninteresting in a novel. The novel had been made the vehicle of a brilliant discussion of an important social question.

The story of "Doctor Zay" has the same fine points, and is written with even a greater sincerity of moral earnestness. It is an admirable presentation of the difficulties that hedge in a large-minded, ambitious woman with a "career." Doctor Zay, the heroine, is so intensely in earnest that she undertakes a tilt against the laws of nature and the archery of love, in favor of Hahnemann and a career. The tilt, being unnatural, is of course unsuccessful: it is destined to be so from the start. The elementary forces in both Mr. Yorke and Doctor Zay are against the latter in a fight against love. The author, however, as in "The Story of Avis," gives the heroine many strong points in the contest. She has beauty, presence, energy, mental breadth, and moral strength, with long study abroad to back them up. The hero has inherited indolence and aimlessness, and, in addition to this inheritance, is literally knocked on the head at the start, and then thrown under the doctor's care, whose treatment, in the way of nervous excitation, is, perhaps inevitably, anything but homœopathic. These are his disadvantages. He is compelled to fight with a woman's weapons, while she is cleverly provided by the author with those of a man,—in which matter the author clearly has a right to her own way, although one might be inclined to lift the eyebrows a little, at the happy combination of so much beauty and vigorous strength with ten years of hard work in college, medical school, and hospital, with night and day practice in a country village, with thirty and odd visits a day to be made over rough country roads, and a continual strain of office practice besides,—with measles, small-pox, delirium tremens, drowning experiences, surgery, midwifery, and large draughts on the sympathetic nature. At any rate, the tables are fairly turned on the hero, and this is a part of the novelty and force of the plot. He is handicapped, Miss Phelps would probably say, as a woman is handicapped in her struggle for life. Doctor Zay's almost masculine sternness rarely yields him a point. His almost feminine irritability gives him many a slip. The novelist keeps her grasp on the characters firm, and attends closely to the narrative in its narrowest lines. The material is meager, with no wealth of those rich additions which we find in the more genial writers; but the figures which appear are vigorous. There is some irony and serious grotesqueness, but no wit, and only a modicum of humor. There is some formal landscape drawing, but too ornate to be natural, too fanciful to leave a pleasing impression, and the author's expression, whether in describing a dress, a face, or a scene in nature, is apt to be forced and rather technically precise than suggestive. Her vocabulary is not large, and she has a fondness for certain words, quite equal to that of the early transcendentalists. "Fine," "splendid," "implacable," "inscrutable," do more than their share of service. These,

however, are mannerisms, that belong to an intense nature, and intensity and originality are Miss Phelps's strongest points. She has moreover maintained a high ideal of love in marriage, and she expresses better than any other of our writers of fiction the intellectual heights and energies of women. There is a strong breeze out of the Puritan quarter in all her books, and it is thoroughly stimulating.

#### L'Art. Volume XXX.\*

It is remarkable what a monopoly "L'Art" possesses in the United States to the exclusion of other publications of the kind in Paris and in London. For instance, the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts" is a much older and at one time was a stronger, if not an abler magazine. "L'Art" won its way primarily by its boldness in taking liberal views of art and becoming the champion of the younger and the neglected among artists. It also enlisted fresher and brighter writers; it offered a more sumptuous page, and in that way pleased not alone its readers, but the authors who wrote and the artists who designed for it. There is more than people think in the gratification of the auctorial eye and the reflection that good writing will be handsomely placed before the public. The magazine was also popularized in other ways; a greater variety of topics and a more liberal view of what could be held art made the *menu* more catholic. Finally "L'Art" has made a specialty of trying to reach English and American readers. Good as it was a few years ago, and good as it still remains notwithstanding the loss of several writers of mark, it would be a mistake to imagine that there are not excellent things to be found in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts." It is stronger than "L'Art" in archæology, and the papers have often a weight and solidity that approach at times to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The vice of the "Gazette" is the official flavor which pervades it, a flavor that is often taken for official, be it said, when really it is merely conservative. Perhaps it would do "L'Art" no harm, but spur it on toward better things, and certainly it would be to the advantage of those who prefer their art criticism through French mouths, if the "Gazette" had more foot-hold in America. Another side of many matters would be presented; only, to encourage the reading of the "Gazette" appears at the present speaking something like treachery toward a new-found friend. After years of complete silence, during which "L'Art" appeared to think that America had no art—a great mistake, whatever sweeping grumblers here may say of it—it began to notice in fine print the fact that painting was beginning to exist in the United States. It asked for and got certain very mediocre notices of exhibitions and sales. But of late years enterprising youths from this side of the Atlantic have been grappling with French artists in French schools and with French methods, and the results have startled Paris. For some time, there was comfort in the undeniable truth that the Americans were not original. But when they began to flavor

\* L'Art. Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. Huitième Année. Tome III. Paris and London: Librairie de l'Art. New York: J. W. Bouton.



their imitative work with originality the taste of the critic was fairly hit. At least the unsparing and unscrupulous art-critic of the "Figaro," after many years of spiteful flings at the United States, appeared disposed last year to relinquish the attack. And now "L'Art" comes out in favor of American artists with a fervor which can almost be called indiscriminating. Paul Leroi's characterization of Mr. Knight's work is very good. Of him it is correct to say, "he has much taste, draws with elegance and certainty, composes a picture well, and paints it well, yet with some dryness. I only wish he would get up and stamp around just a little bit; it might turn out that his style would become more obscure; that day he would reach perfection, and that is not so bad a goal to reach." One can also applaud the very mild praise of Henry Mosler and William Dana, and the discrimination which will have none of Mr. Bridgeman's imitative Oriental scenes while it admires his Normandy picture, "La Plantation du Colza," which appeared recently in New York. But it is difficult to follow M. Leroi's admiration of Charles Sprague Pearce, or agree with his one-sided attack on paintings by Whistler. It is to his credit that he brands as absurd the idea that Sargent's "El Jaléo" is unseemly, or, as the critics in Paris appear to have said, libidinous. Though it may seem ungrateful in Americans to quarrel with praise, yet longer reflection will convince that over-praise does more harm than good, and that if, as has often been the case in "L'Art," second-rate American work is flattered, a double injury is effected. On the one hand foreigners are but little impressed with a criticism that proves forced when the art-objects are considered; on the other, native artists are tempted once more to throw away their artistic consciences and strive for temporary fame by the broad way of French art—which may lead them, as aliens, to destruction. It is better to be attacked than praised for second-rate work.

Van Horne's "Life of Thomas." \*

AFTER years of laborious study, Mr. Van Horne has at length completed and given to the world his "Life of Thomas." He was selected for the task by Thomas himself, who was more than usually solicitous concerning his biography, for he had a deep-rooted conviction that he had not received his deserts during his life-time, and he looked to "time and history" to do him justice. Whether the choice of biographer was fortunate or not time itself must decide. He has given us a book which is full of ardent, rather than discriminating, praise, which seeks to exalt Thomas by discrediting his commanders and colleagues, and which records, with evident satisfaction, many incidents and statements which the neutral observer may perhaps think would best have been passed over in silence or omitted altogether. For instance, when, at the close of the war, Mr. Stanton told Thomas, with many compliments, that he had always had great confidence in him, Thomas replied: "I am sorry to hear you make this statement. I have not been treated as if you had confidence in me." It is a question whether Thomas's constant dissatisfaction throughout the war and to the day of his death with his position, his rank,

and his promotion was not the principal defect in a character otherwise remarkable for its force, its purity, and its strength. Far from taking this view, the biographer would have us believe that this was an evidence of greatness, and the subject is again and again referred to for the purpose of showing that this dissatisfaction was well founded, and was due to gross injustice on the part of the government. This may be called the main feature of the book, and next to this is the vehement denial that Thomas was ever slow or sluggish:

"No general, in chief or subordinate command, was ever more quick or judicious in his dispositions, or more forceful in fighting an enemy. \* \* \* Thomas was not over-cautious at Nashville or anywhere else. He was bold always, without being rash, and cautious, without being timid. No general was more cautious when there was need of caution, and no one ever bolder or more forceful when the time for action came."

This idea is frequently repeated in different words, now and then supplemented by the assertion that Thomas was the greatest general of the war. Much of this might fairly be characterized as hyperbole; but Thomas's services were so very great, his ideals of duty were so high, and his whole career was so worthy of respect and admiration, that it is not difficult to pardon much to an enthusiastic biographer. And a book which tells the story of his life so fully is entitled to a hearty welcome.

Campaigns of the Civil War. VIII.—The Mississippi.\*

It is safe to say that three-fourths of those who have professed any knowledge of the campaigns which resulted in the opening of the Mississippi have generally given undue prominence to minor events, and almost wholly ignored the essentially important; indeed, this campaign calls up in most minds a confused jumble of gunboats and batteries, bayous and swamps. We know that Vicksburg was taken and the river opened, and that is about all. This book, however, is a properly proportioned narrative of the series of operations, and its perusal gives a complete exposition of the difficulties and the solution of the problem.

The author indicates in his introduction the general scheme of operations, and enables us to understand it in its simplicity; states clearly the object of the gathering of the mighty forces in the West, and the essential value to both contending parties of the possession of the great river. The several defensive lines of the Confederates, the causes which led to their adoption, and the movements which brought about their successive loss, are next clearly delineated and explained. Then follows a clear account of the campaign terminating in the battles of Iuka and Corinth, which resulted in placing the Confederates on the defensive for the retention of Vicksburg.

The first of the three series of operations undertaken for the capture of the city was a combined movement on the part of Grant and Sherman, the former moving by the Mississippi Central Railroad, and the latter from Memphis by the river route. Such coöperative movements rarely succeed, and this resulted in failure. The brilliant raids of Forrest and Van Dorn against Grant's long line of communications forced him back, and the

\* The Life of Major-General George H. Thomas. By Thomas B. Van Horne, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



wide separation of the two commands prevented Sherman from becoming aware of the changed circumstances in time to countermand his order to assault at Haines's Bluff. The second series, known as the "Bayou Expeditions," comprised every possible attempt by the river route, and were all attended with complete failure. The author clearly narrates the difficulties encountered, the hardships endured, and the pertinacity with which each new venture was tested to the utmost in the vain attempt to reach solid ground within striking distance of Vicksburg. The third and final effort was the campaign in the rear of the city, the account of which given in Chapter V. is especially commendable, and full of graphic interest. We see Grant, bold, aggressive, self-reliant, against Pemberton, timid, undecided, deferring to councils of war. The author makes a happy analysis of the characters of Pemberton and Johnston, and brings out unconsciously the unmistakable military talent of Grant. He well says "that the deeds of these eighteen days challenge comparison with the most brilliant campaigns of history."

Although Lieutenant Greene was not a participant in the events he so graphically describes, he has had access to the fullest official data, and has visited the fields of operation and verified disputed points by personal inspection. To a sound knowledge of strategical and tactical principles he unites a happy faculty of lucid description and a technical acquaintance with the vocabulary of his profession,—all of which, together with the excellent maps, containing every reference of the text, and the quite complete appendices, make the volume all that could be desired in so small a compass.

#### Ballard's "Solution of the Pyramid Problem."\*

COLLECTORS of paradoxes have suffered for the last few years from a remarkable dearth of circle-squarers, and there is danger that their occupation would have shrunk to small dimensions had it not been for a fair supply of solutions of the pyramid problem. Mr. Ballard, who has written the latest volume on this subject, is chief engineer of the Central and Northern Railway Division of Queensland. Twenty-three years ago, on his way to Australia, he saw the pyramids of Gizeh. He watched them carefully as the train passed along, and he immediately felt a strong conviction that they were built for the purpose of land-surveying. "Here," he exclaimed, "be the theodolites of the Egyptians!" The entombment of their kings may have been one of the "exoteric" objects of the builders of the pyramids, but they must have had firmly planted in their minds before they built them the intention of using them as a great system of landmarks for the re-adjustment of boundaries destroyed or confused by the annual inundation of the Nile. It would be a hard-hearted reviewer who should withhold from Mr. Ballard the credit which he claims on account of the difficulties under which he has worked; to have discovered and described the main secret of the pyramids with no other aids than a "glimpse at them three and twenty years ago, and the meager library of a nomad in the Australian wilderness" is certainly to deserve the esteem and gratitude of all future generations of men.

Mr. Ballard rests his theory upon the establishment

of a number of what he calls primary triangles (by which he means right-angled triangles whose sides are proportional to whole numbers) in the ground plan of the pyramids of Gizeh. Taking a distance between two pyramids as hypotenuse, he constructs a right-angled triangle with base and perpendicular parallel respectively to the sides of the pyramids, and he finds that such triangles sometimes turn out to be "primary" triangles. He does not make known upon what authorities he depends for his measurements, but it is evident that the great work of Lepsius is not contained in his meager library. By measurement of the ground plan of these pyramids ("Denkmaler aus Egypten und Æthiopien," Abt. I., Bl. 14) it appears that the triangle which has Mycerinus and the Great Pyramid at its acute angles has sides which fail by twenty-eight and eighteen meters respectively of being in the ratio of three and four to an hypotenuse of five. Mr. Ballard seems also not to be aware that the pyramid which forms the basis of his theory, alone of all the pyramids, has sides which are not in the directions of the cardinal points, but differ from them by more than four degrees.

From his primary triangles, inaccurately measured, he determines a new cubit of 20.22 inches, which he supposes to have been derived from the division of a second of the earth's circumference into sixty parts. It has not occurred to him (what was early recognized by Mr. Petrie in his valuable and striking "Inductive Metrology") that long lengths are of very little value in determining units of measure, and his firm conviction that exoteric knowledge (by which he means knowledge of the outside of pyramids) is of far greater value than esoteric knowledge, prevents him from being influenced by the fact that the oldest and most accurately worked instance of the Royal Egyptian cubit, which gives a length of 20.627 inches, is found in the King's Chamber of this same Great Pyramid.

Surveying was done in Egypt, according to Mr. Ballard, by means of small models of the Gizeh group of pyramids. The north and south line was determined at any point by bringing the model group into even line and even light and shade with the original group, which could be done with great accuracy when the highly polished surfaces of the pyramids were lighted up by a brilliant Egyptian sun. The only argument that Mr. Ballard finds in support of his theory—slight as that may seem—is that the pyramids were constructed on a ground plan composed of "primary" triangles, in order that the plan of the model groups might be laid down with greater ease, but he does not himself show very great confidence in the accuracy of the measurements upon which his one argument depends. He urges with great warmth the recasing of the pyramids with thin sheets of shining metal, in order that the traveler in Egypt may be properly struck with the force of his idea.

#### Linton's "Wood-Engraving in America."\*

In this volume, as in his previous pamphlet on wood-engraving, Mr. Linton does not attempt to give us what we so greatly need—a history of his art from

\* The Solution of the Pyramid Problem; or, Pyramid Discoveries. By Robert Ballard. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

\* A History of Wood-Engraving in America. By W. J. Linton. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1882. Quarto, pp. 71.



the earliest to the most recent times. He deals with wood-engraving in America only. Still, as the recent renaissance of the art has been due to American workmen, he has, after all, the most interesting part of the subject beneath his pen. It is difficult to give an accurate idea of the book he offers us. It is interesting because written by Mr. Linton; but it is not what such a history should be. It is, indeed, not a history at all, except in its earlier pages. As he approaches the last dozen years,—with their innovations, their experiments, their partial and temporary failures, and their superb successes,—Mr. Linton becomes controversial in tone and episodic in treatment. Instead of keeping to a more or less narrative form, and describing the growth of new schools and of recent changes in aim and method, he darts at the subject here and there, picking out a work for praise or blame and an artist for criticism or commendation, in rather a hap-hazard and disjointed fashion. From the first chapters we may get a good idea of the beginnings of the art in America, with much biographical information never before put in print; and if the reader has already made up his own mind upon modern work and workmen, the paragraphs of the later chapters will amuse, instruct, and enrage him, in rapid alternation. But to one who knows nothing of the subject Mr. Linton will not make it very clear—even from his own point of view. What that point of view is need hardly be explained at length. Mr. Linton, as every one knows, is an old engraver of great ability, brought up on the best English traditions of an earlier day and passionately devoted to those traditions and to the aims and methods which they have induced in him. To accuse him of conscious unfairness would be unjust. But it is not unjust to say that while endeavoring to give every man his due, even when that man's ideas are in opposition to his own, his own are of so set and narrow a sort that they hamper him in every judgment.

The most serious fault of the book, however, is that Mr. Linton does not place himself at the proper point of view when discussing much of our recent work. He fails to recognize the facts that we have been passing through a period of development; that no vital development in its earlier stages can be aught but experimental; and that works which may be more or less faulty in themselves, may nevertheless be most praiseworthy as tentative essays. It was open to him, of course, to have passed whatever judgment he saw fit upon this new movement—to have pronounced no new departure necessary, to have boldly affirmed what he everywhere suggests—that absolute excellence in wood-engraving had already been attained with certain traditional aims and means, and that no aims and means of other sorts can ever produce results as good. This, if a narrow, and perhaps mistaken, would have been a recognizable platform from which consistent arguments might have proceeded. But Mr. Linton does not take any such definite stand, does not show that novel results have been desired, or describe what they are or what the novel means essayed in their production, does not judge essays as essays—successful or unsuccessful, as the case may be. Mr. Closson, for example, whom Mr. Linton admires, and Mr. Juengling, whom he condemns, have had a common and a novel aim in view all through their work. But both the fact and

the nature of this common aim Mr. Linton disregards. The reward of our engravers who have experimented so widely and so boldly, and of those who have encouraged them all through their cause, has come in the blossoming of a novel art,—for such it may indeed be called,—which is the admiration of the world and the most original and national æsthetic product America has as yet to show. But as a school they get no reward in Mr. Linton's pages. Their combined efforts are not explained. Experiments long ago reprobated or improved upon by their authors are held up to scorn as final and necessary results of what he thinks false and unsound ways of working, and when a cut is praised Mr. Linton either compares it with older things with which it has, probably, no real affinity, or insists upon calling it exceptional, though it may in truth be eminently *characteristic* of the newer school. Many of his criticisms are acute, just, and suggestive in themselves considered, but in the way he states them, and in the conclusions he seems to draw from them, are harmful and misleading.

The real history of wood-engraving in America is still to be written. Every year will supply its writer with fresh material and cause him, perhaps, to recast or modify certain opinions he may hold to-day, for our men are still experimenting and are daily doing new work in the most versatile and surprising ways. But even considering the time when Mr. Linton's book was written, and how quickly material has grown beneath his hand within the last few months, he can hardly be said to have written "up to date." And even considering that he judges chiefly the work of a few years back, he cannot be said to have judged it quite fairly. As has been said, the chief complaint against him is not that he is out of sympathy with modern aims,—this fact pertaining, perhaps of necessity, to the nature of his whole life's work,—but that he does not recognize those aims distinctly or state them clearly, and that in criticising individual works he qualifies the praise he is sometimes forced to give in a vain effort to reconcile *all* praise with his ideas as to how good wood-engravings ought to be produced.

#### Abbey's Illustrations of Herrick.\*

THE handsome volume which contains Mr. Abbey's drawings made to illustrate poems by Herrick, has been years in the making. As the separate pieces were turned out by the artist the public had preparatory views of them in "Harper's Magazine," of which, for a long time past, they have been the most valuable and attractive artistic feature. When they are all brought together, we find less reason to be bothered by their faults and more reason to be impressed by their virtues. As the production of one hand (for Mr. Alfred Parsons's occasional masterly decorative bits do not impair the unity of the work) it would be difficult to find a recent parallel for this book. It recalls only the best things of the kind that have hitherto been done—such as in England, Blake's books, and the volume of Tennyson's poems illustrated by the Pre-raphaelite artists; in America, Mrs. Richardson's "Songs from the Old Dramatists," with La Farge's illustrations. More in the line of the present book would have been Mr. La

\*Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick, with Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. New York: Harper & Brothers.



Farge's illustrations of Browning's "Dramatis Personæ," which, as a whole, was never completed, though the several designs are well-known in the art-circles of New York and Boston.

As we have spoken of what seem to us faults in Mr. Abbey's work, let us say what we have to on this point, and go on. When he passes into work of a certain kind of imaginativeness, of a kind which we can best indicate as *La Fargean*, he is apt to fail. He has power and range enough to make it quite unnecessary that he should try this, and he really does not often try it. Again, he has carried his method of antique lettering occasionally to the point of affectation. This is a difficult problem to handle, and we do not care to lay too much stress upon the matter. An illustration of what we object to will be found on page 177, where one of the best drawings in the book is somewhat interfered with by a lot of rather nonsensical titivating beneath it. If we should, in addition, point to certain drawings which seem to us not quite up to Mr. Abbey's standard, the artist would probably reply with truth that the fault was mainly the engraver's; for although the engraving, on the whole, is to be greatly praised, on the other hand certain designs have evidently been put into the wrong hands.

After this there is nothing but praise to be given to Mr. Abbey's work. His pictures are not sledge-hammer attempts to knock into the reader the most obvious meanings of the poems. The artist has penetrated into and enjoyed the spirit of his originals. The poem serves as a suggestion to the artist's invention, and the result is a picture which not only intensifies but, we may almost say, expands the meaning of the verse. His landscapes are as full of freshness and truth, as his figure subjects are of character and grace. One hardly knows which most to admire, such a landscape-drawing as that on the fifth page, or the series of figure designs which accompany the following "Beucolick." This little "Beucolick" series alone should be enough to give an artist a reputation. A quick and masterly touch, refinement and grace of style, the faculty of characterization,—in a word, the power to enter into and reproduce the gay and tender spirit of an exquisite poem,—these are the qualities here shown by Mr. Abbey; qualities which, indeed, are apparent in almost every design in this remarkable volume. Such a volume, it should be said, could not have been produced, with all its costly beauties of engraving and typography, without the hearty coöperation of liberal and appreciative publishers.

The preface—itsself a most graceful prose idyl—is written by the one man in England who should have been selected for the office, Mr. Austin Dobson.

#### Bacon's "Parisian Art and Artists." \*

If the present volume made professions of any great profundity or thoroughness of treatment, it would be a delusion and a snare. Its modest claims save it from harsh criticism, and enable the critic to say, by way of praise, that in English it would be hard to find anything which gives a better idea of the exterior of the current art movement in Paris. In this sense

the work has historical value. There are doubtless notable omissions, and there is an unprofitable flippancy of style; still reportorially, and therefore historically, the book is worth while; and especially worth while for the numerous excellent reproductions of sketches and studies by a large number of the most prominent Parisian painters of the day. Parisian, in the sense employed in this book, does not mean French; it means the whole body of artists of all nations residing and working in Paris. Thus the work includes a notice, among other Americans, of Mr. John S. Sargent, whose "El Jaléo," was so prominent in the last Salon. A remarkably clever sketch by him of a rehearsal in the Cirque d'Hiver is reproduced, opposite page 202. Mr. Bacon is himself a well-known American artist in Paris, and he tells here many things which will be of special interest to artists. The work is fuller in its present form both as to pictures and letter-press than when it appeared serially in this magazine.

#### Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." \*

A FEW months ago an English book made its appearance in this country, handicapped with the name of "New Arabian Nights." It was, for a time, no more warmly welcomed than might have been the "New Rabelais," or "A Nineteenth Century Nibelungen Lied," or "Robinson Crusoe" with all the modern improvements. Then, by and by, one or two of the chorus of indolent reviewers glanced at the first page, read the second, and of a sudden found themselves *bolting* the rest of the book, and finding stomach for it all, even as in boyhood they swallowed whole the indigestible "Radcliffe." But this new feast had a fine literary smack to it, and it assimilated readily to the mental system. These reviewers found a chance to say of the book a good word in a general way to the public, and a good word in a particular way to their friends, and "New Arabian Nights" passed from hand to hand until it came about that a large and steadily widening circle of readers was asking if Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had written any more books like this, or if he were likely to write more. For the "New Arabian Nights" turned out to be no new "Arabian Nights" at all; but a very different and surprising something which is much more easily read at full length than described in a few words.

On the face of it, the book is a collection of short stories, each differing from each, every one distinct and singular, yet all linked together by the adventures of one central character, who is half Monte Cristo and half Haroun Al Raschid up to the last page, where in an unexpected fashion he leaves you laughing at him, laughing at yourself, and wondering how long his inventor has been laughing at you both.

This is the book on the face of it. But then, in fact, you cannot speak of the book on the face of it, for under the face is a fascinating depth of subtleties, of ingenuities, of satiric deviltries, of weird and elusive forms of humor, in which the analytic mind loses itself. It would be possible to give a synopsis of the series: to tell how Prince Florizel of Bohemia, accompanied by his Master

\* Parisian Art and Artists, by Henry Bacon. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

\* New Arabian Nights. By Robert Louis Stevenson, London: Chatto & Windus. New York: Henry Holt & Co.



of the Horse, Colonel Geraldine, wander in disguise about London, meeting with many strange haps and mishaps; how from being a mere spectator, the Prince becomes an all-important agent in the affairs of others, always supernaturally successful, ubiquitous, all-powerful, brave, gracious, wise, and kingly,—the ideal prince, the charming, incredible cavalier apology for the monarchical principle. It would be possible to give an idea of the many delicate touches by which this character is created and vivified before the reader's very eyes. It would be possible to show how the flavor of the original "Arabian Nights" is caught and kept by the mere suggestion of an imitation of the style and language. It would not be difficult to show how the "Story of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts" leads into the "Story of the Physician and the Saratoga Trunk," and that in turn into the "Adventure of the Hansom Cabs," the three together introducing us to the Suicide Club and gratifying us with its complete and final dissolution; how the Rajah's Diamond glitters through the "Story of the Band-box," the "Story of the Young Man in Holy Orders," the "Story of the House with the Green Blinds," and the "Adventure of Prince Florizel and a Detective"; how it exerts a baleful influence upon the lives of many people who in the ordinary course of things would have no single interest in common; how Florizel appears at just the moment he is wanted, and puts all things right by virtue of his royalty and his conversational powers, and how, in the end, having served his turn, as the author remarks, he is hurled by a revolution from the throne of Bohemia, "in consequence of his continued absence and edifying neglect of public business," and now keeps a cigar store in Rupert street, London, much frequented by other foreign refugees. "He has an Olympian air behind the counter," says Mr. Stevenson, "and although a sedentary life is beginning to tell upon his waistcoat, he is probably, take him for all in all, the handsomest tobacconist in London."

But were all this told at far greater length, it would give but a vague notion of the characteristic power and charm of the work. Of course, the passage just quoted is clearly a piece of exquisite fooling—a piece of keen satire, too, this upsetting of one's *deus ex machina* when one has done with him. But there is more behind it than fooling or satire. Any one who reads the "Nights" and the four stories that are bound with them must be struck by the author's versatility, his power of picturesque description, his skill in drawing character with half a touch, and his all-pervading humor.

Yet it seems to us that the qualities we have indicated do not give the key-note of Mr. Stevenson's genius, or whatever one may please to call a faculty one of the most original that we have met since the appearance of Bret Harte. The new author has a power that is strongly akin to the dramatic. He juggles with his readers and with his characters. He dresses up a puppet and tells you it is a man, and you believe it, and hold your breath when the sword is at the puppet's breast. Then he holds up the stripped manikin and smiles maliciously. With him, men and ideas are but literary properties, to be used as he sees fit, for this or that effect. In "The Pavilion on the Links" he offers

you an ordinary English magazine story of the "sensation" sort, very well done. And if one's blood must be curdled, 'twere well the curdling were done *secundum artem*. "A Lodging for the Night" gives an episode in the life of François Villon, told with a realism that is at once brutal and poetic; it is the strongest piece of work in the book. It is followed by "The Sire de Malétroit's Door,"—another mediæval French theme, handled, this time, in the pure romantic style. And then there is an odd little conceit, where laughter comes near the line of tears, to end one of the brightest, boldest, most stimulating books that modern fiction has given us.

It is worth noting here that the two French stories mentioned above seemingly owe their being to Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire." They are not thefts; they imply merely a reversion to the fundamental ideas of the Frenchman's work, and a re-creation from those bases. This is neither blameworthy nor unnatural, for Mr. Stevenson is, as we all have found out now that we have made his acquaintance, a critic and a scholar, an essayist and a traveler, whose brilliant and original work has made him only a local reputation these many years. "An Inland Voyage," "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes," "Virginibus Puerisque," "Edinburgh, Picturesque Notes," and a volume called "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," which has a pungent flavor to the jaded palate of the most wearied student of over-biographed writer-folk and their over-criticised works,—all these, with a delightful and suggestive little "Gossip on Romance," in the first number of Longman's new English magazine, are to be had by those who, having read the "New Arabian Nights," will want something more by Mr. Stevenson.

#### "Tunis: The Land and the People." \*

WHILE the French consular agents were spinning the web that has bound the ancient Regency of Tunis to France, the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg was visiting the large Tunisian cities and making a wide circuit in the interior. Shortly after the French entry into Tunis he was enabled, therefore, to lay before his German countrymen a picturesque and valuable account of the land and the people whose acquisition, it was supposed, would help to allay French sensitiveness over the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. For good reasons probably, the German edition of the clever volume made almost no allusion to the political history of the annexation. But in a paper contributed to this magazine for March, 1882, the Chevalier gave some interesting inside facts, from a German point of view, which showed that the French were inspired to make the move, and were supported in it, by Prince Bismarck. The work before us is a translation of the German edition, which contained several maps, that, unfortunately, are missing from the American book; and while the latter is an accurate and interesting translation, it is not always idiomatic, and does not do full justice to the vivacity and charm of style of the original. But the reader will find abundant reward in the matter.

\* Tunis: The Land and the People. By the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg. With twenty-two illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.



The author was indefatigable in his search after characteristic scenes and information, and in recording incidents, to all of which he was greatly assisted by the cordial reception given him at court. His book is a curious picture of a state which has brought down to us something most nearly approaching the traditions and customs of the Middle Ages and the best feature of which is seen in the admirable chapter on the Bey's court of justice, where the ruler presides in person and gives to each man his due in patriarchal fashion. Another aspect is shown in the corruption, lawlessness, and ignorance of the governing class, the beggarly condition of the army and navy, the wretched poverty of the people, and the wasted resources of the country. Rapid improvement is expected to follow the execution of the plans of the French, and the present Bey, Sidi Ali, though he is probably of little consequence in the government, is reported to be awake to the advantages of modern ideas. We learn from the book that Tunis has several good sea-ports, or ports that could be made good, while Algiers and Tripoli are poorly off in this respect. Sfax, at the time of the French bombardment, was the most prosperous sea-port in the Regency; and Kerwan, the holy city of the interior, where the beard of the Prophet is entombed, is the only Tunisian town that makes any pretension to cleanliness and the other municipal virtues; it is the seat of Mohammedan learning, where most of the written copies of the Koran are made. The only notable school in Tunis is the College Sadiki at the capital, which is modeled after a European gymnasium, is conducted principally by foreign professors and is crowded with students. A fair acquaintance with the Koran, which is taught to classes of boys at the mosques, is generally regarded in Tunis as a liberal education. Women have much less freedom than in Constantinople or Cairo, and only a small proportion of the better class of women can read or write. The chapters on the provinces are instructive reading, and represent the country to be parched and sterile, producing little more than is required by the native population. Water is scarce and the scarcity is attributed to the destruction of the forests which several centuries ago covered the mountains. It is now hard to realize that the dry and withered Tunis of to-day was once the fertile Africa of the Romans.

Dr. Ellis's "Life of Edwin H. Chapin. D. D."\*\*

DR. CHAPIN left no material for his biography,—no letters nor journal; and his wife, whose memory was naturally to be relied upon, died before she could be consulted. Dr. Ellis can hardly be blamed, if, under such circumstances, his book must be ranked among the too large class of uninteresting and un-instructive biographies; although we think he may be blamed for attempting, under such circumstances, to write it at all. It is an extended laudation of Chapin's eloquence and general goodness, thinly interspersed with miscellaneous incidents and anecdotes gathered from the recollection of all sorts of people who had known or heard of him. It is surprising, however, that even the poverty of his material should have

induced Dr. Ellis to dwell at so much length upon some of the petty facts and incidents which he thought it necessary to record. Chapin's unfortunate habit of composing his sermons late on a Saturday night after a week spent in a lecturing tour, the exact amount of cash earned by each particular lecture upon its frequent repetition, the peculiarities of his chirography, his habit of punning, the trivial details of his summer vacations, even his difficulty in securing a suitable set of false teeth, are all dwelt upon as essential features of the career which the book attempts to describe, and indicates, we fear, some more serious defect in its writer than want of literary tact. The biography of a great pulpit orator ought not to be written at all, unless for the purpose of revealing something of the man's real inner life. Mediocrity in the pulpit creates no curiosity about the preacher's inmost intellectual and spiritual processes, because we feel instinctively that mediocrity is a self-disclosing thing, and has no mystery of personality behind it. Genius, on the contrary, in the very act of kindling some theme which illumines and reveals to an audience their own heart and conscience, hides the orator's inmost self. Much of the charm of eloquence lies in the interest which it excites in reference to the speaker's own hidden nature; and a biography, like the one before us, which fails to satisfy this most justifiable kind of curiosity must prove a disappointment to every thoughtful reader. How satisfying and instructive, for instance, is such a life as that of Dr. Bushnell written by his daughter, whose admirable use of her father's letters reveals those deeper qualities of his character which were hidden by the theological tumult aroused by his genius. What an exquisite revelation of the inmost convictions and struggles of a great spirit is made in Père Chocarne's life of the great Lacordaire, whose astonishing eloquence in Notre Dame fifty years ago set all Paris wondering what sort of hidden experience lay behind those wonderful orations against the rationalism of the day.

Dr. Chapin was undoubtedly a great orator, but we hardly think one of the greatest. His published sermons show the admirable qualities of clearness and pictorial symmetry, but nothing of the quality of the *seer*,—nothing of that insight which, in Phillips Brooks's discourses, opens up the common experiences of men until they are seen to be revelations of the laws of elemental spiritual life. Dr. Ellis labors hard in his analysis of the sources of Chapin's eloquence, in order to show that it was of the very highest type; and he especially insists in ranking it higher than Mr. Beecher's. But the truth is, eloquence, in all degrees of it, is an essentially mysterious power: it is the soul conquering with the weapons of ideas and words, and no description of the weapons can reveal the secret of its victoriousness. We feel grateful, however, to Dr. Ellis for calling especial attention to the fact that Chapin always preached upon great themes,—themes drawn from the spirit of Christianity rather than from the conflicts of theology. That he should have succeeded for twenty-five years, in a busy city like New York, in interesting large audiences in what is great in the moral life of humanity, constitutes the supreme fact of his career, and is the only fact in his biography which gives us a glimpse into the interior life of the man.

\* Life of Edwin H. Chapin, D. D. By Sumner Ellis, D. D. With portraits and illustrations. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.



## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Old Valentines.

FOR a long time past it has seemed that the festival of that immortal go-between, St. Valentine, has been elbowed to the rear among our social observances, his perennially smiling visage turned to the wall, as it were, like a first wife's portrait, while a hundred little loves-in-waiting stand by with torches all unlit. One must rest content to rank among persons of a certain age in recalling the sweet stir once produced in a household by the anniversary of this legendary saint. Ah! then, from dawn till evening, what a flutter in the dovecote! what sickness of hope deferred until the mail disgorged its treasures! what radiance of blushing triumph when it did! Then pretty Dorothy stole away to her bedroom, clasping close the contents of her apron-pocket, and Sally and Betty took refuge among the pickle-jars in the store-closet, to exchange their dimpling confidences unobserved.

Woful works of art were those love-tokens in which Sally and Betty took delight! Within their gilt-edged borders sat die-away maids and bachelors, clasping hands under the chaperonage of an apoplectic Cupid, who held aloft a pair of hearts skewered upon his shaft. Beneath were amatory stanzas of the skim-milk school. Or else, when the envelope was removed, there was revealed a sort of golden bird-cage, which, on being pulled like a door bell, brought to view an altar where Hymen stood expectant. Again there was a screen of tinsel and lace-paper inscribed with this delicious mystery, "Within you will find my love." Needless to say that on lifting this, the maiden saw—a mirror! Over such sweet and transparent devices were showered rhymes like those still to be found nestling in the colored papers of mottoes distributed at juvenile parties, and composed off-hand, presumably, by the confectioner's young men.

A better period in the annals of valentine lore was that in which original stanzas, both strong and sweet, were the vehicles by which love was declared. Such a time we should like to see return. A fair sheet of paper, bearing in honest characters the expression of genuine sentiment, whether poetical or otherwise, would outweigh, in the balance of a sensible girl's opinion, a ream or two of printed prettiness. For an example, we may look far back upon the calendar of the merry saint, and there find attributed to an immortal pen the daintiest of old valentines, which, it is supposed, was addressed to Anne Hathaway:

"Is there inne heavenne aught more rare  
Than thou sweete nympe of Avon fayre,  
Is there onne earthe a manne more trewe  
Than Wylly Shakespeare is toe you?

"Though fickle fortune prove unkynde,  
Still doth she leave herre wealth behynde  
She ne'ere the heart canne forme anew,  
Nor make thy Wylly's love unnetrewe.

"Though age with withered hand do stryke  
The form most fayre, the face most bryghte,  
Still doth she leave unnetouched ande trewe  
Thy Wylly's love and freynshyppe too.

"Though death with neverre faylinge blowe  
Doth manne and babe alyke brynge lowe,  
Yette doth he take naughte but his due,  
And strykes notte Wylly's heart still trewe.

"Synce thenne not fortune, death nor age  
Canne faythfulle Wylly's love asswage,  
Thenne doe I live and dye forre you,  
Thy Wylly syncre and most trewe."

To cast lots for one's valentine, who was, by the same token, to remain chained to the chariot-wheel of his enslaver for the ensuing year, was a custom of the seventeenth century, observed both in France and England. That this fashion was not altogether popular, we gather from more than one chronicler of the day,—were, indeed, one's knowledge of human nature in all ages to leave a doubt on the subject! Another custom demanded of a young lady practicing it on St. Valentine's eve a variety of occult devices, among them that of eating a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, with salt in place of the yolk, just before going to bed. Then, without quenching her thirst, the maiden sought her pillow on which was pinned four bay-leaves. Of course she was to dream of her valentines, and an artless votary has thus recorded her success, in a letter to her friend: "Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was the man? I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for the world!" Pepys, who is nothing if not practical, confides to his journal for February 14, 1667, the following prudent comment on his fortune for the day: "I am this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds. I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more which I must have given to others." Elsewhere, Mr. Pepys refers to the fact that one of Miss Stuart's valentines (the Duke of York) "did give her a jewel of about eight hundred pounds." Touching old valentines of a later date, we copy one from a paper yellow with age and crackling at the touch. It was found in the lacquer dressing-box of a belle of by-gone days, wrapped in a bit of saffron lace, and faintly scented with vanilla bean. The lady to whom the lines were penned had lived and died single:

### HER VALENTINE.

"This merry maiden, radiant, rare,  
With winsome ways and debonair,  
When sweet she smiles on me, I swear  
That Eden's light is resting there  
Upon those lips so ripe, so fair!  
To look upon her face, old Care  
Would cease to carp and court Despair,  
Would give up dole, his trade forswear,  
Don sunny looks, make Joy his heir.  
What wonder, then, that I should dare  
Her praise to sing, her colors wear,  
Her valentine myself declare?  
This merry maiden, radiant, rare!"

*Constance Cary Harrison.*

### Careless Speech.

CONVERSATION as a fine art has fallen much into neglect. We seem to be relapsing into a belief that speech is merely a medium of exchange, and that, so long as the meaning is clear, it matters little if the vehicle be crude. But it is a mistake to think that we can use language with slap-dash incoherence, and con-



vey our thought unimpaired. The relation between thought and expression is so close that one cannot be independent of the other; and this connection is so vital that, when an idea becomes extinct in a language, the word that expressed it withers and falls away, unless the word happen to find employment in expressing a new idea.

Clear thinking is, of course, the first step toward clear speaking, but inaccuracy in the use of language arises less from vagueness of thought than from a carelessness of speech, content to hit somewhere in the neighborhood, but never piercing the bull's-eye, of the thought. A crusade against the stupidity of thought that lies at the root of much stupidity of expression, is too hopelessly Quixotic to attempt. There is a fitness about a poor or infirm thought going badly clothed; but there are plenty of people who do think, and yet who express themselves in a manner so stumbling as to distort completely their meaning. Not realizing the beauty and richness of the language that is open to us, we yet insist on limiting ourselves to a certain class of rough Saxon words, making them do yeoman service, and forcing upon them a mass of work for which they are entirely unfitted, until under this burden they lose even their primitive strength.

An extreme development of the evil of careless speech is the indiscriminate use of extravagant adjectives, so common among school-girls, who, with smiling prodigality, expend the resources of the language upon mental trifles. The injustice to the listener from this inaccuracy of speech is obvious. However, this is slight beside the greater injustice done to the language itself, in which we have only a life interest, and which we must pass on to the generations following us. We have no right to abuse the language we have inherited, for the traces of our rough handling will surely endure.

*Louise Herrick.*

#### Family Records.

"THE family Bibles of past generations," Mr. Francis Galton has said in an English review, "served as registers of family events. Births, illness, marriages, and deaths were chronicled on their fly leaves, and those ponderous tomes fulfilled an important function in this incidental way. But they are now becoming generally replaced by more handy volumes, and the family register is disappearing with the old family Bible." Mr. Galton goes on to make a plea for an improved substitute for the fly-leaves usually found between the Old and New Testaments. As a special student of sociology, he knows the high importance to science of exact family records. The substitute which he wishes to see adopted generally is at once too costly and too complicated to be attempted by many. He notes that the disappearance of the family Bible almost exactly coincides with the invention of photography, and with the recognition of "the hereditary value of what are called life histories"; and he then suggests that the present seems to be a good time to urge the opening of a new form of family register. He advises the use of a thin quarto volume, solidly bound, and having leaves of tough paper. A pair of pages should be given to every member of the family. Down one side of each page may be placed a line of photographs, showing both the full

face and the profile, and taken at regular intervals from birth to death. In the opposite spaces the happenings of his life may be recorded. Thus every pair of facing pages would reveal the changes of countenance and the events in the life of one member of the family.

Surely this suggestion, or some modification of it, is worthy of adoption in American families, for in this country the young are constantly breaking away from the old homestead and striking out for themselves, and even whole families not infrequently make a complete transfer from the East to the West. Nowhere is there so much difficulty and confusion in gathering up the threads of family history as there is here. It would be well if some sort of family record were kept in every household. Mr. Galton's plan requires, at the beginning, nothing more than the purchase of a stout blank-book and the ruling of a few lines; or if even this is too much trouble, recourse may be had to the more elaborate "Family Record Album," containing a comprehensive system of blanks classified on a new plan. It has family pages for the names of the members of the family. It has genealogical pages for the descent of the family as far as it can be traced in a direct line. It has tabular pages, one for each person, for the setting down of all the leading particulars of his or her birth—parentage, time and place of birth, weight and height at birth and at various times, dates of vaccination, naming, walking, talking, learning to read, write, swim, etc., going to school or college, entering on trade, business or profession, marriage, residences, diseases, accidents, travels, and death. It has biographical pages for other special and personal details. It has heirloom pages, on which to keep the record of the interesting things about the house, and of their history, in so far as they have any. It has domestic economy pages for the record of the manner of living, house-rent, expenditure, and income, etc., from year to year. It has travel pages to record the incidents and dates of any sojourn away from home, of any member of the family, and it has miscellaneous pages for all the other manifold things to be thought of.

A convenient substitute for the formal family record is a family scrap-book. This would agreeably supplement the record, if there were one. By a family scrap-book is meant a book devoted solely to the collection of those printed paragraphs in which the name of the family appears. First of all in importance are the marriages and deaths; and if there is an English branch, there may also be birth notices to insert. Then there may be the chance newspaper paragraph announcing the taking of a prize at the county fair; or the description of the fire which burned half the house; or the report of the decision of the Supreme Court in that everlasting lawsuit. These may go in, side by side, with the inaccurate paragraph on your neat after-dinner speech, and that other on your wife's table at the church fair. A place may also be found for the few lines which remark on your son's departure for the village to enter college, and also for the straggling verses he sent home shortly after for insertion in the "poet's corner" of the local newspaper. If you travel by water, some newspaper is likely to print a list of the passengers, and even this deserves its place on the pages of the family scrap-book.

*Arthur Penn.*



## Old Children.

ONE can no more help loving children than he can help liking rose-buds. But I meet with some children whom I cannot love without considerable effort. These are the old children. Their wise looks and sedate and dignified ways are appalling. They seldom laugh, and their smile is a sickly, sneering, sardonic smile. They never romp, but step staidly, and with a gravity of deportment which would become an octogenarian.

These poor, little, old children, withered and hard and dry before their time, are the legitimate fruits of certain forms of the child-culture of to-day. We were not used to have them. In days not remote, children were children in tastes, feelings, manners, and occupations; the spring of life lasted twenty-one years and longer. Our boys were buoyant and sportive, and the rippling laughter of our girls was as sweet music. But now, too many of our girls are fine ladies, and our boys sedate gentlemen. The jacket of jean, frock of flannel, and bowl of porridge, have passed away and with them have passed healthy, hearty, happy child-life. With our artificial modes of life and premature development of mind, we are in danger of abolishing that out of which come all valor, heroism, and worth whatsoever—a *healthy childhood*. Our children are in school, when they ought to be at play; at the ball, when they ought to be in bed; promenading in stiff, fine clothes, when they ought to be frisking with the lambs in the meadows, as blithe and gay as lambs, and knowing as little of fashionable life. Books, fashion, and, I may add, business, are what make old children.

Our girls are clamoring for "higher education," and we think we give it to them when we extend the range of their school studies. I met a child the other day who knew "enough for a professor," I was told, but she was wearing six strengthening plasters, and could not look you in the face. Men have, in every age, played the fool for knowledge; have got it at the cost of wisdom, health, happiness, and virtue; but no previous age has equaled ours in madness of this sort. I would not give a girl that knowledge which might put a single wrinkle in her face. A formal walk or game of croquet sandwiched between six hours of study and six of fashionable life, will not go far toward developing the physical well-being of our girls.

The premature placing of our children in mercantile relations, or the inculcation of what has been termed "shop-keeper's philosophy," is another of our expedients for abolishing youth. We begin by giving the child one of those fool-invented toys, called "banks,"—an invention which has done harm enough to counterbalance the good of all other toys,—and persuade him to shut up in it all his penny-gleanings, as if they were angels' gifts, instead of spending them as soon as acquired, as a healthy child is sure to do. Such a toy is a practical object-lesson in avarice. Visiting once at the house of a Christian minister, I found that each of his children had his little bank in which he deposited every penny that came into his hands. A beggar stopped to ask an alms. I said: "Why do you not give some of your money to the poor old blind man?" The answer was: "We don't give our money to tramps; we're going to keep it and make more money with it." When I see the best years of childhood monopolized by the acquisition of a

trade or profession, I feel like telling parents that such treatment is wicked, and uncalled for even by avaricious calculation. The shallow utilitarianism so prevalent among men of business is attributable, in a great measure, to the premature entrance of boys into commercial relations. Ignorant of poetry, nature, and history, they base their theories of human nature upon what they see of Dick, Tom, and Harry. There is no ideal in their lives, nor aught of nature, and they transmit the plague. If we would prevent our children from becoming dry, withered, and callous in mind and in heart, we must prevent them from coming too early in contact with the tricks of trade, and the heart-hardening principles which rule over the commercial world.

Another aging influence is to be found, as I have already intimated, in the high and fast living in which we indulge our little ones. We exhaust them by a system of profusion, luxury, and dissipation. The breakfast of life should be frugal, for dinner must be an improvement on it. To what serious consequences are we bringing our children when we give them a high-seasoned morning feast and a table of dainties? It is sad to see how many of these old boys and girls there are, who, at the age of fifteen years, or thereabout, have gone into chronic *ennui*, and are surrounded with appliances for their instruction and diversion which would have bewildered their grandparents at their age. He is the promising lad who cares not to consult a thermometer before going out; who would as lief be kissed by the north wind as by any lass in Christendom; who would willingly exchange all the overcoats in the world for a pair of skates or a sled; who takes to the water like a duck, to the mud like an eel, and to the sun like an "American citizen of African descent."

O. O'B. Strayer.

## A Bar to Social Evenings.

HAS there ever been a time when—at least outside of our cities—it was not considered an essential of hospitality to offer food to a guest? It is the savage instinct of hospitality, and civilized nations have pampered it into an imperious custom. Among savages it is well enough. These livers "from hand to mouth" are often half famished; and, naturally, "after the famine, the feast." There is no expense, and the trouble is not to be considered. Hunting game is only sport to the men, and the simple manner of living gives the women of a tribe very little else to do or think of besides manual labor and preparing food; the children take care of themselves. In warm countries they do not even have to be provided with clothing, and in colder latitudes their garments are of the simplest kind. But where women have to make a great variety of under and over garments, with seams and gussets and bands, ruffles and pockets, button-holes innumerable, thin summer wear, and thick winter wear for two, three, or four children, who are all the time growing out of said clothing, with no seamstress, probably, and only one servant to do the housework, it will be readily understood that the company entertainment is the straw that often breaks the housekeeper's back.

The expense of a simple refreshment is the smallest part to consider when persons wish to have their



friends come in often to spend a social evening. It is the care and extra work which make it impossible for the average family to entertain guests as its members would like. How often it prevents the informal sending to the neighbors to "Come this evening and have a dance," or to "Come and help us act charades." It has broken up many a "sociable" and given the death-blow to the good-fellowship of a whole neighborhood, filled with pleasant people who would have enjoyed one another very much and would have done one another a world of good.

It is a trouble to both mistress and maid to supplement all their various labors with the frequent preparation of even such a simple entertainment as sandwiches, coffee, and cakes. An extra amount of bread must be mixed, twice molded, and properly baked. A ham must be prepared, and boiled, and nicely cut into thin slices—a process that requires some skill and a good deal of time. The coffee must be roasted, ground, and then prepared with a nervous nicety that is somewhat wearing. The materials for the cakes must be collected from store-rooms and closets; and what a time of anxiety it is until the cakes come out of the oven! and then, though they look all right, there is the possibility that in cutting our loaves, with the eyes of our guests upon us, we may find them streaked with dark lines! But even this is not all. Perhaps the most arduous part, and decidedly the most disagreeable, is the cleaning up after the cooking and after the guests.

When we give large parties, much more than this is cheerfully borne; for the thought and the labor begin a long time before the event, and, usually, extra help is hired. But we are not now considering large parties. We want to meet our friends frequently. Cannot we do so without this interminable eating? We would not eat after our supper (or dinner) if we

had remained at home. Why should we find it necessary when we go out? If we "drop in" at a friend's house for an evening we do not expect it or think of it. But if this same friend asks us to come to hear some music, or to look at some new engravings, or to do anything whatever, we look for something to eat in the progress of the evening. "She invited us," we say, "and, of course, there will be refreshments of some kind." Why "of course"? We don't need them,—often we would prefer to do without them,—and certainly we should be clearer in our minds in the morning if we were to do without them. Still the senseless custom goes on.

The surprise parties of a few years ago, which were so mercilessly condemned, arose out of a genuine feeling of friendliness, due to the naturally gregarious habits of mankind. After a day of housework, sewing, and "bother," after office hours are over, when the little folks are in the land of dreams, while Bridget or Dinah is quiet in the kitchen, with sewing, or a visitor, a yearning arises in our souls for some sort of recreation. And there is a need for it, too. But the surprise parties were a mistake for the same reason that we hesitate to accept the general invitation, "Come and spend an evening with us some time!" We do not go because the very evening we fix upon may be the most inconvenient one of the whole season to our hosts. But, were it not for those bugbears, "sandwiches and coffee;" or, "oysters and ice cream," instead of this vague, unmeaning phrase, one might give the specific invitation: "Come this evening, or next Wednesday evening!" for they would have nothing to think of in the meantime, in relation to the visit, but the pleasure of their friend's society.

*Louise Stockton.*

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## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Test for Fire-damp in Mines.

THE inflammable gas known as fire-damp has been made the subject of long study, and many plans have been tried to obviate, as far as possible, its destructive explosions when set on fire. It appears it can be removed by proper ventilation whenever it collects in dangerous quantities. Whenever it is known to be present in the mine, any method of indicating its presence in advance, or before it can become dangerous, would therefore be of value. Among the plans that have been proposed to accomplish this is a comparatively new one, that has the merit of indicating above ground or at the mouth of the pit the presence of the gas in the mine. On the roof of the galleries, where the gas may be known to collect, is placed a hollow ball of wire gauze. This is placed, by means of wires, in electrical communication with a bell at the mouth of the mine. The ball is supported by a suitable bearing, in such a way that, when free, it will revolve by its own weight, but is ordinarily kept in position by a plug of fusible metal, so that it cannot move. Upon the

ball are arranged pins, or teeth, in such a position that when the ball is released by the melting of the fusible plug the teeth alternately make and break the electric circuit, and the signal sent to the station above indicates the number or position of the ball in the mine. Within the ball is a piece of spongy platinum, connected by a second wire with the station at the mouth of the pit. When it is desired to ascertain if gas has collected in the mine, say just before the men go to work, a current is sent through the second circuit, and the platinum sponge is raised to a white heat. If the air is pure, nothing happens. If gas has gathered in explosive quantities, the heat of the platinum sets it on fire, and there will be a small explosion inside the wire gauze ball. This will give heat enough to melt the fusible plug, and the ball will be released. It will by its own weight, or by means of a spring, make a revolution, and the teeth will cause the signal to sound at the station above. At the same time, the burning of the gas is limited to the ball, as the flame will not pass the wire gauze, and all danger of extensive explosions of the gas are avoided. While this system has not, as far as can be learned, been tried



on a large scale, it has the merit of pointing the way in which it is quite possible to make these gases report their presence before they can become a source of danger. Something of this kind has long been needed, and this design has apparently much to recommend it.

#### New Photographic Process.

THE ordinary black-and-white photograph has the defect of being merely black and white, since all the colors of nature, from which it is taken, are lost. It seems hopeless to look for any photographic process that will give colors in the negative, and the attention of artists and inventors has been given wholly to efforts to find a method of coloring the photo-print by hand. The most obvious plan is to paint the silver print, and this is very largely done; but the result is never wholly happy, for the photograph is simply smothered and painted out of sight. Attempts to put the color on the back of a film have given better results, but even this has not been wholly successful. Recently a still different plan has been followed. In this process a negative is taken in the usual way, and a note is made of the chief colors of the subject, the dress, hair, and flesh tints of the portrait, or the grass, ground, water, etc., of a landscape. The negative may be retouched or not, as seems desirable, the only requisite being that it should be a good one. From this negative is taken a light silver print; that is, a print made with a very short exposure, so that only the main outlines of the picture are secured. This print is then painted roughly by hand, according to the colors of the subject, as described by the note made at the time the negative was taken. These colors are in the form of thin, transparent washes, and are laid on in broad masses, and without regard to the shading. For instance, in a portrait, the hair is given one color in a single mass, the flesh tints merely cover the face, hands, etc., and the colors of the dress are spread evenly over the whole of the costume. In a landscape, the foliage receives a coat of green, the soil a coat of brown or yellow, the sky blue, and so on. This work is simple, but at the same time, in a flower-piece, or an elaborate interior, or a copy of a painting, there may be room for considerable artistic skill. The colored print is then treated with certain chemicals, which fix the colors and make it possible to spread over the print a freshly sensitized silver film. The negative is then replaced in the printing frame, and the print is laid face-down over it. Care is taken to see that the print is exactly under the negative, and is properly "justified." An exposure is then made, and a new print is secured exactly over the first print. This second print is then toned and fixed in the usual way. The finished print is now a double photograph, with a film of color between the two. Wherever the second print is thin or white, the color shows through. Wherever the shades are deep or black, the color is blotted out. By this placing of a second print over a colored print all the detail of the original negative is secured; the picture shows gradations of light and shade, and the color is preserved, and yet smoothed and softened. The process will, no doubt, prove of value in business, because it gives pictures in their true colors, and pictures that may serve as

samples of goods offered for sale. The pictures examined included colored portraits from life, copies of oil paintings, pictures of china and colored glassware, toys, carpets, and fabrics of all kinds.

#### Improved Signal System.

AS THE number of trains increases upon a railroad there always appears a proportionate increase in a certain class of accidents. These are rear collisions, or the running of one train into another in front of it. To prevent such accidents, one system divides the line into short sections or blocks, and forbids any train to enter a block till some signal has been given that the preceding train has left the block and the line is clear. The method of making these block signals has been the subject of much study, and a great number of signaling systems, both mechanical and electrical, have been tried. Some of these have already been described here. One thing now seems to be sought for in preference to anything else: to make the system self-reporting and wholly independent of human agency; that is, the passing train must cause the signals to be displayed, and without calling upon the aid of any flagman or signal or telegraphic operator. While a number of systems do this in greater or less degree, it appears to be accomplished by a new system in a manner that is worthy of notice. The idea upon which it is based is to enable the passing train to break an electrical circuit, this breakage causing all the signals, whether by sign or sound, to be made. The train also closes the circuit on leaving the block, and restores all the signals to their normal condition, thus showing that the line is clear. To accomplish this the section is provided with a single wire supported on poles, a suitable battery, and a number of signal targets, lamps, etc. If the section is a single line without switches, a target is placed at each end of the section and facing in both directions. If there is a crossing there is a target, bell, or some other signal there also. At each end of the section are placed under the rail two circuit-breakers, close together. On the entrance of a train either going forward or backing, the first breaker is operated by the weight of the first pair of wheels. This breaks the electrical circuit, and all the banners in every target in the section are displayed. In a second or less the first axle crosses the second circuit breaker and the circuit is closed again, and all the signals would be withdrawn were it not that the next pair of wheels arrives at the first breaker and resets the apparatus. Thus, so long as the train is passing, there is an alternate breaking and making of the circuit. This affects all the signals, and they quiver or hesitate, but so rapid is the alternate breaking and making of the circuit that practically they do not appear to move, but remain at "danger." When the last axle crosses the breaker the signals come to danger till the train leaves the section. At this end there is also the same momentary hesitation, but it is not apparent in the targets (except by very close observation), and, as the last axle leaves the section, the circuit is closed, and every signal is put to rest or "safety," and the line is reported clear. Simple as this device is, it has the merit of displaying the signals at both ends of the section at the same time, so that a train on the same



track coming in the opposite direction is warned in time. The signals remain at danger from the time the first axle enters the section till the last axle leaves it. If the train breaks in two and leaves a car behind no other train can enter the section from either direction till it has been removed. If the car left behind should bodily leave the line the signals would still remain at danger, and if it ran back into the rear sections, it would display every signal in advance, even if left wholly unguarded. If, for any reason, the circuit is broken by the breaking of a wire, or fall of a tree, or the failure of the battery, the signals would be displayed at danger at each end of the section. It will be seen that this closed circuit plan may be operated free from human agency. The train and even an obstruction affecting the circuit in any way causes the signals to be made. Besides this, the movement of every switch-rod may break the circuit and cause every signal to be displayed so that the entrance of a train from a branch or siding automatically closes the block. In like manner the departure of a train upon a branch and the closing of the switch may place the main block clear in both directions at once, and at the same time display the signals on the branch. By a different arrangement of the targets the entrance of a train upon the main section where there is a branch may cause a danger signal to be displayed on the branch, so long as the train is on the section. In the working model examined, which, as far as the targets are concerned, was of the full size, the movement of the signals appeared to be prompt and regular. The manner in which the banners in the targets are displayed is very simple. The round disk of red cloth is cut in halves, each half being supported by a rod pivoted near the top. The top of the rod is connected by a short link with a lever pivoted at the lower end carrying the armature of the electro-magnet. When the circuit is closed the armature is drawn to the magnet, and this by means of the lever draws the rod carrying half the banner to such a position that it is hid by the sides of the target. There being two banners and magnets, the entire signal is drawn apart out of sight so long as the circuit is closed. Any break, from whatever cause,—the arrival of a train, the movement of a switch, or any failure or break-down,—releases the armature and the banner drops down by its own weight, and the danger signal is given. This system appears to be adapted to the most complicated lines, and to be at once simple and inexpensive. It leaves nothing to be done by trackmen, switchmen, or train-dispatchers, and if, for any reason, it fails, the signals are placed at each end of the section at danger. If now there is a rear collision it is the following engineer's fault; and, to prevent every accident, it would seem that our railroad companies should place a pilot or lookout on the engine whose sole duty it could be to look out for signals. This has been suggested elsewhere, and it deserves attention.

#### New Pulverizing System.

THE tendency in all work having to do with ores, minerals, phosphates, fuels, etc., is to employ the materials in as finely divided a state as possible. This has led to the introduction of a great variety of attri-

tion mills, disintegrators, and pulverizers, each having greater or less merit in its respective field. The invention of the sand-blast led to experiments with blasts of air or steam as a means of breaking up or disintegrating minerals. It was found that if a powerful jet of air, carrying particles of quartz, ores, or other minerals, was thrown against a hard surface, that the minerals could be dashed or broken to pieces very rapidly. The only difficulty was to get some substance hard enough to stand the impact of the particles driven against it, and it was not till a wholly different plan was tried that the work appeared to be successful. This new system has now been tried upon a commercial scale, and in actual operation appears to work in a satisfactory manner. The novel feature of the system is to have two jets of air or steam, both laden with the minerals in the form of coarse powder, and to place them in line facing each other. The particles thrown forward by one jet would meet those from the other, and they would be crushed and shattered by dashing against each other. The manner in which this novel idea has been carried out is simple and inexpensive. The ore, minerals, stone, phosphates, or other materials, are first crushed to a coarse powder; for the apparatus is not designed as a rock breaker, but a pulverizer for reducing powders to flour or impalpable "float." From the crashing rolls it is led by a spout into a hopper placed over the pulverizer. This hopper has two spouts or openings below that lead the material to two smaller hoppers on each side of the machine. At the bottom of each hopper is a brass nozzle or steam jet. Directly in front of it is a second nozzle or guide-way, there being a small space between the two. Practically these two nozzles form an injector. The two injectors are placed exactly opposite and facing each other, the ends being in an inclosed chamber between them. From the upper side of this chamber is a large pipe for conveying away the exhaust steam, and the floating powder and dust, and at the lower side is a spout through which the coarse particles that will not float in the steam may pass out of the apparatus. The large exhaust pipe leads to a dust chamber, where the powder settles while the steam escapes into the air above. In using this apparatus it is the custom to employ two, side by side, and to place an elevator between them. The coarser material that will not float away with the steam to the dust-room, is led through the spouts to this elevator, and may be raised to a bolting machine, or it may be returned to the apparatus and put through it again. In the plant examined in operation two pulverizers were in use at once, pulverizing crushed marble, and reducing it to flour. It will be seen that in this system no power is needed beyond that required for the elevator and the bolting machine. Air can be used in place of steam, if it is more convenient, as the process is the same—a jet to impel the particles one against the other. There is no hard surface to be worn out, as the particles meet in mid-air quite free from anything. The only wearing parts of the apparatus are the ends of the nozzles. These, for economy, are made of cast-iron, and can be replaced in a few moments and at small expense. The system has the merit of cheapness, and appears to have been thoroughly thought out and tested on a large scale.



**New Refrigerating Apparatus.**

THE increase in the demand for cold-air machines has naturally stimulated improvements in old, and the invention of new, refrigerating appliances. Among the more recent of these is one employing sulphuric acid as an absorbent of the vapor of water, the extraction of the vapor from a mass of water in a vacuum causing the lowering of the temperature. The idea is not new, for it is the basis of familiar experiments in school laboratories, yet its application on a commercial scale appears to be both new and quite successful. The plant consists essentially of a freezer, in which the ice is formed, an acid tank, through which the vapor of the water is drawn, and an air-pump for creating a vacuum. There is also an apparatus for condensing the acid when it becomes too heavily loaded with water. The freezers, of which a number may be grouped together with one acid tank, consist of cast-iron tanks of any convenient shape or size, according to the size of the blocks of ice that is required. There is a funnel closed by a stop-cock for admitting fresh water, and a hinged trap or door, at the bottom, for taking out the blocks of ice. The acid tank is a cylindrical vessel of iron, having a helix or stirrer inside for agitating the liquid whenever it is necessary. This tank is connected by pipes with the freezers, and over the top has a dome, which is connected with an air-pump. The operation of the machine is simple. The air-pump creates a vacuum in the dome over the acid, and indirectly, by means of the pipes, in the freezers. The water begins to evaporate, and the vapor pervading the pipes and tank is absorbed by the acid, the air partly freed from vapor being steadily drawn away by the air-pump. This evaporation and absorption of the vapor causes a lowering of the temperature of the remaining water, and it freezes into solid blocks in the freezers. The pump is then stopped, and the tanks are opened from below. The ice falls out, and the tanks are closed and again filled with water, when the process begins anew. The only pause in the work is the occasional removal of the saturated acid and the putting in a fresh supply. The acid is freed from water in a condenser, and may be used over again in the machine indefinitely. While this is the main idea of this refrigerating plant, it has many details, and requires a special kind of air-pump. Lead is used wherever it is necessary to protect the apparatus from the action of the acid, and ingenious appliances are added for preventing the ice from clogging the water-pipes that fill the freezers, and for releasing the blocks of ice when they are finished. In a small plant, demanding a six-horse-power engine and the services of two men besides the engineer, six blocks of ice, weighing six hundred weight each, can be made in one hour, or fifteen tons in twenty-four hours. The cost of production must depend on the price of coal and labor; but, so far as can be learned, it is as low as by many of the larger and more costly appliances now in use.

**New Telegraph Sounder.**

IN a new form of sounder for indicating by sound the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, bells have been substituted for the metal stops of the common sounder. The object of this is two-fold: to give two

tones of different pitch or quality in the same instrument, and to enable it to be used with either an alternating current or an intermittent current of the same polarity. The armature is in the form of a metal ball suspended on a vertical rod that is pivoted above and carries a metal hammer at the top. There are two coils, each having an iron stop or elbow at the top, and so arranged that the armature hangs between the two ends of these stops. By this arrangement the armature is free to swing between the coils, and may be drawn by the current to one or the other. Above the pivoted armature are two gong-bells, one on each side of the hammer, each being pivoted so that it may be brought nearer or drawn away from the hammer as circumstances require. When the apparatus is to be used for simply telegraphing by sound with a Morse current, the armature is drawn against one of the stops on the coils and the hammer is in contact with one of the bells. An interruption of the current causes the armature to move slightly, and the hammer strikes on the opposite bell, giving the long and short sounds of the code. When the vibrating needle system is to be used, and currents of continually varying polarity are to be employed, the armature rests quietly halfway between the coils. On the arrival of the current it is drawn to the right for one polarity and to the left for the other, and the opposite bells are struck. As the two bells have a different pitch or tone the signals of the code are indicated (long or short) by the difference between the bells. Besides this, in either method the pivoted arm supporting the armature is plainly seen to vibrate so that the messages may be read by sight as well as by sound (in a noisy place where the bells cannot be heard distinctly) as in the old needle instruments and one form of cable instrument. The new sounder is said to be very sensitive, and to work well on long lines and with feeble currents. It is now under practical experiment on an important telegraphic system. The only objection to such an apparatus that appears at first sight is the use of a sonorous bell, as the ringing, persistent sound would be troublesome. This objection appears to be met by making the bell of a soft metal that gives an agreeable but rapidly vanishing tone.

**New Methods in Tunneling.**

MUCH attention has been given during the past few years to the work of making tunnels for railroads, aqueducts, and subways. Many experiments have been made with a view to substituting machinery for the common system of drilling holes by hand or power tools, blasting out the rock and removing the broken material in cars. The aim in these experiments appears to be to make some kind of cutting tool that, when pushed up against the end or head of the tunnel, shall cut or tear down the rock in the form of dust or powder. In one machine this appears to be successfully performed. The apparatus is designed to be used in cutting a circular heading or advance tunnel of small diameter. If even a small opening is secured in advance, it is comparatively easy to enlarge the heading to the full diameter of the tunnel. The new machine is therefore designed to bore a round heading about 2.20 meters (84 inches) in diameter. It



consists essentially of a T-shaped cutting tool, having a cutting edge on top, and turning on its axis or stem. This cutter is laid down horizontally with the cutting edge toward the face of the rock, and by turning it around rapidly the face is gradually cut or shaved off in the form of fine dust. The stem carrying the revolving cutter is hollow, and rests on a sliding support, so that it can be pushed forward, or fed up to the work as it proceeds, by means of a hydraulic ram within the stem. The machine rests upon a suitable frame, and is operated by means of a pair of steam or compressed-air engines. When the cutting tool has advanced to the end of the stroke of the feeding system, the entire machine, motors and all, can be raised from the frame and supported by jack-screws. The frame, by means of the hydraulic ram, can then be dragged forward under the machine till it is in position for work again. The machine is then lowered upon the frame and the cutting is resumed. The apparatus is reported to work in chalk at a speed of one hundred revolutions a minute, with an advance of 0.8 of an inch a minute, or nearly 50 feet in 24 hours. The broken rock and dust from the cutting tool falls into a hopper that leads it to an endless belt carrying buckets, by which it is conveyed under the machine to the rear and dumped into a car.

#### Smoke Prevention.

THE general principles upon which all smoke-preventing or smoke-consuming furnaces must be built are now clearly understood. The formation of smoke may be prevented by adding a fresh supply of hot air to the fire just beyond the fire-box, or furnace proper. This has been accomplished in a number of ways already described here. One of the most recent and simple methods offered consists essentially of a pair of fire-clay cylinders, placed one within the other, and having a small annular space between them. This double cylinder is placed in the furnace just beyond the grate. All the products of combustion pass through the smaller central tube, or cylinder, thus imparting a portion of their heat to both cylinders. Fresh air is taken into the furnace through ducts under the fire-box and ash-pit, and through the annular space between the cylinders. In passing between the cylinders it is intensely heated, and is delivered hot into the combustion chamber, where it meets any unconsumed gases that may have escaped from the fire, and assists in burning them. The novelty of the invention consists simply in the use of the double cylinders as a means of heating the fresh supply of air needed for complete combustion.

### BRIC-À-BRAC.

#### The Song of Sir Palamede.

*"Came Palamede, upon a secret quest,  
To high Tintagel, and abode as guest  
In likeness of a minstrel with the king.  
Nor was there man could sound so sweet a string.*

*To that strange minstrel strongly swore King Mark,  
By all that makes a knight's faith firm and strong,  
That he, as guerdon of his harp and song,  
Might crave and have his liking.*

*\* \* \* \* \**  
*'O King, I crave  
No gift of man that king may give to slave,  
But this thy crowned queen only, this thy wife.'"*

SWINBURNE. *Tristram of Lyonesse.*

WITH flow exhaustless of alliterate words,  
And rhymes that mate in music glad as birds  
That feel the spring's sweet life among light leaves  
That ardent breath of amorous May upheaves  
And kindles fluctuant to an emerald fire  
Bright as the imperious seas that all men's souls desire:  
With long strong swell of alexandrine lines,  
And with passion of anapæsts, like winds in pines  
That moan and mutter in great gusts suddenly,  
With whirl of wild wet wings of storms set free:  
In mirth of might and very joy to sing,  
Uplifting voice untired, I sound one sole sweet string.

Love, that is ever bitter as salt blown spray,  
Yet sweet, yea sweet as wrath or wine alway,  
As red warm mouths of Mænads subtly sweet;  
Love, that is fleetlier than the wind's fleet feet  
Soft-shod with snowflakes; love, that hath the name  
And fury and force of swift bright shuddering flame:  
Fate, that is foe to love and lovely life,  
Yea foe implacable, and hath death to wife;  
Fate, that is bitterer than the salt spray blown  
And colder than soft snow yet hard as stone;



Fate, that makes daily fare of heart's desire,  
 Being found thereunto a devouring fire:  
 Death, that is friend to fate and fair love's fee;  
 Death, that makes waste the wolds of life with snow;  
 Death, harsh as spray of seas that wild winds blow:  
 Life, that is strangely one of all these three,  
 Being bitter as is the sharp salt spray of sea,  
 And thereto colder than the blown white rose  
 And soft brief blossom of unmothered snows,  
 And fiercer than the forceful feathered fire,  
 Fed as a flame with hope of heart and high desire:  
 All these I sing, and sound the same sweet string.

And as fresh-gathered leaves of bay I bring  
 Green praises to all dear dead lute-players,  
 Whom Plato's passionate queen holds fast as hers,  
 Yea all sad souls that have smiled and sinned and sung,  
 With whose gold-colored hairs and hoar this harp is strung.  
 And blame of the high great gods that do amiss,  
 Being cruel and crowned and bathed complete in bliss,  
 And careless if this world be out of tune,  
 And deaf to dithyrambs of bards that bay the moon:  
 And all perfections of all those I love,  
 Each bettering still the best and still above  
 The last this violent voice proclaimed the best,  
 And blown by stormy breath still starward o'er the rest:  
 And all large loathsomeness of all I hate,  
 Whose poisonous presence doth Caina wait,  
 And better it were that they had ne'er been born,  
 I being dowered with hate of hate and scorn of scorn,  
 And shrinking not to name them newts and snakes,  
 Lepers and toads and frogs and hooting owls and crakes:  
 All these with ease of measureless might I sing,  
 And sound, though sheer stark mad, the same sweet string.

And many a theme I choose in wayfaring,  
 As one who passing plucks the sunflower  
 And ponders on her looks for love of her.  
 Yea, her flower-named whose fate was like a flower,  
 Being bright and brief and broken in an hour  
 And whirled of winds: and her whose awless hand  
 Held flickering flame to fawn against the brand,  
 Till Meleager splendid as the sun  
 Shrank to a star and set, and all her day was done:  
 And her who lent her slight white virgin light  
 For death to dim, that Athens' mastering might  
 Above all seas should shine, supernal sphere of night:  
 And her who kept the high knight amorous  
 Pent in her hollow hill-house marvelous,  
 And flame of flowers brake beauteous where she trod,  
 Her who hath wine and honey and a rod,  
 And crowneth man a king and maketh man a slave,  
 Her who rose rose-red from the rose-white wave:  
 And her who ruled with sword-blue blade-bright eyes  
 The helpless hearts of men in queenly wise,  
 And all were bowed and broken as on a wheel,  
 Yet no soft love-cloud long could sheath that stainless steel,  
 Her tiger-hearted and false and glorious,  
 With flower-sweet throat and float of warm hair odorous:  
 These sing I, and whatso else that burns and glows,  
 And is as fire and foam-flowers and the rose  
 And sun and stars and wan warm moon and snows.  
 Who hath said that I have not made my song to shine  
 With such bright words as seal a song to be divine?  
 Who hath said that I have not sweetness thereon spread  
 As gold of peerless honey is poured on bread?  
 Who hath said that I make not all men's brains to ring,  
 And swim with imminent madness while I sing,  
 And fall as feeble dykes before strong tides of spring?  
 And now as guerdon of my great song I claim  
 The swan-white pearl of singers, yea Queen Fame,  
 Who shall be wed no more to languid lips and tame,  
 But clasp me and kiss and call me by my name,  
 And be all my days about me as a flame,  
 Though sane vain lame tame cranes sans shame make game and blame!



## Every Man his own Novelist:

SUGGESTED BY "EVERY MAN HIS OWN POET."

*Specimen Recipes.*

A NOVEL IN THE STYLE OF MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

TAKE one yacht, the Hebrides, an obstinate young lady, and one piper. Add to these a Highland laird and Colonsay; now, introduce a young man in a kilt and Oronsay, with a pinch of the Kyles of Bute and Ben Muich Dhal. Flavor to suit taste with Gaelic, border ballads, and Styornaway; cover with pathos and serve.

IN THE STYLE OF MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THIS is a dish always in season, but depending, like the omelette, on a certain amount of mechanical skill. The ingredients are simple: three English clergymen of slightly doubtful reputation, a county family, one Duchess, and a pair of purely conventional lovers. It is indispensable that the latter should at once quarrel gently, but, unless they positively curdle and refuse to mix, they should not betray any marked emotion. Stir in several Cabinet ministers and one impossible American; dilute to taste; garnish with one suicide, chopped fine, and sauce *mariage à la mode*.

MISS BROUGHTON.

THIS simple and innocent entrée is preferred by many to the cumbrous and heavy joints so popular with the last generation. It merely requires a willowy and somewhat vicious young woman, and an ugly and somewhat more vicious young man (guardsmen preferred) of middle age, with two wives living. Skewer and roast them together over a quick, passionate fire, and serve either hot or cold, as the heroine survives it or not. Vegetables in the shape of relations are sometimes added, but they are quite immaterial, and are generally skipped. Serve with an historical present platter, and molten lava kisses to give a finish.

"OUIDA."

TAKE one languid Greek god, with fair hair and the shadow of a crime. Flavor him with a ruined abbey, nothing a year, a palace on the Bosphorus, and turquois hair-brushes. Take also several Duchesses, to whom he makes love,—very languidly, or he will not do,—a Dalmatian gitana with a thirst for revenge, and one vivandière. After these become thoroughly mixed, introduce carefully a chapter on Ariadne at Naxos, one little wooden shoe, a gifted dog, and a plain mister to give a piquant flavor. Season with a bouquet of choice misquotations, and serve with a supreme expiation.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

*A Pièce Montée.*

PROCURE, ready-made from the pastry-cook's, one Palladian palace, which may be filled at pleasure with allegorical figures representing the British aristocracy, the Rothschild family, the great Asiatic mystery, and Lord Beaconsfield. Powdered footmen should be sprinkled over the whole.

Augustus M. Swift.

Jennie's Woon'.  

YOUNG Davie was the brawest lad  
In a' the Lairnie Glen,  
An' Jennie was the bonniest lass  
That e'er stole hearts o' men;  
But Davie was a cotter's lad,  
A lad o' low degree,  
An' Jennie, bonnie, sonsie lass,  
A high-born lass was she.

Sae Jennie did the wooin' a',  
As weel the guidwives ken,  
The wooin' a', the wooin' a',  
O' Davie o' Lairnie Glen.

'Twas fair-time at Lairnie Glen,  
An' ilka lass maun gang;  
To mony a lad said Jennie, "Na,"  
For Davie thought she lang;  
They met at gloamin' on the brae,  
Ayont the gowany lea,  
Quoth Jennie: "Sin' ye ask me na,  
Winna ye gang wi me?"

Sae Jennie did the wooin' a', etc.

The mither cried: "Ye mauna, lass!"  
But Jennie did protest:  
"I canna break twa lovin' hearts,  
Na, na; I ken the best!"  
Sae, when he didna dare to speak,  
Jennie, with downcast e'e  
An' mony a blush, said, "Davie, lad,  
Winna ye wed wi' me?"

Sae Jennie did the wooin' a',  
As weel the guidwives ken;  
Ay, Jennie wooed an' Jennie won  
Davie o' Lairnie Glen.

Emma C. Dowd.

## Song of the Parsee Lover.

THY face is like the violet's  
That to the red rose lingers close,  
And he who looks at thee forgets  
The honeyed sweetness of the rose.

Oh, if the nightingale should come  
In quest of beauty so divine,  
I beg of thee to strike him dumb,  
And tell him all these charms are mine.

For thee I die, I disappear,  
I sink in Love's bewildering sea;  
That moment when thou art not near  
I ask the flying birds for thee.

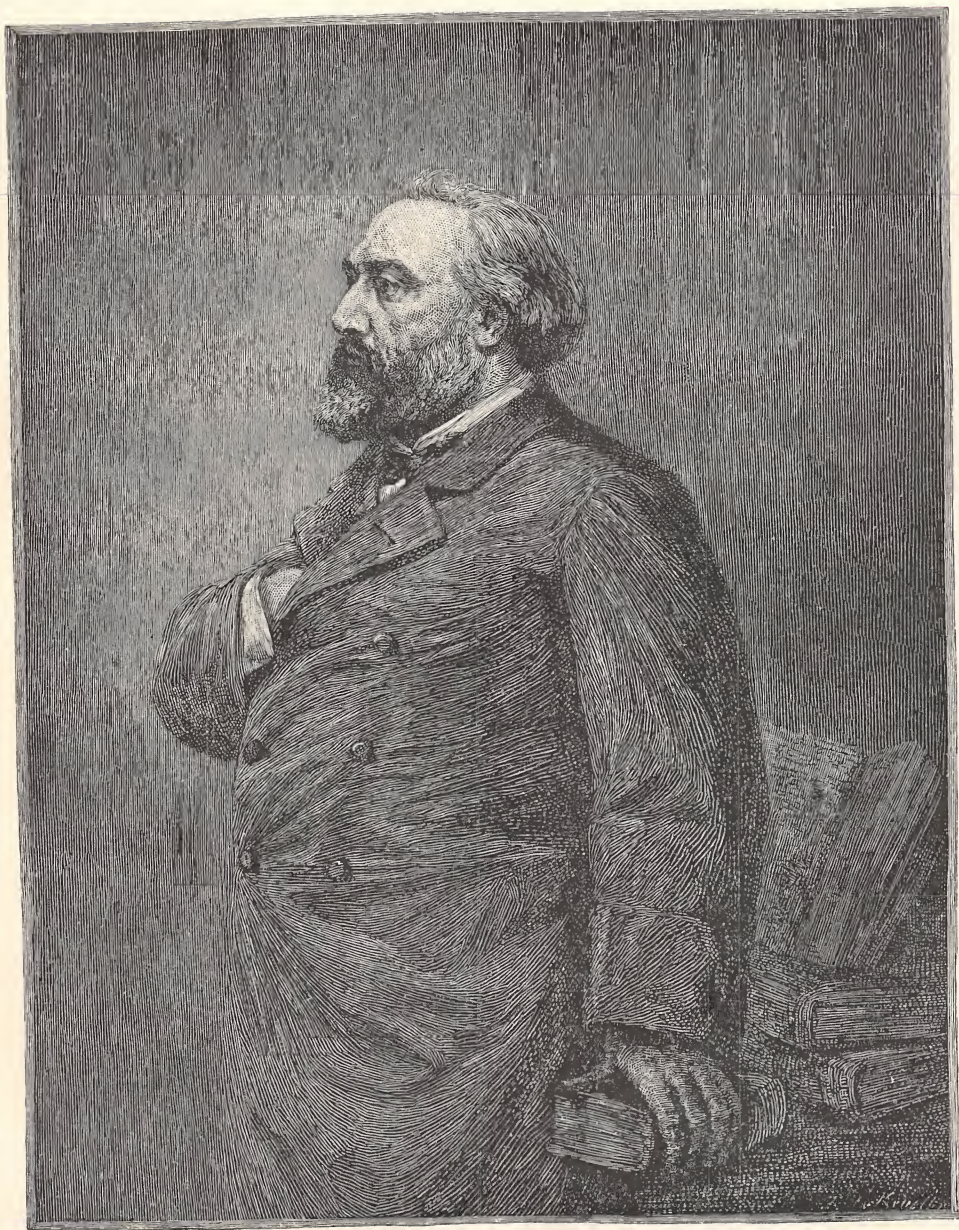
About me coils thy conquering chain,  
Upon thy heart my heart is set;  
If thou art nigh I laugh at pain,  
Yet flounder helpless in thy net.

When, frantic, I thy favor sought  
To catch the chrism of a kiss,  
Thy shrewd reply, more quick than thought,  
Came in such roguish words as this:

"A kiss? Indeed! In ambush placed  
Behind my lips it hides. Ah, me!  
My mouth is locked. But do not haste:  
My loving mother holds the key!"

Joel Benton.





LÉON GAMBETTA.



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THE END OF FOREIGN DOMINION IN LOUISIANA.

I.

### SPANISH NEW ORLEANS.

IN Jackson Square, New Orleans—the old Place d'Armes—one may yet stand on the spot where, in 1765, a motley throng of townsmen and planters, the Creoles of the Mississippi Delta, repudiated the barter of their country and their persons to the King of Spain. They were few in number and straitened in purse; but for years they had given their French rulers frown for frown, and in 1768 they took up arms against Spain's feeble show of authority, and drove it into the Gulf. They were the first people in America to make open war distinctly for the expulsion of European rule. But it was not by this episode that the Creoles were to become an American State.

In the following year they were overawed by the heavy hand of Spain, and bowed to her yoke. Ten years later, under her banner and led by the chivalrous Galvez, at Manchac, at Baton Rouge, at Mobile, and at Pensacola, they struck victoriously and "wiser than they knew" for the discomfiture of British power in America and the promotion of American independence and unity. But neither was this to bring them into the union of free states. For when the United States became a nation the Spanish ensign still floated from the flag-staff in the plaza of New Orleans where "Cruel O'Reilly" had hoisted it, and at whose base the colonial council's declaration of rights and wrongs had been burned. There was much more to pass through, many events and conditions, before the hand of Louisiana should be unclasped from the hold of distant powers and placed in that of the American States.

Through all, New Orleans continued to be the key of the land and river and of all questions concerning them. A glance around the old square, a walk into any of the streets that run from it north, east, or south, shows the dark imprint of the hand that held the town and province until neither arms, nor guile, nor counterplots, nor bribes, could hold them back from a destiny that seemed the appointment of nature.

For a while, under Unzaga and Galvez, the frail wooden town of thirty-two hundred souls, that had been the capital under French domination, showed but little change. But 1783 brought peace, Miró's able administration, new trade, new courage, "forty vessels [in the river] at the same time," and, by 1788, an increase in number to fifty-three hundred. In the same year came the great purger of towns—fire.

Don Vicente José Nuñez, the military treasurer, lived in Chartres street, near St. Louis, and had a private chapel. On Good Friday, the 21st of March, the wind was very high and from the south, and, either from a falling candle of the altar, or from some other accident or inadvertence, not the first or the worst fire kindled by Spanish piety flared up and began to devour the inflammable town. The people were helpless to stop it. The best of the residences, all the wholesale stores, fell before it. It swept around the north of the plaza, broadening at every step. The town hall, the arsenal, the jail—the inmates of which were barely rescued alive—the parish church, the quarters of the Capuchins, disappeared. In the morning the plaza and the levee were white with tents, and in the smoldering path of the fire the chimneys of eight hundred and fifty-six fallen roofs stood as its monuments. The buildings along the



immediate river-front still remained; but nearly half the town, including its entire central part, lay in ashes.

Another Spanish name stands as the exponent of a miniature renaissance. Don Andreas Almonaster y Roxas was the royal notary and *alferez real*. As far back as 1770 the original government reservations on either side the plaza had been granted the town to be a source of perpetual revenue by ground-rents. Almonaster became their perpetual lessee, the old barracks came down, and two rows of stores, of two and a half stories height, with broad, tiled roofs and dormer-windows, and bright Spanish awnings, became, and long continued to be, the fashionable retail quarter of the town.

Just outside the "Rampart," near St. Peter street, the hurricane of 1779—Galvez's hurricane, as we may say—had blown down the frail charity hospital which the few thousand livres of Jean Louis, a dying sailor, had founded in 1737. In 1784-86 Almonaster replaced it with a brick edifice costing \$114,000. It was the same institution that is now located in Common street, the pride of the city and State.

In 1787 he built of stuccoed brick, adjoining their convent, the well-remembered, quaint, and homely chapel of the Ursulines. And now, to repair the ravages of fire, he in

1792 began, and in two years completed sufficiently for occupation, the St. Louis Cathedral, on the site of the burned parish church. Louisiana and Florida had just become a bishopric separate from Havana. All these works had been at his own charge. Later, by contract, he filled the void made by the burning of the town hall—which had stood on the south side of the church, facing the plaza—erecting in its place the hall of the *cabildo*, the same that stands there still, made more outlandish, but not more picturesque, by the addition of a French roof. The Capuchins, on the other side of the church, had already replaced their presbytery by the building that now serves as a court-house. The town erected, on the river-front just below the plaza, a *halle des boucheries*—the "old French market." But, except for these two structures, to the hand of the old *alferez real*, or royal standard-bearer, belongs the fame of having thrown together around the most classic spot in the Mississippi Valley, the most picturesque group of façades, roofs, and spires in picturesque New Orleans.

But fate made room again for improvement. On the 8th of December, 1794—the wind was this time from the north—some children, playing in a court in Royale street, too near an adjoining hay-store, set fire to the hay. Governor Carondelet—Colonel

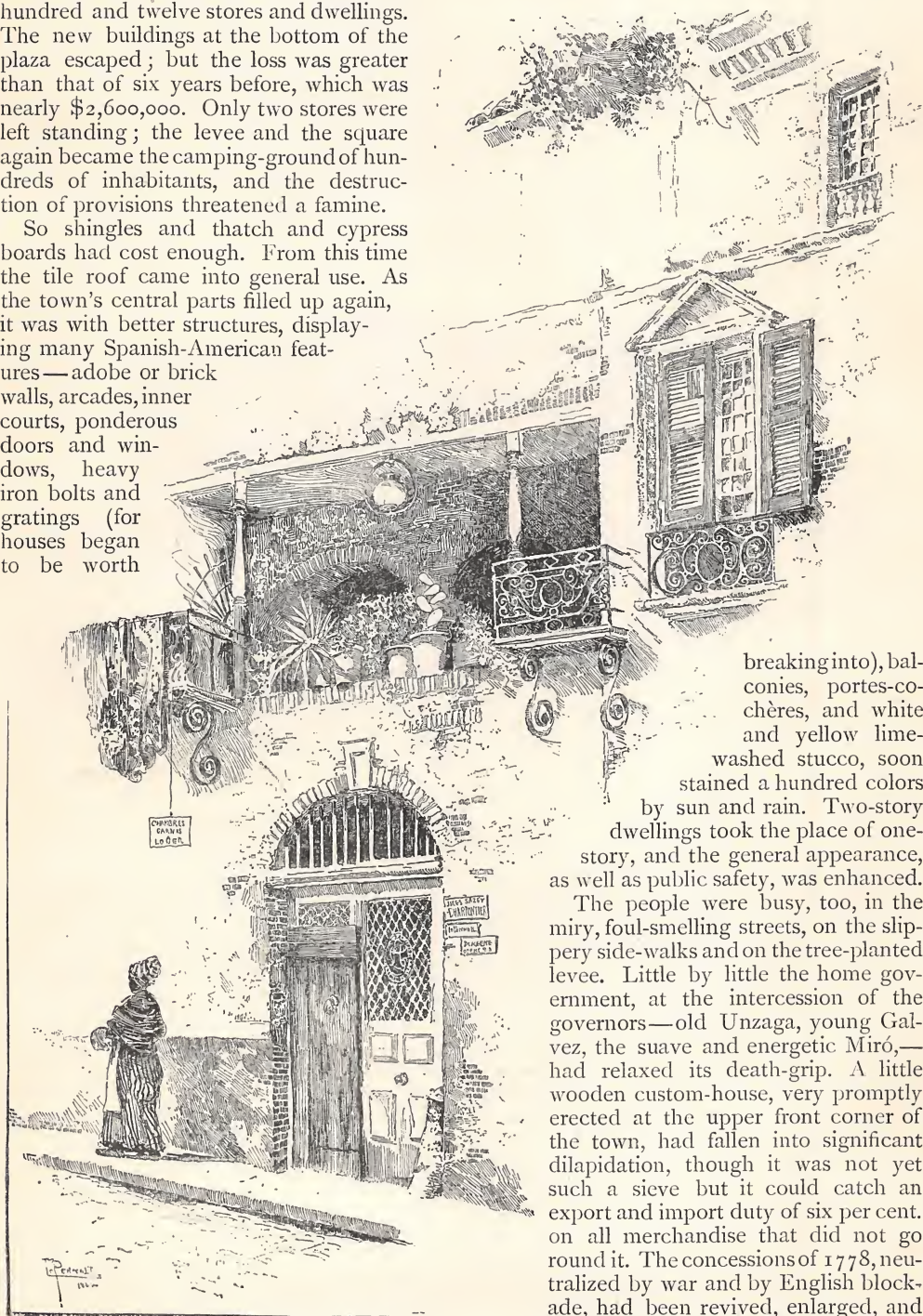


THE OLD BASIN, CARONDELET.



François Louis Hector, Baron de Carondelet, a short, plump, choleric Fleming of strong business qualities, in 1792, when he succeeded Miró, had provided, as he thought, against this contingency. But, despite his four *alcaldes de barrio*, with their fire-engines and firemen and axmen, the fire spread; and in three hours—for the houses were mere tinder—again burned out of the heart of the town two hundred and twelve stores and dwellings. The new buildings at the bottom of the plaza escaped; but the loss was greater than that of six years before, which was nearly \$2,600,000. Only two stores were left standing; the levee and the square again became the camping-ground of hundreds of inhabitants, and the destruction of provisions threatened a famine.

So shingles and thatch and cypress boards had cost enough. From this time the tile roof came into general use. As the town's central parts filled up again, it was with better structures, displaying many Spanish-American features—adobe or brick walls, arcades, inner courts, ponderous doors and windows, heavy iron bolts and gratings (for houses began to be worth



A FAÇADE.

breaking into), balconies, portes-cochères, and white and yellow lime-washed stucco, soon stained a hundred colors by sun and rain. Two-story dwellings took the place of one-story, and the general appearance, as well as public safety, was enhanced.

The people were busy, too, in the miry, foul-smelling streets, on the slippery side-walks and on the tree-planted levee. Little by little the home government, at the intercession of the governors—old Unzaga, young Galvez, the suave and energetic Miró,—had relaxed its death-grip. A little wooden custom-house, very promptly erected at the upper front corner of the town, had fallen into significant dilapidation, though it was not yet such a sieve but it could catch an export and import duty of six per cent. on all merchandise that did not go round it. The concessions of 1778, neutralized by war and by English blockade, had been revived, enlarged, and extended ten years. Moored against

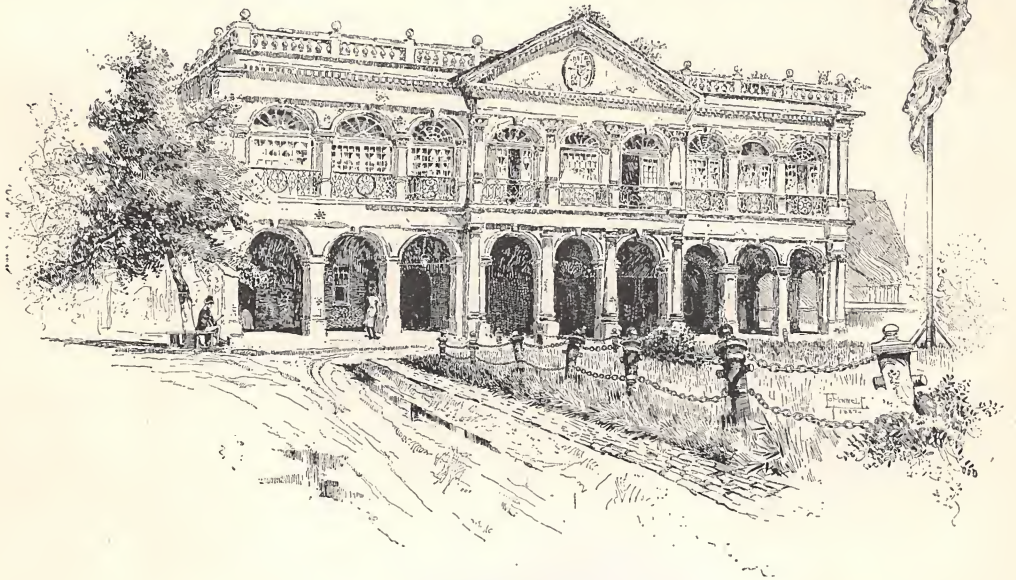


the grassy bank of the brimming river, the black ships were taking in hides and furs, bales of cotton, staves, and skins of indigo for the Spanish market, box-shooks for the West Indian sugar-makers, and tobacco, bought by the Government; and were letting out over their sides machinery and utensils, the red wines of Catalonia, and every product of the manufacturer,—besides negro men and women, girls and boys, for sale singly or in lots on the landing.

On the other side of town, also, there was, by and by, no little activity. A lake and bayou business was asking room and a question of sanitation was demanding attention, and in 1794-96 the practical Carondelet

and final, as, during an inundation eighty years afterward, the present writer passed through its streets in a skiff, with the water as high as the gate-knobs.

By such measures it was that the Spanish king sought "to secure to his vassals the utmost felicity." This was much more than the possession of Louisiana afforded the king. The treaty of peace, signed in 1783 by Great Britain, the United States, France, and Spain, had made the new American power his rival. The western boundary of the States was fixed on the Mississippi from the great lakes to a point nearly



THE CABILDO OF 1792.

gathered a large force of slaves, borrowed from their town and country owners, and dug with pick and shovel in the reeking black soil just beyond the rear fortifications of the town, the "Old Basin" and canal that still bear his name. The canal joined the Bayou St. John, and thus connected ten thousand square yards of artificial harbor with Lake Pontchartrain and the sea-coast beyond. The lands contiguous to this basin and canal were covered with noisome pools, the source of putrid fevers, and, some years later, as Carondelet had urged from the first, the cabildo divided them into garden lots and let them out at low ground-rents to those who would destroy their insalubrity by ditching and draining them into the canal. They began soon to be built on, and have long been entirely settled up; but their drainage can hardly be considered to have been thorough

opposite the mouth of Red River, and the fortified points along that line, which had fallen so short a time before into the hands of Galvez, were required to be yielded up. Such was the first encroachment of American upon Spanish power in the great basin.

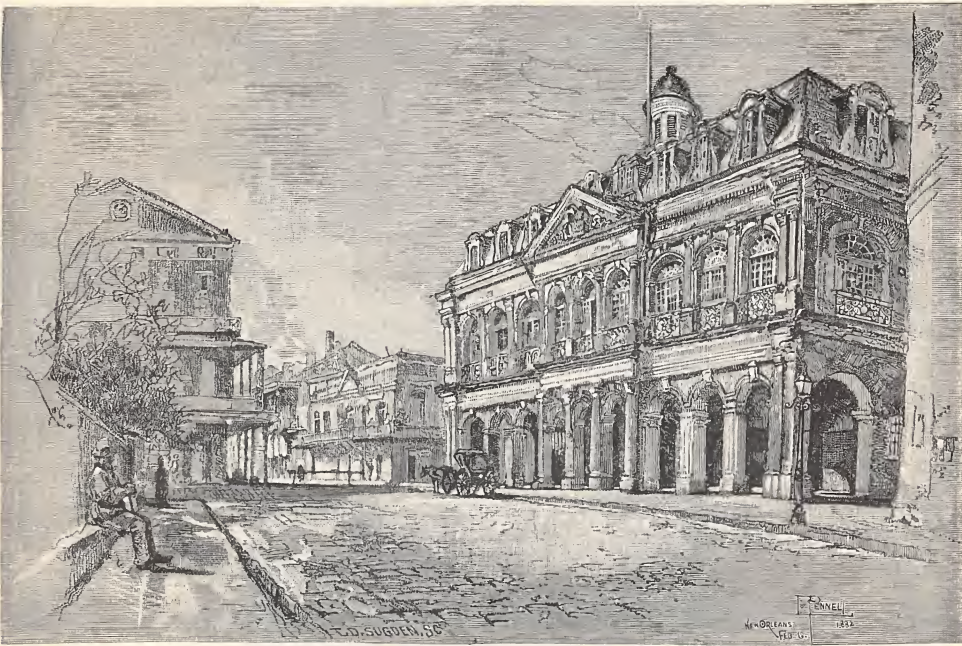
Another influence tending to turn the scales in favor of the States was a change in the agricultural products of the Delta, giving to the commerce of New Orleans a new value for the settlers of the West and the merchants of the Atlantic sea-ports.

## II.

### SUGAR.

THE planters of the Delta, on their transfer to Spanish domination, saw indigo, the chief product of their lands, shut out of market.





THE CABILDO OF TO-DAY (NOW THE SUPREME COURT).

French protection was lost and French ports were closed to them. Those of Spain received them only into ruinous competition with the better article made in the older and more southern Spanish colonies. By and by kinder commercial regulations offered a certain relief; but then new drawbacks began to beset them. Season after season was unfavorable, and at length an insect appeared which, by the years 1793-94 was making such ravages that the planters were in despair. If they could not make indigo they knew not what to do for a livelihood.

They had tried myrtle-wax and silk, and had long ago given them up. Everybody made a little tobacco, but the conditions were not favorable for a large crop in the Delta. Cotton their grandfathers had known since 1713. The soil and climate above Orleans Island suited it and it had always been raised in moderate quantity. M. Debreuil, a wealthy townsman of New Orleans and a land-holder, a leading mind among the people, had invented a cotton-gin effective enough to induce a decided increase in the amount of cotton raised in the colony. Yet a still better mode of ginning the staple from the seed was needed to give the product a decided commercial value. There was some anticipation of its possible importance, and certain ones who gave the matter thought had, in 1760, recommended the importation of such apparatus as could be found in India. In 1768 cotton had become an article of export from

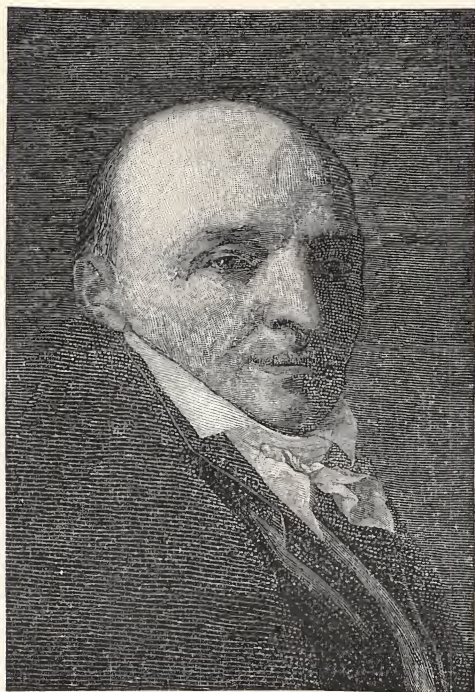
New Orleans, and in the manifesto with which the insurgents banished Ulloa it is mentioned as a product whose culture, "improved by experience, promised the planter the recompense of his toils."

At the time of the collapse in the indigo production, the Creoles were still experimenting with cotton; but the fame of Eli Whitney's newly invented cotton-gin had probably not reached them. There must have been few of them, indeed, who supposed that eight years later the cotton-crop of Louisiana and export from New Orleans would be respectively 20,000 and 34,000 300-pound bales. They turned for a time in another direction. The lower Delta was a little too far south for cotton as a sure crop. They would try once more, as their fathers had tried, to make merchantable sugar.

On a portion of the city's present wholesale business district, near Tchoupitoulas street, this great staple had been first planted in Louisiana by the Jesuit fathers in 1751. They had received their seed, or rather layers, from St. Domingo. It had been grown in the town's vicinity ever since, but there only, and in trivial quantity. Nothing more than syrup, if even so much, was made from it until in 1758 M. Debreuil, the same who had experimented with cotton, built a sugar-mill on his plantation—now that part of the third district adjoining the second, on the river front—and endeavored to turn a large crop of cane into sugar.

Accounts of the result vary. Sugar, it





ETIENNE DE BORÉ. FROM A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HON. C. GAVARRÉ.

seems, however, was made, and for a time the industry grew. But the sugar was not of a sort to ship to the world's markets; it was poorly granulated and very wet, and for several years was consumed entirely within the province. In 1765 the effort was at length made to export it to France; but half the first cargo leaked out of the packages before the vessel could make port.

Then came the cession to Spain, and with it paralysis. The half-developed industry collapsed. But in 1791 the blacks of St. Domingo rose in rebellion. Refugees flew in every direction. A few found their way to Louisiana. They had been prosperous sugar-makers, and presently the efforts that had ceased for twenty-five years came again to life. Two Spaniards, Mendez and Solis, in that year erected on the confines of New Orleans, the one a distillery and the other a battery of sugar-kettles, and manufactured rum and syrup.

Still the Creoles, every year less able than the year before to make rash experiments, struggled against the misfortunes that multiplied around the cultivation of indigo, until 1794 found them without hope.

At this juncture appeared Etienne de Boré. He was a man of fifty-four, a Creole of the Illinois district, but of a distinguished Norman family; he had lived in France from the age of four to thirty-two, had served with the king's *mousquetaires*, had married a lady whose

estate was in Louisiana near New Orleans, and had returned with her to the province, and had become an indigo planter. The year 1794 found him face to face with ruin. His father-in-law, Destréhan, had in former years been one of the last to abandon sugar-culture. His wife and friends warned him against the resolution he was taking; but he persisted in his determination to abandon indigo, and risk all that was left to him on the chance of a success which, if achieved, would insure deliverance and fortune to himself and the community. He bought a quantity of canes from Mendez and Solis, planted on the land where the seventh district (late Carrollton) now stands, and while his crop was growing erected a mill, and prepared himself for the momentous season of "grinding."

His fellow planters looked on with the liveliest—not always with the most hopeful—interest, and at length they gathered about him to see the issue of the experiment in which only he could be more deeply concerned than they. In the whole picturesque history of the Louisiana Creoles few scenes offer so striking a subject for the painter as that afforded in this episode: The dark sugar-house; the battery of huge caldrons, with their yellow juice boiling like a sea, half hidden in clouds of steam; the half-clad, shining negroes swinging the gigantic utensils with which the seething flood is dipped from kettle





THE GATE-WAY OF THE CABILDO.

to kettle; here, grouped at the end of the battery, the Creole planters with anxious faces drawing around their central figure as closely as they can; and in the midst the old *mousquetaire*, dipping, from time to time, the thickening juice, repeating again and again his simple tests, until, in the moment of final trial, there is a common look of suspense, and instantly after it the hands are dropped, heads are raised, the brow is wiped, and there is a long breath of relief—"it granulates!"

The people were electrified. Etienne de Boré marketed \$12,000 worth of superior sugar. The absence of interdictions that had stifled earlier trade enabled him to sell his product to advantage. The agriculture of the Delta was revolutionized; and, seven years afterward, New Orleans was the market for 200,000 gallons of rum, 250,000 gallons of molasses, and 5,000,000 pounds of sugar. The town contained some twelve distilleries—probably not a subject for unmixed congratulation—and a sugar refinery which produced about 200,000 pounds of loaf sugar; while on the other hand the production of indigo had declined to a total of 3000 pounds, and soon after ceased.

## III.

THE CREOLES SING THE MARSEILLAISE.

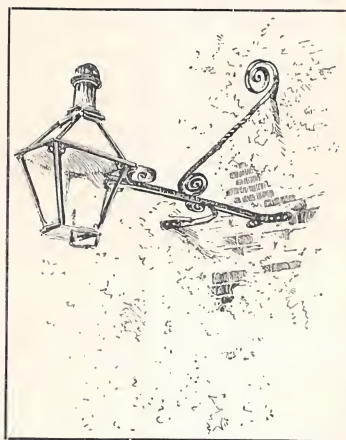
THE Spanish occupation never became more than a conquest. The Spanish tongue, enforced

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in the courts and principal public offices, never superseded the French in the mouths of the people, and left but a few words naturalized in the corrupt French of the slaves. To African organs of speech *cocodrie*, from *cocodrilo*, the crocodile, was easier than *caiman*, the alligator; the terrors of the calabozos, with its chains and whips and branding irons, were condensed into the French trisyllabic *calaboose*; while the pleasant institution of *ñapa*,—the petty gratuity added, by the retailer, to anything bought—grew the pleasanter, drawn out into Gallicized *lagnappe*.

The only newspaper in the town or province, as it was also the first, though published under the auspices of Carondelet, was the "*Moniteur de la Louisiane*," printed entirely in French. It made its first appearance in 1794.

Spanish Ursulines, sent from Havana to impart their own tongue, had to teach in French instead, and to content themselves with the feeble achievement of extorting the Spanish catechism from girls who recited with tears rolling down their cheeks. The public mind followed—though at a distance—



IN THE CABILDO.

the progress of thought in France. Many Spaniards of rank cast their lot with the Creoles. Unzaga married a Maxent; Galvez, her sister,—a woman, it is said, of extraordinary beauty and loveliness; Gayarré

w e d d e d

Constance de Grandpré; the intendant Odvardo, her sister; Miró, a de Macarty. But the Creoles never became Spanish; and in society balls where the Creole civilian met the Spanish



military official, the cotillon was French or Spanish according as one or the other party was the stronger, a question more than once decided by actual onset and bloodshed. The Spanish rule was least unpopular about 1791, when the earlier upheavals of the French revolution were regarded distantly, and before the Republic had arisen to fire the Creole's long-suppressed enthusiasm. Under Galvez in 1779-82 they rallied heartily under Spanish colors against their hereditary British foe. But when, in 1793, Spain's foe was republican France, Carondelet found he was only holding a town of the enemy. Then the Creole could no longer restrain himself. "La Marseillaise! La Marseillaise!" he cried in his sorry little theater; and in the drinking-shops—that were thick as autumn leaves—he sang, defiantly, "*Ça ira, ça ira, les aristocrates à la lanterne,*" though there was not a lamp-post in his town until three years later, when the same governor put up eighty.

Meantime Spain's hand came down again with a pressure that brought to mind the cruel past. The people were made to come up and subscribe themselves Spaniards, and sundry persons were arrested and sent to Havana. The baron rebuilt the fortifications on a new and stronger plan. At the lower river corner was Fort St. Charles, a five-sided thing for one hundred and fifty men, with brick-faced parapet eighteen feet thick, a ditch, and a covert way; at the upper river corner was Fort St. Louis, like it, but smaller. They were armed with about twelve eighteen and twelve-pounders. Between them, where Toulouse street opened upon the river front, a large battery crossed fires with both. In the rear of the town were three lesser forts, mere stockades, with fraises. All around from fort to fort ran a parapet of earth surmounted with palisades, and a moat forty feet wide and seven deep. "These fortifications," wrote Carondelet, "would not only protect the city against the attack of an enemy, but also keep in check its inhabitants. But for them," he said, "a revolution would have taken place."

This was in 1794. The enemy looked for from without was the pioneers of Kentucky, Georgia, etc. The abridgment of their treaty rights on the Mississippi had fretted them. Instigated by Genet, the French minister to the United States, and headed by one Clark and by Auguste de la Chaise, a Creole of powerful family, who had gone to Kentucky for the purpose, they were preparing to make a descent upon New Orleans for its deliverance; when events that await recital arrested the movement.

## IV

## THE AMERICANS.

CARONDELET had strengthened the walls that immured the Creoles of New Orleans; but, outside, the messenger of their better destiny was knocking at the gate with angry impatience. Congress had begun, in 1779, to claim the freedom of the Mississippi. The treaty of 1783 granted this; but in words only, not in fact. Spain intrigued, Congress menaced, and oppressions, concessions, aggressions, deceptions, and corruption lengthened out the years. New Orleans—"Orleans" the Westerners called it—there was the main difficulty. Every one could see now its approaching commercial greatness. To Spain it was the key of her possessions. To the West it was the only possible breathing-hole of its commerce.

Miró was still governing *ad interim*, when, in 1785, there came to him commissioners from the State of Georgia demanding liberty to extend her boundary to the Mississippi, as granted in the treaty of peace. Miró answered wisely, referring the matter to the governments of America and Spain, and delays and exasperations continued. By 1786, if not earlier, the flat-boat fleets that came floating out of the Ohio and Cumberland, seeking on the lower Mississippi a market and port for their hay and bacon and flour and corn, began to be challenged from the banks, halted, seized, and confiscated. The exasperated Kentuckians openly threatened and even planned to descend in flat-boats full of long rifles instead of breadstuffs, and make an end of controversy by the capture of New Orleans. But milder counsels restrained them, and they appealed to Congress to press Spain for the commercial freedom which they were determined to be deprived of no longer.

Miró, and Navarro, the intendant, did well to be alarmed. They wrote home urging relief through certain measures which they thought imperative if New Orleans, Louisiana, the Floridas, or even Mexico, was to be saved from early conquest. "*No hay que perder tiempo*"—"There is no time to be lost." They had two schemes: one, so to indulge the river commerce that the pioneers swarming down upon their borders might cross them, not as invaders, but as immigrants, yielding allegiance to Spain; the other, to foment a revolt against Congress and the secession of the West. These schemes were set on foot; a large American immigration did set in, and the small town of New Madrid still commemorates the extravagant calculations of Western grantees.

There had lately come to Kentucky a cer-



tain man whose ready insight and unscrupulous spirit of intrigue had promptly marked the turn of events. This was General James Wilkinson, of the United States service, a man early distrusted by President Washington, long suspected by the people, and finally tried for treasonable designs and acquitted for want of evidence which the archives of Spain have since revealed. This cunning schemer and speculator, in June, 1787, sent and followed to New Orleans a large fleet of flat-boats loaded with the produce of the West, and practicing on the political fears of Miró, secured many concessions. By this means, he made way for a trade which began at once to be very profitable to New Orleans, not to say to many Spanish officials. But it was not by this means only. At the same time, he entered into a secret plot with Miró and Spain for that disruption of the West from the East which she sought to effect. "The delivering up of Kentucky into his Majesty's hands, which is the main object to which Wilkinson has promised to devote himself entirely,"—so wrote Miró to the Spanish Secretary of State, January 8, 1788, and Wilkinson's own letters, written originally in cipher, and now in the archives of Spain, reduced to the Spanish tongue, complete the overwhelming evidence. "When this is done, \* \* \* I shall disclose so much of our great scheme," etc. "Be satisfied, nothing shall deter me from attending exclusively to the object we have on hand." "The only feasible plan"—this was a year later—"\* \* \* was \* \* \* separation from the United States, and an alliance with Spain." Such was the flat-boat toll paid by this lover of money and drink.

But, neither for the Kentuckian nor the Creole was an export trade more than half a commerce. Philadelphia partly supplied the deficiency, though harried by corrupt double dealings. Miró and Navarro favored and promoted this trade; but Gardoqui, the Spanish minister at Philadelphia, not sharing in the profits, moved vigorously against it, and there was dodging and doubling,—all the subterfuges of the contrabandist, not excepting false arrests and false escapes. The fire of 1788 gave Navarro excuse to liberate a number whom fear of the king had forced him to imprison, and to give them back their confiscated goods. Such was one branch of the academy that, in later years, graduated the pirates of Barataria.

The scarcity of provisions after the fire was made to help this Philadelphia trade. Miró sent three vessels to Gardoqui (who was suddenly ready to coöperate) for 3000 barrels of flour, and such other goods as the

general ruin called for. And here entered Wilkinson, and in August, 1788, received through his agent, Daniel Clark, in New Orleans, a cargo of dry goods and other articles for the Kentucky market, probably the first boat-load of manufactured commodities that ever went up the Mississippi to the Ohio. Others followed Wilkinson's footsteps in matters of trade, and many were the devices for doing one thing while seeming to do another. A pretense of coming to buy lands and settle secured passports for their flat-boats and keel-boats, and the privilege of selling and buying free of duty. A profession of returning for families and property opened the way back again up the tortuous river, or along the wild, robber-haunted trails of the interior.

So the Creoles, in their domestic commerce, were striking hands with both the eastern and western "American." As to their transatlantic commerce, the concessions of 1782 had yielded it into the hands of the French, and there it still remained. "France," wrote Miró in 1790, "has the monopoly of the commerce of this colony." It suited him not to mention Philadelphia or the Ohio. But war presently brought another change.

## V.

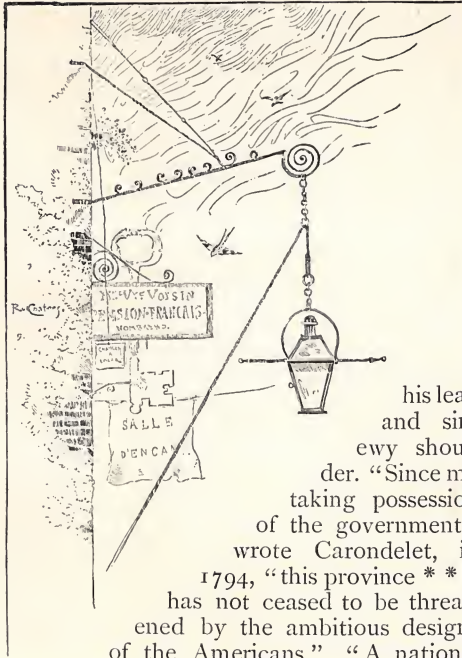
## SPAIN AGAINST FATE.

THE port of New Orleans was neither closed nor open. Spain was again in fear of Great Britain. The United States minister at Madrid was diligently pointing to the possibility of a British invasion of Louisiana from Canada, by way of the Mississippi; to the feebleness of the Spanish foothold; to the unfulfilled terms of the treaty of 1783; to the restlessness of the Kentuckians; to everything indeed, that could have effect in the effort to extort the cession of "Orleans" and the Floridas. But Spain held fast, and Miró, to the end of his governorship, plotted with Wilkinson and with a growing number of lesser schemers equally worthy of their country's execration.

Difficulties were multiplying when, at the close of 1791, Miró gave place to Carondelet. Some were internal; and the interdiction of the slave-trade with revolted St. Domingo; the banishment of Yankee clocks branded with the goddess of liberty; the baron's fortifications, etc., were signs of them, not cures. In February, 1793, America finally wormed from Spain a decree of open commerce, for her colonies, with the United States and Europe. Thereupon Philadelphians began to establish commercial houses in New Orleans.

On the side of the great valley, the Kentuckian was pressing with all the strength of





A CORNER.

his lean and sinewy shoulder. "Since my taking possession of the government," wrote Carondelet, in 1794, "this province \* \* \* has not ceased to be threatened by the ambitious designs of the Americans." "A nation," as Navarro had earlier called them, "restless, proud, ambitious, and capable of the most daring enterprise." Besides them, there were La Chaise, also, and Genet, and the Jacobins of Philadelphia.

It was to President Washington's vigilance and good faith that the baron owed the deliverance of the province from its dangers; not to his own defenses, his rigid police, nor his counter-plots with Thomas Power and others. These dangers past, he revived the obstruction and oppression of the river trade, hoping, so, yet to separate the Western pioneers from the union of States, to which they had now become devoted.

But events tended ever one way, and while Carondelet was still courting Wilkinson through Power, a treaty, signed at Madrid October 20, 1795, declared the Mississippi free to the Americans. New Orleans was made a port of deposit for three years, free of all duty or charge, save "a fair price for the hire of the store-houses." The privilege was renewable at the end of the term, unless transferred by Spain to some "equivalent establishment" on the river bank.

Still Carondelet held the east bank of the river, temporizing with the American authorities through his colleague, General Gayoso de Lemos, the Spanish commissioner for mak-

ing the transfer. He spent bribes freely, and strengthened his fortifications, not against Federal commanders only, but against the western immigrants who had crowded into the province, and against the renewed probability of invasion from Canada.

The Creoles, save a little patriotic singing and shouting, that cost six of them twelve months each of Cuban exile, remained, through all, passive. We have seen how they passed through an agricultural revolution. But they were no more a writing than a reading people, and what tempests of emotion they may have concealed while war was being waged against France, while the Gulf was being scoured by French privateers, and when one of these seized, and for eight days held, the mouth of the Mississippi, may only be conjectured. We know that Etienne de Boré escaped arrest and transportation only by reason of his rank and the people's devotion to him as a public benefactor.

Two years more passed. Carondelet gave place to Gayoso de Lemos. Wilkinson, who was in chief command of the American forces in the West, grew coy and cold. The encroachments of the double-dealing general's subordinates could be resisted by the Spaniard no longer, and in March, 1798, he abandoned by stealth, rather than surrendered, the territory east of the Mississippi, so long unjustly retained from the States.

All the more did the Creole city remain a bone of contention. On the close of the



IN THE CALABOOSE.

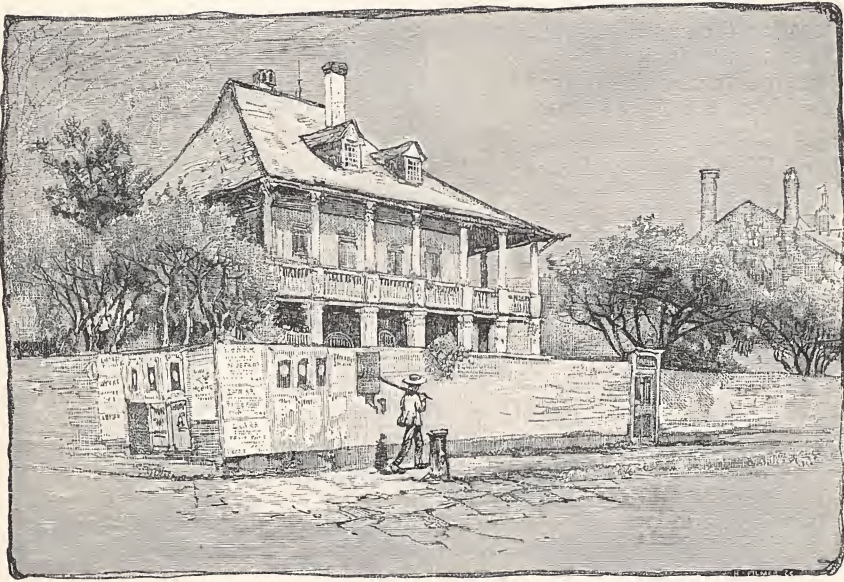


three-years' term named in the treaty of 1795, the intendant, Morales, a narrow and quarrelsome old man, closed the port, and assigned no other point to take its place.

But the place had become too important, and the States too strong for this to be endured. The West alone could muster twenty thousand fighting men. John Adams was President. Secret preparations were at once set on foot for an expedition against New

Italian "kingdom of Etruria." When Minister Livingston wrote, in November, 1802, the secret was no longer unknown.

On the 26th of March, 1803, M. Laussat, as French Colonial Prefect, landed in New Orleans, specially commissioned to prepare for the expected arrival of General Victor with a large body of troops, destined for the occupation of the province, and to arrange for the establishment of a new form of gov-



THE MARIGNY HOUSE, WHERE LOUIS PHILIPPE STOPPED IN 1798.

Orleans in overwhelming force. Boats were built, and troops had already been ordered to the Ohio, when it began to be plain that the President must retire from office at the close of his term, then drawing near; and by and by Spain disavowed her intendant's action and re-opened the closed port.

Meanwhile another eye was turned covetously upon Louisiana, and one who never moved slowly was about to hurry her fate to a climax.

#### VI.

#### NEW ORLEANS SOUGHT—LOUISIANA BOUGHT.

"FRANCE has cut the knot," wrote Minister Livingston to Secretary Madison. It is the word of Bonaparte himself, that his first diplomatic act with Spain had for its object the recovery of Louisiana. His power enabled him easily to outstrip American negotiations, and on the 1st of October, 1800, the Spanish King entered privately into certain agreements by which, on the 21st of March, 1801, Louisiana, vast, but to Spain unremunerative and indefensible, passed secretly into the hands of the First Consul in exchange for the petty

ernment. The Creoles were filled with secret consternation. Their fields, and streets, and dwellings were full of slaves. They had heard the First Consul's words to the St. Domingans: "Whatever be your color or your origin, you are free." But their fears were soon quieted, when Laussat proclaimed the design of their great new ruler to "preserve the empire of the laws and amend them slowly in the light of experience only." The planters replied that "their long-cherished hope was gratified, and their souls filled with the delirium of extreme felicity"; and the townsmen responded: "Happy are the colonists of Louisiana who have lived long enough to see their reunion to France, which they have never ceased to desire, and which now satisfies their utmost wish."

Governor Gayoso had died of yellow fever in 1799,—it is said shortly after a night's carousal with Wilkinson. He had been succeeded by the Marquis of Casa Calvo, and he, in 1801, by Don Juan Manuel de Salcedo. The intendant Morales had continued to hate, dread, and hamper American immigration and commerce, and in October, 1802,



had once more shut them out of New Orleans until six months later again discountenanced by his king.

In Congress debate narrowed down to the question whether New Orleans and the Floridas should be bought or simply swept down upon and taken. But the executive department was already negotiating; and, about the time of Laussat's landing in Louisiana, Messrs. Livingston and Monroe were commissioned to treat with France for a cession of New Orleans and the Floridas, "or as much thereof as the actual proprietor can be prevailed on to part with."

Bonaparte easily saw the larger, but unconfessed wish of the United States. Louisiana, always light to get and heavy to hold, was slipping even from his grasp. He was about to rush into war with the English. "They have," he exclaimed passionately to his ministers, "twenty ships of war in the Gulf of Mexico. \* \* \* I have not a moment to lose in putting it [his new acquisition] out of their reach. They [the American commissioners] only ask of me one town in Louisiana; but I already consider the colony as entirely lost." And a little later, walking in the garden of St. Cloud, he added to Marbois—whom he trusted rather than Talleyrand—"Well! you have charge of the treasury; let them give you one hundred million francs, pay their own claims, and take the whole country." When the minister said something about the rights of the colonists, "Send your maxims to the London market," retorted the First Consul.

The price finally agreed upon was eighty million francs, out of which the twenty million francs of American citizens' claims due by France were to be paid, and Louisiana was bought. Monsieur Marbois and Messrs. Livingston and Monroe signed the treaty on the 30th of April, 1803. As they finished, they rose and shook hands. "We

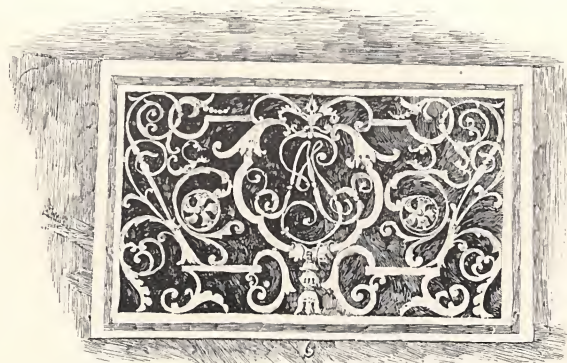
have lived long," said Livingston, "but this is the noblest work of our lives."

About the last of July, when Casa Calvo and Salcedo, Spanish commissioner and governor, had proclaimed the coming transfer to France, and Laussat, the French prefect, was looking hourly for General Victor and his forces, there came to New Orleans a vessel from Bordeaux with the official announcement that Louisiana had been ceded to the United States.

On the 30th of November, with troops drawn up in line on the Place d'Armes, and with discharges of artillery, Salcedo, fitly typifying, in his infirm old age, the decaying kingdom which he represented, delivered to Laussat, in the hall of the cabildo, the keys of New Orleans; while Casa Calvo, splendid in accomplishments, titles, and appearance, declared the people of Louisiana absolved from their allegiance to the king of Spain. From the flag-staff in the square the Spanish colors descended, the French took their place, and the domination of Spain in Louisiana was at an end.

On Monday, December the 20th, 1803, with similar ceremonies, Laussat turned the province and the keys of its port over to Commissioners Claiborne and Wilkinson. The French tricolor, which had floated over the Place d'Armes for but twenty days, gave place to the stars and stripes, and New Orleans was an American town.

Within a period of ninety-one years Louisiana had changed hands six times. From the direct authority of Louis XIV. it had been handed over, in 1712, to the commercial dominion of Anthony Crozat. From Crozat it had passed, in 1717, to the *Compagnie de l'Occident*; from the company, in 1731, to the undelegated authority of Louis XV.; from him, in 1762, to Spain; from Spain, in 1801, back to France; and at length, in 1803, from France to the United States, finally emancipated from the service and bargainings of European masters.



TRANSOM OVER DOOR-WAY OF PONTALBA BUILDING.



## A GOOD FIGHT FINISHED.

"Now we may call it finished," said my father, to one of his younger children, two days before his quiet departure from this life. He was standing in front of the fine pile of buildings of the Yale Theological Seminary, for which with his own hands he had broken the ground in 1870, and for which and in which his chief work had been done during these last twelve years. "Some time they may add a refectory for the other side of the quadrangle; but now that, at last, we have joined the two buildings with this library, we may consider it done."

I have no doubt that the satisfaction of seeing this important work approaching a successful conclusion, was an element in the happy content with which, for many weeks, he had been wont to lie down at night not knowing in which of the worlds he was to awake. So many great things for the good of the world, he had not only planned and hoped, but, "begun, continued and ended in God," as to make his career in this respect an exceptionally happy one.

The contrast rises in my mind, as I write, between his life and the short, sad, disappointed life of his own father. David Bacon was a visionary man. I like to use, in a noble sense, that word which it is common to utter with a sneer. The vision which he had was a vision of this world made better and happier through his willing toil and suffering: and to this heavenly vision he was not disobedient. Before the awakening of the modern spirit of missions, with no assurance of coöperation or support, he got himself up from his kindred and from his father's house, and, walking beside the horse that bore his only wealth—his bride of seventeen years old—went out into the wilderness of the North-west Territory to teach the knowledge of Jesus Christ to the savage Ojibbeways. There my father and his eldest sister were born. And when, after great hardships, the mission failed through the absolute cutting off of subsistence, the missionary put that heroic girl, his wife, with her two little children, into a returning wagon, and crept back by slow stages, fording the Alleghany river where now stands the city of Pittsburg.

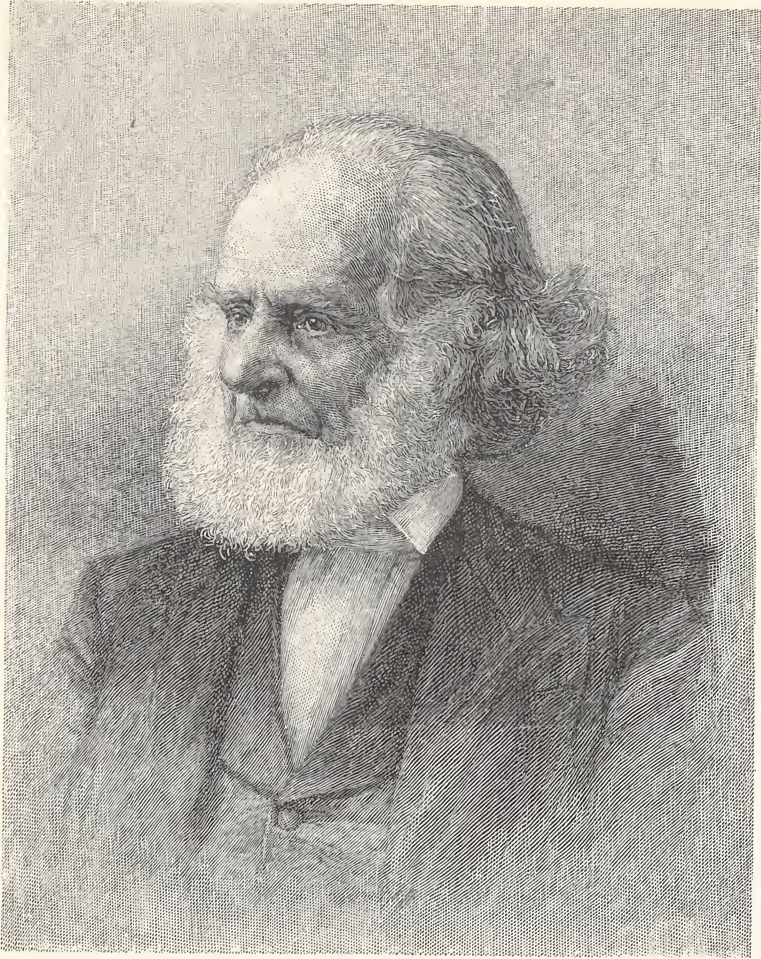
All the way to Connecticut the visionary man was pondering a new thought of service to the world. He had noted the first dribbles of emigration flowing from New England into the "Western Reserve," and, seeing the scat-

tered families here and there in the wilderness, he had compassion on them as sheep having no shepherd. Looking back as well as forward, he thought of how New England had been settled by organized colonies, bringing with them the church, the school, the framework of government; and there grew upon his mind the vision of an exclusively Christian colony for New Connecticut. He went back alone into the forest and chose a goodly township of land. He made himself responsible, on the one hand, to the capitalists for his returns; on the other hand, to the colonist for the title to the land; and then he set himself to search Connecticut with a candle for the choicest material out of which to build a Christian community. Men laughed at "Bacon's Heaven," but his faith could bear laughing at. In advance of all his colonists, he went out into the forest where there was no road, and beside the Indian trail he built the log-cabin that sheltered his wife and little children. In that cabin, when the settlers had begun to arrive, family by family, in their canvas-covered wagons, the church was organized, and his baby daughter, the first-born child of the wilderness, was baptized. Things looked bright about him for a year or two; and then came the embargo and the war of 1812, arresting business, suspending payments, extinguishing emigration, and leaving him a bankrupt, helpless between the exactions of the Eastern capitalist, on the one hand, and the reproaches of the settlers on the other. He loaded up his wife and little ones once more into a returning emigrant wagon, came back to Connecticut, and died of a broken heart, "not having received the promise."

The boy left thus, at fifteen years old,—the eldest of seven children, to be the mainstay of the family, was not unlike his father in character. He had the same holy "enthusiasm of humanity," the same high hope of what the world was to become, the same faith in God that there was nothing wrong that could not be set right, and the same confidence that he could help to set it right. But what a difference between the two lives! One, a life in which noble plans and labors for God and man seemed to go out in darkness; the other, blessed through all its later years with the visible fulfillment of its best hopes, the consummation of its work.

When the story of this life comes to be told in detail, the biographer will dwell with





LEONARD BACON, D. D.

delight on many incidents of that heroic childhood in the wilderness; and of the successful struggles of the brave, fatherless boy to educate himself and the younger children. But this sketch is to be confined to the principal of those arduous public labors and controversies which were entered into and achieved in the sixty years of my father's public life.

The first and greatest of them was the Slavery Debate. It is a little difficult for us younger men to conceive the fact that, at the time of my father's entrance on public life, there was no Slavery Question. Questions incident to slavery, were, of course, emerging from time to time. But the Slavery Question was not yet; because, on the fundamental point of the morality of the slave system, men's minds were not divided. There were men enough, of course, who did not care whether it was right or wrong; and there were many more who did not see how it was to be got rid of.

But that the system was thoroughly bad and wrong was admitted with substantial unanimity, both North and South. In 1818, the General Assembly of the not then divided Presbyterian Church *unanimously* adopted a notable anti-slavery deliverance; and in no body was the thought, culture, and conscience of the South better represented than in that assembly. Within twenty-five years from that time, the mind of the South had been revolutionized. The justification of the system of slavery as there maintained had become an article of political and religious faith, and the Slavery Question was in the high tide of an agitation that nothing could repress until slavery itself had ceased. Several causes had combined to bring about this change. The introduction of Eli Whitney's cotton-gin had added to the value of every able-bodied field-hand, and created an ever-craving southern market for Virginia negroes. In 1831, the negro insur-



rection at Southampton, Virginia, followed by a panic of terror and ferocious vengeance on the part of the whites, gave rise, in the next year, to a memorable debate in the Virginia Legislature, on the abolition of slavery, and to a vote in which that measure failed of adoption, indeed, but with a large minority in its favor. This was followed by a reaction, and by the beginning of those cold-blooded justifications of the system of American slavery which soon became characteristic of the national, religious, and political literature. Moreover, the defense of the slave-system had now begun to be instigated, and the show of a successful defense made possible, by false positions, bad logic, and in some cases malignant passions, on the part of abolitionists. Societies were formed—a society of indignant philanthropists in New York, and a society of malignant philanthropists in Boston—which, differing and even quarreling on other points, agreed in these two: first, that the system of laws known as American slavery was wicked (in which they were entirely right); and secondly, that every man invested by those wicked laws with the absolute and awful power of a master, was *ipso facto* a man-stealer and a pirate; and in this they were mischievously and suicidally wrong. They not only exasperated and antagonized such good men at the South as were trying to do their best under an evil system while doing their best to remove the evil, but they invited at this point an easy refutation, and so prepared the way for the ready though illogical inference that, since anti-slavery men were wrong, therefore slavery must be right.

From his college and seminary days Leonard Bacon had been active and earnest in measures looking toward the abolition of slavery. But it was in the early years of his pastorate at New Haven that the slavery question arrived at the pitch of exasperation and entanglement above described. It was then that he took, and defined, and defended against all assailants, that true position on the subject of slavery which he held until slavery had ceased to be.

I once heard him say in debate on this subject, quoting the language of Richard Baxter during the civil war in England, "Where other men have had one enemy, I have had two." The wrath of fanatical defenders of slavery against him was perhaps less fierce than that of its fanatical assailants. Human nature is liable to no more acute paroxysm of rage than that of the rough-and-ready reformer, who, vaguely conscious that he has justice back of him somewhere, and a wrong before him if only he could hit it, is

interrupted in mid-torrent of denunciation by an invitation to discriminate.

Accordingly, when the Anti-Slavery party, writing on their banner their one characteristic tenet, "Slave-holding always and everywhere a sin," came clamoring to the doors of missionary societies and church assemblies, demanding condign excommunication for all slave-holders, and were met on the threshold by a resolute man with a flat denial of their proposition, they were at once outrageously angry. And then, being got between the jaws of a definition and severely pinched, they began to cry out against the injustice of being treated in that way, and declared that, when they said slave-holding is always sinful, they only meant the sinful kind of slave-holding. They formally "resolved, that by slave-holding, this, the [Anti-Slavery] Society understands the holding *and treating* of human beings as property." In short, they talked about slave-holding as a certain class of temperance reformers talk about "the traffic," meaning sometimes what they say, and sometimes meaning something else.

When asked, "Wherein do you differ from the Anti-Slavery Society?" Mr. Bacon answered, citing the above-quoted resolution:

"Just on this point: I utterly repudiate their definition of slave-holding. I deny that they have any right to make such definition. Their attempt to do so is a fraud upon themselves and upon the public. Such a definition is an abuse of words fit only to juggle with. It is the fountain-head of a perpetual stream of sophistry. Words have a meaning of their own which cannot be set aside by an arbitrary definition. Words, and especially such words as we have to do with in political and moral inquiries, are not like the arbitrary symbols of algebra, which bear any meaning we choose to put upon them for the particular operation in which we are using them. . . . No doubt the gentlemen of the society think they mean by slave-holding what the resolution says they mean. No doubt they think that by slave-holding they mean not only the holding of slaves, but the holding of them as property, and the treatment of them as property. No doubt they are perfectly unconscious of the transparency with which their cardinal sophism shines through the very language in which they wrap it up: 'Resolved, that by slave-holding we mean slave-holding and a certain kind of treatment.' This very series of resolutions shows that, in spite of their unanimous resolve, they do not mean what they intend to mean. . . . The fact is that by that word 'slave-holder' they understand just what other people understand by it, 'the master of a slave'; and then, from their arbitrary definition of slave-holding, they derive the irresistible corollary that every slave-holder holds his slaves as property, and treats them accordingly."

If the brunt of my father's argument, in the earlier stages of the slavery controversy was directed more against the so-called abolitionists than against the advocates of slavery, it was because he found that the cause of abolition was more endangered and damaged by the former than by the latter. In fact, he



did not consider the wrongfulness of slavery to be a subject of argument.

"To me it seems that the man who needs argument on that point cannot be argued with. What elementary idea of right and wrong can that man have? If that form of government, that system of social order is not wrong—if those laws of the Southern States, by virtue of which slavery exists there and is what it is, are not wrong, nothing is wrong. Such a book as Wheeler's 'Law of Slavery' leaves no room for any argument to prove that our southern slavery is wrong, if only the reader is gifted with a moral sense. It is therefore taken for granted in these essays, from first to last, that every man has rights, and that our American slavery—which denies all rights to some two millions of human beings, and decrees that they shall always be held at the lowest point of degradation—is too palpably wrong to be argued about. The wrong of that slavery, however, is one thing, and the way to rectify that wrong is another thing. The wrongfulness of that entire body of laws, opinions, and practices is one thing; and the criminality of the individual master who tries to do right is another thing. These essays treat chiefly of the way in which the wrong can be set right."

"These essays"—from the preface to which I have just quoted—had been written at divers times from 1833 onward, and were collected, in 1846, into a volume which has had a history. It is a book of exact definitions, just discriminations, lucid and tenacious arguments; and it deals with certain obstinate and elusive sophistries in an effective way. It is not to be wondered that when it fell into the hands of a young Western lawyer, Abraham Lincoln,—whose characteristic was "not to be content with an idea until he could bound it north, east, south, and west,"—it should prove to be a book exactly after his mind. It was to him not only a study on slavery, but a model in the rhetoric of debate. It is not difficult to trace the influence of it in that great stump-debate with Douglas, in which Lincoln's main strength lay in his cautious wisdom in declining to take the extreme positions into which his wily antagonist tried to provoke or entice him. When, many years after the little book had been forgotten by the public, and after slavery had fallen before the President's proclamation, it appeared from Lincoln's own declaration to Dr. Joseph P. Thompson that he owed to that book his definite, reasonable, and irrefragable views on the slavery question, my father felt ready to sing the *Nunc dimittis*.

I have dwelt so long on this part of my father's life-work, not only for the truth of the history, but for the moral lesson of the history, which is commonly enough perverted. When the struggle was over, and with hard tugging the car of progress had been got through the slough to the firm ground on the other side, the flies who had all along busied themselves with stinging the teamsters and

the horses, alighted together on the box and buzzed their mutual congratulations—"It was a long, hard pull; but we did it, didn't we?" In the general good-will and hand-shaking, no one was disposed to disturb their complacency; and indeed, in the latter days of the war, Mr. Garrison's course had been so rational and patriotic that people were disposed to be more than forgiving, and to remember rather the evil he had suffered than the evil he had done. It was not to be asked that praise so freely conceded by a good-natured public should not be cheerfully accepted by a class of people who had long been compelled to rely, in the matter of eulogy, on a system of mutual exchanges. Even the gentle and judicious Mr. Phillips should hardly be blamed for trying the effect of an aureole before his looking-glass, and posing thus as a meek but now glorified martyr. Humane people have no disposition to grudge a comfortable compensation of kind words and complacent assumptions to persons who have had a hard time not wholly by their own fault. Even when these persons take advantage of the general good feeling to give new vent to their ancient grudges, and repeat their obsolete obloquies upon better men, the disposition is strong to say, "Poor fellows! they can hardly help it, the habit is so strong; we need not mind it, for it really harms no one: injurious language has lost all meaning as they use it." But it begins to be evident that the public forbearance is working grave practical mischief. The moral which some people draw from the mistold story is this: that by sweeping denunciation, steady refusal to accept plain definitions and clear moral distinctions, and persistent pelt-ing with hard names, any point can be carried, if you will only stick to it long enough. In almost any assembly of crotchety people—long-haired men and short-haired women—over a scheme for the reconstruction of the solar system, you will hear the appeal to "Remember Garrison, how he began with nothing and a printing-press against the whole nation, and the whole Church, and how at last he succeeded in bringing everybody over to his side." It is really a matter of interest to public morals that the ingenuous youth of America should know the truth of this matter—that Mr. Garrison and his society never succeeded in anything; that his one distinctive dogma, that slave-holding is always and everywhere a sin, was never accepted to any considerable extent outside of the little ring of his personal adherents; that his vocabulary, which had no word but man-stealer and pirate for the legal guardian of a decrepit negro, or for one holding a



family of slaves in transit for a free State with intent to emancipate them, never became part of the American dictionary; that the sophistry with which he spent a life-time in trying to confuse plain distinctions had little effect except to give acrimony and plausibility to the defense of slavery; and that the final extinction of slavery was accomplished in pursuance of principles which he abhorred, by measures which he denounced, and under the leadership of men like Leonard Bacon in literature and the church, and Abraham Lincoln in politics, who had been the objects of his incessant and calumnious vituperation.

Another great conflict in which my father was conspicuously engaged from the beginning of it, and which he saw through to the end, was the famous Old School and New School controversy in the Presbyterian Church. In a threefold conflict,—between a rigidly conservative and a progressive theology, between exclusiveness and liberality in ecclesiastical administration, and between a Celtic and an English or New England element of membership,—it was natural enough that his sympathies should be with progress, liberty, and the Yankees. But how it was that he, a young man in another denomination and in a remote part of the country, should happen, at the crisis in the Presbyterian Church, to be a leader, and sometimes an official leader, of business and debate in its most intimate affairs, is worth explaining.

The triple cause of division, which already in the last century had occasioned a temporary rupture in the Presbyterian Church, began to work violently when, at the instance of the eminent Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson, young Mr. Albert Barnes, of New Jersey, was called to be his successor in the charge of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. A sermon by Mr. Barnes had lately been printed which enunciated the distinctive tenets of the New England "improved Calvinism" as against the Scotch theology; and this sermon became the occasion of a controversy that agitated session, presbytery, and synod, and at last, in 1831, reached the General Assembly, meeting in Mr. Barnes's own church.

Not long before this time, the rule had been adopted that "delegates from corresponding bodies" should be admitted to all the rights of membership in the General Assembly; and so it happened that, when a committee of ten was to be raised to consider the case of Mr. Barnes, Leonard Bacon, not thirty years old, from a Congregational church in Connecticut, was a member of it as well as of the judiciary committee. For many years he was the sole survivor of it. The position which he took on that commit-

tee and in the debates which went on in the Presbyterian Church until the disruption in 1838 and after it, was not without significance or consequence. But one incidental result was a delightful one to him: it brought him into a relation of warm personal friendship with a man whom he revered for his holiness of spirit, even more than for the qualities of his intellect—with Albert Barnes.

The "Old School and New School Controversy" was substantially one debate, whether in New England or outside of New England, in the Presbyterian Church. And, wherever it raged, my father was outspoken in defense of his own clearly defined opinions on the metaphysico-theological questions involved; but his most strenuous contention was in favor of liberty and against that ecclesiastical narrowness which necessitates schism. By and by the larger liberty prevailed; and, after thirty-one years of division, the Presbyterian Church was one again. In the church in Pittsburg where the reuniting had been achieved in 1869, my father was present as a member at the meeting of the General Assembly in 1878, when a tablet was unveiled in memory of that event. It had been forty years since the disruption—forty-seven years since the stormy meeting in which Mr. Barnes's sermon was impeached for heresy. It had been seventy-three years since, a little boy, Leonard Bacon crossed the unbridged Alleghany and threaded the woods where Pittsburg stands. There was a hush of deep respect in the crowded Assembly when he was called on for a speech upon the event commemorated in the tablet; and there was a profound sense of satisfaction in his heart as he responded:

"It was an event in which the stern, heroic spirit of John Knox held communion with the milder spirit of John Robinson, and in which the traditions of the siege of Derry were mingled with those of the *Mayflower*. It was fit that those two streams of nationality, which constitute the Presbyterian Church as we now have it in this country, should here meet and flow onward in a single stream. May the reunion be perpetual! It was asked at the time, and may be still, What was the meaning of it? It was not the result of diplomacy. It is deeper than that. It means that here, in the presence of this venerable Assembly, I may unchallenged pronounce the saintly name of Albert Barnes, and that means a great deal."

While my father's theological controversies were always for peace, they were always for peace through liberty. Never once, I believe, will he be found to have aimed at peace through an agreement to be silent about differences, or through a make-believe that there were no differences. And the peace that he lived to enjoy through his most happy old age was a stable one. He saw the once hostile theological schools of



Connecticut coöperating in fraternal emulation, and his bosom friend, Bushnell, canonized in the affections of Christian people wherever the English language is read, as saint and doctor of the Church.

I do not know of an important public question which has come up during these sixty years, in which my father was not a disputant. He was first, or among the first, to inaugurate the movement for cheap postage in America, and he followed it up by pertinacious criticism that refused to be put off with the delusive half-measures with which the friends of the reform were to be appeased. He fought, week after week, in many newspapers at once, as well as in public speech, against the folly of eternal greenbacks, not as a folly only, but as an immorality. And he lived to see it extinguished in the resumption of specie payment. Every political question was to him a moral question; but it was the distinctively moral questions in politics that kindled him to fervid heat. It was like him, that—when his children found him, in the early morning, in the brief and not ungentle pang that released him from this earthly life—there should be lying near him on his table an unfinished article against the Mormon iniquity, with his pen beside it, as he had left it the evening before.

He had inexpressible delight in seeing the fair fruitage of the seed that his martyr father had sowed in tears. Several times, in the course of his life, he went to Tallmadge, Ohio, and saw the glorious beauty realized that his father had beheld only in prophetic vision. On the last two occasions, some of his sons were with him. We stopped at Hudson and talked with survivors of the pioneers, about the events of the few months when the missionary had his family among them; and we went out to find the site of the log school-house, and heard one aged woman tell about that famous school exhibition when there was a dialogue out of the "Columbian Orator," between William Penn and Hernando Cortez on the Treatment of the Indians, and how little Leonard Bacon, as William Penn, carried off all the honors from big John Brown, who was in favor of severer measures. Poor John Brown!—how well Bacon remembered Brown's father, that could not speak for stuttering, except when he rose to pray in the prayer-meeting; and remembered John himself, and interceded tenderly with Governor Wise, of Virginia, to spare the old man's life, after the affair of Harper's Ferry!

And thence we drove down the straight road, due south, to Tallmadge. The people of the town came out with us in a multitude, the next day, to look for the site of the old log-cabin by the Indian trail.

My father was the first to find it. He knew it by the clear spring—overgrown now with weeds and bushes—that bubbled up in the old cellar. Behind was the hill-slope that they cleared the first season, building mighty fires; and he remembered the calcined bones of the rattlesnakes that they threw into the fires. In front was the forest of great trees—they stand there yet—through which ran the Indian trail. There, the first winter, it was great sport to the two little children to watch the browsing deer, and to rap on the window-pane, and see them turn their white tails and scud into the forest. It was less like sport to hear the howling of the wolves at night. Happily they were too young to know all it meant when the master of the house was gone, and the gangs of prowling Indians came to the door to ask for a drink; and when, at evening, the young mother tugged with all her strength to drag a heavy chest over the floor for a barricade.

A few months after our visit, when the citizens of Tallmadge sent my father a deed of the plot of ground containing the little ruin of his father's cabin, he felt somewhat as Abraham may have felt when he took the title-deed of the cave of Machpelah—all he ever owned in the land of promise. In the last June before he died, the Tallmadge people sent again for the son of their Founder, and escorted him with bands of music at the head of a procession of farmers' wagons a mile long, to the site of the old cabin, where, on the base of the ruined chimney, had been laid a noble boulder of granite, thus inscribed:

HERE  
THE FIRST CHURCH IN TALLMADGE  
WAS GATHERED IN THE  
HOUSE OF  
REV. DAVID BACON,  
JAN. 22, 1809.  
—  
JUNE 2, 1881.

It was a fitting incident in the closing year of my father's life. He returned from that pleasant, homely festival, well assured that when his children's children should come to show their children the scene of that heroic life in the wilderness, the spot would not have been lost from the memory of men.

My father's services to history were very great, though this part of his life's work bore less the mark of completeness than other parts. His earliest important work of history, "Thirteen Historical Discourses" (1839), was followed by multitudinous historical articles and discourses, many of them on commemorative occasions. By common consent,



he seemed to be recognized, in all his later life, as the historiographer of New England Puritanism. His latest important volume was "The Genesis of the New England Churches," which he would have been glad to follow with the Exodus, and so to complete a Pentateuch of Puritan history. His latest pamphlet, reprinted from the "New Englander" for November, he was sending out to his friends on the last day of his life: it was a beautiful painting of domestic life in New England a hundred years ago. And on his study-table, beside the unfinished article on "The Utah Problem," lay another, also unfinished, on the Antinomian controversy in New England two hundred and fifty years ago. My father had an individual, personal love for each one of the saints and heroes of New England history; but I am sure that it never occurred to him that he was one of them.

I have found, in a drawer of his table, some of his old college declamations, and am touched with the fervid warmth of the boy's hope and expectation that the conversion of the whole world to the faith of Christ was about to be achieved. This, after all, was the one inspiration, the one plan, the one conscious purpose of his life. He conceived it, measured it in its majestic magnitude, set himself about it as a thing to be accomplished. It possessed his mind when he was a boy of twenty in the theological seminary, and some of the best of his poetry was of that period and on that theme. It was then that he prepared the first collection of hymns for missionary meetings printed in America, in which his own verses were among the best and most enduring. His ordination to the ministry was to the work of an evangelist, that he might take up the work that had dropped from the fainting hands of his missionary father. And it was with reluctance that he yielded to the arguments and urgencies that demanded his services for the church at New Haven, which he served in the Gospel for fifty-six years. But he was reconciled to the change when he came to apprehend, as he did each year more and more distinctly, that the work of the Gospel and the Church in all the world is one work. He in his pulpit, amid the elms of New Haven Green and under the shadow of Yale College, was carrying forward the same great enterprise in which his seminary friend, Eli Smith, was toiling under the heights of Lebanon, and his protégé, Peter Parker, in the hospital at Canton. And they felt it as well as he. Missionaries, the world over, relied on him as a counselor and sometimes as an advocate. His most characteristic powers were never so conspicuous as in impromptu debate; and his

most memorable debates were made on the floor of the American Board of Foreign Missions. In New Haven, a monthly missionary meeting was held on Sunday evenings, in which several of the principal churches and their pastors united; and it was at those "monthly concerts" that he was accustomed to unroll, from month to month and year to year, the panorama of the whole world's current history—wars, diplomacies, revolutions, discoveries, councils, missions, revivals—in its bearing on the one controlling thought of his life—the advancing reign of Jesus Christ over the human race. There are many graduates of Yale College who will testify that the "monthly concert addresses" of Dr. Bacon were to them not the least important part of their liberal education.

"Here, then," some will say, "were an undertaking and a hope so vast that they must needs be disappointed. The life that is devoted to a project so immense as the conversion of the world to Christianity dooms itself to end in a consciousness of failure." I do not suppose that the expectations of my father in his boyhood, as to what he might live to see of the advancement of "the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy," were definite. They were rather infinite. But if any one had drawn before him the picture of the changes that should come over the face of the earth during the period of his active service as a minister of the Gospel, the daring faith of the young theological student might have staggered at the vision. The "American Board," mother of all our organizations for foreign missions, was then a feeble infant, whose little strength seemed, nevertheless, sufficient for all the work that it was possible to do in the existing condition of the world. Its first missionaries were repulsed from the shores of India by the authority of Christian England, and they might have explored the coasts of many a continent and the islands of many a sea with small chance of encountering a more cordial welcome. Sailing toward the Levant, the associates of his fervid prayer and song in the seminary lecture-rooms—Fisk, and Parsons, and Eli Smith—would have been warned away from every port of Europe, as if the Cross which they bore had been the yellow flag of pestilence; they found under the Crescent of Islam a contemptuous toleration that was more than Christendom would concede. My father had hardly completed twenty-five years of service as pastor at New Haven, when it became his good fortune to traverse the whole extent of the Turkish Empire in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, and witness everywhere the springing of the seed that had been sown through



all those years of hope deferred and heart-sickness, the harvest of which has since been ripening visibly before his eyes. Returning through Europe, he witnessed on every side the cruel exultation of the restored despotisms over the recent overthrow of the Revolution. He watched this triumphing of the wicked, and waited as they that watch for the morning; and presently "it passed away, and lo! it was not; he sought it, and it could not be found." Slavery and the slave-trade had sealed one continent against commerce and missions; and he lived to see slavery and the slave-trade extinguished, largely in consequence of his own labors, and to see the dark continent shot through with lines of light. I may not further dwell upon the often reiterated, but always amazing catalogue of the wonderful things wrought during this sixty years "in the name of the holy child Jesus." No eye scanned it more intently or more prophetically; no tongue or pen could sum it

up more eloquently than his. But I may speak of two names on the map of the world, which, in his youth and down to within the recent memory of his children, had been the symbols of hopeless heathenism and resistance to the Christian light, but which are now identified with the brightest hopes and triumphs of the universal church. Standing by unchallenged right with those who stood nearest to the coffin, in which his sons lifted that dear and noble form to carry it in great triumph to the burial, were two youthful faces whose Oriental tint and contour marked them, among the kinsfolk, as of strange lineage, but who loved to call him Father, and whom he had loved and cherished in his own home as his own children. No tears of a sincerer grief dropped upon his happy grave than those of the Christian young man from China, and the Christian girl from Japan, who had learned of the power of the Gospel through his words and prayers and holy life.

*Leonard Woolsey Bacon.*

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"O WIND THAT BLOWS OUT OF THE WEST."

O WIND that blows out of the West,  
 Thou hast swept over mountain and sea,  
 Dost thou bear on thy swift, glad wings  
 The breath of my love to me?  
 Hast thou kissed her warm, sweet lips?  
 Or tangled her soft, brown hair?  
 Or fluttered the fragrant heart  
 Of the rose she loves to wear?

O sun that goes down in the West,  
 Hast thou seen my love to-day,  
 As she sits in her beautiful prime  
 Under skies so far away?  
 Hast thou gilded a path for her feet,  
 Or deepened the glow on her cheeks,  
 Or bent from the skies to hear  
 The low, sweet words she speaks?

O stars that are bright in the West  
 When the hush of the night is deep,  
 Do ye see my love as she lies  
 Like a chaste, white flower asleep?  
 Does she smile as she walks with me  
 In the light of a happy dream,  
 While the night winds rustle the leaves,  
 And the light waves ripple and gleam?

O birds that fly out of the West,  
 Do ye bring me a message from her,  
 As sweet as your love-notes are,  
 When the warm spring breezes stir?  
 Did she whisper a word of me  
 As your tremulous wings swept by,  
 Or utter my name, mayhap,  
 In a single passionate cry?

O voices out of the West,  
 Ye are silent every one,  
 And never an answer comes  
 From wind, or stars, or sun!  
 And the blithe birds come and go  
 Through the boundless fields of space,  
 As reckless of human prayers  
 As if earth were a desert place!

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*



## THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU.

MOUNTAINS and valleys and rivers are in league with the sun and summer—and, for that matter, with winter too—to do their best in the Bavarian Highlands. Lofty ranges, ever green at base, ever white at top, are there tied with luminous bands of meadow into knots and loops, and knots and loops again, tightening and loosening, opening and shutting in labyrinths, of which only rivers know the secret, and no man can speak the charm. Villages which find place in lands like these take rank and relation at once with the divine organic architecture already builded; seem to become a part of nature; appear to have existed as long as the hills or the streams, and to have the same surety of continuance. How much this natural correlation may have had to do with the long, unchanging simplicities of peoples born and bred in these mountain haunts it would be worth while to analyze. Certain it is, that in all peasantry of the hill countries in Europe, there are to be seen traits of countenance and demeanor, peculiarities of body, habits, customs, and beliefs, which are indigenous and lasting, like plants and rocks. Mere lapse of time hardly touches them; they have defied many centuries; only now in the mad restlessness of progress of this the nineteenth, do they begin to falter. But they have excuse when Alps have come to be tunneled, and glaciers are melted and measured.

Best known of all the villages that have had the good fortune to be born in the Bavarian Highlands is Oberammergau, the town of the famous Passion Play. But for the Passion Play, the great world had never found Oberammergau out, perhaps; yet it might well be sought for itself. It lies 2,600 feet above the sea, at the head of a long stretch of meadow lands, which the river Ammer keeps green for half the year—at the head of these, and in the gate-way of one of the most beautiful walled valleys of the Alps. The Ammer is at once its friend and foe: in summer a friend, but malicious in spring: rising suddenly after great rains or thaws, and filling the valley with a swift sea, by which everything is in danger of being swept away. In 1769 it tore through the village with a flood like a tidal wave, and left only twelve houses standing.

High up on one of the mountain-sides, north-east of the village, is a tiny spot of greensward, near the course of one of the mountain torrents which swell the Ammer.

This green spot is the Oberammergauers' safety-gauge. So long as that is green and clear the valley will not be flooded; as soon as the water is seen shining over that spot, it is certain that floods will be on in less than an hour; and the whole village is astir to forestall the danger. The high peaks, also, which stand on either side the town, are friend and foe alternately. White with snow till July, they keep stores of a grateful coolness for summer heats; but in winter the sun cannot climb above them till nine o'clock, and is lost in their fastnesses again at one. Terrible hailstorms sometimes whirl down from their summits. On the 10th of May, 1774, there were three of these hailstorms in one day, which killed every green blade and leaf in the fields. One month later, just as vegetation had fairly started again, came another avalanche of hail, and killed everything a second time. On the 13th of June, 1771, snow lay so deep that men drove in sledges through the valley. This was a year never to be forgotten. In 1744 there was a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, in which the electric fire shot down like javelins into the town, set a score of houses on fire, and destroyed the church. One had need of goodly devotion to keep a composed mind and contented spirit in a dwelling-place surrounded by such dangers. The very elements, however, it seems are becoming tamed by the inroads of civilization, for it is more than fifty years since Oberammergau has seen such hail or such lightning.

The village is, like all Tyrolean villages, built without apparent plan—no two houses on a line, no two streets at right angles, everybody's house slanting across or against somebody else's house, the confusion really attaining the dignity of a fine art. If a child were to set out a toy village on the floor, decide hastily to put it back in its box, sweep it all together between his two hands, then change his mind, and let the houses remain exactly as they had fallen, with no change except to set them right side up, I think it would make a good map of Oberammergau. The houses are low, white-plastered, or else left of the natural color of the wood, which, as it grows old, is of a rich dark brown. The roofs project far over the eaves, and are held down by rows of heavy stones to keep them from blowing off in wind-storms. Tiny open-work balconies are twined in and out capriciously, sometimes filled with gay flow-



ers, sometimes with hay and dried herbs, sometimes with the fire-wood for winter. Oberammergau knows in such matters no law but each man's pleasure. It is at each man's pleasure, also, where he will keep his manure-heap; and usually he elects to keep it close to the street, joining his barn or his house, or his neighbor's barn or house, at convenience. Except that there are many small sluices and rivulets and canals of spring water wandering about the village to carry off the liquidation, this would be intolerable, and surely would create pestilences. As it is, the odors are abominable, and are a perpetual drawback to the delight one would otherwise take in the picturesque little place.

There are many minute gardens and bits of orchard of all possible shapes, as many and as many-sided as the figures in the first pages of Euclid. I saw one, certainly not containing more than eight square feet, which was seven-sided, fenced and joined to two houses. Purple phlox, dahlias, and lilacs are the favorite outdoor flowers. Of these there were clumps and beds which might have been transported from New England. In the balconies and window-sills were scarlet geranium, white alyssum, and pansies.

The most striking natural feature of Oberammergau is the great mountain peak to the south-west called the *Kofel*. This is a bare, rocky peak of singularly bold contour. On its summit is set a large cross, which stands out always against the sky with a clearness almost solemn. The people regard this *Kofel* as the guardian angel of their village, and it is said that the reply was once made to persons who were urging the Passion Play actors to perform their play in England or America:

"We would do so if it were possible; but, to do that, it would be needful to take the entire village and our guardian spirit, the *Kofel*."

I arrived in Oberammergau on a Wednesday, and counted on finding myself much welcomed, three days in advance of the day of the play. Never was a greater mistake. A country cousin, coming uninvited to make a visit in the middle of a busy housewife's spring house-cleaning, would be as welcome. As I drove into the village the expression of things gave me alarm: every fence, post, roof, bush, had sheets, pillow-cases, or towels drying on it. The porches and grass-plots were strewn with pillows and mattresses; a general fumigation and purification of a quarantined town could not have produced a greater look of being turned wrong side out. This is what the cleanly Oberammergau women do every week during the Passion Play season. It

takes all the time intervening between the weekly representations of the play to make ready their bedrooms and beds.

I was destined to greater alarms and surprises, however. The Frau Rutz, to whom I had written for lodgings, and to whose house I drove, all confident, had never heard of my name. It became instantaneously apparent to me that I probably represented to her mind, perhaps, the eleven hundred and thirty-seventh person who had stopped at her door with the same expectation. Half of her house was being re-roofed, "to be done by Sunday"; all her bed-linen was damp, in baskets in the kitchen, and she and her sister were even then ironing for dear life to be done in time to begin baking and brewing on the next day. Evidently taking time by the forelock was a good way to come to a dead-lock in Oberammergau. To house after house I drove; to Frau Zwink's bird-cage, perched on the brink of a narrow canal, and half over it, it seemed. Just before me stood a post-carriage, at Frau Zwink's door, and as I stepped out two English ladies with bags, bundles, and umbrellas disappeared within Frau Zwink's door, having secured the only two available perches in the cage. The Frau came running with urgent solicitations that I should examine a closet she had, which she thought might answer.

"Oh, is she the lady of the house, and she barefoot?" exclaimed my Danish maid, aghast at the spectacle. Yet I afterwards heard that the Frau Zwink's was one of the notably comfortable lodging-places in the town. In another house were shown to us two small, dark rooms, to reach which one must climb a ladder out of the common living-room of the family. From house after house came the response, "No rooms; all promised for Saturday." At intervals I drove back to Frau Rutz's for further suggestions; at last she became gradually impressed with a sense of responsibility for our fortunes; and the mystery of her knowing nothing about my letter was cleared up. Her nephew had charge of the correspondence; she never saw the letters; he had not yet had time to answer one-half of the letters he had received. Most probably my letter might be in his pocket now. Friendship grew up between my heart and the heart of the Frau Rutz as we talked. Who shall fathom or sound these bonds which create themselves so quickly with one, so slowly with another? She was an Oberammergau peasant, who knew no word of my tongue; I a woman of another race, life, plane, who could not speak one word she could comprehend, and our interpreter was only a servant; but I think I do



not exaggerate when I say that the Frau and I became friends. I know I am hers, and I think if I were in Oberammergau, in need, I should find that she was mine.

By some unexplained accident—if there be such things—the best room in all Oberammergau was still left free: a great sunny room, with a south window and east windows; a white porcelain stove, an old-fashioned spinnet, a glass-doored corner-cupboard full of trinkets, old-fashioned looking-glasses, tables, and two good beds; and of this I took possession in incredulous haste. It was in the house of George Lang, merchant, the richest man in the town. The history of the family of which he is now the leading representative is identified with the fortunes of Oberammergau for a century past. It is an odd thing that this little village should have had its line of merchant princes: a line, dating back a hundred years, marked by the same curious points of heredity as that of the Vanderbilts or Astors in America, and the Rothschilds in Europe; men as shrewd, sharp, foreseeing, fore-planning, and executive in their smaller way, and perhaps as arbitrary in their monopolies, as some of our millionaires.

In 1765 there lived in the service of the monastery at Ettal a man named Joseph Lang. He was a trusted man, a sort of steward and general supervisor. When the monastery was suppressed Joseph Lang's occupation was gone. He was a handy man, both with tools and with colors, and, wandering down to Oberammergau, halted for a little to see if he could work himself in with the industry already established there of toy-making. At first he made simply frames, and of the plainest sort; soon—perhaps from a reverent bias for still ministering to the glory of the church, but probably quite as much from his trader's perception of the value of an assured market—he began to paint wooden figures of saints, apostles, Holy Virgins, and Christs. These figures at first he imported from the Tyrol, painted them, and sent them back there to be sold. Before long he had a large majority of the Oberammergau villagers working under his direction as both carvers and colorers in this business—a great enlargement of their previous trade of mere toy-making.

This man had eleven sons. Ten of them were carvers in wood, one was a painter and gilder. All these sons worked together in the continuing and building up of their father's business. One of them, George Lang, perceiving the advantage of widening business connections, struck out for the world at large, established agencies for his house in many

countries, chiefly in Russia, and came home to die. He had six sons and four or five daughters, it is not certainly known which; for, as the present George Lang said, telling this genealogical history in his delightful English: "The archives went up in fire once, so they did not know exactly." All six of these sons followed the trades of carving, painting, and gilding. One of them, the youngest, Johann, continued the business, succeeding to his father's position in 1824. He was, perhaps, the cleverest man of the line. He went from country to country, all over Europe, and had his agents in America, England, Australia, Russia. He was on terms of acquaintance with people in high position everywhere, and was sometimes called "The King of Oberammergau." Again and again the villagers wished to make him burgomaster or magistrate, but he would not accept the position. Nevertheless, it finally came to pass that all legal writings of the town, leases, conveyances, etc., made, were signed by his name as well as by the names of the recognized officials. First, "the magistracy of Oberammergau," then, "Johann Lang, Agent," as he persisted in calling himself, ran in the records of the parties to transactions in Oberammergau at that time.

In 1847 the village began to be in great trouble. A large part of it was burned; sickness swept it; whole families were homeless, or without father or brother to support them. Now shone out the virtues of this "king of Oberammergau," who would not be its burgomaster. He supported the village: to those who could work he gave work, whether the work had present value to him or not: to those who could not work he gave food, shelter, clothes. He was a rich man in 1847, when the troubles began. In 1849, he was poor, simply from his lavish giving. He had only two sons, to both of whom he gave an education in the law. Thus the spell of the succession of the craft of wood-workers was broken. No doubt ambition had entered into the heart of the King of Oberammergau to place his sons higher in the social scale than any success in mere trade could lift them. One of these sons is now burgomaster of the village; he is better known to the outside world as the Caiaphas of the Passion Play. To one knowing the antecedents of his house, the dramatic power with which he assumes and renders the Jewish High Priest's haughty scorn, impatience of opposition, contempt for the Nazarene, will be seen to have a basis in his own pride of birth, and inherited habit of authority.

The other son having been only moderately successful in making his way in the



world as a lawyer, returned to Oberammergau, succeeded to his father's business in 1856, but lived only a short time, dying in 1859. He left a widow and six children, three sons and three daughters. For a time, the widow and a sister-in-law carried on the business. As the sons grew up, two of them gradually assumed more and more the lead in affairs; and now bid fair to revive and restore the old traditions of the family power and success. One of them is in charge of a branch of the business in England, the other in Oberammergau. The third son is an officer in the Bavarian army. The aunt is still the accountant and manager of the house, and the young people evidently defer both to her advice and authority.

The daughters have been educated in Munich and at convents, and are gentle, pleasing, refined young women. At the time of the Passion Play in 1880 they did the honors of their house to hundreds of strangers, who were at once bewildered and delighted to find, standing behind their chairs at dinner, young women speaking both English and French, and as courteously attentive to their guests' every wish as if they had been extending the hospitality of the "King of Oberammergau," a half-century back.

Their house is in itself a record. It stands fronting an irregular open, where five straggling roadways meet, making common center of a big spring, from which water runs ceaselessly day and night into three large tanks. The house thus commands the village, and it would seem no less than natural that all post and postal service should center in it. It is the largest and far the best house in the place. Its two huge carved doors stand wide open from morning till night, like those of an inn. On the right-hand side of the hall is the post office, combined with which is the usual universal shop of a country village, holding everything conceivable, from a Norway dried herring, down to French sewing-silk. On the left-hand side are the ware-rooms of wood-carvings: the first two rooms for their sale; behind these, rooms for storing and for packing the goods, to send away; there are four of these rooms, and their piled-up cases bear testimony to the extent of the business they represent.

A broad, dark, winding stair-way leads up to the second floor. Here are the living-rooms of the family; spacious, sunny, comfortable; at the farther end of this hall a great iron door leads into the barn; whenever it is opened, a whiff of the odor of hay sweeps through; and to put out your head from your chamber-door of a morning, and, looking down the hall, to see straight

into a big hay-mow, is an odd experience the first time it happens. The house faces south-east, and has a dozen windows, all the time blazing in sunlight, a goodly thing in Oberammergau, where shadow and shade mean reeking damp and chill. On the south side of the house is an old garden, chiefly apple-orchard; under these trees, in sunny weather, the family take their meals, and at the time of the Passion Play more than fifty people often sat down at outdoor tables there. These trees were like one great aviary, so full were they of little sparrow-like birds, with breasts of cinnamon-brown color, and black crests on their heads. They chatted and chattered like magpies, and I hardly ever knew them to be quiet except for a few minutes every morning, when, at half-past five, the village herd of fifty cows went by, each cow with a bell at her neck; and all fifty bells half ringing half tolling a broken drowsy, sleepy, delicious chime, as if some old sacristan, but half awake, was trying to ring a peal. At the first note of this the birds always stopped, half envious, I fancied. As the chime died away, they broke out again as shrill as ever, and even the sunrise did not interrupt them.

The open square in front of the house is a perpetual stage of tableaux. The people come and go, and linger there around the great water-tanks as at a sort of Bethesda, sunk to profaner uses of every-day cleansing. The commonest labors become picturesque performed in open air, with a background of mountains, by men and women with bare heads and bare legs and feet. Whenever I looked out of my windows I saw a picture worth painting. For instance, a woman washing her windows in the tanks, holding each window under the running stream, tipping it and turning it so quickly in the sunshine that the waters gliding off it took millions of prismatic hues, till she seemed to be scrubbing with rainbows. Another, with two tubs full of clothes, which she had brought there to wash, her petticoat tucked up to her knees, her arms bare to the shoulder, a bright red handkerchief knotted round her head, and her eyes flashing as she beat and lifted, wringing and tossing the clothes, and flinging out a sharp or a laughing word to every passer. Another, coming home at night with a big bundle of green grass under one arm, her rake over her shoulder, a free, open glance, and a smile and a bow to a gay postilion watering his horses; another, who had brought, apparently, her whole stock of kitchen utensils there to be made clean—jugs, and crocks, and brass pans. How they glittered as she splashed them in and out! She did not wipe them, only set



them down on the ground to dry, which seemed likely to leave them but half clean after all. Then there came a dashing young fellow from the Tyrol, with three kinds of feathers in his green hat, short brown breeches, bare knees, gray yarn stockings with a pattern of green wreath knit in at the top, a happy-go-lucky look on his face, stooping down to take a mouthful of the swift-running water from the spout, and getting well splashed by missing aim with his mouth, to the uproarious delight of two women just coming in from their hay-making in the meadows, one of them balancing a hay-rake and pitchfork on her shoulder with one hand, and with the other holding her dark-blue petticoat carefully gathered up in front, full of hay; the other drawing behind her (not wheeling it) a low, scoop-shaped wheelbarrow full of green grass and clover—these are a few of any day's pictures. And thither came every day Issa Kattan, from Bethlehem of Judea—a brown-skinned, deer-eyed Syrian, who had come all the way from the Holy Land to offer to the Passion Play pilgrims mother-of-pearl trinkets wrought in Jerusalem; rosaries of pearl, of olive-wood, of seeds, scarlet, yellow, and black, wonderfully smooth, hard, and shining. He wore a brilliant red fez, and told his gentle lies in a voice as soft as the murmuring of wind in pines. He carried his wares in a small tray, hung, like a muff, by a cord round his neck, the rosaries and some strips of bright stuffs hanging down at each side and swinging back and forth in time to his slow tread. Issa paced the streets patiently from morn till night, but took good care to be at this watering-place many times in the course of the day, chiefly at the morning, and when the laborers were coming home at sunset.

Another vender, as industrious as he, but less picturesque, also haunted the spot—a man who, knowing how dusty the Passion Play pilgrims would be, had brought brushes to sell,—brushes big, little, round, square, thick, thin, long, short, cheap, dear, good, bad, and indifferent; no brush ever made that was not to be found hanging on that man's body, if you turned him round times enough. That was the way he carried his wares: in tiers, strings, strata, all tied together and on himself, in some inexplicable way. One would think he must have slipped himself into a dozen "cat's-cradles" of twine to begin with, and then had the brushes netted in and out on this foundation. All that remained to be seen of him was his head above this bristling ball, and his feet shuffling below. To cap the climax of his grotesqueness, he wore on his back a wooden box, shaped like an Indian papoose-frame, and in

this stood three or four lofty long-handled brushes for sweeping, which rose far above his head.

Another peasant woman—a hay-maker—I remember, who came one night; never again, though I watched longingly for her, or one like her. She wore a petticoat of umber-brown, a white blouse, a blue apron, a pink-and-white handkerchief over her head, pinned under her chin; under one arm she carried a big bunch of tall, green grasses, with the tasseled heads hanging loose far behind her. On the other shoulder rested her pitchfork, and in the hand that poised the pitchfork she held a bunch of dahlias, red, white, and yellow.

But the daintiest and most memorable figure of all, that flitted or tarried here, was a little brown-eyed, golden-haired maiden, not more than three years old. She lived near by, and often ran away from home. I saw her sometimes led by the hand, but oftenest without guide or protector; never alone, however, for rain or shine, early or late, she carried always in her arms a huge puppet, with a face bigger than her own. It wore a shawl and a knit hood; the child herself being always bareheaded. It was some time before I could fathom the mystery of this doll, which seemed shapeless yet bulky, and heavier than the child could well lift, though she tugged at it faithfully, and with an expression of care, as we often see poor babies in cities lugging about babies a little younger than themselves. At last I caught the puppet out one day without its shawl, and the mystery was revealed. It was a milliner's bonnet-block, on which a face had been painted. No wonder it seemed heavy and shapeless; below the face was nothing but a rough base of wood. It appeared that as soon as the thing was given to the child, she conceived for it a most inconvenient and unmanageable affection—would go nowhere without it, would not go to sleep without it, could hardly be induced to put it for one moment out of her tired little arms, which could hardly clasp it round. It seemed but a fitting reward to perpetuate some token of such faithfulness, and after a good deal of pleading I induced the child's aunt, in whose charge she lived, to bring her to be photographed with her doll in her arms. It was not an easy thing to compass this, for the only photographer of the town, being one of the singers in the chorus, had small leisure for the practice of his trade in the Passion Play year; but, won over by the novelty of the subject, he found an odd hour for us, and made the picture. The little thing was so frightened at the sight of the strange room and instruments that she



utterly refused to stand alone for a second, which was not so much of a misfortune as I thought at first, for it gave me the aunt's face also, and a very characteristic Oberammergau face it is.

At the same time I also secured a photograph of the good Frau Rutz. It was an illustration of the inborn dramatic sense in the Oberammergau people, that when I explained to Frau Rutz that I wished her to sit for a picture of an Oberammergau woman at her carving, she took the idea instantly, and appeared prompt to the minute, with a vase of her own carving, her glue-pot, and all her tools—to lay on the table by her side. "Do you not think it would be better with these?" she said, simply; then she took up her vase and tool, as if to work, seated herself at the table in a pose which could not be improved, and looked up, with "Is this right?" The photographer nodded his head, and, presto! in five seconds it was done; and Frau Rutz had really been artist of her own picture. The likeness did her less than justice. Her face is even more like an old Memling portrait than is the picture. Weatherbeaten, wrinkled, thin,—as old at forty-five as it should be by rights at sixty,—hers is still a noble and beautiful countenance. Nothing would so surprise Frau Rutz as to be told this. She laughed and shook her head when, on giving her one of the photographs, I said how much I liked it. "If it had another head on it it might be very good," she said. She is one of the few women in Oberammergau who do delicate carving. In the previous winter she had made thirty vases of this pattern, besides doing much other work.

Very well I came to know Frau Rutz's chiseled and expressive old face before I left Oberammergau. The front door of her house stood always open; and in a tiny kitchen opposite it—a sort of closet in the middle of the house, lighted only by one small window opening into the hall, and by its door, which was never shut—she was generally to be seen, stirring or skimming, or scouring her bright saucepans. Whenever she saw us she ran out with a smile, and the inquiry if there was anything she could do for us. On the day before the Passion Play she opened her little shop. It was about the size of a steamboat state-room, built over a bit of the side walk—Oberammergau fashion—and joined at a slant to the house; it was a set of shelves roofed over, and with a door to lock at night, not much more; eight people crowded it tight; but it was packed from sill to roof with carvings, a large part of which had been made by herself, her husband, and sons, or workmen in their employ, and most of which,

I think, were sold by virtue of the Frau's smile, if it proved as potent a lure to other buyers as to me. If I drove or walked past her house without seeing it, I felt as if I had left something behind for which I ought to go back; and when she waved her hand to us, and stood looking after us as our horses dashed round the corner, I felt that good luck was invoked on the drive and the day.

Driving out of Oberammergau, there are two roads to choose from: one up the Ammer, by way of a higher valley, and into closer knots of mountains, and so on into the Tyrol; the other down the Ammer, through meadows, doubling and climbing some of the outpost mountains of the range, and so on out to the plains. On the first road lies Ettal, and on the other Unterammergau, both within so short a distance of Oberammergau that they are to be counted in among its pleasures.

Ettal is one of the twelve beautiful houses which the ecclesiastics formerly owned in this part of Bavaria. These old monks had a quick eye for beauty of landscape, as well as a shrewd one for all other advantages of locality; and in the days of their power and prosperity they so crowded into these South Bavarian Highlands that the region came to be called Pfaffenwinkel, or, The Priest's Corner. Abbeys, priories, and convents—a dozen of them, all rich and powerful—stood within a day's journey of one another. Of these, Ettal was preëminent for beauty and splendor. It was founded early in the fourteenth century by a German emperor, who, being ill, was ready to promise anything to be well again, and being approached at this moment by a crafty Benedictine, promised to found a Benedictine monastery in the valley of the Ammer, if the Holy Virgin would restore him to health. An old tradition says that as the emperor came riding up the steep Ettaler Berg, at the summit of which the monastery stands, his horse fell three times on his knees, and refused to go farther. This was construed to be a sign from Heaven to point out the site of the monastery. But to all unforwarned travelers who have approached Oberammergau by way of Ettal, and been compelled to walk up the Ettaler Berg, there will seem small occasion for any suggestion of a supernatural cause for the emperor's horse's tumbling on his knees. A more unmitigated two miles of severe climb was never built into a road; the marvel is that it should have occurred to mortal man to do it, and that there is as yet but one votive tablet by the roadside in commemoration of death by apoplexy in the attempt to walk up. It was Alois Pfaurler who did thus die in July, 1866,



and before he was half way up, too! Therefore, this tablet on the spot of his death has a depressing effect on people for the latter half of their struggle, and no doubt makes them go slower.

How much the Benedictines of Ettal had to do with the Passion Play which has made Oberammergau so famous, it is now not possible to know. Those who know most about it disagree. In 1634, the year in which the play was first performed, it is certain that the Oberammergau community must have been under the pastoral charge of some one of the great ecclesiastical establishments in that region; and it is more than probable that the monks, who were themselves much in the way of writing and performing in religious plays, first suggested to the villagers this mode of working for the glory and profit of the Church.

Their venerable pastor, Daisenberger, to whom they owe the present version of the Passion Play, was an Ettal monk, and one of the many plays which he has arranged or written for their dramatic training is "The Founding of the Monastery of Ettal." The closing stanzas of this well express the feeling of the Oberammergauer to-day, and no doubt of the Ettal monk centuries ago, in regard to the incomparable Ammer Thal region:

"Let God be praised! He hath this vale created  
To show to man the glory of His name!  
And these wide hills the Lord hath consecrated  
Where He His love incessant may proclaim.

"Ne'er shall decay the valley's greatest treasure,  
Madonna, Thou the pledge of Heaven's grace!  
Her blessings will the Queen of Heaven outmeasure  
To her quiet Ettal and Bavaria's race."

Most travelers who visit Oberammergau know nothing of Unterammergau, except that the white and brown lines of its roofs and spires make a charming dotted picture on the Ammer meadows, as seen from the higher seats in the Passion Play theater. The little hamlet is not talked about, not even in guide-books. It sits, a sort of Cinderella, and meekly does its best to take care of the strangers who come grumbling to sleep there, once in ten years, only because beds are not to be had in its more favored sister village farther up the stream. Yet it is no less picturesque, and a good deal cleaner, than is Oberammergau; gets hours more of sunshine, a freer sweep of wind, and has compassing it about a fine stretch of meadowlands, beautiful to look at, and rich to reap.

Its houses are, like those in Oberammergau, chiefly white stucco over stone, or else dark and painted wood, often the lower story

of white stucco and the upper one of dark wood, with a fringe of balconies, dried herbs, and wood-piles where the two stories join. Many of the stuccoed houses are gay with Scripture frescoes, more than one hundred years old, and not faded yet. There are also many of the curious ancient windows, made of tiny round panes set in lead. When these are broken, square panes have to be set in. Nobody can make the round ones any more. On the inside of the brown wooden shutters are paintings of bright flowers; over the windows, and above the doors, are also Scripture frescoes. One old house is covered with them. One scene is Saint Francis lying on his back, with his cross by his side; and another, the coronation of the Virgin Mary, in which God the Father is represented as a venerable man wrapped in a red-and-yellow robe, with a long white beard, resting his hand on the round globe, while Christ, in a red mantle, is putting the crown on the head of Mary, who is resplendent in bright blue and red. On another wall is St. Joseph, holding the infant Christ on his knee. There must have been a marvelous secret in the coloring of these old frescoes, that they have so long withstood the snows, rains, and winds of the Ammer valley. The greater part of them were painted by one Franz Zwink, in the middle of the last century. The peasants called him the "wind painter," because he worked with such preternatural rapidity. Many legends attest this; among others, a droll one of his finding a woman at her churning one day and asking her for some butter. She refused. "If you'll give me that butter," said Zwink, "I'll paint a Mother of God for you above your door." "Very well; it is a bargain," said the woman, "provided the picture is done as soon as the butter," whereupon Zwink mounted to the wall, and, his brushes flying as fast as her churn-dasher, lo! when the butter was done, there shone out the fresh Madonna over the door, and the butter had been fairly earned. Zwink was an athletic fellow, and walked as swiftly as he painted; gay, moreover, for there is a tradition of his having run all the way to Munich once for a dance. Being too poor to hire a horse, he ran thither in one day, danced all night, and the next day ran back to Oberammergau, fresh and merry. He was originally only a color-rubber in the studio of one of the old rococo painters; but certain it is that he either stole or invented a most triumphant system of coloring, whose secret is unknown to-day. It is said that in 1790 every house in both Ober and Unter Ammergau was painted in this way. But repeated fires have destroyed many of the most valuable frescoes, and many others have been



ruthlessly covered up by whitewash. An old history of the valley says that when the inhabitants saw flames consuming these sacred images they wept aloud in terror and grief, not so much for the loss of their dwellings as for the irreparable loss of the guardian pictures. The effect of these on a race for three generations,—one after another growing up in the habit, from earliest infancy, of gazing on the visible representations of God, and Christ, and the Mother of God, placed as if in token of perpetual presence and protection on the very walls and roofs of their homes,—must be incalculably great. Such a people would be religious by nature, as inherently and organically as they were hardy of frame by reason of the stern necessities of their existence. It is a poor proof of the superiority of enlightened, emancipated, and cultivated intellect, with all its fine analyses of what God is not, if it tends to hold in scorn or dares to hold in pity the ignorance which is yet so full of spirituality that it believes it can even see what God is, and feels safer by night and day with a cross at each gable of the roof.

One of the Unterammergau women, seeing me closely studying the frescoes on her house, asked me to come in, and with half shy hospitality, and a sort of childlike glee at my interest, showed me every room. The house is one of some note, as note is reckoned in Unterammergau: it was built in 1700, is well covered with Zwink's frescoes, and bears an inscription stating that it was the birth-place of one "Max Anrich, canon of St. Zeno." It is the dwelling now of only humble people, but has traces of better days in the square-blocked wooden ceilings and curious old gaily-painted cupboards. Around three sides of the living-room ran a wooden bench, which made chairs a superfluous luxury. In one corner, on a raised stone platform,

stood a square stove, surrounded by a broad bench; two steps led up to this bench, and from the bench, two steps more to the lower round of a ladder-like stair leading to the chamber overhead. The kitchen had a brick floor, worn and sunken in hollows; the stove was raised up on a high stone platform, with a similar bench around it, and the woman explained that to sit on this bench with your back to the fire was a very good thing to do in winter. Every nook, every utensil was shining clean. In one corner stood a great box full of whetstones, scythe-sharpeners; the making of these was the industry by which the brothers earned the most of their money, she said; surely very little money, then, must come into the house. There were four brothers, three sisters, and the old mother, who sat at a window smiling foolishly all the time, aged, imbecile, but very happy. As we drove away, one of the sisters came running with a few little blossoms she had picked from her balcony; she halted, disappointed, and too shy to offer it, but her whole face lighted up with pleasure as I ordered the driver to halt that I might take her gift. She little knew that I was thinking how much the hospitality of her people shamed the cold indifference of so-called finer breeding.

A few rods on, we came to a barn, in whose open door-way stood two women threshing wheat with ringing flails. Red handkerchiefs twisted tight round their heads and down to their eyebrows, bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed to the shoulders, swinging their flails lustily, and laughing as they saw me stop my horses to have a better look at them; they made one of the vividdest pictures I saw in the Ammer valley. Women often are hired there for this work of threshing, and they are expected to swing flails with that lusty stroke all day long for one mark.

*H. H.*

## FEBRUARY.

NEWLY wedded, and happy quite,  
Careless alike of wind and weather,  
Two wee birds, from a merry flight,  
Swing in the tree-top, sing together:  
Love to them, in the wintry hour,  
Summer and sunshine, bud and flower!

So, beloved, when skies are sad,  
Love can render their shadow golden;  
A thought of thee, and the day is glad  
As a rose in the dewy dawn unfolds;  
And away, away, on passionate wings,  
My heart like a bird at thy window sings!

*Ina D. Coolbrith.*



## A POET TO HIS WIFE.

[THE reader of Mr. Bryant's poems will readily remember the many verses addressed to his wife, such as "Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids," written about the time of their marriage; "The Future Life," speculating as to the union of their spirits in the world to come; the "Sick-Bed," describing an illness; "The Life That Is," rejoicing in recovery; "The Twenty-seventh of March,"—the birthday of Mrs. Bryant; "October, 1866," descriptive of her death and burial; and "May Evening," a gentle reference to her loss. But in addition to these, as we learn from Mr. Godwin's forthcoming biography of the poet, a fragment was found among his papers, which recalls her memory in a very tender way, seven years after her death. The lines were unfinished and uncorrected; but we cannot refrain from giving them as they were written—dated "Roslyn, 1873."]

THE morn hath not the glory that it wore,  
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,  
Since I can call thee to my side no more,  
To gaze upon the sky.

For thy dear hand, with each return of spring,  
I sought in sunny nooks the flowers she gave;  
I seek them still, and sorrowfully bring  
The choicest to thy grave.

Here, where I sit alone, is sometimes heard,  
From the great world, a whisper of my name,  
Joined, haply, to some kind, commending word,  
By those whose praise is fame.

And then, as if I thought thou still wert nigh,  
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,  
To read the gentle gladness in thine eye  
That once I might have read.

I turn, but see thee not; before my eyes  
The image of a hill-side mound appears,  
Where all of thee that passed not to the skies  
Was laid with bitter tears.

And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days  
That fled with thee, would gladly now resign  
All that the world can give of fame and praise  
For one sweet look of thine.

Thus, ever, when I read of generous deeds,  
Such words as thou didst once delight to hear,  
My heart is wrung with anguish as it bleeds  
To think thou art not near.

And now that I can talk no more with thee  
Of ancient friends and days too fair to last,  
A bitterness blends with the memory  
Of all that happy past.

Oh, when I——



## SIGNS AND SEASONS.

ONE has only to sit down in the woods or fields, or by the shore of the river or lake, and nearly everything of interest will come round to him,—the birds, the animals, the insects; and presently, after his eye has got accustomed to the place, and to the light and shade, he will probably see some plant or flower that he had sought in vain for and that is a pleasant surprise to him. So, on a large scale, the student and lover of nature has this advantage of people who gad up and down the world, seeking some novelty or excitement; he has only to stay at home and see the procession pass. The great globe swings around to him like a revolving show-case; the change of the seasons is like the passage of strange and new countries; the zones of the earth, with all their beauties and marvels, pass one's door, and linger long in the passing. What a voyage is this we make without leaving for a night our own fireside! St. Pierre well says that a sense of the power and mystery of nature shall spring up as fully in one's heart after he has made the circuit of his own field as after returning from a voyage round the world. I sit here amid the junipers of the Hudson, with purpose every year to go to Florida, or to the West Indies, or to the Pacific coast, yet the seasons pass and I am still loitering, with a half-defined suspicion, perhaps, that, if I remain quiet and keep a sharp lookout, these countries will come to me. I may stick it out yet, and not miss much after all. The great trouble is for Mahomet to know when the mountain really comes to him. Sometimes a rabbit or a jay or a little warbler brings the woods to my door. A loon on the river, and the Canada lakes are here; the sea-gulls and the fish-hawk bring the sea; the call of the wild gander at night, what does it suggest? and the eagle flapping by or floating along on a raft of ice, does not he bring the mountain? One spring morning five swans flew above my barn in single file going northward—an express train bound for Labrador. It was a more exhilarating sight than if I had seen them in their native haunts. They made a breeze in my mind, like a noble passage in a poem. How gently their great wings flapped; how easy to fly when spring gives the impulse! On another occasion I saw a line of fowls, probably swans, going northward, at such a height that they appeared like

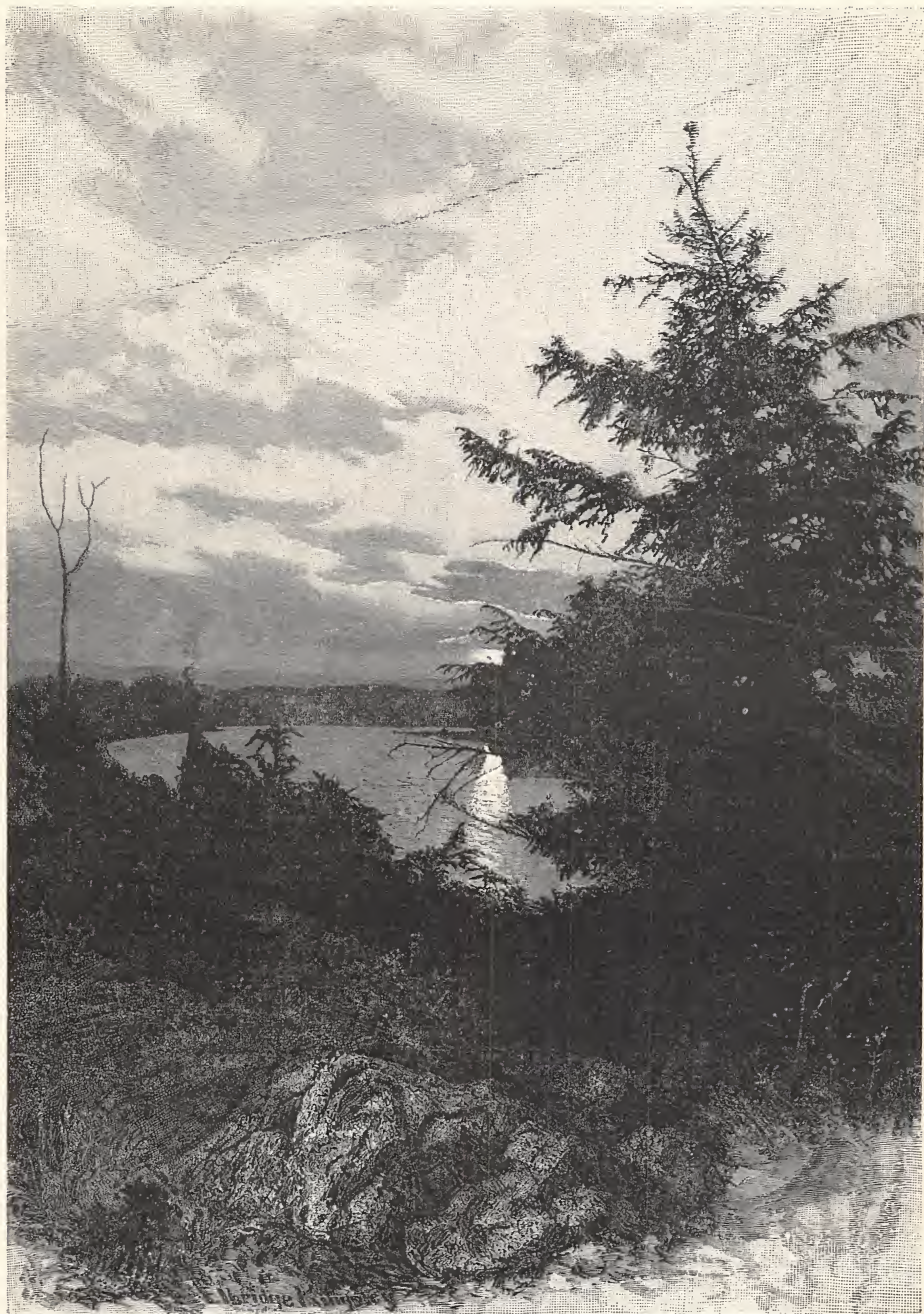
a faint, wavering, black line against the sky. They must have been at an altitude of three or four miles. I was looking intently at the clouds to see which way they moved, when the birds came into my field of vision. As it was near sun-down they were probably launched for an all-night pull. They were going with great speed, and as they swayed a little this way and that, they suggested a slender, all but invisible, ærial serpent cleaving the ether. What a highway was pointed out up there!—an easy grade from the Gulf to Hudson's Bay.

Then the typical spring and summer and autumn days, of all shades and complexions, one cannot afford to miss one of them, and when looked out upon from one's own spot of earth, how much more beautiful and significant they are! Nature comes home to one most when he is at home; the stranger and the traveler finds her a stranger and traveler also. One's own landscape comes in time to be a sort of outlying part of himself; he has sowed himself broadcast upon it, and it reflects his own moods and feelings; he is sensitive to the verge of the horizon: cut those trees, and he bleeds; mar those hills, and he suffers. How has the farmer planted himself in his fields; builded himself into his stone walls, and evoked the sympathy of the hills by his struggle! This home feeling, this domestication of nature, is important to the observer. This is the bird-lime with which he catches the bird; this is the private door that admits him behind the scenes. This is one source of Gilbert White's charm and of the charm of Thoreau's "Walden." These men staid at home; they made their nests, and took time to brood and hatch.

The birds that come about one's door in winter, or that build in his trees in summer; what a peculiar interest they have! What crop have I sowed in Florida or in California, that I should go there to reap? I should be only a visitor, or formal caller upon nature, and the family would all wear masks. No; the place to observe nature is where you are: the walk to take to-day is the walk you took yesterday. You will not find just the same things: both the observed and the observer have changed; the ship is on another tack in both cases.

I shall probably never see another just such day as yesterday was, because one can never exactly repeat his observation—can-



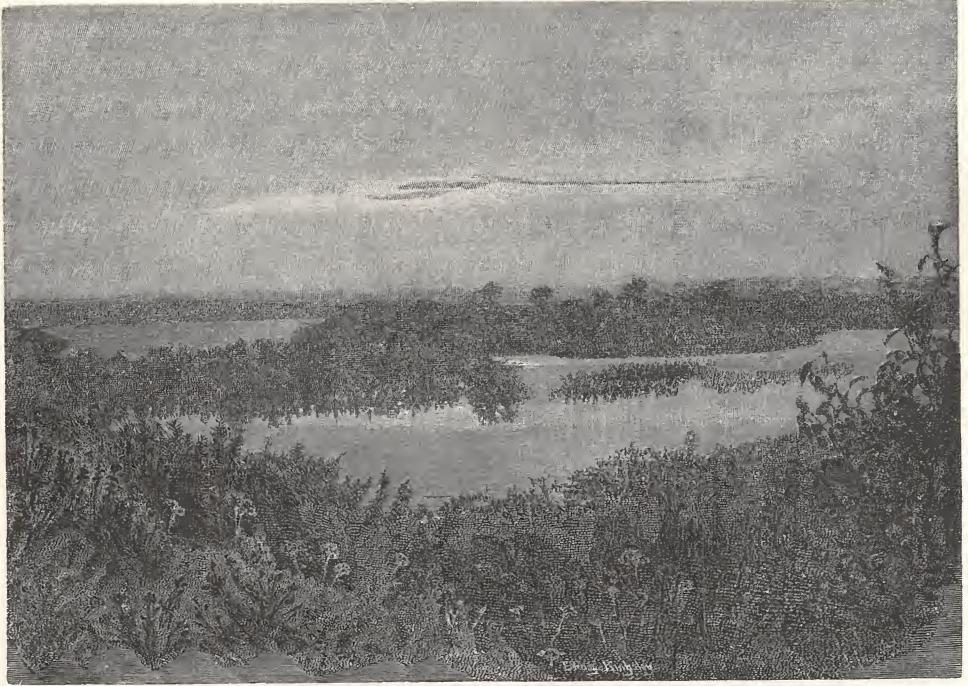


FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.



not turn the leaf of the book of life backward, and because each day has characteristics of its own. This was a typical March day, clear, dry, hard, and windy, the river ruffled and crumpled, the sky intense, distant objects strangely

uniformly diffused through it." Again, he says that the mountaineers of the Alps "predict a change of weather, when, the air being calm, the Alps covered with perpetual snow, seem on a sudden to be nearer the observer,



THE GATHERING STORM.

near; a day full of strong light, unusual; an extraordinary lightness and clearness all around the horizon, as if there were a diurnal aurora streaming up and burning through the sunlight; smoke from the first spring fires rising up in various directions; a day that winnowed the air, and left no film in the sky. At night how the big March billows did work! Venus was like a great lamp in the sky. The stars all seemed brighter than usual, as if the wind blew them up like burning coals. Venus actually seemed to flare in the wind.

Each day foretells the next, if one could read the signs; to-day is the progenitor of to-morrow. When the atmosphere is telescopic, and distant objects stand out unusually clear and sharp, a storm is near. We are on the crest of the wave, and the depression follows quickly. It often happens that clouds are not so indicative of a storm as the total absence of clouds. In this state of the atmosphere the stars are unusually numerous and bright at night, which is also a bad omen.

I find this observation confirmed by Humboldt. "It appears," he says, "that the transparency of the air is prodigiously increased when a certain quantity of water is

and their outlines are marked with great distinctness on the azure sky." He further observes that the same condition of the atmosphere renders distant sounds more audible.

There is one redness in the east in the morning that means storm, another that means wind. The former is broad, deep and angry; the clouds look like a huge bed of burning coals just raked open; the latter is softer and more vapory. Just at the point where the sun is going to rise, and some minutes in advance of his coming, there rises straight upward a rosy column; it is like a shaft of deeply dyed vapor, blending with and yet partly separated from the clouds, and the base of which presently comes to glow like the sun itself. The day that follows is pretty certain to be very windy.

The approach of great storms is seldom heralded by any striking or unusual phenomenon. The real weather gods are free from brag and bluster; but the sham gods fill the sky with portentous signs and omens. The 5th of last March was a day that would have filled the ancient observers with dreadful forebodings. At ten o'clock the sun was attended by four extraordinary sun-dogs. A



large bright halo encompassed him, on the top of which the segment of a larger circle rested, forming a sort of heavy brilliant crown. At the bottom of the circle, and depending from it, was a mass of soft, glowing, iridescent vapor. On either side, like fragments of the larger circle, were two brilliant arcs. Altogether, it was the most portentous storm-breeding sun I ever beheld. In a dark hemlock wood in a valley, the owls were hooting ominously, and the crows dismally cawing. Before night the storm set in, a little sleet and rain of a few hours' duration, insignificant enough compared with the signs and wonders that preceded it.

To what extent the birds or animals can foretell the weather is uncertain. When the swallows are seen hawking very high it is a good indication; the insects upon which they feed venture up there only in the most auspicious weather. Yet bees will continue to leave the hive when a storm is imminent. I am told that one of the most reliable weather signs they have down in Texas is afforded by the ants. The ants bring their eggs up out of their underground retreats and expose them to the warmth of the sun to be hatched. When they are seen carrying them in again in great haste, though there be not a cloud in the sky, your walk or your drive must be post-

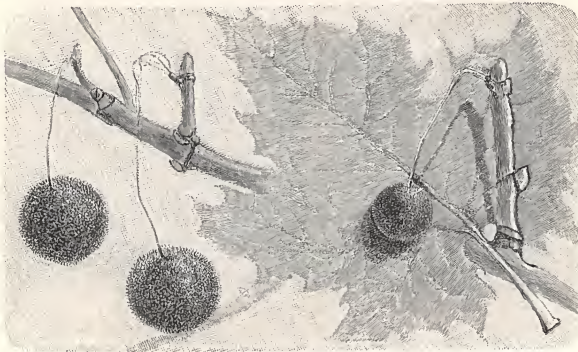
is one of the latest metrical translations. Dryden has it:

"The careful ant her secret cell forsakes  
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks."

which comes nearer to the fact. When a storm is coming Virgil also makes his swallows skim low about the lake, which agrees with the observation above.

In observing the weather, however, as in the diagnosis of disease, the diathesis is all-important. All signs fail in a drought, because the predisposition, the diathesis, is so strongly toward fair weather; and the opposite signs fail during a wet spell, because nature is caught in the other rut.

Observe the lilies of the field. Sir John Lubbock says the dandelion lowers itself after flowering, and lies close to the ground while it is maturing its seed, and then rises up. My dandelions continue to grow after the flower has dropped; the stalk lengthens daily, keeping just above the grass till the fruit is ripened, and the little globe of silvery down is carried many inches higher than was the ring of golden flowers. And the reason is obvious. The plant depends upon the wind to scatter its seeds; every one of these little vessels spreads a sail to the breeze, and it is necessary that they be launched above the grass and weeds, amid



BUTTON BALLS.

poned: a storm is at hand. There is a passage in Virgil that is doubtless intended to embody a similar observation, though none of his translators seem to have hit its meaning accurately:

"Saepius et tectis penetralibus extulit ova  
Angustum formica terens iter:"

"Often also has the pismire making a narrow road brought forth her eggs out of the hidden recesses" is the literal translation of old John Martyn.

"Also the ant, incessantly traveling  
The same straight way with the eggs of her hidden store,"

which they would be caught and held did the stalk not continue to grow and outstrip the rival vegetation. It is a curious instance of foresight in a weed.

I wish I could read as clearly this puzzle of the button-balls (American plane-tree). Why has nature taken such particular pains to keep these balls hanging to the parent tree intact till spring? What secret of hers has she buttoned in so securely, for these buttons will not come off. The wind cannot twist them off, nor warm nor wet hasten or retard them. The stem, or peduncle, by which the ball is held in the fall or winter, breaks up into a dozen or more threads or strands, that





AMONG THE PINES.

are stronger than those of hemp. When twisted tightly they make a little cord that I find it impossible to break with my hands. Had they been longer the Indian would surely have used them to make his bow-strings and all the other strings he required. One could hang himself with a small cord of them. (In South America, Humboldt saw excellent cordage made by the Indians from the petioles of the Chiquichiqui palm.) Nature was determined that these buttons should stay on. In order that the seeds of this tree may germinate it is probably necessary that they be kept dry during the winter, and reach the ground after the season of warmth and moisture is fully established. In May, just as the leaves and the new balls are emerging, at the touch of a warm, moist south wind, these spherical packages suddenly go to pieces—explode, in fact, like tiny bomb-shells that were fused to carry to this point and scatter their seeds to the four winds. They yield at the same time a fine pollen-like dust that one would suspect played some part in fertilizing the new balls, did not botany teach him otherwise. At any rate, it is the only deciduous tree I know of that does not let go the old seed till the new is well on the way. It is plain why the sugar-berry tree (*Celtis*) holds its drupes all winter: it is in order that the birds may come and sow the seed. The berries are like small gravel stones with a sugar coating, and a bird will not eat them till he is pretty hard pressed, but in late fall and winter the robins, cedar birds, and



blue birds devour them readily, and of course lend their wings to scatter the seed far and wide. The same is true of the juniper.

One must always cross-question nature if he would get at the truth, and he will not get at it then unless he frames his questions with great skill. Most persons are unreliable observers because they put only leading questions, or vague questions.

People live in the country all their lives without making one accurate observation about Nature. The evergreen trees in front of their doors—what do they know about their habits? Do the pine and the hemlock shed their leaves? Not in any strict sense. In the deciduous trees the new leaves take the place of the old; they come out in the axils of the old leaves, and the branch is re-clothed each spring, even if no new shoots appear. Not so with the pine or the hemlock; they turn over a new leaf only when they turn over a new growth of wood. The white pine usually sheds its leaves in midsummer, though I have known all the pines to delay till October. It is on with the new love before it is off with the old. From May till near autumn it carries two crops of leaves, last year's and the present year's. Emerson's inquiry

—"how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads,"

is framed in strict accordance with the facts. It is to her *old* leaves that she adds the new. Only the new growth, the outermost leaves, are carried over till the next season, thus keeping the tree always clothed and green. As its molting season approaches, these old leaves, all the rear ranks on the limbs, begin to turn yellow, and a careless observer might think the tree was struck with death; but it is not. The decay stops just where the growth of the previous spring began, and presently the tree stands green and vigorous, with a newly-laid carpet of fallen leaves beneath it. But the same is not true of the hemlock, or the spruce, or the red cedar. These trees do not shed their leaves periodically, but outgrow them gradually, as they do their bark, or as a person outgrows or wears out his clothes, here a shred and there a shred, a bit to-day or a bit to-morrow, and were it not for the new growth made each spring, they would, in time, become quite naked. The winds and storms whip them off, and, as the branches grow, the old leaves gradually disappear, leaving a naked stem. But none of the coniferæ renew their leaves as do the deciduous trees. New leaves come only upon new wood. If the tree were to cease to grow it would probably (though of this I am not certain) cease to shed its leaves. The pines

and firs and spruces differ still more radically from the deciduous trees. They have less scope, less versatility, fewer resources. They never sprout. Cut them down, and that is the end. Cut off a limb, and it is never renewed by a new shoot. Trim a pine or a hemlock closely and it will die; it has no power to start a branch *de novo*, to burst the bark with a new shoot. A sort of fatalism is characteristic of these trees. The limbs of the white pine tend to recur in regular intervals, like the rounds of a ladder. As it shoots upward in the forest it pulls this ladder up after it, so that the tallest trees are limbless for eighty or ninety feet.

When you cut off the top of a pine or spruce, removing the central and leading shaft, the tree does not develop and send forth a new one to take the place of the old, but a branch from the next in rank, that is, from the next whorl of limbs, is promoted to take the lead. It is curious to witness this limb rise up and get into position. One season I cut off the tops of some young hemlocks, that were about ten feet high, that I had balled in the winter and had moved into position for a hedge. The next series of branches consisted of three that shot out nearly horizontally. As time passed one of these branches, apparently the most vigorous, began to lift itself up very slowly toward the place occupied by the lost leader. The third year it stood at an angle of about forty-five degrees; the fourth year it had gained about half the remaining distance when the clipping shears again cut it down. In five years it would probably have assumed an upright position. A white pine of about the same height lost its central shaft by a grub that developed from the egg of an insect, and I cut it away. It rose from a whorl of four branches, and it now devolved upon one of these to take the lead. Two of them, on opposite sides, were more vigorous than the other two, and the struggle now is as to which of these two shall gain the mastery. Both are rising up and turning toward the vacant chieftainship, and, unless something interferes, the tree will probably become forked and led upward by two equal branches. I shall probably humble the pride of one of the rivals by nipping its central shoot. One of my neighbors has cut off a yellow pine about six inches in diameter so as to leave only one circle of limbs seven or eight feet from the ground. It is now the third year of the tree's decapitation, and one of this circle of horizontal limbs has risen up several feet, like a sleeper rising from his couch, and seems to be looking around inquiringly, as much as to say: "Come, brothers, wake up! Some one must take the lead here; shall it be I?"



The good observer of nature holds his eye long and firmly to the point, as one does when looking at a puzzle picture, and will not be baffled. The cat catches the mouse, not merely because she watches for him, but because she is armed to catch him and is quick. So the observer finally gets the fact, not only because he has patience, but because his eye is sharp and his inference swift. Many a shrewd old farmer looks upon the milky-way as a kind of weathercock, and will tell you that the way it points at night indicates the direction of the wind the following day. So also every new moon is either a

the truth that they do not. Do honey-bees injure the grape and other fruits by puncturing the skin for the juice? The most patient watching by many skilled eyes all over the country has not yet settled the point. For my own part, I am convinced that they do not. The honey-bee is not the rough-and-ready freebooter that the wasp and bumble-bee are; she has somewhat of feminine timidity, and leaves the first rude assaults to them. I knew the honey-bee was very fond of the locust blossoms, and that the trees hummed like a hive in the height of their flowering, but I did not know that the bumble-bee was the



WAITING FOR SPRING.

dry moon or a wet moon—dry if a powder-horn would hang upon the lower limb, wet if it would not; forgetting the fact that, as a rule, when it is dry in one part of the continent it is wet in some other part, and *vice versa*. When he kills his hogs in the fall if the pork be very hard and solid he predicts a severe winter; if soft and loose, the opposite; again overlooking the fact that the kind of food and the temperature of the fall make the pork hard or make it soft. So with a hundred other signs, all the result of hasty and incomplete observations. In most of the operations of nature there is one or more unknown quantity; to find the exact value of this unknown factor is not so easy. The wool of the sheep, the fur of the animals, the feathers of the fowls, the husks of the maize, why are they thicker some seasons than others; what is the value of the unknown quantity here? Does it indicate a severe winter approaching? Only observations extending over a series of years could determine the point. How much patient observation it takes to settle many of the facts in the lives of the birds, animals, and insects. Gilbert White was all his life trying to determine whether or not swallows passed the winter in a torpid state in the mud at the bottom of ponds and marshes, and he died ignorant of

sapper and miner that went ahead in this enterprise till one day I placed myself amid the foliage of a locust and saw him savagely bite through the shank of the flower and extract the nectar, followed by a honey-bee that in every instance searched for this opening and probed long and carefully for the leavings of his burly purveyor. The bumble-bee rifles the dicentra and the columbine of their treasures in the same manner, namely, by slitting their pockets from the outside, and the honey-bee gleans after him, taking the small change he leaves.

Speaking of the honey-bee reminds me that the subtle and sleight-of-hand manner in which it fills its baskets with pollen and propolis is characteristic of much of nature's doings. See the bee going from flower to flower with the golden pellets on its thighs, slowly and mysteriously increasing in size. If the miller were to take the toll of the grist he grinds by gathering the particles of flour from his coat and hat, as he moved rapidly about, or catching them in his pockets, he would be doing pretty nearly what the bee does. The little miller dusts itself with the pollen of the flower, and then while on the wing, brushes it off with the fine brush on certain of its feet, and by some jugglery or other, catches it in its pollen basket. One



needs to look long and intently to see through the trick. I have seen the bees come to a meal barrel in early spring, and to a pile of hard-wood sawdust before there was yet anything in nature for them to work upon, and having dusted their coats with the finer particles of the meal or the sawdust, hover on the wing above the mass till the little legerdemain feat is performed. Nature fills her baskets by the same sleight-of-hand, and the observer must be on the alert who would possess her secret. If the ancients had looked a little closer and sharper, would they ever have believed in spontaneous generation in the superficial way in which they did; that maggots for instance, were generated spontaneously in putrid flesh? Could they not see the spawn of the blow-flies? Or if Virgil had been a real observer of the bees, would he ever have credited, as he certainly appears to do, the fable of bees originating from the carcass of a steer? But the ancients, like children, or like barbarous tribes, were not observers in the modern sense. Nature was too novel, or else too fearful to them to be deliberately pursued and hunted down. Their youthful joy in her, or else their dread and awe in her presence, may be better than our scientific satisfaction, or cool wonder, or our vague, mysterious sense of "something far more deeply inter-fused," yet we cannot change with them if we would, and I, for one, would not if I could. Science does not mar nature. The railroad, Thoreau found after all, to be about the wildest road he knew of, and the telegraph wires the best æolian harp out-of-doors. Study of nature deepens the mystery and the charm because it removes the horizon farther off. We cease to fear, perhaps, but how can one cease to marvel and to love?

The fields and woods and waters about one are a book from which he may draw exhaustless entertainment, if he would. One must not only learn the writing, he must translate the language, the signs, and the hieroglyphics. It is a very quaint and elliptical writing, and much must be supplied by the wit of the translator. At any rate, the lesson is to be well conned.

All we know about the private and essential natural history of the bees, the birds, the fishes, the animals, the plants, is the result of close, patient, quick-witted observation. Yet nature will often elude one for all his pains and alertness. Thoreau, as revealed in his journal, was for years trying to settle in his own mind what was the first thing that stirred in spring after the severe New England winter—in what was the first sign or pulse of returning life manifest; and he never seems to

have been quite sure. He could not get his salt on the tail of this bird. He dug into the swamps, he peered into the water, he felt with benumbed hands for the radical leaves of the plants under the snow; he inspected the buds on the willows, the catkins on the alders; he went out before daylight of a March morning and remained out after dark; he watched the lichens and mosses on the rocks; he listened for the birds; he was on the alert for the first frog ("Can you be absolutely sure," he says, "that you have heard the first frog that croaked in the township?") he stuck a pin here and he stuck a pin there, and there, and still he could not satisfy himself. Nor can any one. Life appears to start in several things simultaneously. Of a warm thawing day in February, the snow is suddenly covered with myriads of snow fleas looking like black, new powder just spilled there. Or you may see a winged insect in the air. On the self-same day the grass in the spring run and the catkins on the alders will have started a little, and if you look sharply while passing along some sheltered nook or grassy slope where the sunshine lies warm on the bare ground, you will probably see a grasshopper or two. The grass hatches out under the snow, and why should not the grasshopper? At any rate, a few such hardy specimens may be found in the latter part of our milder winters wherever the sun has uncovered a sheltered bit of grass for a few days, even after a night of ten or twelve degrees of frost. Take them in the shade, and let them freeze stiff as pokers, and when thawed out again they will hop briskly. And yet if a poet were to put grasshoppers in his winter poem, we should require pretty full specifications of him, or else fur to clothe them with. Nature will not be cornered, yet she does many things in a corner and surreptitiously. She is all things to all men; she has whole truths, half truths, and quarter truths, if not still smaller fractions. The careful observer finds this out sooner or later. Old fox-hunters will tell you, on the evidence of their own eyes, that there is a black fox and a silver gray fox, two species; but there are not; the black fox is black when coming toward you, or running from you, and silver gray at point blank view, when the eye penetrates the fur; each separate hair is gray the first half and black the last. This is a sample of nature's half truths.

Which are our sweet-scented wild flowers? Put your nose to every flower you pluck, and you will be surprised how your list will swell the more you smell. I plucked some wild blue violets one day, the *ovata* variety of the *sagittata*, that had a faint perfume of sweet clover, but I never could find another that





AN OBSERVER.

had any odor. A pupil disputed with his teacher about the hepatica, claiming in opposition that it was sweet-scented. Some hepaticas are sweet-scented and some are not, and the perfume is stronger some seasons than others. After the unusually severe winter of 1880-81, the variety of hepatica called the sharp-lobed (*acutiloba*) was markedly sweet in nearly every one of the hundreds of specimens I examined. A handful of them exhaled a most delicious perfume. The white ones that season were largely in the ascendant, and probably the white specimens of both varieties, one season with another, will oftenest prove sweet-scented. Darwin says a large percentage of all fragrant flowers (I have forgotten exactly his proportion) are white. The only sweet violets I can depend upon are white, *viola blanda* and *viola Canadensis*, and white largely predominates among our other odorous wild flowers. All the fruit-trees have

white or pinkish blossoms. I recall no native blue flower that is fragrant except in the rare case of the arrow-leaved violet, above referred to. The earliest yellow flowers, like the dandelion and yellow violets, are not fragrant. Later in the season yellow is frequently accompanied with fragrance, as in the evening primrose, the yellow lady's-slipper, horned bladderwort, and others.

My readers probably remember that on a former occasion I have mildly taken the poet Bryant to task for leading his readers to infer that the early yellow violet—*rotundifolia*—was sweet-scented. In view of the capriciousness of the perfume of certain of our wild flowers, I have during the past two years tried industriously to convict myself of error in respect to this flower. The round-leaved yellow violet was one of the earliest and most abundant wild flowers in the woods where my youth was passed, and whither I still



make annual pilgrimages. I have pursued it on mountains and in lowlands, in "beechen woods" and amid the hemlocks; and while, with respect to its earliness, it overtakes the hepatica in the latter part of April, as do also the dog's-tooth violet and the claytonia, yet the first hepaticas, where the two plants grow side by side, bloom about a week before the first violet. And I have yet to find one that has an odor that could be called a perfume. A handful of them, indeed, has a faint, bitterish smell, not unlike that of the dandelion in quality; but, if every flower that has a smell is sweet-scented, then every bird that makes a noise is a songster.

On the occasion above referred to, I also dissented from Lowell's statement, in "Al Fresco," that in early summer the dandelion blooms, in general, with the buttercup and the clover. I am aware that such criticism of the poets is small game and not worth the powder. General truth, and not specific fact, is what we are to expect of the poets. Bryant's "Yellow Violet" poem is tender and appropriate, and such as only a real lover and observer of nature could feel or express, and Lowell's "Al Fresco" is full of the luxurious feeling of early summer, and this is, of course, the main thing; a good reader cares for little else; I care for little else myself. But when you take your coin to the assay office it must be weighed and tested, and in the comments referred to I (unwisely, perhaps) sought to smelt this gold of the poets in the naturalist's pot to see what alloy of error I could detect in it. Were the poems true to their last word? They were not, and much subsequent investigation has only confirmed my first analysis. The general truth is on my side, and the specific fact, if such exists in this case, on the side of the poets. It is possible that there may be a fragrant yellow violet, as an exceptional occurrence, like that of the sweet-scented, arrow-leaved species above referred to, and that in some locality it may have bloomed before the hepatica; also, that Lowell may have seen a dandelion or two in June amid the clover and the buttercups; but, if so, they were the exception, and not the rule—the specific or accidental fact, and not the general truth.

Dogmatism about Nature, or about anything else, very often turns out to be an ungrateful cur that bites the hand that reared it. I speak from experience. I was once quite certain that the honey-bee did not work upon the blossoms of the trailing arbutus, but while walking in the woods one April day I came upon a spot of arbutus swarming with honey-bees. They were so eager for it that they crawled under the

leaves and the moss to get at the blossoms, and refused on the instant the hive-honey which I happened to have with me, and which I offered them. I had had this flower under observation more than twenty years, and had never before seen it visited by honey-bees. Hence I would not undertake to say again what flowers bees do not work upon. Virgil implies that they work upon the violet, and for aught I know they may. I have seen them very busy on the blossoms of the white oak, though this is not considered a honey or pollen-yielding tree. From the sumac (*R. glabra*) they reap a harvest in midsummer, and in March they get a good grist of pollen from the skunk cabbage.

I presume, however, it would be safe to say that there is a species of smilax with an unsavory name that the bee does not visit, *herbacea*. The production of this plant is a curious freak of nature. I find it growing along the fences where one would look for wild roses, or the sweet-brier; its recurving or climbing stem, its glossy, deep-green, heart-shaped leaves, its clustering umbels of small greenish-yellow flowers, making it very pleasing to the eye; but to examine it closely one must positively hold his nose. It would be too cruel a joke to offer it to any person not acquainted with it to smell. It is like the vent of a charnel-house. It is first cousin to the trilliums, among the prettiest of our native wild flowers, and the same bad blood crops out in the purple trillium or birthroot.

The good observer of nature exists in fragments, a trait here and a trait there. Each person sees what it concerns him to see. The fox-hunter knows pretty well the ways and habits of the fox, but on any other subject he is apt to mislead you. He comes to see only fox traits in whatever he looks upon. The bee-hunter will follow the bee, but lose the bird. The farmer notes what affects his crops and his earnings, and little else. Common people, St. Pierre says, observe without reasoning, and the learned reason without observing. If one could apply to the observation of nature the sense and skill of the South American *rastreador*, or trailer, how much he would track home. This man's eye is keener than a hound's scent. A fugitive can no more elude him than he can elude fate. His perceptions are said to be so keen that the displacement of a leaf or pebble, or the bending down of a spear of grass, or the removal of a little dust from the fence are enough to give him the clew. He sees the half-obliterated foot-prints of a thief in the sand, and carries the impression in his eye till a year afterward, when he again detects it in the suburbs of a city, and the culprit is tracked



home and caught. I knew a man blind from his youth who not only went about his own neighborhood without a guide, turning up to his neighbor's gate or door as unerringly as if he had the best of eyes, but who would go many miles on an errand to a new part of the country. He seemed to carry a map of the township in the bottom of his feet, a most minute and accurate survey. He never took the wrong road, and he knew the right house when he had reached it. He was a miller and fuller, and ran his mill at night while his sons ran it by day. He never made a mistake with his customers' bags or wool, knowing each man's by the sense of touch. He frightened a colored man whom he detected stealing, as if he had seen out of the back of his head. Such facts show one how delicate and sensitive a man's relation to outward nature through his bodily senses may become. Heighten it a little more, and he could forecast the weather and the seasons, and detect hidden springs and minerals. A good observer has something of this delicacy and quickness of perception. All the great poets and naturalists have it. Agassiz traces the glaciers like a *rastreador*, and Darwin misses no step that the slow but tireless gods of physical change have taken, no matter how they cross or retrace their course. In the obscure fish-worm he sees an agent that has kneaded and leavened the soil like giant hands.

One secret of success in observing nature, is capacity to take a hint; a hair may show where a lion is hid. One must put this and that together and value bits and shreds. Much alloy exists with the truth. The gold of nature does not look like gold at the first glance. It must be smelted and refined in the mind of the observer. And one must crush mountains of quartz and wash hills of sand to get it. To know the indications is the main matter. People who do not know the secret are eager to take a walk with the observer to find where the mine is that contains such nuggets, little knowing that his ore-bed is but a gravel-heap to them. How insignificant appear most of the facts which one sees in his walks, in the life of the

birds, the flowers, the animals, or in the phases of the landscape, or the look of the sky!—insignificant until they are put through some mental or emotional process and the true metal appears. The diamond looks like a pebble until it is cut. One goes to nature only for hints and half-truths. Her facts are crude until you have absorbed them or translated them. Then the ideal steals in and lends a charm in spite of one. It is not so much what we see as what the thing seen suggests. We all see about the same; to one it seems much, to another little. The artist, the poet, the essayist, do not get their picture, or poem, or sketch, from nature; they only get the seed-cone of it, which they plant in their minds and hearts, and from which the crop is grown. A fact that has passed through the mind of man, like lime or iron, that has passed through his blood, has some quality or property superadded or brought out that it did not possess before. You may go to the fields and the woods, and gather fruit that is ripe for the palate without any aid of yours, but you cannot do this in science or in art. Here truth must be disentangled and interpreted; must be made in the image of man. Hence all good observation is more or less a refining and transmuting process, and the secret is to know the crude material when you see it. I think of Wordsworth's lines:

“ — the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create, and what  
perceive; ”

which is as true in the case of the naturalist as of the poet: both “half create” the world they describe. Darwin does something to his facts as well as Tennyson to his. Before a fact can become poetry, it must pass through the heart or the imagination of the poet; before it can become science, it must pass through the understanding of the scientist. Man can have but one interest in nature, namely to see himself reflected or interpreted there, and we quickly neglect both poet and philosopher who fail to satisfy, in some measure, this feeling.

*John Burroughs.*





## A NEW KNOCK AT AN OLD DOOR.

IN my morning journal stand five solid columns of advertisements of girls' schools. "It is fit," says Mr. Samuel Pepys, speaking of some new gown bought for his wife, "that the poor wretch should have something wherewith to content her." But it would seem that some hundreds of New York wives refuse to content themselves with these manifold educational concessions of the Pepysian spirit. For beside the journal lies a petition, very fully signed, a large proportion of names being those of women, which reads:

"We, the undersigned, residents of New York City and neighborhood, beg leave to present our respectful petition: That in view of the present state of public opinion, both here and in other countries, touching the justice and expediency of admitting women to the same educational advantages as men, a state of opinion especially evidenced by the recent action of the English universities of Cambridge and London, and in view of the influential position of Columbia College as among the oldest and most richly endowed educational institutions in the United States, and preëminently representing the intellectual interests of the city of New York, you will be pleased to consider how best to extend, with as little delay as possible, to such properly qualified women as may desire it, the many and great benefits of education in Columbia College, by admitting them to lectures and examinations."

To many sober and conscientious persons, both men and women, this demand sounds absurd, needless, improper, and dangerous. But do these objectors remember that every appeal for a better female education seemed, in its day, equally preposterous? It is hardly three centuries since Mademoiselle Françoise de Saintonge was hooted through the streets of her native village for proposing so disreputable a plan as the establishment of schools for girls in France, and her anxious father called in four learned doctors to determine whether this mad idea was not due to her possession by devils. The doctors pronounced her in her right mind, but her pious fellow-citizens stopped the spread of immoral ideas by the conclusive argument of insults leveled at the teacher and stones addressed to the pupils. The progress of the next century and a half is recorded in Dean Swift's observation that men constantly asked each other whether it was prudent to choose a wife who had good natural parts, some sense of wit and humor, a little knowledge of history, the capacity to relish travels or moral and entertaining discourse, and to discern the more obvious beauties of poetry. The general verdict, he says, was against such attainments in women, because their tendency was

to make wives pretentious and conceited, and not duly subject to their husbands.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, translating Epictetus at nineteen, and sending her work to her kind friend, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, apologizes at length for attempting a task universally pronounced unfit for a woman, and certain to draw down censure upon her (excusing herself, however, by citing the opinions of Erasmus, in the Latin!) Nearly fifty years afterward, in advising her daughter concerning the education of a bright little namesake, she entreats that free scope may be accorded the child's capacity, for the sake of the pure delight of learning and of her future happiness. But she adds the warning that, to insure a satisfactory marriage, the young girl's wit and acquirements must be as carefully concealed as a deformity, from a world which suspected or despised a learned woman. So strong, almost to our own day, has been this half-conscious contempt of the feminine mentality, that even Charles Lamb, that gentle and charitable soul, could speak of "L. E. L." with an unmanly sneer, and declare that a female poet, or female author of any kind, invited disrespect.

It is but ninety years since an English woman published the first serious demand for the higher education of English women. Her public found the book immodest, irreligious, anarchic. Issued to-day, it would appear a harmless plea, a trifle heavy and conservative, perhaps, for the thorough cultivation of the female mind, urged on social, moral, and religious grounds, and protesting against the sentimentalism of Rousseau, and the now forgotten Dr. Gregory. Mrs. Hannah More's dull novel of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," issued in 1808, contained, perhaps, the first argument in fiction that a ninny is not necessarily the ideal wife, or a knowledge of the Latin grammar incompatible with a turn for housekeeping.

It was no scoffer but the sweet-spirited Fénelon who taught that contact with learning would be almost as fatal to womanly delicacy as contact with vice. To Voltaire's love of epigram might be pardoned his saying that, "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." But Lessing was serious when he declared that, "The woman who thinks is like the man who puts on rouge, ridiculous." And even Niebuhr, the large-minded, believed that he should not have educated a girl well, for he should have made her know too much.



It was the first care of the Pilgrim Fathers to establish schools. Girls were allowed to attend these, two hours a day. But afterward the system was remodeled in a spirit of wide liberality, and girls were suffered all day—in the summer. When women teachers came to be employed they were required to “teach the English language correctly and the rudiments of arithmetic.” In 1826, after a discussion of three years, the city fathers of Boston resolved to establish a high school for girls, on the model of its admirable high school for boys. But such an army of young women battered the gates of that educational heaven with storms of prayers, that, after a trial of eighteen months, the dismayed corporation decided—to enlarge the building and multiply teachers? No, but to close the school altogether.

We smile at Monsieur de Saintonge and the sages of Boston. The two hundred and fifty advertisements refute the ancient prejudices. The innumerable names of women who have conquered success in literature, science, art; as great organizers, administrators, educators, refute them. The very discussion of the hour puts them to silence, for it declares that the question is no longer whether women are worth educating, but what education is worth most to them. The point of view is changed because the social conditions are changed.

If the cultivated judgment of ages held the female understanding to be inferior, doubtless it was inferior. Without incentives, means, or opportunities for growth, the mind of woman did not grow. And these helps were denied her, not by any mean desire of man to defraud her, not by any divine limitation of her needs, but because her time had not come. Just as war and slavery have been inevitable conditions and natural agents of human progress, so has the subjection of woman. In a rude society, man was her necessary protector, she his helpless dependent. Some sort of marriage utilized the capacity, such as it was, of every woman, because every man needed a household of cheap servitors. If he fought to protect his property in wives and concubines, they canceled the debt by labor. Ignorance was their normal and necessary estate. So long as the exercise of brute force remained the chief satisfaction of man, so long was woman insignificant. As advancing civilization has required them, the feminine qualities have answered, with growing adequacy, to the requirement. But the traditions of the time of man's legitimate supremacy, of course, lived on, and still survive in the general if vague notion that something external, mechanical,

eleemosynary, must continually be done *for* woman; whereas the modern spirit, which has been so long struggling into recognition, maintains that little of permanent value can be done *for* woman which is not done *by* woman. Growth is from within.

In his attitude of guardian, man—as, in the progress of time, he has felt the need of a companion and ally rather than of a servant and toy—has gradually released to woman the freedom of certain tracts of knowledge, finding his own account in it. And if he has not hitherto been ready to endow her with the whole fair domain, neither has she been free to occupy it. Ever since the Old Testament matrons ground the corn between stones, and sewed the skins their husbands brought home, and baked, and brewed, and made wine, and taught their slaves, and tended their sick, and reared their children, and adorned themselves to find favor in the sight of their lords, have generations of women found their first untroubled rest in the grave. But now machinery does half their work at half the cost, while organization still further relieves them from drudgery. Moreover, the great increase of wealth following on the arts of peace, fosters a growing class of unemployed and luxurious women, free to use the means of the higher education which their higher needs demand.

How, then, shall we make the most of that great indeterminate factor of the new civilization,—the feminine intelligence? It would seem self-evident that those studies which have taken their place in the higher education of man, because philosophy and experience found in them the surest and readiest means of symmetrical mental development, must be equally valuable to woman. If the languages, mathematics, modern science, logic, metaphysics, psychology, best train the faculties of observation, comparison, reflection; if they give flexibility and strength to the mind, and mold it to be always progressive, always acquiring more knowledge by thoughtful experience,—ought not their salutary discipline, as administered in college, to be extended to girls?

It is answered, first, that girls, being different, do not need the same training as boys; second, that they already have it; third, that they could not endure it. But whether likeness or difference predominates can never be known until like training develop the one or emphasize the other. “As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together,” wrote Sydney Smith, “they are precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their un-



derstandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning to explain so very simple a phenomenon." Teachers of mixed classes agree that what profits the one profits the other. Seneca advocated the study of the Greek philosophy for women, who, he said, needed it as a restraint upon their more impulsive temperament; and Plutarch urged upon his countrywomen the study of the Greek language and literature, for a like reason. No less forcible is Doctor Johnson's plea for this culture,—that whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of human beings.

The education of women is notoriously defective in the cultivation of definite ideas and the training of the judgment. Familiarity with scientific methods of study would dissipate their general and perilous confidence in "luck," and in that impossible condition known as "about right." Of directly practical value, also, would they find the capacity to deduce a conclusion from its premises, to estimate the worth of evidence, and understand the nature of proof. In every household, affairs daily come to judgment requiring more or less scientific knowledge and a scientific habit of thought. An exact mental training would mitigate the evils and enlarge the best possibilities of woman's existence.

This training both private schools and high schools must fall short of. Girls' high schools afford four years of what is projected as an eight years' term, and girls are expected to be satisfied with what is merely a preparatory course for their brothers. Private schools necessarily reflect the indefinite and various demands of their patrons. Undue stress must be laid upon accomplishments, undue cramming must be encouraged, the period of study being far too short; the methods of teaching must be empirical rather than scientific, and the end aimed at temporary and unreal, having no relation to life beyond the examination and the class-room. Our best private schools are indeed admirable, but there is no recognized standard of worth, and the bad are as ten to one. Besides, in apparatus, cabinets, libraries, and professorships, the richest among them is poor, compared with the richer colleges. There is but so much first-rate teaching capacity existent at any one time, and the larger salaries, honors, and pleasant conditions of the colleges, of course, absorb the most of it. Agassiz thought that a young student would gain more from coming into contact for a single month with a man

of really profound knowledge on any subject than he could from many months spent under the tutelage of one who himself knows but very little more than he attempts to teach. But the majority of teachers fall into this latter classification. Even the women's colleges, proposing the same curriculum as the men's, deserving the most sincere respect for their aims and their successes, must long be hampered by the difficulty of securing the ablest teaching talent and appliances. The best high-class boys' schools are conceded to be those which send the best equipped candidates to the universities. Were pupils from the girls' schools admitted to the same examinations there is no doubt that their standards and their methods of teaching would immediately advance.

If, however, the health of our girls is threatened by hard study, further opportunities of self-immolation must, of course, be denied them. The average health of boarding-schools is, indeed, low. From the graded and normal schools, girls are withdrawn more frequently than boys, by reason of physical inability. But the monstrosity of the prevailing curriculum, the high pressure, bad dressing, bad diet, external distractions, and the almost total want of healthful exercise among girls, explain this difference. The experience of twelve years at Ann Arbor, of eight at Cornell, of nine at Boston University, of much longer terms at the Ohio colleges, and of the entire existence of Vassar and Smith,—testifies to a constant improvement in the health of their girls, and a wholesome and preservative power in severe study, provided the conditions are right.

If it be true that the higher the civilization, the more nearly is companionship of the sexes reached, it seems a paradox that they should be united everywhere except in study, the most refining and least self-conscious of employments. Yet there is a general feeling that some vague danger, to manners if not to morals, lurks in the demand for the admission of girls to the precincts of the college. When the trustees of Cornell were debating the wisdom of accepting the munificent Sage endowment, with its conditions, their committee gathered the opinions of nearly all the educators of note in the country, as to the feasibility and propriety of opening the classes to women. The speculations of the officers of the older colleges (inheriting their traditions from semi-monastic institutions, founded and administered by men vowed to celibacy, and dreading the influence of women), almost uniformly discouraged and disapproved such a step. The testimony of the colleges already open to



both sexes, of academies and high schools, in the hands of men touching life at more points, with equal uniformity encouraged it. In theory it was averred that the girls would become mannish, or the boys effeminate; that the standard of scholarship would be lowered in concession to feminine limitations; and that sentimentalism would be developed, with a consequent deterioration of morals. In practice it was proved that while the boys acquired finer manners, the girls advanced in truthfulness, sincerity, and courage; that the standard of scholarship was raised, and that the predicted period of sentimentalism, though everywhere overdue, had persistently failed to appear. Cornell took the forward step, and President White adds the great weight of his own approval to the side of the innovators.

By some subtle process of reasoning quite inscrutable to the ordinary mind, it is maintained, however, that though coeducation may do for the barbarian regions of Michigan and Cornell universities, the metropolis, as represented by Columbia College, cannot with propriety extend her lectures and examinations to girls. But what then shall be thought of Cambridge?—for, after all, the experience of the great English university offers the best precedent, since the demand upon her was almost identical with that made to-day upon Columbia. It is, perhaps, twenty-five years since the English advocates of the higher education of women began to feel that their educational advantages could never equal those of men, until not only the subjects taught should be the same, but the teachers of equal and equally acknowledged ability. In ten years this feeling organized itself into the opening to them of the Cambridge local examinations, which are simply for standing. A little later the famous Girton College was founded, its object being “to hold in relation to girls’ schools and to home teachings, a position analogous to that occupied by the universities toward the public schools for boys,” and “to obtain for the students of the college admission to the examinations for degrees of the University of Cambridge, and generally to place the college in connection with that University.” It was understood that the immediate instruction should be given daily by the professors, lecturers, and fellows of the universities and its colleges.

The new college went into operation with six students, in a hired building, in October, 1869. It now possesses a building of its own, and even in its first decade recorded the admission of eighty-six candidates, of whom nineteen were graduated with honors, according to the university standard, and eleven passed the examinations which qualify for the degree

of Bachelor of Arts. These examinations, however, presented only an honor standard, and it was not until February, 1881, that the liberal action of the senate placed women students of Cambridge for all practical purposes upon an equal footing with men. In 1875, Newnham Hall was erected for the accommodation of women students coming to Cambridge to avail themselves of the new opportunities. Newnham Hostel was presently added, and the two, constituting Newnham College, to-day overflow with students.

Following on the Cambridge success came the opening of Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville College at Oxford, the free admission of women to the examinations of the University of London, and the granting of liberal opportunities on the part of Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Durham, and St. Andrews. The University of London is a young institution, unhampered by the prejudices and restrictions of its elders. “Hence it has been able to take a more decisive step than any other university in the direction of improvement in women’s education. For several years, it tried the experiment of a special examination for women, with a curriculum framed in supposed deference to special feminine needs. But though many women availed themselves of this examination, it soon became evident that the successes they won were all on the old lines—in classics, science, mathematics, literature; in fact, the subjects which belong to an ordinary course of liberal education, and not in any of the special studies which were presumed to be appropriate for them as women. Moreover, it was manifest that a distinctly feminine examination was not what women wanted; for the public believed that it was inferior, or specially lenient, whereas female students desired to have their knowledge and intellectual cultivation tested by the ordinary and recognized standards, and asked for no special tenderness or favor. Accordingly, after much discussion, it was determined, in 1877, to obtain from the crown a new charter, *admitting women on exactly the same footing as men to all the degrees in all the faculties*—arts, laws, medicine, science, music—and permitting them to receive the same honors and degrees. An increasing number of women has each year come up for matriculation and graduation, and some of the successes they have attained have been remarkable. The gold medal in anatomy—one of the chief and most coveted prizes in the medical profession—was won last year by a woman. Another came out first in mental and moral philosophy, and the proportion of women who pass *well* in the examinations is much



greater than that of the men. This, however, is easily accounted for by the fact that at present the numbers are much smaller, and are necessarily made up of students of exceptional ability and enterprise; whereas the crowds of men, of course, include a large number of the rank and file of those who are treading the usual path toward professional life, and who have no special aptitude or enthusiasm for study." This is the testimony of J. G. Fitch, Esquire, inspector of schools, member of the senate of London University, and one of the most distinguished educationists of England.

Professor Jackson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, writes:

"Having taken classes of ladies through the Ethics and part of the Metaphysics of Aristotle, and the 'Republic,' the 'Phaedo,' and the 'Philetus' of Plato, I can speak in the very highest terms of their industry and capacity. I put their attention to a severe test, as I sometimes lectured for an hour and a half, and even for an hour and three-quarters without interruption. As a proof of their capacity, I may mention that at the end of the Academic year, 1877-78, I examined some of my lady pupils in the Aristotle papers, which I was giving to the Trinity men who graduated in 1879, and the Plato papers which I was giving to the Trinity men who graduated in 1880, and that one of the ladies was third in Aristotle and first in Plato. In the following year another lady was second in my Aristotle paper. In both cases these ladies had among their competitors some of the very best men of the time."

J. P. Postgate, Esquire, M. A., Fellow of Trinity, and Professor of University College, London, writes:

"The performances of women in examinations at Cambridge and elsewhere, I look upon as wholly encouraging. The standard by which I should test them is an absolute one, and judged by that they show work which is intrinsically good and worth doing. I have been surprised at the numbers of first-class and other distinctions that they have gained. Both at Cambridge and at University College the women not unfrequently beat the men in the lists. Last year two-thirds of those examined in Comparative Philology were women; and a woman was easily first in the paper, beating another very good candidate, a man who has since taken a scholarship at Oxford, I believe. She did extremely well in the paper, and has been working at the subject since, and showing a very remarkable linguistic aptitude not merely in ancient, but in modern languages. The third candidate was a young lady who has since brought out a Hebrew grammar, which I believe is very well done. She also distinguished herself in Greek and Latin."

From the other colleges come equally favorable reports of feminine application, persistency, and accomplishment. Here, then, are some hundreds of women doing the same tasks as men, submitting to the same tests as men, showing at least as good work as men, without injury to their health. For no complaint of physical inability comes from any source; while at Girton, the pleasant apartment thoughtfully provided as a hospital for the deli-

cate women who were to break down under the strain of constant brain-work has never been used except as a room for examinations. Equally satisfactory is the testimony to the moral safety of the new system, not the slightest suggestion of impropriety having arisen.

From the beginning the most distinguished men in England, both lay and clerical, have been most friendly to this movement for the liberation of learning. At a recent distribution of prizes at the Oxford higher local examination, the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed his great gratification that opportunities for the highest instruction were so rapidly opening to young women.

The fortunate candidates for honors or recognition long since began to reap substantial benefits from having received the Cambridge certificate, not only in being preferred as teachers or governesses, but by commanding better salaries. The standard of girls' schools has been perceptibly advanced, and the character of pupils elevated, "sentimentalism and conceit being lessened, and habits of order, economy of time, and interest in study developed, as well as a new sympathy with those who are engaged in the graver business of life."

So much for conservative England. What is asked of New York? To quote from the admirable address of Dr. Storrs—"that a great, distinguished, opulent institution of learning in the midst of this metropolitan city, which has received, undoubtedly, large endowments from the direct gift of women, or under their influence, should give them the opportunity to pursue the higher branches of study, under the care of the teachers already assembled." Columbia cannot justify their exclusion on the ground that Vassar, and Wellesley and Smith Colleges invite them. Boys are intrusted to her care when Harvard and Yale exist, because New York parents prefer that home influences should accompany college training; and girls do not need these influences less. Besides, the expense of girls' resident-colleges is very great, compared with those of a richly endowed institution like Columbia. It is true that the charter of that venerable college did not contemplate the admission of girls. But it did contemplate the enlightenment and refinement of the community. And it would hardly be too much to say that, in the changed conditions of our time, if it were necessary to discriminate between the sexes in the matter of education, the cause of morality and progress would be better served by giving the higher opportunities to women.

The question of coeducation is not even to be considered,—at most, it is one of method only. If it be found convenient that boys



and girls should listen to lectures in common, as at Cambridge, it is difficult to see any sound objection to that economy of teaching. If it be found convenient to instruct them separately, again, as at Cambridge, criticism is equally silenced. The President of Columbia, who heartily favors the admission of girls, says that the college can provide for them separate entrances, cloak-rooms, and class-rooms. It is not apprehended that a crowd will assail the doors. It is not proposed to compel the many, who have no desire for better opportunities, but only to invite the few, who now stand vainly waiting.

The spirit of justice, of course, would rest woman's claim to the highest educational privileges on the human right to unrestricted growth, for soul is above sex. But here, as everywhere, the way of justice is the way of expediency. Enlightenment is not in proportion to the amount of knowledge on deposit, at any one time; it is in proportion to its diffusion. Because of the devotion of the average American to business, the mother and the school-mistress mold the early and sensitive years of the child's life to what shape they must. To the fitness of the average mother and school-mistress for this high task, what wasted powers, what mean ideals, what mistaken views of life bear

witness! Raise her schools, and the whole standard of woman's existence is raised. For the higher the few can reach, the higher the many rise. It is her perverted love of beauty which makes woman extravagant. It is her uncultivated desire for the higher satisfactions of art which makes our homes museums of upholstery. It is her unenlightened loyalty to the spirit of good which bids her cling to old abuses that were once uses, to harmful superstitions that were once faiths, and to-day constitutes her the most conspicuous bar to progress. Tocqueville says that he ascribes the treachery of some of the first leaders in the reform movements in France to the unhappy influence of wives and sisters on husbands and brothers. The claims of the past and their own private interests were more to them than the welfare of the struggling millions. Their perspective was in fault. But when a thorough culture and a trained judgment are added to the "superlunary virtues" of women, these accusations must fall.

In the time of old Cato the women raised an insurrection to obtain the privilege of riding in chariots, of decking themselves with rings, and of wearing purple robes. To-day they demand the outlook of a broader humanity, the jewel of high culture, the royalty of knowledge.

*Lucia Gilbert Runkle.*

[Begun in November.]

## THE LED-HORSE CLAIM.\*

A ROMANCE OF THE SILVER MINES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "Friend Barton's Concern," "A Story of the Dry Season," etc.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### LITTLE REST.

"WHY was it called 'Little Rest?'" Cecil asked, as the carriage slowly climbed the hill from the station. She had known the name since childhood, but its familiarity had dulled her ear to its meaning, which struck her now for the first time.

"It was a half-way stopping place for the stages on the old post road," Miss Esther replied. "They changed horses at Sullivan, two miles on. This long hill was hard for the tired teams, and they used to stop at the foot of the first rise to water and breathe them a little. First there was a blacksmith's shop, and a box on the side of the big elm

for letters and papers; then there was a tavern called 'The Little Rest.'"

Cecil softly repeated the name to herself. The horses dropped into a steady, hard-pulling walk, after their first spurt up the long, steep grade, which was broken at intervals by shallow, transverse hollows to lead off the water.

The Hartwell house stood at the end of a broad, grass-grown lane which joined the main road at the top of the hill. Cecil remembered her grandmother's house when she was just tall enough to see her face, distorted in miniature reflection, in the polished brass door-knobs; when, to her small stride, the meadow grass in June was a tropical jungle, and a seat among the low apple-tree boughs

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in the orchard had seemed from the ground a perilous adventure.

In those days she had found it a long walk from the white-painted gate-posts up the straight drive to the high-pillared porch. The house had been built during the white wooden temple period of domestic architecture, which belonged to the early eighteen hundreds. Its formal lines were repeated in those of the leafless locust trees, facing each other, on either side of the drive, in a stately expectancy—as of the arrival of some guest who never came, or the passing of bridal carriages, or a funeral procession from the white-paneled front-door beneath the porch. This fancy occurred to Cecil looking from the window of the hack, which had stopped before the closed gate. The driver called to a man who was raking the dead leaves into heaps upon the withered grass of the door-yard. He was an elderly man and he came deliberately, first hooking his rake in the low boughs of a tree. He put his shoulder under the top bar of the gate and lifted it on its hinges, before swinging it open. As the carriage passed through, he stood aside and nodded silently in response to Miss Esther's greeting.

The years since Cecil had seen them last had thinned the ranks of the locusts. Here and there a comrade had dropped out of line; the loss of their close-set, plummy foliage suffered the amputation of limbs to be seen. A few faded leaves clung to the boughs, or drifted downward in the still air, falling as light as the first snow-flakes would soon fall on the shrunken turf. The rose-bushes in the beds beneath the front windows were swathed in straw, and bowed with their heads to the earth, and the cords which had sustained their blossoming sprays in summer hung slack and rain-bleached against the side of the house.

Miss Esther straightened the door-mat with her foot, before entering. She did not knock, but the heavy door stuck slightly, and opened with a jar which set the brass knocker's teeth a-chattering.

The interior of the hall was darkened by faded green silk shades drawn down over the side-lights. The slender mahogany stair-rail made a square turn at the landing, and, continuing upward, caught a strong gleam of pure white light from an uncurtained window above. A tall closet opened on the landing. Cecil remembered how her brother had been wont to conceal himself there and spring out upon her unawares, on her toilsome journeys up and down the stair-case. She had never, as a child, been able to pass that closet, without thrills of acute terror; even when the doors

stood ajar, the long, dark garments hanging within had been invested to her imagination with the mystery of which they were the sole proprietors.

Martha, the respectable "help," warned by the involuntary noise of their entrance, met them at the door of the back-parlor, and informed them that Mrs. Hartwell was in her own room dressing after her afternoon nap. She looked deliberately and curiously at Cecil, glanced at the hard-coal fire to see if it required mending, asked Miss Esther some common-place question about their journey, and then retired to the region of the kitchen.

The two women, left alone, were silent; Cecil gazed about her, taking in the details of the room, with shocks of recollection, and Miss Esther followed the expression of her face, wistfully. The presence of a young girl in the house made her realize its subdued life and remoteness, and the lapse of time since her own girlhood.

A slow, heavy step was heard moving about overhead.

"I will go up and see mother," Miss Esther said, "and see if your room is ready."

Cecil turned toward her aunt with a quick, affectionate gesture.

"Everything is just as it used to be—only then I did not know how lovely it was! If you only *knew* how different it is!"

"Different?"

"From other places I have known."

"Ah, my dear, if you had only come to us last summer!"

Cecil did not echo this wish; she could hardly have told why. She had put off her hat and wraps, and knelt before the fire as she had often knelt in the glow of the great stone chimney of the Shoshone cabin.

"I *must* be content!" she adjured her failing heart, on the threshold of this new life of peace.

There was a rustle of thin silk behind her, as the door opened and her grandmother entered. She greeted Cecil very quietly, almost coldly, and, to her exquisite relief, made no allusion to the circumstances connected with her present visit to Little Rest. She took the chair on the opposite side of the fire, rocking gently, while her eyes dwelt on Cecil's face with a prolonged and retrospective gaze. Her white, withered hands, with the purplish veins showing on their backs, were crossed over her pocket-handkerchief, and rested on the ample slope which the folds of her black satin apron took in their descent toward her lap. Clear white muslin bands encircled her wrists.

The placid figure, the creak of the chair in its brief oscillations, the tinkle of a coal falling on the iron pan beneath the grate, had



for Cecil a fascinating, dreamy familiarity. In the plain slab of black marble which crossed the chimney-piece, there was a darkly reflected picture of the room, in the fading light. Miss Esther was laying the cloth for tea, and placing the gilt china and the thin, bent-edged silver tea-service in order. As a child, Cecil had often watched this same picture from her seat on the embroidered footstool, which was decorated with a pink-eyed lamb, whose outlines, year by year, became more confused with the green-and-buff landscape in which its feet were set. Even the strip of orange-colored sky showing behind the thin woods on the hill, looked in through the window with a friendly light. Her childhood seemed waiting, with gentle, appealing touches of memory, to heal the wounds that womanhood had given her.

When Mrs. Hartwell spoke to Cecil of her brother, it was always of the little boy she had known long ago. The events of his life subsequent to that time she ignored, as if he had died in childhood. Cecil sometimes wondered at this silence, but she accepted it and was unspeakably grateful for it. It was a silence which covered more than the proud old heart that kept it would have permitted any one to guess. Grandmamma Hartwell had been enlightened in various ways as to Harry Conrath's development, since the days of his childish sovereignty over the household at Little Rest. As a trifling incident of this development, he had borrowed sums of money of her from time to time, making little filial journeys down into the country for that purpose. Miss Esther had often recalled these visits with the pathetic appreciation with which elderly retired gentlewomen dwell upon the disinterested attentions of their young male relatives.

Mrs. Hartwell had received the news of her grandson's death with outward composure, but for many days she had been strangely restless. She had seemed more heavy and silent since that time. Only once had she alluded to the family grief. This was on the evening before Miss Esther's journey to New York to meet Cecil. Miss Esther had come into her mother's room to cover her fire and arrange her for the night. The old lady was sitting up in bed in her night-cap, with a loose, wadded silk sack over her night-dress. She seemed nervous, and watched Miss Esther's movements with impatience.

"Why don't you let Martha attend to the fire? She does it perfectly well. What is the use of making your hands rough for nothing at all except a fancy that I'm more comfortable for it. I'm not. I can't bear to see you on your knees before that grate."

"Martha can do it when I'm away," Miss Esther replied, mildly.

When she came to the bedside to say good-night, her mother detained her by the hand.

"Sit down a minute, Essie. Put that shawl around you." Mrs. Hartwell did not speak again, immediately. She was rolling up her cap-string, and her fingers were slightly tremulous. "I don't suppose he would let you bring her down here," she said, presently.

"He didn't say anything about it; but of course he couldn't say anything in a telegram. Perhaps there will be a letter—or she may know what he wants her to do."

"He cannot want to keep her in that hotel! Strange ways! Strange ways!" the old lady repeated.

"He always seemed to be afraid the children would get—well—our ways," said Miss Esther. "I know he thinks we are very provincial down here."

"He didn't seem to think your sister was provincial—before he married her." After a moment's silence, Mrs. Hartwell spoke again, in her deep voice. "Where is that picture, Essie,—that picture of Harry?"

"Mother, I put it away. I thought it would hurt you to see it all the time."

"People have to get used to being hurt. I wish you'd bring it back."

#### CHAPTER XV.

#### OLD PATHWAYS.

CECIL had not been brought up in the habit of industry. To sit perfectly still and unemployed for an hour at a time was no affliction to her, as it would have been to Miss Esther—as it undeniably was to Miss Esther to see her thus listlessly drifting, day after day, with the tide of her thoughts. She spoke to her mother on the subject of her duty to the young girl in this respect, but Grandmamma Hartwell replied:

"Let her alone for awhile. She doesn't look like one who needs spurring."

Cecil was never troubled by the long gaze which her grandmother would often fix upon her, as they sat opposite each other by the fire. She made no attempt to respond to it. It seemed to pass beyond her own personality and to recall, in her face and movements, other faces and older histories than hers. But she was happier with her grandmother than with Miss Esther, whose hovering solicitude fretted her and increased her self-consciousness. Her spirit gradually keyed itself to the subdued monotone of the eventless days, succeeding each other with the



soft, obliterating effect of dropping water. The sharpness of her pain subsided into a mental torpor which forbade either hope or passionate repining. It would have been premature to call it resignation.

Cecil did not look unhappy in these days, but she was not able to bear the house-life without long, solitary walks which had the effect, almost, of a voluntary religious exercise.

On rainy days she would stand at the windows of the cold, unused parlor and watch the locust trees rock and strain in the wind; with them, in spirit, she rode out the storm. At twilight she was able to take her place at the piano, whose keys had a thin, sweet tinkle, like the melodies that had been played on it in its prime. The folding-doors were parted, that her grandmother, sitting by the fire in the back parlor, might listen to "Joys that we've tasted" and "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," until Martha came in with the lamp and announced that supper was ready.

Cecil had found a succession of harmonies that fitted the words:

"Oh, me, oh, me! what frugal cheer  
My love doth feed upon";

and sometimes in moments of weakness she gave them utterance, enunciating the perilous syllables softly, with a sense of self-betrayal and of tampering with resolution.

Fair days or cloudy always found her a-field, climbing the brown orchard slope behind the house and fleetly following the path which led through the gap in the stone fence to the level meadows, below the mill-dam. It was a country of abrupt heights and hollows; in the spring, the half-hidden water-courses made a pleasant noise among the hills, but only the greater streams survived the summer.

Cecil's accustomed way took her across the mill-dam by the well-worn path. The leafless willows crossed their red-tipped lances in the sun above her head. On one side lay the glassy pond, and, below the wall of the dam, the shorn meadow, with a faint new greenness showing along the course of the wastewater from the dam. The path rose abruptly, beyond the mill-dam, and disappeared on the wooded hill which bounded the eastern shore of the pond. There were no long outlooks here, but there was seclusion and peace in the narrow boundaries of the horizon. The sky limits were confined; there was no mystery of far-off line of sea or estranging plain. The hills were near neighbors; their language was content rather than aspiration.

Cecil's most frequent refuge was the wood. Here her restless footsteps were staid; she waded into its rustling hollows, deep in

fallen leaves; she stood and listened to its stillnesses. Often she would throw herself down, like a burden she was weary of, on its broad, brown lap, letting her eyes travel upward to the complex tracery of tree-stems screening the sky, as a sick child will dully follow the pattern of its mother's dress or the reflections in her bending eyes.

Yet she could be merry at times, when other young voices were near, to catch and repeat the fitful note of gayety in her own. The young voices that sometimes echoed with hers through the wood belonged to two bright-faced lads of twelve and fourteen years, who appeared to enjoy more liberty than usually falls to the lot of school-boys. They were the only boarding-pupils in the family of the minister, who kept a private school in the neighborhood. When the afternoon sunlight gilded the tree-stems and dappled the warm slopes of the wood, they were always at large, making the rounds of their favorite haunts; visiting their quail-snares and rabbit-traps, or the chestnut-trees, where the last of the crop lay under the leaves, or extending their circuit to the neighboring fields in search of frozen-thawed apples. Divers and many were their errands, but none of so pressing a nature that time was wanting for wrestling together in beds of fallen leaves or flinging surreptitious armfuls of them over each other, or pausing on the top rail of a fence that crossed a hill, to wake the silent landscape with a shrill hoot or whistle.

By little and little, in odd ways, a shy, wary comradeship had sprung up between this light-hearted pair and the lonely girl. She took no particular attitude toward them; she was not motherly or sisterly or cousinly,—she was not even invariably friendly. Her mood could not be foretold. Sometimes she would pass them with an abstracted smile; for days, perhaps, they would not exchange a word; then an afternoon would find them following, side by side, the obscure highways of the wood, or seated in the shelter of a rock, or on some dry hill-slope, munching sweet withered chestnuts and talking idly, while the shadows crept past them before the low sun.

In the early stages of their acquaintance, Cecil was not greatly interested in the lads as individuals. She liked their impersonal boyhood; their calls to each other across intervening hills; their ambuscades and sallies and notes of warning; their unexpected touches of rude sentiment; the listening look in their faces, and the unconscious, perpetual play of life in their slim, restless bodies. But her observation of them was respectful and reticent. They were vaguely stimulated by it, though its outward



signs were slight. Her companionship was a unique experience in the lives of the two boys. Her indefinite, girlish loveliness and grace of silence or of speech, the unexplained solitude of her musing walks, some hint of melancholy which they dimly felt in her presence as they felt the thrill in the note of the hermit-thrush in the heart of the spring woods, touched that dumb response to beauty which, in a boy's nature, is often hidden in proportion to its strength. To each other they seldom spoke of Cecil, and by a tacit understanding, when they were attended by their school-mates, they avoided her company, as a pleasure too fine to be indiscriminately shared.

Cecil was as incurious about the actual lives and character of her two comrades as if she had been a veritable nymph or dryad of the woods, meeting them on that borderland of enchantment which tradition supplies for such mythical companionships. She heard them call each other Bert and Charley, and she inferred from their accent and bearing that their associations had been gentle and their discipline scant. They had read with youthful avidity and promiscuously, like boys who had had books within reach, with no one to guide their selection.

She had no distinct preference for Bert, but when she talked to both boys, she looked in his face more often than in Charley's. Bert's eyes were dark, and his strongly marked eyebrows descended slightly as they approached each other; when his hat was pushed back, his thick, brown forelock showed below the brim; his nose was still uncertain in shape. He laughed a great deal, showing his big, solid, white teeth between lips whose curves kept their child-like purity of outline. His face was deeply, richly colored; the rims of his well-formed ears glowed a fine crimson against the slope of close-shorn hair fading into the lighter brown of his neck. Charley, the elder lad, was blonde and freckled. He had an honest, sensitive countenance, and eyes which needed only darker shading in the brows and lashes to bring out their beauty; but Charley's good looks were problematical, while Bert's were in transition.

It was not, however, its joyous beauty that drew Cecil's eyes so often to Bert's face; it was a puzzling, elusive hint which came and went, with its changing expressions, of another face she had known. The fascination of its recurrence grew upon her unawares; she watched for it, and yet shrank from it when it returned. It was an innocent, unaccountable likeness; its little intermittent hurt could hardly be said to trouble a peace that was not yet attained, or to rouse memories that had never slept.

Early in December, the thin, gray ice that stilled the surface of the pond, grew strong enough to bear skaters. The quiet of the neighboring hills was invaded by a confusion of voices and the echoes of iron-shod feet treading the sounding ice-floor. A light, dry snow fell, whitening the pathways of the wood. It disappeared quickly from the open fields, but lingered, like sifted ashes, on the brown leaves in the wooded hollows.

Cecil had found a new revelation of half-forgotten beauty in the white precincts of the pond, lying, like water in a swoon, beneath the bright, unfruitful winter skies. She was still attended by her juvenile body-guard, nor did she covet other company. Quite unconsciously she had become a member of a triple alliance, which kept itself intact in the midst of the shifting crowd of skaters; but she was under no temptation to break the tacit bond. The representative young ladies of Little Rest were of Miss Esther's age; its young men were a tradition of the days before the war. A subsequent and less characteristic crop had been reaped by the great cities or neighboring factories, by the enticing, devouring frontier, and the equally insatiable sea.

One Saturday evening, after sunset, Charley and Bert had kindled a fire against the slope of a rock that walled in one side of a little cove. The shore of the pond, following the curves of the hill, formed this miniature bay, where the water, sheltered from wind-flaws, froze into a sheet of ice, clearer than that of the open pond. The white, opaque ice-field beyond was tinted by a rosy reflection from the western sky; above the frozen stubble-fields the new moon's sickle gleamed. The skaters were leaving the pond. Cecil was too far lost in the enchantment of watching their gypsy fire brighten the edge of twilight, to think of the hour, and the boys were not likely to remind her.

They had piled stones to make a seat for her on the windward side of the fire. She sat with her back against the rock, her muff extended in one hand to shield her face from the heat. She had a skater's color in her cheeks, but her lowered lashes gave her eyes a dreamy look. The wood was already a mass of brown shadows; around the fire-lit circle of faces the pale tints of the winter landscape were fading. The blush color in the west had changed to a cold blue, in which the new moon gleamed more sharply, but as yet there were no distinct shadows. The white ice-shield gathered and diffused the lingering light.

The boys sat at Cecil's feet, feeding the flames with snapping cedar-twigs and watching the scattering volleys of sparks. The



smoke-coils floated off and dispersed among the deepening gloom of the wood.

Cecil was silent, confused by the awakening of that dull heart-ache which, in its moments of suspension, she called content. She was restless with the beauty of the evening. It rankled in her soul. Such evenings were for happy people, or for children, to whom each day was a separate existence. At that moment she would have given all the beauty that enfolded her loneliness,—hushed, dusky wood and glimmering pond, slumberous fields and softly-colored twilight, lit by the crescent moon,—for the sky of solid rock, the yellow candle-rays and inky shadows of those rugged underground pastures where she had first recognized the love and the sorrow of her life-time. With this or with that small circumstance different, how different all might have been! The thought came to her with the agony of an old pain that returns after an interval of rest. She could not recall one moment of absolute happiness that she had ever known through Hilgard, or with him. Their moments together had been clouded by the trouble that was coming to them both; but few and poor as they had been, the memory of them was intolerable now.

What was it, after all, she asked herself, that had separated them? No fatality of their past had kept her from him in his extremity. She would have renewed her broken promise at his death-bed, and felt that it was the sacrament of her life. She could think of him no longer as the dim-eyed figure she had left, prostrate on a sick-bed. But were youth and strength and love of life offenses in him for which she held him accountable? Was it not rather her sick faith—her doubt of herself as a positive and vital need to a life already replete? If it were possible to believe that wherever he might be that night he was thinking of her and wanting her! If indeed his happiness were in her gift and he should ask it once more at her hands—what would she do with it? Would she deny him, and bury his hope and hers in her brother's grave,—the old wrongs revenged in the old way,—the hard deeds of men remembered and perpetuated by women!

She rose suddenly to her feet and stood against the rock, receiving upon her full-length figure the strong red glow. The two lads looked up at her, half abashed at her loveliness.

"Come," she said, "let us put out the fire. We must go home! Will you go with me as far as the orchard?" She looked doubtfully at the lads. She had never before made even so small a claim as this on their friendship.

Charles grew red with pleasure, but remained silent, while Bert answered for both.

"We'll go all the way. But there is a man coming down through the wood. Let's wait till he gets by."

The footsteps left the path, and came crashing and trampling down into the hollow by the rock. Bert began mentally to take an attitude of defiance, expecting the usual remonstrance from some farmer of the neighborhood, in regard to carelessness with fire. As the intruder came within the circle of light Bert and Charles turned to confront him. He was tall, youthful, and stalwart of figure, dressed for a winter journey, in seal-skin cap and belted ulster. There was a formidable directness in his glance and bearing. The boys hesitated a moment and then fell upon him with boisterous greetings, and dragging him forward, presented him to Cecil as their brother.

Hilgard had come down to Little Rest in a despairing pause of his search for Cecil. He was on the track of the truant lads, but he had not expected to find Cecil with them, encamped like a Romany girl, on the charmed edge of evening, in that remote hollow of the hills. It was an exquisite surprise—a rush of joy, so keen and sweet that it had almost brought the tears to his eyes. She was a radiant figure in the warm fire-glow, but there was no warmth in her greeting.

Cecil knew that he had not come to see her. The bond between them seemed more unreal than ever in the presence of this relationship which she had not even suspected. As she looked at the three who had found each other, she discovered with a fresh pang that she had grown fond of the little lads. She must lose them, too, since they belonged with all that she had put out of her life, forever. They counted among Hilgard's compensations,—if, indeed, he needed any,—not among hers. She waited in awkward misery for a chance to escape, while Hilgard submitted to the tumultuous questions of the boys: Where had he kept himself, and why hadn't he written? How long was he going to stay, and would he give them that week in New York with him at Christmas, as he had promised?

"Oh, I say! You're not going home without us?" they exclaimed to Cecil, who had turned away toward the wood-path.

"I shall not need you. It will be light enough when I get on the hill."

She did not stop, and her manner was so decided that the lads hesitated, looking puzzled and hurt.

"She asked us to go home with her," they appealed to Hilgard.

"You must first put out that fire, every spark, before you leave it," he said, in the



tone of authority that came to his firm voice more readily than tones of tenderness. But the tenderness trembled in it the next moment, when he had followed Cecil, and, walking by her side, his head down close to hers, said:

"I don't know where home is, but I am going there with you."

"Not to-night. You must leave me to-night."

"I shall never leave you, because I shall never find you again, if I do."

Hilgard's nerve had not quite forsaken him. He felt very quiet, but very desperate. From the shore of the pond came the boys' clear treble shouts as they trod out the sparks and flung the brands of their fire out upon the ice.

"Cecil, let us understand each other now," Hilgard continued. "Did you mean every word in your letter. A woman should not write such a letter as that to a man she does not mean to marry."

"I told you not to come!"

"You may tell that to a sick man. I'm not sick now. I have as good a right to my wife as any man. I have found her, and I mean to make her happy."

Cecil had stopped, moving away from his side in the narrow path.

"It is too much," she said. "No one could bear this!"

"Is my coming too much to bear?"

"Your coming—and your going. It is cruel to keep offering me what I cannot take!"

"You shall take it!" Hilgard put his arms around her and held her fast, with her head pressed close against his turbulent heart. "It is not taking, it is giving. Will you give me nothing for all my love? Let us end it here—now. This is the only human way!"

But Cecil was not yet at rest. In a moment she drew away from him and listened, with her hands against his breast, and her cheek turned toward the faint breeze that blew up from the hollow.

"Where are the boys?" she whispered. The moon hung low over the darkening outline of the hills; the dim landscape returned no sound but the rustling of the sere leaves in the aisles of the wood, and the slight reverberations of the ice, warping with the night's increasing cold.

The lads had not been slow to perceive that there was a mystery of previous acquaintance between Hilgard and their girl-comrade, and that their company along the wood-path was neither missed nor desired. With hasty, boyish resentment, they had taken themselves off by another path toward the village.

"They have gone back alone," Cecil said,

quickly divining her offense against good fellowship. "Won't you go after them and bring them back? No, you needn't come back! Stay with them, please, and make them understand!"

Hilgard laughed, a low excited laugh of insecure triumph.

"No, indeed, I won't! The boys will have to wait. They have had their turn."

"But it is not kind, and they *have* a right to you—they have not seen you for so long!"

"I have some rights, myself. They might have seen me if they had told me you were here. Can't you spare *me* a little of your kindness for the boys. Cecil, you don't know what an awful power you have over me. For God's sake, don't play with it!"

She put up her cheek close to his bent head.

"I am afraid to begin—if I once *began* to be good to you——"

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE PATHS MEET.

HILGARD and Cecil were married on a wet May morning when the wind that blew across the farms bore with it the fragrance of rain-drenched blossoms. In the Hartwell house a wood-fire lit the gloom of the heavily curtained parlor, where the remnants of the two families were assembled to witness the marriage ceremony. Mr. Conrath did not lend his countenance to the proceedings, in any sense of the word, and it remained for the grandmother to give away the bride. It was with a stern reluctance in her heart that she fulfilled this duty of relationship. The two women who represented the family of the bride wore their dull, black mourning robes, but Cecil, with pathetic magnanimity, had put on a gown as white as the happiest omens might have called for.

In the pauses of the service the soft spring showers dashed in gusts against the window-panes, and rustled in the deep-mouthed chimney. The perfume of hot-house roses stole luxuriously upon the cool, pure air of the old-fashioned room, with a suggestion of the distant city and the men and women of the world outside.

The carriage had not yet come when Cecil entered the parlor in her traveling dress. Mrs. Hartwell was moving about the room with that restlessness upon her which is so much more painful to witness in a large calm person than in one to whom it is habitual. The boys, on whom every one had counted as a relief to the intensity of the occasion, had developed an unexpected shyness of Hilgard, in his anomalous character of bride-



groom. Cecil, very white about the lips and dark about the eyes, sat buttoning her gloves, and trying to listen to the clergyman's voice, prosing gently through the unhappy silence. The fire snapped behind the ponderous brass-work which guarded the grate. Miss Esther sobbed audibly. Hilgard went out into the entry and waited by one of the side-lights looking down the empty, dripping vista of trees. It was a relief to all, when the spattering of hoofs and the soft roll of wheels sounded on the wet gravel outside, and Hilgard, standing in the door-way, said "Cecil, the carriage is here."

Mrs. Hartwell crossed the room and folded Cecil, with passionate deliberateness, in her large embrace.

"Oh, say one good word to him before we go!" the girl entreated, in rapid smothered whispers. "He is my husband. He is your son!"

The grandmother straightened herself. She did not speak, but as she turned away her face and covered it with her handkerchief, she extended one hand to Hilgard, with a noble and gracious gesture. He bent above it and kissed it, as a prince of the reigning house might kiss the hand of an aged queen in exile.

That evening, Mrs. Hartwell was in her old seat by the fire-place in the back parlor, and Miss Esther was standing at the west window, watching the locust boughs, heavy with their white blossoms, toss in the gale. The rain had ceased, and the struggling moonlight served, as it were, to make visible the wild, soft wind, whose voice they heard in the chimney, and in the creaking of vines against the side of the house.

"Esther, I wish you would set those flowers in the other room. I hate the scent of stale flowers!" said Mrs. Hartwell.

"But these roses haven't faded a bit. Just look at them, mother; I never saw such roses!"

"They do not please me. There were no such roses when I was a bride. They are too big and too expensive, like everything nowadays. The idea of sending such things to Cecil! They are about as much like *her*——!"

A vision of Cecil on the empty stool opposite—her elbow resting on one hand, while the other strayed to the pin at her throat, her cheek pressed against the cold marble of the mantel—finished the sentence for the two women. Miss Esther did not look at her mother, who spoke again, breaking the silence with her deep intonation.

"Journeys, journeys, nothing but journeys! Why couldn't they leave her here in peace?"

"Mother, you know she was not happy here."

"She would have been happy, if he had let her be."

"She would have been happy, perhaps, if she had never seen him," Miss Esther said.

"She never ought to have seen him. It was no place for a young girl. I always said so. There were no such places when I was a girl;—the name is enough. There was no such West! When people went West, they thought about it beforehand; they consulted their friends; families went together. They were a long while going, and when they got there, they staid. There was none of this rushing back and forth, thousands of miles at a stretch!"

"I don't think it is the journey Cecil minds. And he will take good care of her."

"*He* take care of her! He is nothing but a boy, himself."

"You cannot deny, mother, that he has a manly look——"

"His looks are well enough. They are nothing but boy and girl, both of them. They might have waited five or ten years—it would have been more fitting, to say the least."

"If they had waited, something else would have happened very likely; I think it is better to marry young——"

"Than not to marry at all?" Mrs. Hartwell interrupted with scorn. "Why isn't it respectable for a woman, now and then, to stay at home and keep things together for those who go and make a shipwreck of it? Why couldn't she have been to you what you have been to me?"

"No, mother. I would not have had that!"

"Have you found it so hard?"

"Mother, you should be the last to ask that! You know it is all the life I could have had. But it would have crushed Cecil, after what was past. And it wouldn't have been fair to him."

"He seems to have been quite able to look out for himself. Those were nice boys—his brothers."

"Half-brothers," Miss Esther corrected.

"One of them is very like him in looks," her mother continued. "Did you say they were staying here? What can they be doing here?"

"They are pupils of Mr. Lord's."

"Well, that isn't a bad place for them. When you send out the cake, Esther, I wish you would send them plenty—what boys call plenty. Perhaps Mr. Lord will let them come up to tea, some Sunday night."

"He might like to come with them," Miss Esther suggested, meekly.

"I daresay he would, but I don't think I care about him. He is well enough, but the boys will have a better time without him."



Miss Esther carried the roses into the front parlor, where she remained a few moments, setting chairs back into their places, and closing shutters for the night. She paused before the open piano, and laid her hand on the cold, soundless key-board. The worn ivory sank under her touch, breaking the stillness of the room with its helpless discord. She closed the piano with a dull clap of the lid, and leaned upon it while the murmurs of the imprisoned chords prolonged the sound. To her wistful ear the room was haunted by echoes of dumb music: songs that had been sung there, quick, unsteady sallies of childish feet, laughter of young girls, whispered vows that death had broken, stifled sobs and prayers for the dead.

"Esther, I want you," her mother called, from the inner room. "Come close to me, child. We have got the house all to ourselves again. Do you think I am a hard, old woman? Oh, I miss my children! I miss them every day and every night." She reached out blindly and gathered her daughter into her arms. "I had set my foolish, old heart upon the child. She was the last one. She filled the empty place. She suited me."

"She suited him, too," Miss Esther said, in a broken voice. "She suited us all! Even her father was proud of her—though he said she had no manner and never would have!"

"Manner!" the old lady repeated wrathfully. "She had heart!"

#### CHAPTER XVII.

#### EXIT SHOSHONE.

THE successor of Hilgard and Conrath in the management of the Consolidated Led-Horse and Shoshone mines was one day searching out the corner monuments of the original claims.

The young pines in the gulch,—which, instead of dividing, now united the two properties,—had counted two more circles of concentric growth. The aspens again bore their frail golden fleece, a prize for the rapacious autumn winds. The Shoshone dwelling-house had been converted into a miners' boarding-house, presided over by Molly, the wife of the ex-timberman, now night foreman on the Led-Horse division, and the path where Cecil had taken her solitary walks was graded into a road for ore-wagons.

The history of the Led-Horse and the Shoshone was the history of the camp, epitomized. The stormy beginning of days was

over; the illegitimate forces were under control, and such a rude challenge as that which had tested Hilgard's leadership had not been known in the camp since his effectual and impressive acceptance of the issue. The public value of his deed it was not given him to know. He had only known its sharp recoil upon himself.

The superintendent was studying the inscriptions on the low monument stones in the bottom of the gulch. A slight golden glitter led his eyes to the spot where a ring lay, half embedded in the brown pine needles, which had borne the weight of the winter's snows.

He rubbed away the earth clinging to the words heavily embossed on its outer circle: *Dieu vous garde*. In the inner circle he read the initials *C. C. from H. C.* He slipped the ring on his smallest finger; it would not pass the middle joint.

The superintendent had heard of Conrath's sister, the fair young girl who had presided over the Shoshone household during its stormiest epoch, and had vaguely wondered what part, if any, might have been hers in its history. He was not so mature as to have lost sight of the fateful nature of the feminine element, even in mining complications, but he had not found it easy to believe in the existence of a young girl, such as Miss Conrath had been described, in such a place, under such circumstances. It had been his experience that women generally fitted the places where they were found, and the men who were their companions. Here, however, was presumptive proof of civilized feminine occupation at an early period of the Shoshone history. He carried the ring a week or more, each day intending to express it eastward, and finally sent it, directed to the office of the Consolidated Company, to be forwarded to Miss Conrath. It was not without a faint sentiment of regret that he parted with the one gentle association connected with the story of the Shoshone tragedy.

He leaned against the counter of the express office, waiting for his receipt and watching, meanwhile, the weighing of one of those long, pine boxes, which form part of the freight of every overland train.

"Who is that they're shipping East?" one of the loungers at the counter inquired of the express agent.

"Don't you remember—young fellow got shot, up at the Shoshone, a year ago?"

"Oh, yes—jumpin' scrape, wasn't it?"

"Yes. He just about closed out the jump-in' business in this camp."

"I thought they planted him for good," another voice struck in. "They made row enough about it!"



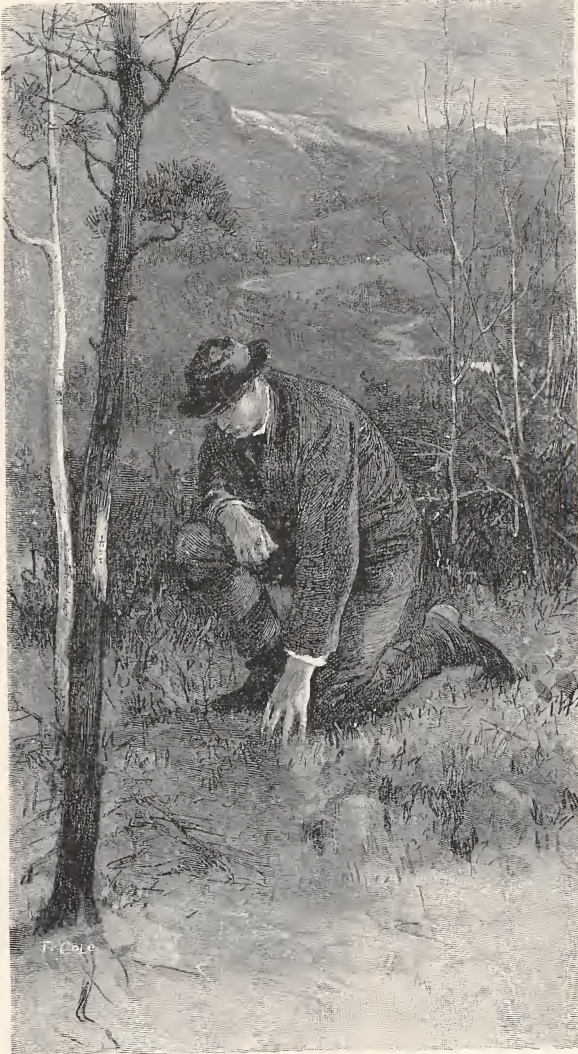
"Oh, that was Gashwiler's racket. Pity they hadn't planted him instead!"

"What's *come* of old Gash?" the first speaker asked, of the company, generally.

"Last *I* heard of him he was stealin' Indian ponies over on the reservation,—three ninety-seven," the man at the scale called to the clerk. He printed the number

in which all was forgotten save the good they had known of him.

They made his grave beside an older one, the head-stone of which bore the name of Cecilia Hartwell, wife of Robert Conrath, who had died in the twenty-eighth year of her life and the sixth year of her marriage. A matted growth of periwinkle had woven its



"A SLIGHT GOLDEN GLITTER LED HIS EYES TO THE SPOT WHERE A RING LAY."

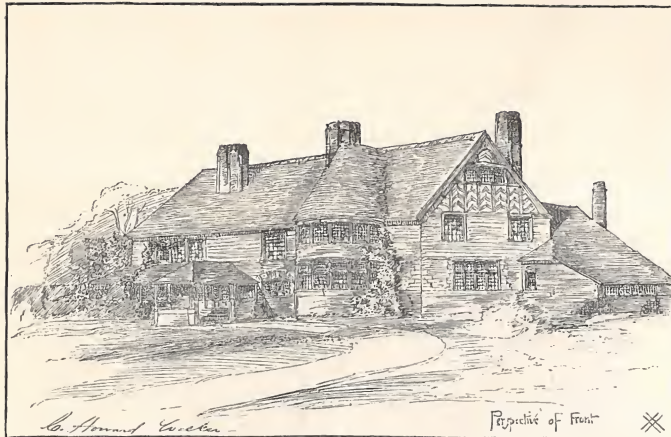
of pounds weight upon the lid of the box, and swept, with one stroke of his marking-brush, a black circle around the figures.

Conrath was going home at last. The camp remembered only his misdeeds; but the women who had waited long for his body to be brought to them from the alien soil where it had lain, kept a different record—a record

coverlet of dark and shining leaves above the mother's bed; before another winter's snows had whitened it and another summer had starred it with purple blossoms, it had crept half across the new-made grave. One might fancy the mother in her sleep, reaching out unconsciously, and covering her child.

THE END.





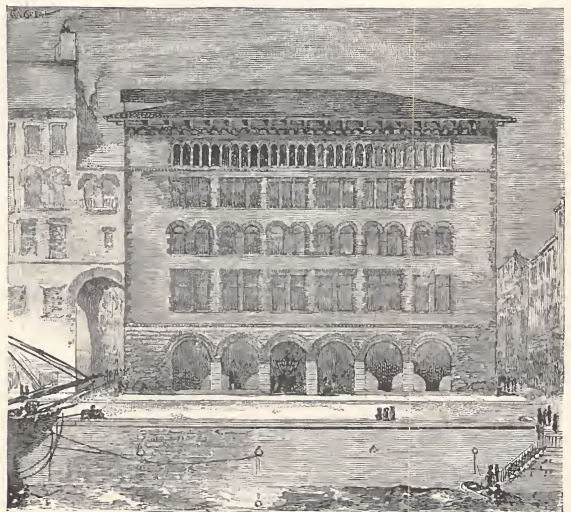
A COUNTRY HOUSE.

## THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK never looks so well as at night in the height of a snow-storm. Its dingy brown and bricky hues become an acceptable foil to the pure white of the newly fallen snow. Every window-ledge and cornice has new moldings, the thick atmosphere which softens the glare of the electric lights, and reduces the gas-lamps to the brilliancy of a tallow candle, makes the streets and other open spaces seem immense. The drifts that waltz past the lights on the tall mast in Union Square, like innumerable swarms of gray moths, promise to outdo before morning Augustus's transformation of Rome.

In spite of its advantages of site and surroundings, New York is an ugly city. Not ugly, merely, but architecturally despicable. It is only in such weather as would make a wigwam or a ruined barn seem a desirable shelter, that our flimsy buildings can command respect. In the desolateness of a winter's night the locked and shuttered inhospitality of Fourteenth street gives it a certain air of solemnity, and at such a time we do not stop to condemn the unsightliness of the only house that opens its door to us, but dart into the sloppy vestibule, wet and cluttered with coat-shakings, and casts of boot-heels, and rinsings from umbrellas and slouched hats. The creaking of the wood-work is welcome to us, for it shows that the planks are dry. We are ready to forgive any sins that the builder may have been guilty of in the narrow corridors and surprising ups and downs of the staircase, if only his walls will stand erect, and his roof will not fly away on

the wings of the wind, or fall in and crush us under its débris. It is therefore with a profound appreciation of the present and past achievements of our architects rather than with any high-flown hopes for the future that we enter on one of these stormy nights the meeting-room of a club composed of the younger members of the profession. It is on the top floor of our Fourteenth-street house; a large, hexagonal room with walls in Pompeian red, diversified with black shelves and close-drawn yellow window-curtains. Two great brazen chandeliers and a red-hot stove illumine the space next the door, but a cloud of tobacco-smoke hovering in the middle of the room obscures the farther end. Getting used to the smoke, as we add our coats and hats to a

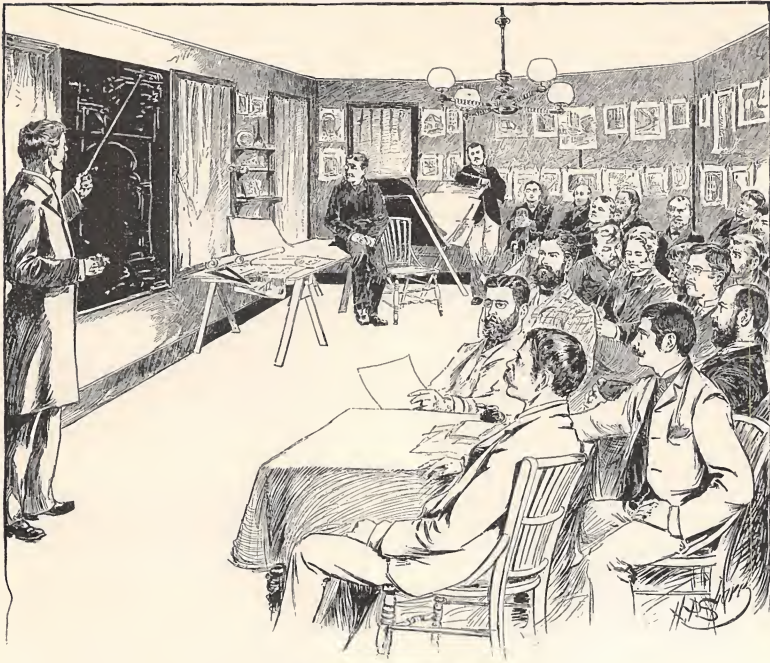


WATER-FRONT OF BONDED WAREHOUSE.









A MEETING OF THE LEAGUE.

profession, the gregariousness of youth, and the attractions of a social smoke. Like Chaucer's scholar, each of these young men is equally eager to learn or to teach. Each finds a leader or a pupil or a comrade in the League, who entertains ideas on architectural

One of these veterans of the profession now moves toward the blackboard. A good dome-like top story to head, disorderly iron-gray hair; thick eyebrows, sharp eyes; cheeks massing with neck; quick and peremptory manner—perhaps some of my readers may recognize him as a difficult person to deal with, and a stickler for the rights of his art. The dozen or more drawings are brought to him for criticism. Using the blackboard to illustrate his remarks, he begins with one in which he finds a strong projecting cornice casting a deep shadow to commend and a frieze of painted tiles to disapprove of. All is fair in love and iron architecture, he says; but the substitution of tiles for iron alters the matter. The design with the Moorish arcade is next handed up and comes in for unqualified approval, to the confusion of the strict constructionists who had maintained that it was an anomaly. The criticism is all from an artistic rather than a constructional point of view. The massing of two or more stories by cornices which divide them from others, in order to break up the great height of a city front; the treatment of a top-story as a frieze for the same reason; judicious changes of centers, placing the windows, etc., of one story out of line with those of the inferior or superior stories for the sake of variety—all these expedients and others like them, he is gratified to find used with moderation in many of the drawings. But cast-iron regular-



WINDMILL AT EAST HAMPTON, L. I.

reform similar to his own. Occasionally one of the older men known to be in sympathy with them is invited to lecture on a subject chosen by himself or to criticise the drawings of the League.



ity, which one would think was in order in an iron store-front if anywhere, excites his spleen, and getting warmed up in his denunciation of it, he blazes away at it and peppers it with condemnation, until considerate thunders of applause allow him time to cool off and an opportunity to change the subject. In conclusion, he recapitulates the faults and dangers of iron construction. Iron is liable to rust, costs much yearly for paint, and is affected by vibration to an extent that is as destructive as the dry-rot in timber. It expands and contracts with every change of temperature, making cracks and fractures unavoidable when other material is used in connection with it; and it is the occasion of peculiar dangers in case of fire. Lastly, its unfitness for receiving fine form of any kind, large or small, makes the prospect of an iron architecture ever arising a very small one.

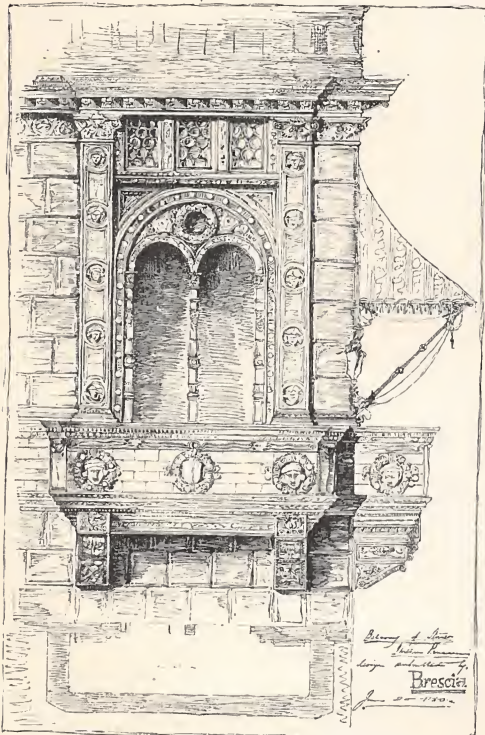
The cheers with which this conclusion is received show that iron has nothing to hope for from the young architects present. There are only one or two who appear to be at all concerned for the fate of iron architecture; the others show their artistic leanings by the fervor of their applause and by shaking hands with the happy author of the Moorish



A DWELLING AT LE MANS, FRANCE.

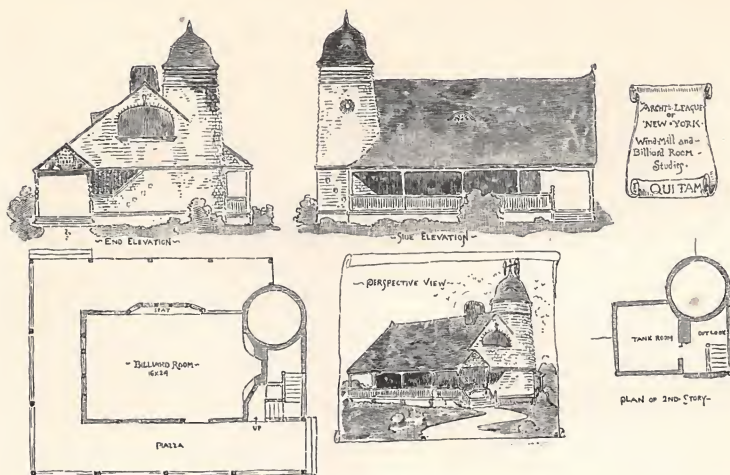
arcade, whose pseudonym has failed to shield him from recognition. The remaining business of the meeting is transacted amid renewed confusion and fresh volumes of smoke. Up-town members search out their coats and hats and disappear after a vote of thanks to the lecturer has been passed, and at length a good two-thirds of the meeting adjourn to a neighboring retreat where argument on matters architectural may be kept up till a late hour.

The League began some two or three years ago in hap-hazard meetings in the room of one of the members. Here, while the host, in a velvet jacket buttoned with a single immense bronze medal, ruled lines on a huge sheet of drawing-paper, one visitor told of a fine old carved mantel which he had discovered at Tommy Triplet's second-hand stone and lumber yard. Another, fresh from the Beaux-Arts, held forth on the necessity of an academical training for architects, while a third ventured to think that it might be dispensed with, and the latest comer, sauntering in just as everybody was getting ready to depart, gave utterance to some paradox which set the meeting by the ears and prolonged the session for another hour. All were then very fond of French architecture, and swore by Viollet-le-Duc, whose twenty volumes, bound in black and red, filled the handiest shelf of the book-case. Here all the young architects in the city became acquainted with one another, and found that they had a common cause and a mission which they were



BALCONY OF STONE—ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.





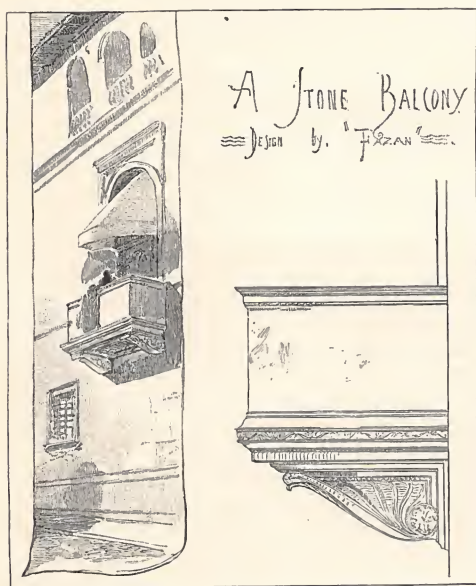
WINDMILL AND BILLIARD-ROOM.

called on to perform as a body. From chance gatherings in this room a step was made toward corporate existence by the institution of monthly meetings at the rooms of the several members, and so many were anxious to attend them that a regular club organization with fortnightly meetings and a home of its own, soon became possible. The new society met for a few times in the halls of its friends, the Salmagundians, but found permanent quarters before long in the top-story-back in Fourteenth street.

Since its final organization the League has attacked a great variety of architectural problems. Many have been as purely fanciful as castles in the clouds or the architecture of

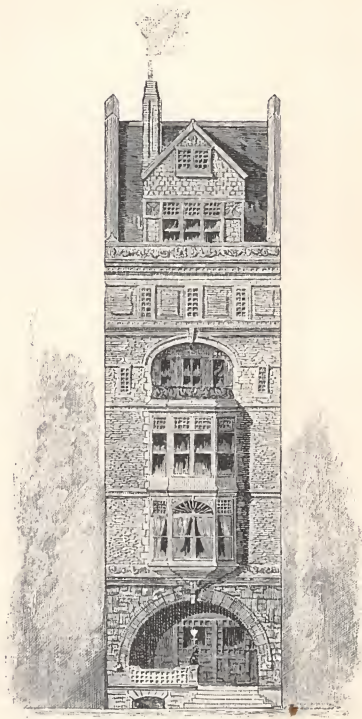
dreams. Men who have given their entire day, perhaps, to calculating the cost of rubble work at so much the cubic yard have found a delightful recreation in designing cemetery entrances and draw-bridges to walled cities. A proposition to lay out the streets of the New Jerusalem, or to "restore" the walls of ancient Troy, would hardly come amiss to them. Occasionally one of the lecturers, falling into the humor of the thing, has set the League a fantastical problem of combining a billiard-room with a reservoir of water and a windmill to pump the water up, or the like. But there has been no lack of more serious efforts. There have been designs for college-buildings, for an Italian renaissance cornice, for chimney-tops, for a city residence, a country house, a suburban school-house, etc., etc. Some of these have been published from time to time in the "American Architect." Examples may also be found among the illustrations to this article.

No one can avoid being struck with the handsome and substantial appearance of the design for the water-front of a bonded warehouse, on page 698. It is copied from one of these sketches dashed off after the day's work is over, for a League competition. Its massive piers, the abundance of windows, and the flat-pitched, broad-eaved roof have manifest practical advantages, and they are combined in a manner to satisfy a very exacting taste. There can be no doubt of the supporting power of the massive arcade on the ground floor; nor of the sufficiency of means for ingress and egress that it affords; nor, again, of its quiet beauty. The two central arches admit the wagons which are to be laden or unladen at the platforms on each side. The plan which accompanied the orig-





inal sketch, but is not given in the cut, showed the building to be one hundred feet square, fronting on two streets, and containing a large court-yard in the middle. The upper floors are, of course, for storage. No less practical, though much more picturesque, are some of the designs for country school-houses given on page 704. The simplest would probably prove to be the best in practice. It has large windows where they would be sure to be needed; a single, ample porch, big enough to shelter the crowd of early arrivals that are always seen, before school-hours, in front of a village school; and with its bell in a pent-house overhead, instead of in a separate belfry, which always looks affected in any building but a church. If a belfry there must be, however, commend us to Mr. Barlow's; standing out as it does fair and square, and with its bulbous dome constituting itself the chief ornament of his house, it looks far too honest and too pretty to need an apology. But all that we can say for those in the remaining conceptions is that they are somewhat painful excrescences on otherwise pleasing designs. There will be many of our readers, we have no doubt, who will wish for a broad demesne and handsome private grounds, if it were only for the pleasure of building a gate-house like that below. The combination of wood and stone and plaster is very taking; and if one imagines a wisteria vine or a climbing rose trained up the mountainous slope of its roof, what could one have more fascinating at the threshold of his home than this home in miniature? The stone balcony by "Fazan" (page 702) is an example of simplicity of a different sort. It is suited to the richer city exterior, and by itself would give an air of elegance and

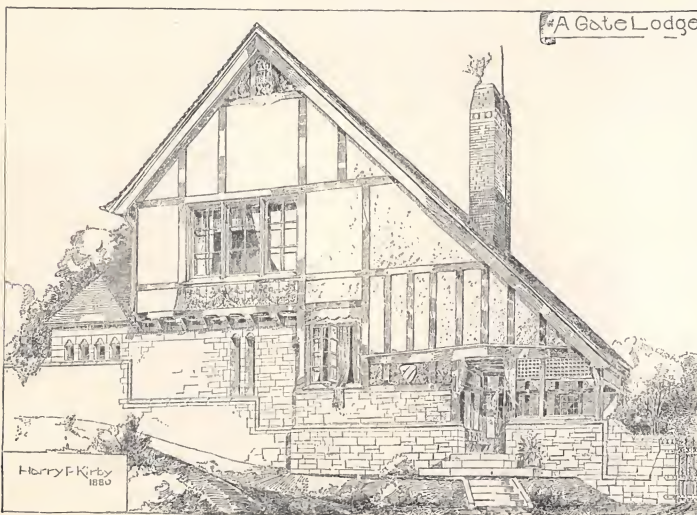


DESIGN FOR A CITY RESIDENCE.

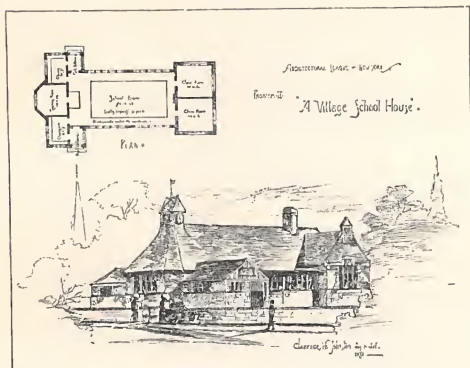
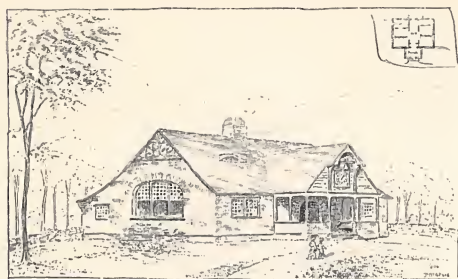
refinement to the plainest front. The cornice on page 706 is much fuller of detail in parts of such a character that it would be difficult (though not impossible) to have it properly carried out. The designs for chimneys (page 707) are among the handsomest of all. It can safely be said of them that they would be the crowning glory of any house fortunate enough to exhale its breath by them. And it must be remembered that these are but a few

examples out of a breast-high pile of similar drawings that the League has already accumulated, dozens of which will, doubtless, yet be produced in a more solid form. For, good conceptions do not remain as embryos; they are bound to develop into facts.

The League has already had its first annual dinner. Each one of the *menus* was decorated in accordance with the prevailing fashion by one of the participants, mostly with pictures of the good things they hoped to enjoy at the feast. One art-







DESIGNS FOR A VILLAGE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

ist of giant-like appetite has loaded his bill-of-fare with tuns of wine and caldrons of potage and huge rounds of beef, and represents himself diving into the ocean to snatch from a shoal of mermaids their pet delicacy, the oyster. A Falstaffian proportion of liquid to solid was evidently looked for at the banquet; but it may fairly be said that, in reality, the ethereal predominated. Alive to the fact that a dinner is nothing without a poem, several of the members, and at least one honored guest, came provided with compositions called forth by the occasion. In this respect it was a genuine surprise party. Who would suspect a grave professor of making light rhymes full of alliterative frivolities about the acquire-

ments necessary to the ideal architect? Yet, before the graver members had ceased to count their bumpers and resolve mentally that "this would be the last," the best friend of the League, whose streak of gray hair just furnishes an excuse for the tincture of reverence in the affectionate regard of all true Leaguers toward him, felt himself constrained to deliver some such pleasantry as this:

Do you want a receipt for that capital article Known as the architect, artist and man? Of every best thing take the very best particle, Then let them beat the result if they can. The classical taste of Italian Palladio; Skill of Sir Christopher making a plan; Knowledge of mortars and bricks of a Paddy, oh; Knowledge of style of Labrousse or Duban;



SOME OF THE



Judgment unerring of pictures and  
pottery,  
Patterns a Persian might paint on  
a pan,  
Figures for friezes or carved terra-  
cotta;  
Dainty designs for the face of a fan;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Courage, ambition, and love of the  
work,  
Spunk of a Yankee and zeal of a  
Turk,—  
Take of these elements all that's most  
durable,  
Cure all the faults that are not quite  
incurable,  
Strain, and refine just as much as  
can be,  
And the thing that you'll get is—  
the men that you see!

and more of the same sort. If the lilt is familiar, the being described is rare and wonderful enough, one would say. Let us wait to see what the League will furnish us of this pattern.

However, as before intimated, the League was not organized for merely convivial purposes. In its great object of enabling its members to advance themselves by comparing notes on all subjects that interest them, and bringing into play, by means of the fortnightly competitions, faculties and talents that would remain undeveloped by ordinary practice, the League has been successful to an unexpected degree. A good many of the older architects in the city have shown an active interest in it. Its list of lecturers comprises nearly every name of note in the profession, and the most sincere well-wishers of the society are among those who have themselves done the most to make us alive to the ugliness of our streets. It has taken something more than mere good luck to bring this about. Although the League, as a body, has as yet undertaken



for "New York Architectural League"  
F.H. Bacon, del. Mytilene, April 1891

TURKISH FOUNTAIN, MYTILENE.

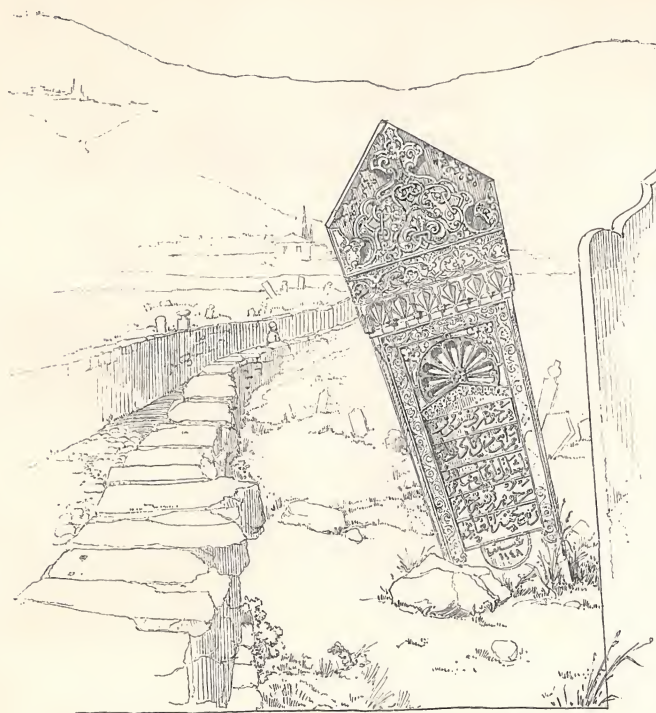
nothing to claim attention from non-professionals, communications from individuals which have been published in the "American Architect" have excited considerable interest even outside the profession; and those who have, so far, found no time for any work of this kind, have acquired a well-founded local reputation, which will surely widen, for thorough and capable performance of what is given them to do. A few of the earliest and most enthusiastic members have secured a much coveted opportunity for study and research in that cradle of architecture, the Levant. At long intervals, letters from them reach the League which make their less for-



BILLS OF FARE.







*For New York Architectural League.*

*H. Bacon del. Mytilene, Dec. 1881.*

TURKISH GRAVE-STONE, MYTILENE.

tunate comrades wild for a similar chance to excavate and measure and "restore" (with pencil) long-buried tombs and temples. Only a determined student would care to encounter the following:

"We are so driven and hurried just at this moment that we cannot tell one hour what we may be doing the next, running about from one gang of men to another, seeing that they don't pull down and destroy walls that they ought not, or I may be drawing away for dear life in our room down at the port, when, as the other day, down will rush one of the workmen with an incendiary note from B., saying: 'Come up quick. Turks pegging rocks at the sculptures. Bring my pistol!' And away we all scamper up the hill. The Turks all run away and the stones have not hurt much, but it is some time before we are calm. Then the workmen need to be continually watched and directed, and, altogether, things are not such as to keep one's blood tranquil. But then, at other times, one finds in the course of a single evening stroll such *trouvaille* as a solid sarcophagus lying in the quarry which some poor devil of a Gaul, looking for treasure, had spent many hours of hard labor boring holes into before he comprehended the situation; and a little further on, in the ancient channel of the stream, the piers and part of the causeway of a Greek bridge!"

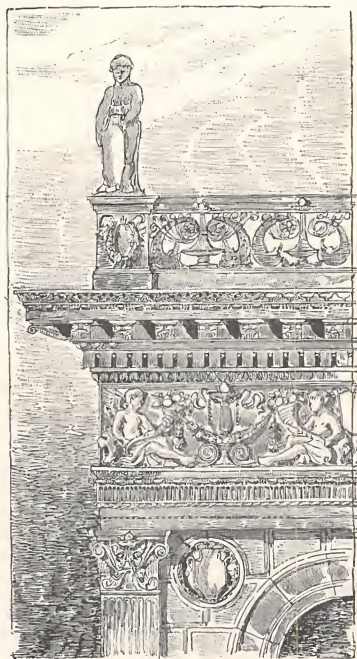
Another letter begins with a report of a still more interesting discovery:

"Assos, March 25th.

"The spirits of eight ancient Greeks, in as many black jars, are on a shelf near my shoulder, and I

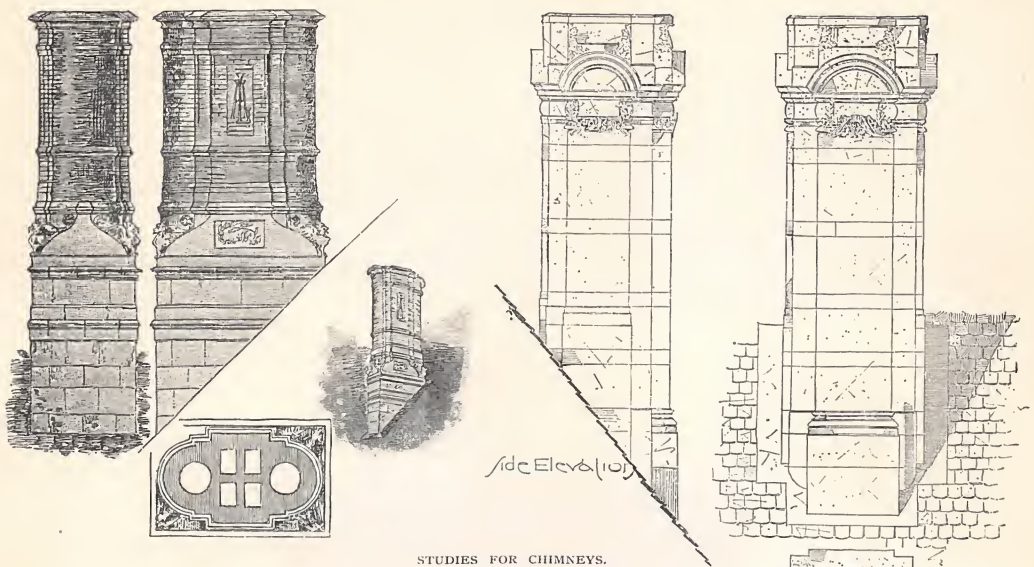
must hasten and tell you what an exciting time we had yesterday. I have been digging, for the past three weeks, at the Street of Tombs, sinking pits and cutting trenches all over it, and yesterday we struck a very ancient burial spot, and spent the last two hours of the afternoon in pulling out archaic jars, full of bones, small earthen vessels, etc. They were thick as hops, and, from all indications, if we choose to keep on excavating, we could load a ship with pots, etc. Day before yesterday we found two unopened sarcophagi, and perhaps you can imagine my anticipations as I leaped into the trench, shined up my eyes on my coat-sleeve, and prepared to look sharp as the men pried up the stone lid. I know of nothing more fascinating than to be the first to peek into a tomb that has lain buried in the earth for hundreds of years. I had that pleasure the other day. Unfortunately they were only very ordinary sarcophagi, and probably very late, of Roman time most likely. The barbarians who went about cracking the large, important tombs probably scorned to open such an one."

They contained only some crumbling bones and small glass and earthen vessels, but were important from their position, for one was found *inside* a large tomb and the other just in front of the entrance,



A CORNICE PROBLEM.





STUDIES FOR CHIMNEYS.

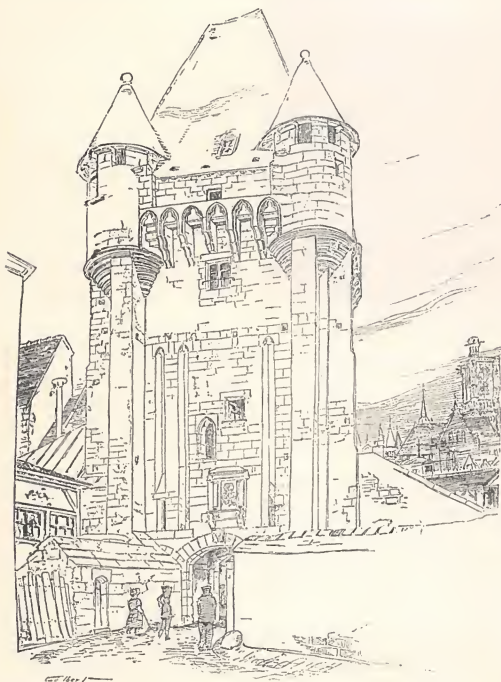
showing how cramped the space had become in consequence of the wish of the ancient citizens of Assos to be buried within the customary limits.

Other valuable results of the expedition to Assos will be a plan and restoration of the ancient Stoa, temples, baths, gymnasium, and theater, and some interesting sculptures and fragments of mosaic pavement, etc. The

American Institute of Archæology, which sent out the expedition, will therefore have something to show for its money, besides the gratification of having done a real service to art in providing these young men with an opportunity to study in the most profitable manner.

Other members of the League who have traveled abroad or at home, and made good use of their pencils and sketch-books the while, have favored us with some of their gleanings, which show what interesting bits the architectural student, led by his professional instinct, picks up on such occasions. The windmill at Easthampton is a sample of the odds and ends to be found here at home, often containing some suggestive feature capable of being worked into a very different kind of building. The Turkish gravestone, full of beautiful oriental detail, is a scantling of what may yet be found unappropriated across seas. The curious carvings upon it, in the hands of some of our New York decorators, would furnish "motives" for many a frieze and dado. The exquisite little fountain from Mytilene is worth a volume of lectures on architectural design. The old French Renaissance house, sketched by Mr. Wheeler, furnishes an excellent study for whoever would erect himself a mansion in that capricious style, and Mr. Gilbert's tower and gate-way is yet more worthy of close examination.

It is a pet scheme of the League to get up a fund for a traveling studentship, which would constantly keep two or three of our energetic young men at such work as that



OLD TOWER IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

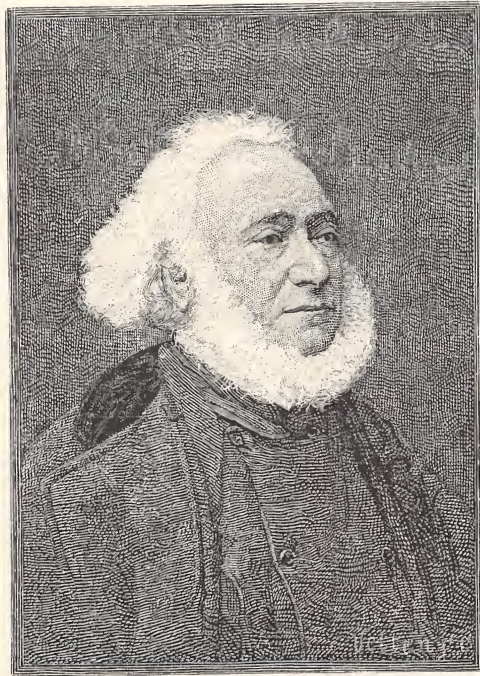


described in the letters we have been quoting. It is to be hoped that the effort will not fail to attract the sympathies of our many Crœsuses. In other countries the government patronage afforded to art is not reserved for painting and sculpture only. Architecture comes in for some share. Here there is no free school for architectural students, and their existence appears to be ignored by those who are willing to make themselves known as patrons and promoters of art. It is, perhaps, contrary to the spirit of our institutions

to look to the nation for help in such studies, and many are of opinion that the best of schools is the office of a practicing architect. So it might be, if, as in Europe, the greatest works of the past and present were, virtually, around the corner or across the way. In this most conservative of the arts it is useless to look for progress until we can, so to speak, hitch ourselves on to the past, not by the medium of a long chain of mistaken traditions, but by real and vital contact.

*Roger Riordan.*

### LÉON GAMBETTA.



JOSEPH GAMBETTA, THE FATHER OF LÉON.

[THE following paper, by one who for years had excellent opportunities for knowing M. Gambetta and for studying his career, was prepared during the past autumn at the special request of the editor, and its assignment was made to the present issue previous to the illness which resulted in the death of the French statesman on the first of January. It is thought best to print the paper as it was written, retaining the attitude implied in the author's occasional use of the present tense. ED.]

GAMBETTA, who was for many years the hope of French democracy, is, notwithstanding his diminished influence and the attacks of which he is the object, one of the chief men of the Republic. Michelet, in relating the tragical end of one of the great actors in the first Revolution, exclaimed: "France is yet unconsoled for his loss." Future biographers of Gambetta might repeat this exclamation were the rest of his career to belie the promise

of his earlier years. In the range of modern history there has been no public man who occupied so large a place in the heart and imagination of a great people. The idolatrous love of which he was the object grew up in a day, and during ten years did not cease to sustain him. Fortune all the while heaped upon him her favors. His very blunders seemed to carry him forward. The hostility which his success aroused among the reactionists, who



were no despicable force at the beginning of the last decade, only increased his prestige. Popular favor bore him so high, that when the three presidents—to wit, the chief of the Executive and the speakers of the Chambers—went in 1880 to visit Cherbourg, Gambetta appeared to be invested with the effective supremacy. As the last general elections approached, he seemed to have laid his hand on France, and was universally regarded as the arbiter of her destinies. A few impatient and angry words, spoken under great provocation, brought about an eclipse of his popularity which, to those who gazed on him from afar, appeared as sudden as it was inexplicable, but which to a few judicious friends was neither the one nor the other. Hereafter I shall try to lay bare the chain of causes which brought about this turn in the tide of popular favor, which has since, and, in a great degree through his own fault, continued steadily to ebb from him. To regain the ground that he has lost, it would be necessary for him to modify the policy he was induced to adopt when the death of the Prince Imperial left the Bonapartists without a chief. He has taken, since he went to reside at the Petit Bourbon in the spring of 1879, many false steps which it behooves him to retrace. But, above everything else, it behooves him to give unity to his life, and to shape his course as a statesman upon the lines that he pledged himself to follow as a tribune. In his deflection from these lines is to be found the explanation of his collapse. No doubt his *rôle* as a tribune is played out. The political doctrine which he declared and expounded on balconies, in dancing-halls, in roughly built sheds, in circuses and in provincial theaters, was the great source of his popularity. Gambetta was idolized because he revived the democratic faith which was so fervently embraced by the French nation at the close of the last century. He had himself that faith, which was the reason why he was able to revive it in others. In allowing his flatterers to persuade him that his triumphs were those of a histrion, he wronged himself and the great people who acclaimed him as their leader, and would be glad to hail him again as such.

A knowledge of his ancestry will help the explanation of what is duplex in his genius and disposition, and of that want of unity between his career as a tribune and as a statesman which has been fraught with evil consequences to him. We find a Genoese weft and a Gascon woof, with perhaps a Semitic twist in the thread. The precise hue of his moral nature is as hard to determine as the color of shot silk. Its shiftiness is very provoking to those who, being high-

minded themselves, hold him in affection because of his great qualities. This variability of hue also explains the animosity with which Gambetta is attacked by Republicans who were once his sincere friends. The French like sharp outline, clear definition, and fixed, sober colors. On the paternal side, Gambetta springs from the smallest class of Genoese *mercanti*. Rochefort has attempted to make his grandfather out a highwayman. Nothing is less proven than that he resorted to such a gentlemanly occupation as brigandage. If he did, unlawful gains failed to entail wealth on his children,—one of whom, Veronica, actually receives outdoor relief from the syndic of her commune near Genoa. He had many sons. One of them settled at Orange on the Rhône, and was the ancestor of Claire Gambetta, a singer in a *café chantant*, who went to Cahors to sing when her illustrious kinsman was expected there. Another son, Guisepppe, or Joseph, went to set up in business at Cahors, in Languedoc, as a grocer and dealer in cheap textiles and pottery. His house, which he sold on retiring from trade, has still on the sign-board this inscription:

“AU BAZAR GÉNOIS. GAMBETTA JEUNE.”

From the word *jeune* (junior) we may infer there was a Gambetta senior. Joseph certainly kept aloof from his kindred. His house, well situated in the market-place for business, was low and dark. The Italian grocer was industrious and close-handed. All his faculties were concentrated in the shop. He got on fairly well, but not sufficiently to emancipate himself and his family from cheese-paring economy.

At Cahors, “Gambetta Jeune” took for a wife a Mademoiselle Onasie Massabie, the youngest of four children who had been doubly orphaned from a tender age. She was a daughter of a respectable apothecary at Montauban. The providence of her childhood was a lame elder sister who died unmarried in 1876, and was Gambetta’s housekeeper when he was a young advocate in the Rue Bonaparte, and when, a popular tribune, he lived in the Rue Montaigne. Onasie Massabie, perhaps, was remotely descended from a Jewish stock. Whatever may have been the origin of Madame Onasie Gambetta, she was a woman of rare and noble endowments. Her mind, though extremely practical, was lofty, and her warm heart was the source of fine impulses. She had a hopeful way of taking the cares of life, and decision in facing them. Though plain-mannered and unpretending, she was the contrary of vulgar. A citizen of



the world falling in casually with her in her latter days would not have supposed that her school education was of the most elementary kind, and that she had led the cramped life of a small, provincial tradeswoman. It was from her that Gambetta derived those faculties which have rendered him so apt to personify the democratic movement which he inaugurated toward the close of the Second Empire. To her, also, he owes that taste for the eloquence of the tribune which carried him so high. This remarkable woman and admirable mother designedly stimulated her son's oratorical vocation and turned his mental energies into the channel in which they have been flowing. Unknown to any one, she hoarded up money to enable Léon to choose his own career, and to buy him out of the army in the event of his electing to be a Frenchman, and drawing a bad number for the conscription. His father, who had no prevision of the boy's future celebrity, wanted to secure him against military service by keeping him an Italian. Immunity from soldiering was brought about accidentally. As Gambetta was watching a knife-grinder operate on a wheel, the blade of the knife got detached from the handle and flew into the boy's eye and blinded it. He was very much petted in consequence, and the mother was emboldened by her increased tenderness to insist upon Léon being sent to the Petit Séminaire of Montfaucon to receive a classical education. Her husband was an enemy to higher instruction and thought the communal school sufficient for a boy whose destiny it was to be a provincial grocer.

The late Madame Onasie Gambetta was a reading woman. She subscribed to the "National," when Armand Carrel was its editor, and went on taking it until it was suppressed by Napoleon III. It contained an "essence of Parliament." When Léon came home from Montfaucon on Saturday nights, if his marks were good, he was rewarded with cuttings from the Parliamentary reports of the "National," which were stuffed into his pocket. Paris at this time was in the throes of revolution. The days of February and June, and Cavaignac's Dictature were followed by Prince Louis Napoleon's election to the Presidency, the Roman expedition, and the *Coup d'État*.

The youthful Léon was heart and soul with the popular cause. He was thrown by the days of December into a fever of excitement. On quitting the chapel one Friday morning, he got on a bench in the playground, and delivered a burning harangue. A mixed commission was terrorizing Cahors. Clerical and political reaction had gathered

overriding strength. The rector of the Petit Séminaire was alarmed at the hot eloquence of Léon, and wrote to his parents to come and take him away. He gave the future tribune and statesman an excellent character, and praised his intelligence, assiduity, and lovable warmth of heart. But he also said he was a born demagogue, and was growing up for Cayenne. That, however, concerned the parents; what the rector could not tolerate was his school being turned into a nursery for Jacobins. So home the budding orator was taken. There was nothing which he could be taught at the primary school that he did not know already; it was decided, therefore, to send him to the Cahors Lyceum, but on the understanding that he was to be kept a close prisoner there. Joseph Gambetta, as an Italian, might have been at any moment, with his whole family, expelled from French territory. Prudence was, therefore, incumbent on him. The high-school was in the old priory of Cahors. Léon was kept as if in a jail, and never allowed to go home except in the long vacations. To cheat tedium he threw himself with energy into study. For history and physics he had a special predilection, and became well versed in those Latin authors whose accounts of Old Rome and its decadence were to him full of actuality. Their influence was shown long after in the speech in which Gambetta defended Delescluze.

The future statesman had exhausted the high-school programme in his sixteenth year. His father was obliged accordingly to take him home. Mental energy had ceased to flow in a demagogic channel, but its fire was not quenched. In the Lyceum, Gambetta had risen to a high intellectual plane. It is worthy of remark, however, that he did not catch from his architectural surroundings a particle of mediæval feeling; but the mental training he received rendered a narrow mercantile life distasteful to him. As the "Bazar Génois" was in the market-place its business lay in a great degree with rustics. Léon got sick of dealing with haggling rustics, and prayed to be removed from behind the counter to the desk. As he was a quick accountant, and wrote in a neat, legible, and flowing hand, this was granted. He did his best to give his mind to the business, but failed, and his health sank under the tedium of uncongenial pursuits. No device to which the watchful and tender mother resorted could get the better of his splenic state. He had a fixed ambition which, as it appeared to him a chimerical one, made him restless, discontented, and miserable; it was to study law, and become a teacher to a Legal Faculty in a provincial city. One day his mother called him to her. She said she had been unhappy



in witnessing his growing depression, and she handed him a bag of money which she had saved unknown to anybody—enough to defray the cost of his journey to Paris and enable him to study law there for some time. A trunk full of clothing had been prepared, and was at the office of the stage-coach, where a place was booked for him to the nearest railway. Madame Gambetta instructed him to slip quietly away, in order to avoid a painful scene with his father, who was determined that his son should succeed him in the business. This communication was so unexpected and delightful that for the rest of the day Léon was in a state of bewilderment. He rose betimes next morning, and stole off as instructed. Before Madame Gambetta had instructed her son to follow his vocation, she had taken steps to keep him out of misery when the hoard placed in his hands should be exhausted. In 1856, the year in which Gambetta left Cahors, M. Émile Menier went there on a business tour. He had just opened the chocolate factory at Noisiel, and traded in medicated biscuits and sweet-stuffs. Calling at the "Bazar Génois," he was received by Madame Gambetta. In answer to his proposal to sell his goods on commission she, with tears in her eyes, met it with another. It was in the nature of the one enunciated by the unjust steward. "I have a son of great promise," she said, "whom I want to send to Paris, against his father's will, to study law. He is a good lad and no fool. But my husband, who wants him to continue his business here, will, I know, try to starve him into submission. What I am about to propose is that if I buy your chocolate at the rate you offer it, and buy it outright instead of taking it to sell on commission, you will say nothing if I enter it at a higher price, and you will pay the difference to my son?" M. Menier, from whose lips I had this anecdote, agreed, and for some years carried out the arrangement.

Léon Gambetta was an utter stranger to the French capital. He had not so much as a letter of introduction. On alighting from the train he called a hackney-coach, and when asked by the driver where to go, replied: "To the Sorbonne." The man stared wonderingly, and then obeyed. On arriving, his "fare" stepped out and looked at a building of gloomy and prosaic aspect. "That's the Sorbonne," said the driver, "but nobody lives there except the porter. I suppose you are a country relation of his?" "No," said Gambetta, "I have come to study, and would be obliged if you could recommend me to a cheap hotel." The Jehu took him to a mean-looking *garnie*, or licensed lodging-house, facing the Sorbonne. There Gambetta asked

for "the cheapest room in the house," and was shown to a garret, which he occupied until his father pardoned him and agreed to make him an allowance. The student from Cahors boarded at a dairy. For two years his life was one of hard work and solitude. His arrival in the French metropolis coincided with public *fêtes*, illuminations, and reviews to celebrate the Prince Imperial's birth and baptism, and the signing of the Treaty of Paris. The impressions he received in 1856 explain, in some degree, the numerous points of analogy between his theory of an authoritative and highly centralized democracy and Imperialism. They were like the river flood leaving a deposit which, though it may in the end be fertilizing, is miasmatic. There were times when Gambetta was only separated from the Empire by the remembrance of the *Coup d'État*. But he was not conscious, until the death of the Prince Imperial, that his political system bore a strong resemblance to the Napoleonic one. Soon after that event, when Bonapartists gathered round him, tempting him to become their disguised chief, he discovered the likeness. He then began to think seriously of bringing the Party of the Appeal to the People (*Appel au Peuple*) (less M. de Cassagnac and a few Jérômists) into the governing majority of the Chamber. The vehicle for effecting this change of front was to have been the *scrutin de liste* bill. Gambetta, no doubt, flattered himself that he would be able to impose much of his original programme on his new allies, while they reckoned upon using him as an instrument for a second exploitation of France. He let himself be persuaded that in virtue of the principle of atavism, the French would never be able to do without a Cæsar, and that since the uprising of one was inevitable, it would be better that he should be a popular man. Atavism precisely cuts at the root of Bonapartism, which was only a prolongation of the Bourbonism established by Henry IV. and Richelieu, and which entered its period of decrepitude in the old age of Louis XIV., to perish in rottenness and imbecility in the eighteenth century. The active principle of the French nation was favorable to communal development, of which there was an arrest in the long war with England, which began in the reign of Edward III., and ended in the regency of the Duke of Bedford. France had attained a very high degree of health, wealth, and happiness when Philippe of Valois came to the throne. The communes in the north and the cities in the south had attained a high degree of prosperity and civilization. Joan of Arc's victories over the English threw power into the hands of a



feudal nobility which, at the Renaissance, attempted to establish a federal system on an evangelical basis. In Admiral de Coligny this movement found its highest political incarnation. It was an instinctive one, suppressed by treachery, massacre, an alliance between Catherine de Médicis and Philip II. of Spain, and finally the League. There was another arrest of national development. Henri IV., who, after Coligny's death, became the leader of the Federalists, stepped into the shoes of the extinct Valois after Ivry, just as the Bonapartists wanted Gambetta to become the disguised inheritor of the Empire. The tyrannies of Richelieu and Louis Quatorze prevented the active principle of the nation from asserting itself. It broke loose in 1793. As the Government of France is still highly centralized in the Medician, Richelieu, Louis Quatorze, and Napoleonic lines, it is to be feared that the cycle of revolution is not yet exhausted.

At the Law School Gambetta was a hard worker. He was then pale, slender, and had a physiognomy at once interesting and picturesque. There had been a good deal of sadness in his life, which his face told of. His countenance showed that his mind was not shaped on a small pattern. The outlines were ample, and there was an imposing air of grandeur in the carriage of the head. A full, wide brow indicated a brain rich in the objective faculties. But the equilibrium of the forehead was imperfect. Height was wanting, and the profile line receded too much toward the crown. Observation outran reflection. It was not the head of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or a Cæsar, but that of a Rienzi. The capacity to assimilate the ideas of others was prodigious. A mass of raven-black hair, long and slightly curled at the end, betokened a vigorous temperament. In the school amphitheater, M. Valette, an old professor at the Faculty of Law, was struck with Gambetta's assiduity, with the originality of his look and manner, and the resonance of his voice. In the second year, one day after a lecture, he detained the Cahors student, whom he interrogated discreetly about his life and prospects. On learning how his father had broken with him and would not suffer his name to be uttered in his presence, M. Valette said: "*Monsieur, votre père fait une bêtise*" (Your father acts stupidly). "You have a true vocation. Follow it. But go to the bar, where your voice, which is one in a thousand, will carry you on, study and intelligence aiding. The lecture-room is a narrow theater. If you like, I will write to your father to tell him what my opinion of you is." M. Valette wrote, appealing to affection and to reason, to the father and the tradesman. "The best

investment you ever made," he said, "would be to spend what money you can afford to divert from your business in helping your son to become an advocate." Finding herself supported by the high authority of a professor at the Law School of Paris, Madame Gambetta continued to stand up for her son. She was aided by her relatives and friends, and her husband yielded.

In 1858 Gambetta was a graduate of the Law School, but he could not be admitted to practice at the bar for three years more. In this long interval he did nothing. Having money enough to keep his head above water, he led the life of a Quartier Latin student of active mind, ambitious instincts, and unrefined tastes — one, moreover, devoid of religious ballast. It was a life that in many respects was good for the intellect, but unfavorable to the development of moral sensibility. In a curious manner he was drawn into the legislative theater, on the boards of which he was one day to be the greatest actor. An usher of the Corps Législatif, whose acquaintance he had made in the dairy where he boarded, admitted him to the gallery to hear the debates, of which reports were not given in the journals previous to 1861. He also gave him admission to the lobby, where he obtained a close view of the chief men of the empire. During the legislative session he regularly availed himself of the usher's services, and acquired much direct knowledge of politics and politicians. In the Bohemia into which, in his idleness, he drifted, he made the acquaintance of some men of intellectual value, and of others of small worth, whom, because they were old chums, he has since hoisted into great official posts. The *cénacle* was the Café Procope, in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, where Voltaire used to go between the acts of tragedies which he brought out at the Odéon. Courbet, Manet, Carjat, the photographers, and Alphonse Daudet, were of the set into which he fell in the Quartier Latin. He picked up Spuller and Léon Renault at the Palais de Justice. Laurier was another bar acquaintance. A member of the *cénacle* was Ranc, who had a passion for political conspiracy, and was affiliated to the Mazzinians. He had been transported at the *Coup d'État*, but escaped from the silos of Algeria and remained in Italy until a general amnesty was granted. Alphonse Daudet and Gambetta took their meals together at a cheap *table d'hôte* in the Rue de Tournon. It was a boarding-house akin to the Pension Vautier in Balzac's novel of "Le Père Goriot." Neither of the young men had visions of that gastronomic paradise which Trompette was to create at the Palais Bourbon. Daudet



closely observed the Cahors student, and has told the world in "Numa Roumestan" what manner of man he thought him. It was Daudet's nature to watch human creatures as entomologists study insects. He had a particular reason for studying Gambetta, whose applause in the gallery of the Chamber, when any of "the five" deputies of the Opposition spoke, had been noticed by the President, De Morny. That personage was curious to know who the audacious habitué of the gallery was, and applied for information to his secretary, Ernest Daudet, who asked his brother to procure it for him. Nothing was easier, inasmuch as Alphonse and Gambetta dined at the same *table d'hôte*, and the future tribune was open and expansive. At the Molé Conferences (a forensic society at which young advocates debate under the tuition of old ones), a German Hebrew, who affected red republicanism, was simultaneously charged to watch Gambetta and furnish reports about him to the Prefect of Police.

M. Alphonse Daudet also knew Rochefort, who was in 1859 a clerk at the Hotel de Ville, a contributor to "La Presse Théâtrale," and was bringing out a Satirical Dictionary of Conversation, and had produced a clever farce, "The Well-dressed Man," at Les Folies Dramatiques. Daudet imagined that the young satirist and Gambetta would suit each other, and asked him to meet Rochefort at dinner at the *table d'hôte*. The "Red" Marquis, who was then an Orleanist, and as well dressed as the chief personage of his farce, conceived an aversion for the future tribune. The one was a born Parisian and an ingrained aristocrat. He was natty, refined in his tastes, and had the irritable nerves of a woman. His complexion had a cadaverous tinge, and his skeleton face was lighted up by a pair of deep-set and permanently blazing eyes. His wit was sardonic, and, though he was good company, his tongue castigated. Gambetta was slovenly in his person. Being used to a warm climate, he kept his hands in his pockets, to resist the cold; and when he was not excited by his own eloquence, his shoulders were drawn up to his ears. His exuberance jarred on Rochefort, who, on his side, impressed the orator disagreeably. They were predestined to be enemies. For ten years they kept aloof from each other, to meet again on the Irreconcilable Platform, at Belleville. Rochefort's latent antipathy burst forth, when he was an exile in Geneva, with a fury that has never abated. Gambetta, for whom the "Lanterne" had prepared the political stage on which he was the chief actor after the collapse of the Empire, was not so forgetful as Rochefort imagined

of the obligations which he was under to him. But he was too supine when urged to press M. Waddington on behalf of the exiled satirist for an amnesty. Rochefort's anger was moreover inflamed by a conversation which took place in the spring of 1878, at the table of Madame Adam. That lady having urged his claim to republican gratitude, the famous orator, who had risen to be the Warwick of the Third Republic, lost his temper, and said that the articles then sent from Geneva to the "Mot d'Ordre" were in a fish-wife style, seasoned with kitchen salt, and quite ignoble. M. Émile de Girardin, who was by, repeated the harsh criticism to a person, by whom it reached the ears of the Red Marquis.

In Gambetta's idle days in the Quartier Latin, the Empire entered upon a new phase. Orsini's attempt had thrown the Emperor back into the ideas on Italian independence, which had taken hold of his brain in youth. He made war on Austria to emancipate Italy. It was impossible for him to take credit for liberating Italians and keep Frenchmen in slavery. While the laurels won on the plains of Lombardy were fresh, he thought it advisable to grant a full political amnesty, to restore to the Chamber the right to vote an address on the imperial speech at the opening of the session, and to the journals the privilege of reporting (but only *in extenso*) the debates in Parliament. This meed of liberty only emboldened foes, and gave the Orleanists room to move about and agitate. They started a militant journal, "Le Courrier du Dimanche," which at once became a power. It was kept up with funds provided by a liberal ex-minister of Louis Philippe, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, and was directed by Gregory Ganesco—a subtle, flexible, very "slippery" and polyglot Wallachian. This Ganesco was an illegitimate son of the Chevalier Von Gentz, and a man rich in expedients, a hard worker when he had any heavy business to get through, and a clever, ready writer. He was absolutely devoid of *sens moral*, and, while running the Orleanist journal, was in the secret service of the Empire. For the staff of his Sunday paper he enlisted Weiss, Prévost-Paradol, Chalmel Lacour, Spuller, and Édouard Hervé, who is still an Orleanist. M. Thiers gave the "Mot d'Ordre" to Ganesco and Prévost-Paradol. Through Spuller, Gambetta was drawn into this curious Orleanist center of agitation. He never wrote for the "Courrier du Dimanche"; but he made, with some members of its staff, two pilgrimages to Twickenham. At the time of his second visit he was canvassing Belleville. The Duc d'Aumale, in a walk in his grounds along the Thames, said, apropos of the river and some apple-trees:



"They remind me of St. Cloud, and make me homesick. When do you think we are to go back to France?"

Gambetta answered:

"No patriot should wish for your return. Imperialists for their own safety, and Republicans from loyalty to their cause, are bound to keep you and the other members of your family in exile." (The word Opportunist was not invented when Gambetta was last at Twickenham.) When he had spoken, he noticed that the face of his interlocutor dropped. The Duke's secretary called, in 1870, upon the Deputy of Belleville, whom he had known in the Quartier Latin, to ask his support for the petition of the Orleans princes to be admitted to the rights of French citizens. The answer given to the secretary was, "In acting as you desire, I should prove myself an indifferent patriot." As Rochefort and other Red Radicals charge Gambetta with being an apostate Orleanist, I think it well to show on what a slender basis the accusation rests. Orleanism was the only organized form of opposition to the Empire previous to 1863, when Garnier-Pagès created a militant democratic party, which went on rapidly from victory to victory. Gambetta was also brought into relations with Orleanists at the office of M. Crémieux, in which he worked for some years as a law secretary. It was this eminent advocate, who, in the days of February, proposed in the Chamber the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans, whom, with her two sons, he escorted there. He went from advanced liberalism to republicanism in '48, on being named a member of the Provisional Government. Crémieux was the first Hebrew ever called to the Paris bar. At Tours, when he there headed the Delegate Government, I heard him express himself timidly in favor of the claims of the Comte de Paris, which Lady Waldegrave urged upon him in a series of letters to Madame Crémieux. Whether nineteen years ago Gambetta and his masters were or were not Orleanists, they resorted to Orleanism as a means for obtaining concessions from the Emperor. That group had an état-major well disciplined and redoubtable, because headed by Thiers, who secretly was hostile to every plan for a monarchical restoration. In canvassing Belleville in 1863 and 1869, Gambetta learned what vitality there was in the democratic principle, and resolved to become its exponent.

There was no steady progression in Gambetta's rise to political fortune. He advanced *per saltum*. The first great jump was into M. Crémieux's office. To be allowed to turn down the work for an eminent advocate is deemed a high privilege by young French

lawyers; it was one that Gambetta attained on the day on which he argued the first case that was confided to him. It came to pass in this way. His client was an eccentric creole from the Antilles, who had picked him up adventitiously. Days and nights were spent in conning the brief and laboring at a set oration. The first lawyer of the age in civil business, Dufaure, was to plead on the opposite side. On the eve of the day on which the suit was to be heard, the novice sat up until day-break, and went nervous and confused before the judges. When the case was called on he rose to address the court, and started with a grand exordium. Dufaure eyed him with an expression of scornful irony, which upset him in the midst of a florid sentence. Seeing Gambetta hopelessly floundering, the hardened veteran on the other side begged for "an adjournment of eight days, to give his young adversary time to collect his ideas." It was granted. The creole's attorney, believing in Gambetta's forensic ability, went up to him and asked leave to coach him. Next day he called and thus admonished him: "You must not try to learn your speech by heart. State now to me the case in a conversational sort of way as if you were instructing me. When I raise objections answer them. Read over and over again your authorities. When I come back, re-state the case—but in no speech. You will thus get the whole affair methodically into your head *and on the tip of your tongue*. Juries want eloquence, because they don't understand law. Civil judges want sound argument and to be saved trouble. They are sick of advocates' talk, and are therefore pleased with lucid brevity. So far as it is consistent with gracefulness of style, be laconic. Take care not to be frightened at the sound of your own voice, and be sure not to talk loud at the outset. Loudness is only good in the finale, or if the judge is falling asleep." The attorney made another call on the eve of Gambetta's second appearance in court. He came to propose spending the early part of the evening at an amusing theater. On quitting his young friend, he invited him to breakfast with him next morning. The repast was of delicate oysters, a tender beefsteak, and not too much of it, and old Bordeaux wine. Not a word was said about the case. A cigar was brought in with coffee, to be quietly smoked. The attorney and the young advocate walked from the house of the former to the Palais de Justice, and Gambetta went into court in a pleasant state of well-being. Dufaure was there; but his adversary was not confounded by his presence. He entered quietly into the kernel



of the affair, and gradually warmed. The case was a heavy one. It was argued solidly, and yet in a brilliant manner, which was an evident treat to the judges. After Dufaure spoke there was a short rejoinder. Judgment was deferred, but the veteran lawyer came up to the novice to felicitate him on his talent and acumen. Other old and eminent advocates pressed round to congratulate. One of them was Crémieux. He offered on the spot to take Gambetta into his office as a secretary. The brilliant and skeptical Laurier was already at a desk there. He struck up with the newcomer that friendship which never abated, and acquired over him an ascendancy which eventually led to some bad consequences. Gambetta was in the malleable period at Crémieux's. There was a tinge of Laurier's skepticism in the Opportunist policy into which the "République Française" drifted, both before and after MacMahon's resignation.

Between the delivery of his maiden speech and the one in defense of Delescluze—who was prosecuted for aiding in a manifestation at the tomb of Baudin (a Deputy shot on a barricade at the *Coup d'État*)—Gambetta made no mark at the Palais de Justice. He occasionally appeared for Crémieux in secondary cases, and now and then pleaded for a journalist, in whom the public took small interest, before the tribunal of Correctional Police. He was noted, however, by his legal brethren, for his southern verve, dash, and originality, his fine, far-reaching voice, and Dantonian manner, which, to some extent, was assumed. The secret police watched him at his lodging, on a fifth floor, in the Rue Bonaparte, where his aunt, Mademoiselle Massabie, had come to act as housekeeper and domestic drudge. There was barely furniture enough to meet the rule of the Council of the Order of Advocates, in virtue of which young barristers are obliged to furnish the chambers in which they live. It was the aunt's good pleasure to drudge. On Sundays members of the Café Procope cénacle and junior members of the legal profession gathered at the apartment, which served as a study, dining, and reception room. As many as could be accommodated at table sat down at the luncheon-hour to partake of a leg of mutton rubbed with garlic, which the aunt cooked, or some other homely and high-spiced southern dish. Those for whom there was no place at the board smoked. Every one talked, and Gambetta the loudest of all. They passed in review the lectures of the week at the schools of the Faculties, the Sorbonne, and the College of France; the events at the Palais de Justice; the plays that had come out or were going to be produced; and arranged *clagues* to damn authors of

imperialist proclivities. Gambetta was the king of the company. He and his friends had the utmost confidence in themselves, and in their plans for renovating art, science, literature, and politics. They burned with ambition to knock down the Empire and to stand in its place, and were impatient of the restraints which it placed on the tongue and pen. Paris, at that time, was reduced to the silence of an exhibition of wax figures. This oppressive stillness Gambetta was destined to break. The young briefless barristers and Bohemians who gathered round him had a vague feeling that Gambetta was the coming man, and hung to his skirts. As he was good-natured, he let them hang on, and when he had the power to do so, shoved them into lucrative offices. In a police report about the Sunday gatherings in the Rue Bonaparte, Gambetta was described as eaten up with ambition, and capable of developing into a Marius if not gained over to the Empire. He was ambitious, but this passion took no definite form before he was elected for Belleville.

The great events of history often hinge on trifling circumstances. A visit paid by the Empress Eugénie brought under her notice a procurator named Pinard, who was a very able lawyer, and a miniature man,—admirably proportioned, handsome as an Adonis in his small way, natty, gallant, fluent, and skilled in paying ingeniously turned compliments. He was very clerical, and an enemy of the Duc de Persigny, whom the Empress hated, and who wanted the Emperor to take confidence in the vitality of the imperial principle, and grant the liberties to speak in public and to print newspapers, which had been enjoyed in Louis Philippe's reign. Pinard became the darling of the court ladies, and the Empress insisted upon the Home portfolio being given to him. The audacious manikin at once began to play with fire. To prove that Persigny was wrong, and that it would be dangerous to make concessions to liberals, the Home Minister organized a seditious manifestation by police agency. The young republicans and old revolutionists fell into the trap, and went, on the All-Souls' Day of 1868, with M. Pinard's spies to lay crowns and make speeches on the grave of Baudin, who was killed, girt in his Deputy's scarf, on a barricade at the *Coup d'État*. The *bona-fide* manifestants were prosecuted, and one of them named Delescluze asked Gambetta to defend him. If the Court of Correctional Police, before which the affair was to be tried, had not been presided over by a M. Vivien, Delescluze's counsel might still be a practising barrister. That judge was very short-sighted and hard of hearing. He generally decided



according to reports made to him in his private room of the trials that he had "heard," or, when the case was political, according to instructions sent from the Tuileries. As, by reason of his infirmities, he was slow, hesitating, and timorous, and was devoid of independent spirit, he suited the Emperor. Advocates who pleaded before him for journalists were in their clients' interest wont to plead extenuating circumstances and to conciliate the government. But Delescluze was a fanatical revolutionist and an old stoic, whose will had been strengthened by a long sojourn at Cayenne. All he asked of his counsel was to hit hard the author of the *Coup d'État*. As general elections were approaching, and Gambetta wanted to get into the Chamber for a Red Constituency, he was eager to avail himself of his client's instructions and M. Vivien's deafness to make a splash in the stagnant pool of politics. Any other judge would have silenced him, when, in a fervid oration, he was leading up to the parallel between Catiline, such as he was drawn by Sallust, and Napoleon III. The Roman historian and jurist described Catiline and his crew when they were beaten. But Gambetta anathematized his modern and victorious prototype when worshipers of success were lauding him as the master-mind of Europe and the arbiter of her fate. After giving a vivid picture of the author of the *Coup d'État* and his accomplices, and of the massacre of peaceful citizens on the boulevard, the orator exclaimed, "They talk here of the *plébiscite* and of ratification by a national vote. The will of the people can never transform might into right. A nation is no more justified in committing suicide than one of its individual members. And after seventeen years we are forbidden to discuss the iniquities of December. Government will not succeed in always holding the gag where they want to keep it. This trial must go on until the world's conscience has received the satisfaction that it demands, and until the wages of crime are disgorged. In your seventeen years' mastery of France you have never dared celebrate the second of December. It is we who take up the anniversary which you no more dare face than an affrighted murderer can the corpse of his victim." Loud as Gambetta thundered, M. Vivien did not understand what he said, until he had withdrawn from the bench to deliberate on the judgment which he was to render. One of his assessors then told him. The direct attack on the Emperor came with terrible force. Rochefort, who was an exile in Brussels, by making out the Empire ridiculous as well as odious, had prepared the way for Gambetta, who, the following summer,

was returned by Marseilles and Belleville to the Corps Législatif.

Soon after his double election Gambetta started for a tour in Germany and Switzerland. He was threatened with consumption, and had been ordered to pass a season at Ems, and then try the grape and buttermilk cure at Bex. At the German spa he met Bismarck casually and had some conversation with him about the prospects of the Empire. When they separated, the Prussian statesman asked M. Émile de Girardin who the young Frenchman was.

"Don't you know? Gambetta!"

"The irreconcilable Member for Belleville?"

"Yes. I thought he was a mad fire-brand from reading what the papers said about him. But he is very intelligent and has a shrewd judgment. He will go far. I pity the Emperor for having such an irreconcilable enemy."

"His irreconcilability," answered Girardin, "will depend upon the future policy of the Emperor. Gambetta is a *Jacobin autoritaire*, and nearer to the Empire than he imagines."

On the way to Switzerland, Gambetta took Vienna and the Tyrol. At that city he presented a letter of introduction from M. Thiers to an Austrian statesman. He had asked for it in the Chamber, and it spoke of the bearer as not only being a young man gifted with eloquence, but endowed with prudence and common-sense. At Bex, Gambetta stayed with M. and Mme. Laurier, with both of whom he was extremely intimate. Health returned in Switzerland. But the slight figure grew corpulent, and, notwithstanding frequent resorts to a depleting regimen, it has since gained in stoutness.

Gambetta entered the Chamber on a programme to which he voluntarily swore in public at Belleville. It embraces the abolition of standing armies, local decentralization, and the election by universal suffrage of functionaries. This document, which is omitted in the Reinach edition of Gambetta's speeches, produced a stupendous effect. Its omission contributed to the ebb in the tide of Gambetta's popularity. Opportunism, as it was first understood, meant payment by installments. So long as it was professed to be this it had with it urban democracy and drew toward it the rural electors. The quarrel with it only began when it was proclaimed by its authors a bad bond, which they did not intend to honor. Since the defeat of MacMahon, the Opportunist platform has been the negation of the Belleville one. "La République Française" has become one of the last strongholds of the old spirit of military adventure. The hostility of that journal to every scheme for communal or municipal form of local self-



government is rabid. It struggles to keep up the contemptible and anti-democratic prefectorial rule in the departments. Prefects live in palaces in departmental chief towns and draw large salaries. They are closely dependent on the Home Minister, are obstructive to local energy, and only of use to concentrate secret police information and to advance the interests of government candidates at legislative elections. There is no scope in the prefecture for great administrative or any other kind of ability, whereas it was communes and municipalities which built the cathedrals and town-halls of Picardy and Flanders, and rendered Florence the queen of mediæval Italy.

Gambetta's attitude in the Corps Législatif, in which he sat for a little more than a year, was one of reserve, until M. Ollivier brought forward the plebiscitary scheme, which M. Rouher and his group secretly imposed on him. On this occasion the Deputy for Belleville made in the Tribune his confession of Republican faith. The speech in which he vindicated the unalienable right of the nation to sovereignty was the most perfect he ever delivered. It cut at the root of the imperial theory of government. No dynasty could be *de jure* established upon a national vote. This was one of the orations of Gambetta which does not lose in being read. The style is copious without being redundant, the arguments are weighty, and the general tone is one of lofty dignity. This speech at once placed Gambetta at the head of the democratic Opposition. He was as much the artist as Jules Favre, and, in a higher degree, the statesman. On the question of peace or war, which was raised in the month of June that followed, his manner showed embarrassment. He, however, decided to vote the war supplies demanded by M. Ollivier and Marshal Leboeuf.

On the night of the memorable Third of September, the day after the surrender of the Emperor at Sedan, Gambetta concerted, with his intimate friends, what to do on the following day. Clémenceau, who had just returned from the United States, Madame Laurier, and Bratenet,—the vintner, to whose good offices Gambetta owed his election for Belleville,—had gone round that faubourg, and other democratic parts of the city, to invite patriots to march on the House of Deputies, and prevent the formation of an executive committee, which was to govern in lieu of the Empress Regent, but in her name—a project to which Thiers and Grévy had lent themselves. Thiers, when told that Gambetta was endeavoring to defeat it, said of him: "*Cet homme mourra dans la peau d'un fâcheux*" ("This man will always be a troublesome fellow"). The Chamber was in-

vaded by the freshly organized National Guard, which had fire-arms but no uniforms, and the Republic was proclaimed. To get before his electors, who intended to install a radical government at the Hôtel de Ville, the deputy for Belleville drove rapidly there with Spuller. He was joined by other representatives of Paris and by General Trochu, and wrote on slips of paper, which were thrown out to the armed multitude, the names of his colleagues who had agreed to enter a provisional government. The Interior he kept for himself, and lost no time in proceeding to the Ministry. He wanted to direct the general elections, and to replace all the imperialist prefects by men of a democratic shade of republicanism. His friend Laurier was named Secretary-General to the Home Department, and was sent as its delegate to Tours. He accompanied thither the senile M. Crémieux (who cumulated War and Justice), and Admiral Fourichon. Laurier at once began to negotiate the Morgan loan, which was to be to him a source of fortune, and to facilitate the operation published a gigantic canard about a victory of the Paris National Guard over the Germans. He stood in the way of a National Assembly, a convocation—a measure of which Crémieux, Thiers, and Grévy were partisans. When pressed hard by them he found means of advising Gambetta that reactionary counsel prevailed, and that to save the Republic he should quit Paris in a balloon and come to Tours. M. Crémieux, whose wife corresponded about the Orleans princes with Lady Waldegrave, was friendly toward them, but did not believe a monarchical restoration feasible. Nor had he the slightest faith in the military preparations for defending the Loire that Admiral Fourichon was making. His chief object was to convene speedily a national assembly, and throw on it the responsibility of a continuance of war or an inglorious peace. At Tours, in the councils held in the Archbishop's palace, Laurier stood out against his old master's policy. The reason he urged was, that if there were general elections soon after the fall of the Empire, radicals would predominate in the sovereign assembly. It may have been that he sincerely dreaded this result. Although elected on a democratic programme in Toulon, in 1871, Laurier at Versailles joined the clerical section of the Right. His detractors ascribed this step to anxiety lest, if he remained true to his pledges, the Morgan loan to the Committee of National Defense and other financial transactions at Tours and Bordeaux might be closely scanned by a Commission of Inquiry.

Gambetta reached Tours simultaneously with Garibaldi, whom Laurier relegated to a servant's room at the prefecture. There were



conflicting opinions in the Government, but only there on the subject of resistance. Wherever the invaders did not show themselves, there was an idea that France would eventually be victorious. Few were aware, in the early stages of the national defense, to what an extent the military spirit generated by the Revolution had been undermined. It may be here observed that this spirit had been kept up by the liberal and Voltairian bourgeoisie of the Restoration and of Louis Philippe's time, for whom Thiers wrote his history and Béranger indited his Napoleonic songs. In 1870 the bourgeoisie professed Chauvinist ideas, but did not feel them. Thiers was the first to renounce the doctrine inculcated in his own historical works. But when he began to do so his words found no echo. He was also one of the few men in the temporary capital on the Loire competent to judge of the military situation. The generals that were there had had experience chiefly in irregular Algerian warfare and the Arab Bureaux. They were ill-disposed toward the Republic, and bereft of all martial qualities except indifference to human suffering. Both they and the crude civilians who helped the War Minister trusted to drum-head courts-martial to atone for the want of that steady, sharp-eyed discipline which is only to be kept up by officers who sacrifice their ease to duty. Executions were of shocking frequency before Gambetta's attention was called to this dark fact. They took place at dawn, in the faubourg of Tours lying nearest to the Cher. A soldier dying of inanition, who pilfered food, was given a short shrift, and there was no organization for lodging and feeding the raw levies. The working classes were honest, patient, and ready to make any sacrifice demanded of them by the State; but they were without initiative, and supine. Railway directors were in the Bazaine conspiracy, and shunted food and munition trains laden with supplies for campaigning regiments. Thiers, on his return from his diplomatic tour from London to St. Petersburg, through Florence and Vienna, denounced as madness the efforts to resist invasion, and called the Dictator a "raging madman." When the premature and intensely harsh winter began to decimate the Mobile Corps and the invasion to spread west, the denunciations of him were repeated. Gambetta at the outset had only to struggle against dishonesty above and inertia below. But from the day that Prince Frederick Charles was able to quit Metz, he had to contend with a hostile animus. His theoretical and technical ignorance was severely criticised and his blunders magnified. A clear distinction was drawn between Gambetta commander-in-chief of the army, and

Gambetta the tribune. He is still under the illusion that the military part he played was the source of his popularity after the war. His strength lay in his harangues, which awoke the old republican feeling that had lain dormant in the provinces seventy years. Aided by the strangest chapter of events in modern history, he had brought about a democratic revival and helped to fuse Paris and the provinces. This was the great work that he began at Tours and Bordeaux, and continued when the Assembly was at Versailles. In accomplishing it he was sustained by the disinterested friendship of MM. Adam, Spuller, Poujade, Brisson, and Clémenceau, who was his second in the duel with M. de Fourtou, and who broke with him for the policy he adopted on the morrow of Grévy's election to the Presidency. Clémenceau wanted Gambetta to accept the responsibility of office and propose to the Chambers a total amnesty for participation in the civil war.

Gambetta had a narrow escape from being captured near Bourges by Von Zastrow, and sent to join the Emperor at Cassel. When that general was at Auxerre, M. Paul Bert was prefect at the place. It was his native town, and he had been sent to it to organize the defense. In discharging his mission, he gave proof of strategical ability and resource. The scientist, acting on the maxim that all is fair in war, corrupted an Alsatian valet of Von Zastrow. The servant agreed to slip into the potatoes of his master and aid-de-camp and military secretary opiates furnished to him by M. Paul Bert. The general was a deep drinker. When he was slumbering, after dinner, Fritz, the man, was to rummage his pockets and his desk, and bring dispatches from headquarters to the prefect to be read by him. One evening a letter was brought addressed by Moltke to Von Zastrow. It instructed him of the exact position of Bourbaki's camp, and of Gambetta's intended visit of inspection to it. The general at Auxerre was to coöperate with a detachment of Prince Frederick Charles's army in hemming in the camp. M. Paul Bert lost no time in riding across country to a telegraphic station that was in communication with Bourges, and warning the general and Gambetta. Bourbaki was to have kept on the south bank of the Loire, while Chanzy fought on the north. But on reading Moltke's instructions to Von Zastrow, he decided, under the pretext of going to coöperate with Garibaldi, to retreat into the Tura mountains. Gambetta arrived in the camp in time to be consulted. When he was joined by M. Paul Bert, he sent him to Lille to help General Faidherbe. One of the defensive measures of the savant was to



post the names of cowardly mobiles at the doors of town-halls, post-offices, and factories, and to invite the girls to read the lists of shame. Gambetta followed M. Paul Bert to Lille, to stimulate the population there, and returned by Cherbourg. Ten years later he revisited that naval stronghold as President of the Chamber. He was drawn by his recollection of the invasion into making a speech which alarmed Germany. There are some men who habitually put a guard upon their lips and weigh their words in uttering them. Gambetta is not one of these. From infancy upward he has nearly always been king of his company, and surrounded by adoring female relations and intimate friends who at once regarded him as a comrade and superior. The latter were of his own age, and their presence imposed on him no reserve. He had not been brought up like Cavour, in the severe tradition of a patrician family.

Gambetta sprang from the smallest *bourgeoisie* of a provincial town. His southern loquacity and expansiveness were unbridled and have always been so until the extreme radicals broke with him and turned to rend him. Thus his tongue, which has been his chief source of influence with the French nation, has also come to be an unruly member, and often expresses with too much emphasis passing moods and fugitive thoughts. No post-collegiate study has sobered, strengthened, and tempered the mind and imagination of Gambetta. His books are men and things, and he does not so much learn as *pick up*. This is in consequence of the loss of one eye, and the delicacy of the other. His ocular weakness places him at a disadvantage relatively to other statesmen. When even Thiers was obliged to retire from active politics, he returned to the arena intrinsically greater than he was in quitting it. The interval had been devoted to study—not the less severe because recreative—of art, science, history, philosophy. Gladstone betakes himself to the Greek classics. Cavour busied himself in writing agricultural treatises and review articles. But close application to books is forbidden to Gambetta, and to correct a plethoric habit of body, when he is in the country he is obliged to take an amount of physical exercise which is unfavorable to meditation. His ocular infirmity explains why his intellect does not follow the same law of growth as the minds of Thiers, Cavour, Burke, Gladstone, and Sir Robert Peel. Study in mature life brings up and brings out great personal qualities, and gives succulence to that best fruit of our elderly years—wisdom. Gambetta, when he became the virtual head of the Republic, was flattered by the moneyed and aristocratic class and taken hold

of by them. Although he has more natural sympathy with the blouse than any public man I can think of, he was estranged from his old and true allies of the workshops. The smaller-minded upstarts around him at the Palais Bourbon were for striking up a friendship with pleasure-loving Dives.

The former tribune has many qualities besides eloquence which place him above his rivals. One is geniality. Another is absolute freedom from *bourgeois* curishness. He affects an interlocutor as would pleasant sunshine, and he has ready sympathies which command sympathy. His experience of human nature and skill in parliamentary management are very wide. It is said that at the Palais Bourbon he lost his faith in principle. What befell him there should strengthen him. Whenever he trusted in such material forces as his cook, Trompette's, dishes and other forms of corruption, defeat soon followed. His highest achievements as a tribune and militant republican politician were victories of pure moral force. I witnessed his action at Tours and Bordeaux, at which last place I saw him, in the teeth of a freezing north wind, harangue from a balcony an immense concourse of country people. It was so good, grand, and invigorating that I feel, in noting his recent backslidings, as Neot did in rebuking Alfred the Great, before adversity had purified that king. In the militant part of his career Gambetta's confidence in his principle was never shaken. The brightness of his hope enabled multitudes who had been in secular darkness to see the way before them. His boldness was never daunted. The advisability of implicating him in the charge of communism brought against his friend Ranc, was often debated. It is certain that at St. Sebastian he did foment the communal insurrection in Paris and the provincial cities, and he might have been, with a show of justice, condemned by a military tribunal to join Rochefort and Louise Michel in the antipodes. Gambetta also was warned that if the Élysée party went to the length of a *coup d'état*, in 1877, he would be arrested and shot. There would not have been any means of escaping from his lodgings in the Chaussée d'Antin, if the gendarmerie had entered in at a front door, the garden being surrounded by dead walls six stories high. Such was the public favor he enjoyed that not a person taunted him with the political blunder made at Bordeaux which gave in the Assembly preponderance to the royalists. When that body met to sign away Alsace and Lorraine, Gambetta did not realize its *de-facto* sovereignty. His position was that if the



National defense had been carried on with spirit France could have made at least an honorable peace. One of the departments which sent him to the Assembly was the Haut-Rhin. When the other deputies of Alsace and their Lorraine colleagues met at Bordeaux, Gambetta proposed to resign *en masse* the day on which the peace preliminaries were ratified. They consented. I saw them, headed by Gambetta, quit the house, and noted the void their absence had made on the republican side. President Grévy, who was Speaker, refused to accept their resignation until they had thought over it for twenty-four hours. A dramatic incident strengthened their resolution. The venerable Jean Kuss, mayor of Strasburg, in leaving the theater which was used as a Parliament House, staggered up to Gambetta, his face blanched with emotion, and said: "Let me grasp your patriot's hand. It is the last time I shall shake it. My heart is broken. Promise to redeem brave Strasburg. *L'Alsace vous attend.*" He fell in a state of syncope. When the carriage into which he was lifted reached his hotel, he was dead. "*Elle attend,*" the motto of Henner's patriotic picture of Alsace, is taken from Jean Kuss's dying words. This work of art was dedicated to Gambetta, who probably would not have advised a protestation which secured a majority to the royalists whenever they might fuse, if he had not anticipated the communal rising and counted upon its success. Unquestionably that movement prevented the Comte de Chambord's advent at Versailles as king.

It was during the Universal Exhibition in 1878 that Gambetta reached the climax of his popularity. He then appeared the incarnation of Republican France in the widest meaning of the term, and was what he looked. Any one who could give an introduction to him was almost a personage, and was beset by foreigners who wanted to shake hands with him and hear him talk. In the preceding year he had been victor in the greatest political struggle, in which neither military nor revolutionary force were brought into play, that ever came off in France. It may not have closed a cycle, but it marked an epoch. Thiers died when it was going forward. At his death, and in virtue of an arrangement he had made just before it happened, the command of the republican forces devolved upon Gambetta, who, however, was bound, when MacMahon resigned, not to oppose Grévy's candidature to the presidency. In obedience to the verbally expressed wish of Thiers, all his friends in the campaign against the Élysée were to be subordinate to one leader. The honors of victory were not, there-

fore, divided when the three hundred and sixty-three deputies, who protested against MacMahon's *coup de tête*, were sent back to Versailles. Of the intensity of the effort made by the one side and the other, a single fact will enable those who did not witness it to form an opinion. The Marshal and his cabal were only beaten by five hundred thousand votes. What, in the heat of the battle, the republican part of France hoped, believed, desired, or willed, Gambetta formulated in short phrases which electrified and were easily retained and circulated. The roll of thunder and the sudden, sharp flash of lightning in his eloquence, with the aid of M. Émile de Girardin's press auxiliaries, defeated the nearly six hundred thousand civil service agents who were maneuvered as a single man by a tyrannical and unscrupulous ministry.

As Marshal MacMahon resigned a year after he "submitted," Grévy did not at once occupy the high place which it was settled he should fill. It would have been better for Gambetta and perhaps for the Republic had there been no delay, for there was no counterpoise to the influence of the victor, who soon became omnipotent. He had no official standing beyond that of Deputy. His power, as chairman of the Budget Committee, was known to ministers and lobbyists, but not to the outside public. But he was a man above his fellows—the Grand Elector—and with the exception of the rugged Dufaure, ministers were his humble servants. That crusty, hard-grained old lawyer, Dufaure, stood out against him openly and in secret and strove to circumvent him. He discovered from a proposal made him that the Opportunists wanted to make Gambetta Chief of the Executive, and to keep out Grévy. Dufaure watched closely and rendered the negotiation sterile. Notwithstanding his political omnipotence, Gambetta in the last year of MacMahon's tenure of office did not do anything to excite envy. He felt then the danger of solitary prominence, and shunned rather than courted ovations. His power was often discreetly exercised in releasing foreign commissions to the exhibition from the fetters of red-tape. Assistance was quickly given. If the Senator apprehended a deficit, Gambetta whispered a promise that he would ask the Budget Committee to make it up. Gambetta wished the exhibition to redound abroad to the glory of France, and to be an agency for gaining a wide-world sympathy for the Republic. The chief Opportunist journal was studiously moderate in its polemics. Its director kept aloof from the fêtes given in honor of illustrious strangers connected with the exhibition. He lived in rooms allowed him by the shareholders of the



"République Française," in the house in which the offices of that paper were located. His establishment was on a modest scale, and there was no private equipage, a plain *coupé* being hired by the month.

The politico-financists who have swamped the Opportunist party did not appear in the bright summer of 1878. But the anterooms of the great man were filled with idolators. Place-hunters were to swarm in later. Idolatry was borne by its object with good humored simplicity. Foreign votaries were helped with evident amusement to translate the feeling which they tried to express in broken French. He heard himself praised in French spoken with every known accent. Anglo-Saxons were the most demonstrative admirers. The intelligent and original Sir John Bennett, of Cheapside, was among those who found their way into the presence of the Jove of French politics. Sir John asked leave to present a signet ring at a future visit. "What," he asked, "shall be the motto?"

"*Vouloir c'est pouvoir*," replied Gambetta. "Shall I write it down for you?"

"Oh, no," answered Sir John. "My memory will hold fast every word you utter."

The ring was in due time made and presented, and a superb one it was. But the knight's memory played him a trick. He omitted the conjunctive "*c'est*," and "*Vouloir pouvoir*" were the only words on the seal. The recipient did not look this gift-horse in the mouth, but was greatly amused by it. He has worn Sir John's ring from the day on which he accepted it.

In that same memorable year Gambetta wore at home a loose pea-jacket, or *vareuse*, bought at some ready-made clothes store. Often when old and humble friends from Belleville dropped in to see him in the morning, he kept them to take pot-luck at *déjeuner*. At the Chaussée d'Antin he afforded himself a white damask table-cloth. The plated spoons and forks were superseded by real silver ones, bearing the initials *L. G.* in plain capital letters. A delightful host Gambetta was. He ate with good appetite, and, stimulated by the friendly faces and the chattering tongues around him, he became witty, humorous, a thinker, and a word-painter. The cerebation which his talk revealed was prodigious. He did not set up to be a Doctor of Republican Philosophy, as in his journal. At the same time, he never spoke of the Republic but with enthusiasm. With intimate friends he often argued. He was more Democratic than Liberal, and more Jacobin than Socialist. Although a warm Anti-Clerical, his mind had taken the Papal, or Roman im-

press. In his system the state was incarnate in the man who best expressed the universal sentiment and felt the universal want. He adopted the Positivist philosophy of Comte, which teaches the necessity, in the fatalistic sense of the word of an *homme pontife*—a very dangerous doctrine for Secularists to hold who dispose of the Bourse, army, and civil service patronage. Gambetta's conversation was no monologue. Great personages found themselves at his table with meanly born folks, who had not risen much above their primitive condition, but were worthy citizens and had helped the Democratic cause in difficult times, and were able to give further assistance. The host was equally attentive to his guests. He was ignorant of many social usages which facilitate smooth relations in a mixed society and keep down the heart-burnings to which sensitive, meritorious, but unsuccessful men are liable.

Dom Pedro, when first visiting Paris, said to M. Théophile Gautier *fils* :

"I have now seen everything I want to see here except Victor Hugo."

"There is no reason, sire, why you should not also see him. He would be greatly flattered to receive a visit from your Majesty."

"I do not doubt that he would treat me with courtesy. But I am afraid that he would not return my visit. What do you think?"

The question was repeated by M. Théophile Gautier to the poet in the presence of a lady, the wife of a struggling journalist whom Victor Hugo particularly esteemed for the consistent dignity of his life, which had been an obstacle to the acquirement of wealth.

"Tell the Emperor that I shall regard his call as a high honor," answered Victor Hugo, "but it would be impossible for me to call on him, for the simple reason that I have never yet found time to call on Madame B. (the journalist's wife) or on other ladies who often come to see me, and who merit my respectful friendship."

I doubt if Gambetta could so much as understand the exquisite breeding revealed in this message to Dom Pedro. In his own house, or at the table of a friend or acquaintance, Gambetta, however, always does and says the right thing. At the board of the Prince of Wales he was as much at his ease as though he were breakfasting with one of his old Palais de Justice associates.

A leaven of Cæsarism was at work in the Opportunist party. This ferment might easily have been suppressed when MacMahon resigned. When that event happened Gambetta was urged by Republicans who had subordinated themselves to him, under the reserve of asserting their independence when there



would be no longer necessity for military discipline, to aid them to elect M. Brisson Speaker of the Chamber, and to head a cabinet himself. But he and his immediate following preferred to shirk responsibility. Gambetta dominated the 363, and would therefore have been the master of every cabinet which could possibly be formed. He wanted to retain his hold on the urban democracies, and to draw to his side the rich, timorous, and sybaritic conservatives who were advancing upon him, and insidiously surrounding him. It so little entered into his ideas at that time to become their instrument, that he carried against the President of the Republic, who grieved over the measure, and against the lukewarm Republicans of both chambers, a change in the constitution whereby Versailles ceased to be the parliamentary capital. The Chambers, in obedience to Gambetta's will, came back to Paris, the population of which he then expected would help him to bridle them, were they to grow restive. This step of the Legislature was a signal proof of the omnipotence of the Deputy of Belleville. Had it been followed by a plenary amnesty he would have retained his popularity; and because he was popular the Conservatives would have gone on courting his favor. But he forgot to what extent he was morally culpable with the Commune, and while felicitating himself on the return of the Parliament to Paris, refused to press for a complete act of oblivion. It was said to him: "When you have carried the translation of the Chambers you can obtain a full measure of mercy." His objection was that in asking for the very restricted amnesty which Waddington obtained, ministers had surpassed the limits indicated by the country. As a matter of fact, the country had indicated nothing. What rendered the feeling which began to grow up against Gambetta more bitter was that a member of the committee which carried his first election at Belleville—Trinquet—was perishing from scurvy in New Caledonia. Instead, therefore, of having the additional weight of Paris to bear upon the Chambers, the capital fell from him. The Government, from motives of economy, ordered the first batch of amnestied communists to be landed at Port Vendres in the Eastern Pyrenees (a Red district), instead of at Catholic Brest. Their utter misery, and the tale of nine years of wretchedness told in their scorbutic and emaciated bodies, produced an explosion of compassion not only at Port Vendres and Perpignan, but in reactionary towns where the third-class trains chartered to bring them to Paris halted. Louis Blanc and Clémenceau went to meet them, but Gambetta, although many of them were his

old personal friends and constituents, gave no sign. It would have been hard for him publicly to give one. As President of the Chamber he was the third person of the State Trinity established by the Constitution Wallon. But he might have taken advantage of the sentiment of public pity to demand a complete amnesty, in behalf of which Louis Blanc began to agitate in the South. Eventually, Gambetta forced the hand of the de Freycinet ministry. But he seemed to do so under weighty pressure. At the municipal elections of Paris, the candidates most particularly recommended by him had been defeated. Trinquet, who was still in the galleys, was elected at Belleville. Legislative elections were not far off. A trifling circumstance rendered the situation more tense. The Mayor of Belleville, a Gambettist, got up, in the interest of his party, a popular banquet in the Lime Tree Garden at Ménilmontant, the most democratic part of his *arrondissement*. The great orator was there to explain his policy, in a way to meet the attacks which the press was beginning to make. In the invitations, of which about nine hundred were issued, the hour stated was seven o'clock. This was understood to mean half-past seven. But the dinner was not served until after half-past eight. Gambetta had not come. The landlord insisted upon not waiting any longer. Two places were kept vacant at the table of honor. At nine "the guest of the evening" and Spuller entered to fill them. Whether habituated at the Palais Bourbon to the dishes of Trompette, they had grown too dainty for the plain cooking of Ménilmontant, or for what other reason, it does not appear. They had both dined with a few friends at a restaurant. They did not at the banquet even go through the polite comedy of pretending to eat. No apology was offered either at the time, nor afterward in the press; a polite fib, though a transparent one, would have calmed irritation. Punctuality, it was remarked *sotto voce*, was the politeness of kings; but the elect of the millions thought themselves higher than born sovereigns. The speech which followed the banquet was listened to with icy coldness. The orator went back to the Petit Bourbon heavy and discontented. He had for ten years given a mighty impulsion in a democratic sense. Ministers had been made to feel that universal suffrage was everything, and the executive but its instrument. As president of the Budget Committee, he had made them realize that power of the purse was vested in the Chambers, and he had hotly contested the position of M. Jules Simon that the Senate had a right to amend the budget. He had



agitated for revision of the judicial bench, and the democratization of the army. Suddenly he turned round and attempted to push back the torrent which he had set flowing. Its impetus was too great for him to withstand, and it has pursued its course, bearing with it other men less renowned. The world watches with interest his attempts to recover the position which he has lost, as the representative man of the Third Republic. If his short administrative career was a series of blunders, his resource in fighting against difficulties is boundless. He is not the Cæsar, but the Hannibal, of French politics. The African general never

made up for the time lost at Capua. The enemies of Gambetta trust that he will never recover from the errors into which he fell at the Petit Bourbon, and especially in the last of the three years which he spent there. In that year only a vote of the Senate stood between him and the official mastery of France. The *scrutin de liste* bill once passed, he could have had a docile Chamber elected, and could have applied himself to the execution of his scheme for creating a new France along the whole northern coast of Africa, and recovering Alsace and Lorraine. Time will soon tell whether the hopes of Gambetta's enemies are well grounded.

Y. D.

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JONES VERY.

BARE are the blooming fields, the hills are bare,  
Where erst the wild flowers trembled in the breeze,  
And stript and leafless stand the sheltering trees,  
The snow lies deep on all that once was fair;  
Yet, as the sun sinks down, the coming gloom  
Brightens again, and, as in summer's prime,  
See, blushing o'er the cold snow's frosted rime,  
Soft tints of rose on all the uplands bloom.

Fair through the fading gold the planet glows,  
And shineth brighter as the night comes on,  
And only in its perfect splendor shows,  
When from our sky the daylight quite is gone.  
O Poet Soul, that roamed these fields erewhile:  
The type and token of thy life shines here;  
Thy life we knew not while its day was near,  
But vaguely guessed its beauty from thy smile,  
That, like an angel, glimpsed from heights afar,  
Shone for a moment, but to disappear,  
As in the glow we see,—then lose the star.

Indeed thou seemest nearer to us now,  
That we most need thy love; as in the cold  
And friendless winter, we with thee behold  
The stars beam brighter through the leafless bough,  
And with thee track Love's foot-prints in the snow,  
Who bade us note the way and onward go.  
And when the glad spring shall to earth return,  
When the first flowers look up with trustful eye,  
Or, blushing, bend above the laughing burn,  
And on the hill-sides thou hast loved we lie,  
Watching thy honey-bells that nod and smile,  
And hear the robin's sweet, outpouring joy,  
That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,—  
Thou, too, wilt come, with all that doth belong  
To Nature; who will surely still employ  
Her well-loved son, and pour his song awhile  
Forth in her bird-notes, and a tenderer green  
Lend the embroidered bank whereon we lean  
To pluck his Wind-flower, gloriously arrayed  
With faith like his, who heard the Father's call,  
When others 'neath the sordid earth were laid,  
And he, "the Dreamer," saw yet more than all.

William P. Andrews.



## MIGRATIONS OF AMERICAN COLONISTS.\*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

### I.

#### THE DUTCH IN NEW NETHERLAND.

THERE is no story in American history more picturesque than the coming of the first Dutch vessel into American waters in 1609, about the time that John Smith left Jamestown. This venturesome ship was the *Half Moon*, commanded by Henry Hudson, a famous English sea-farer and explorer. He had already tried to sail to China by going directly across the North Pole itself, and had pushed farther into the great ice-barrier than any preceding navigator. He had in his time discovered some of those marvels of which the sea anciently had many, but which, alas! have quite vanished out of our commonplace and steamer-ridden world. One of these was a mermaid, with a body like a woman's, which on going down tossed in the air a "tayle which was like the tayle of a porpoise, and speckled like a macrell." The Dutch East India Company and Henry IV. of France strove to gain the services of the English captain, for the great "pilots" of that time were accustomed to hire themselves in the open market. Joining the Dutch, Hudson was sent to discover the way to China "around by the north side of Nova Zembla." Encountering insuperable obstacles almost at the outset of his voyage, he sailed to the westward, in violation of his orders, having, perhaps, a lurking desire to try that passage to the Pacific in latitude forty degrees which he found on a map newly sent to him out of Virginia by his friend Captain John Smith. After many adventures, and the discovery of Delaware Bay, we find Captain Hudson and his Dutch ship, in 1609, in sight of the Navesink Highlands. He carefully sounded his way across Sandy Hook bar, and anchored the *Half Moon* in the beautiful bay of New York. Here he found an abundance of fish, and the shores were adorned with "great and tall oaks." Wondering savages in garments of feather, deer-skin and furs crowded the deck of the vessel.

After a week's loitering in the lower bay he sailed through the Narrows admiring, as succeeding voyagers did, the loveliness of the banks and the fragrance which came from them. And so the *Half Moon* passed on into what is perhaps the finest river

of the world, the crew regarding with wonder the varying landscape as they sailed by the Palisades and then through the Highlands, and came at length to anchor in sight of the Catskills. On their way the Dutch trucked with the savages for beans and oysters, Indian corn, pumpkins, and tobacco. When Hudson went ashore "the swarthy natives all stood around, and sang in their fashion," dressed in the skins of foxes and other animals; their weapons were bows carrying arrows pointed with sharp stones, which were held in place by "hard rosin." Apparently "they had no houses, but slept under the blue heavens, sometimes on mats of bulrushes interwoven, and sometimes on the leaves of trees," carrying all their goods with them when they journeyed. "They appear to be a friendly people," he says, but adds significantly that they "have a great propensity to steal, and are exceedingly adroit in carrying away whatever they fancy." On another occasion the captain went ashore in company with an old Indian; and found a band of forty men and seventeen women about a large wigwam of oak-bark, which contained a store of maize, or, as he calls it, "Turkish wheat." Two mats were spread in the wigwam for the visitors, and some food—probably mush or hominy—was served in a red wooden bowl, while a hunter was sent to shoot some game for the guest. He came back presently with a brace of pigeons, which the hospitable savages supplemented by a fat dog killed in haste and skinned with shells from the river shore.

After ascending the river, to the neighborhood of the present city of Hudson, or, as some compute, to Albany, and then sending a boat higher up, the navigator reluctantly concluded, perhaps, that the South Sea could not be found at the head of the "Great River," and so turned about and descended first to Newburg Bay, and then, when he had caught a favorable wind, passed through the somber Highland passes. He got a taste of Indian hostilities on the lower river, and at length sailed out to sea, one month after entering the outer bay. Disappointed of his principal object, he had achieved immortality without knowing it.

Possessed by the South Sea mania, the adventurous Hudson did not care to waste





DUTCH SHIPPING IN THE XVIII CENTURY. FROM VAN DER VELDE'S PAINTING, "A VIEW ON THE RIVER Y."  
AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN & CO.

his time in exploring farther the new land and great river that he had found, but perished the next year through the treachery of his crew in that vast northern bay which also bears his name. He had gone thither after the much-sought passage to China and Japan, to which geographical jack-o'-lantern he was one of the last martyrs. Short cuts to the South Sea, and porpoise-tailed mermaids, passed out of fashion at about the same time. The *Half Moon*, however, with part of her old crew, returned to the Great River the year after the discovery; white men and red men were glad to greet each other again, and the beaver trade prospered from that time.

In 1613 the ship of Captain Adrian Block was burned near the island of Manhattan. Like a true Dutch child of the sea, the *schipper* set about building a new one, erecting first three or four huts for his men on the lower point of the island, which temporary cabins were probably the earliest European habitations on the site of New York. Here, fed by the kindness of the savages, he constructed and launched the little yacht *Onrust*, or *Restless*, of sixteen tons. In this he boldly ventured the untried whirlpools of Hell-gate, and so passed through the unexplored

Long Island Sound to Montauk Point, and thence to the triangular island still called by Block's name. The *Restless* continued her voyage around Cape Cod, and sailed along the wild coast to Nahant Bay, beyond Boston Harbor, which point is made on Block's map to be the utmost limit of the New Netherlands. The territory beyond was conceded to France. On his return voyage, he entered the "Fresh" River, (the Quonehtacut of the savages, and the Connecticut of our time), and ascended it to the rapids above Hartford.

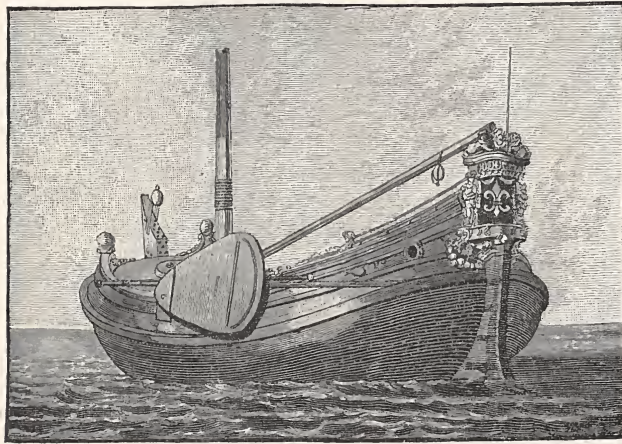
Meantime, a small redoubt had been built on Castle Island, near the present city of Albany, to protect the most advanced fur-market of the Dutch. But the greater part of the Dutch trade was for years carried on in ships and small vessels, which served at once for houses, forts, and means of transportation. On the ship's deck, cloth, rum, beads, knives, hatchets, awls, hoes, and even fire-arms, were bartered for beaver skins and other furs. The center of this traffic was at the lower end of Manhattan Island, and thus, after a while, the foundation of the commercial metropolis of North America was laid in trade.

In 1621, the year after the pilgrims settled



at Plymouth, the great Dutch West India Company was chartered, and given, with many other privileges, a monopoly of trade and government in the Dutch possessions in America. Immediately on the completion of the organization of the company in 1623, New Netherland in America was erected into a province, with the armorial bearings of a count. The beaver naturally held a central place in its arms, for by the beaver trade it

miles long on the Delaware, and all the region about Fort Orange, or Albany, were quickly bought up from the Indians by directors of the company speculating in their own interest. This tempting plan caused to be projected many unsuccessful and some successful colonies. The feudal system thus established survived the fall of the Dutch power; the great manors and the anti-rent riots of a later period were results of the



DUTCH YACHT OF 1612. PROBABLE FORM OF THE "RESTLESS." FROM CHARNOCK'S "MARINE ARCHITECTURE."

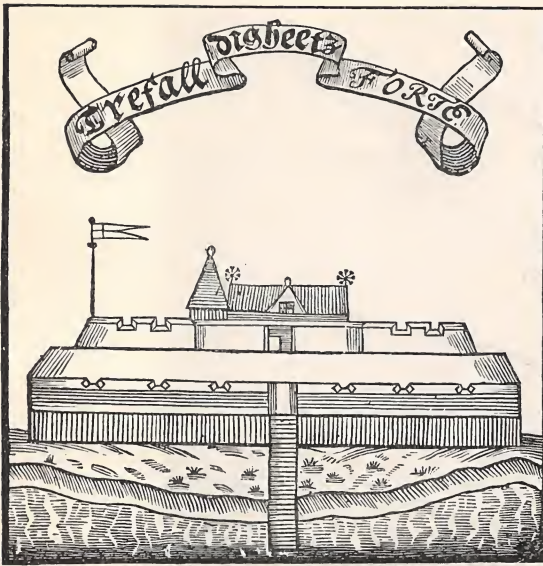
lived. A colony was dispatched in this same year. The first settlers of New York, like the beginners of the less commercial colonies, were refugees from persecution, the greater part of the first thirty families being Walloons, — Protestants expelled from the provinces of Belgium, adjacent to France, and speaking the old French language; indeed, a great part of these so-called Walloons appear to have been Huguenots from Rochelle, Rouen, Paris, and elsewhere. About eighteen families were settled near the projected Fort Orange, on the present site of Albany; four newly married couples were dispatched to the Delaware, or, as they called it, the "South River"; two families and six men were sent to the Connecticut, and eight men were planted on Manhattan Island.

The Netherlands were at this period prosperous, and their government was liberal, so that well-to-do Dutchmen were probably not inclined to emigrate, and the peasant tenants were unable to do so. While the English were generally bringing the poorer class to the colonies in a state of limited servitude, the Dutch company met the difficulty by its liberal grant of semi-monarchical powers to *patroons*, or large buyers of land, who should establish colonies at their own expense in New Netherlands. Vast slices of New Jersey, all of Staten Island in a piece, a tract thirty-two

Dutch patroonships. The device of granting large manors served to plant the country, though in but a thin and inadequate way, and it worked evil to New Netherland by founding an order of territorial lords, whose trading interests brought them into commercial rivalry with the company, and whose rights of government weakened the State. Besides the authority granted them by the charter of their order, the patroons set up a claim to exclusive jurisdiction in their territories as "successors to the lord Sachems," from whom they had bought their land. The system of patroonships was one of the causes, and the fur trade was the other, that served to scatter the Dutch colonists so widely that the West India Company's power in America crumbled with slight resistance when once the English chose to assail it with force. The Dutch and French spread the ramifications of their trading companies over vast regions, but neither the one nor the other could resist the closely settled agricultural colonies of the English, which were able to present a serried front to enemies.

The first Dutch block-house on the Delaware was called Fort Nassau, and was a little below the present city of Philadelphia, on the Jersey side of the river. But this settlement was considered too weak, and the four young married couples, who had been sent in 1623 to begin the population of the country,





TRINITY FORT. ORIGINALLY FORT CASIMIR. FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD PRINT IN CAMPANIUS'S "NEW SWEDEN," BY PERMISSION OF THE LIBRARY SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

the dead chief while at work in the field. When patroon De Vries sailed into the Delaware in 1632, to look after his colony, the river had no European occupant remaining alive, though twenty-three years had elapsed since Hudson's discovery, and eighteen since the little yacht *Restless* had explored its waters. After this the Dutch seem to have attended but sluggishly to their trade in the South River, until it found powerful rival claimants, who were able to hold their own against the Hollanders for seventeen years.

## II.

### THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW SWEDEN.

AMONG the many plans for Swedish enlargement entertained by the bold imagination of the great King Gustavus Adolphus, was that of planting a new Sweden in America, and organizing at the same time a powerful West

were removed to Manhattan, where after some years enough people were concentrated under the walls of Fort Amsterdam to make a petty village, which so late as 1641 contained but two hundred and fifty people, though it was then considered "a clever little town, which went on increasing day by day."

In 1631, influenced by the tempting offers to patroons, the famous sea-farer and writer of interesting "voyages," David Pieterzen de Vries and his partners took up lands on Lewiston Creek, in Delaware, and had built there a brick house for the protection of a colony of thirty people, which he called Swanendael, "the Vale of Swans." In the spirit of solemn and childish ceremony, so characteristic of the age, the settlers erected a column, and hung upon it a piece of tin emblazoned with the arms of the States-General. A simple-minded Indian chief, with a savage's love of trinkets and a Spartan passion for theft, purloined the glittering toy and hung it about his neck, where it served perhaps for ornament, breast-plate, and amulet. The stupid commander whom De Vries had sent with his people took this theft for an act of hostility against their High Mightinesses the States-General. He made so much of it that some of the Indians killed the offender and delivered his head to appease the angry Dutchman, who was frightened enough when he saw what was done. The farce had now turned to tragedy which found swift completion in the total destruction of the colonists, who were massacred by the friends of

India company which might serve to enlarge the commerce of his kingdom, propagate the Lutheran faith, and aid him in his struggle against the Catholic powers. The enthusiastic young king called this projected colony "the jewel of his kingdom," and urged "high and low to contribute something to the company according to their means." He himself gave four hundred thousand dollars; the queen dowager, the highest nobility, and all the civil and military officers followed the royal example, and the project became an object of patriotic enthusiasm. The king forbade slavery in the new colony: "Slaves cost a great deal, labor with reluctance, and perish with hard usage," he said. "The Swedish nation is industrious and intelligent, and we shall gain more by a free people with wives and children." The stock was open to all Europe. The colony was to be a refuge for Protestants of every nation, and "a benefit to the whole world," and the company was vaguely authorized to trade "in Asia, Africa, and the Straits of Magellan."

But the thoughts of Gustavus were engrossed with warlike concerns, and he fell in the battle of Lützen in 1632, without seeing the beginning of New Sweden. It was only five years after his death that the Swedish Company dispatched its first colonists to America. Peter Minuit, who had been director of the Dutch colony at Manhattan and had lost or left his place, now gave the benefit of his experience and knowledge to the Swedish colony, of which he was the first governor.





PETRUS STUYVESANT. FROM A PAINTING FROM LIFE, IN POSSESSION OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

On his arrival in the Delaware, in 1638, he allayed the suspicions of the Dutch authorities at Manhattan by giving out that his company was on the way to the West Indies, and had only stopped in the South River to refresh themselves and take in wood and water. But the planting of some garden herbs, and the erection of a "fort" near the present city of Wilmington, soon revealed his intention to remain. The Swedish colony was very small, but as the Dutch Governor, in the usual fashion of the Dutch governors, fired nothing at them more dangerous than formal protests, their Fort Christiana was soon completed. By the knowledge Minuit had acquired in his government of New Netherland, he managed with liberal presents to draw the greater part of the fur trade of the South River to his new fort, so that the Swedish vessels returned with valuable cargoes.

A portion of the first comers were transported bandits, but the colonists opposed the sending of such convicts, and at last forced a ship laden with them to return. The Swedish Government thereupon ordered that no more convicts should be sent, "lest Almighty God

should let his vengeance fall on the ships and goods and the virtuous people on board." With the Swedes came also some nomadic Finns, who dwelt for long years after the fall of New Sweden in villages of their own. The new settlers pushed their trade with vigor, often making wearisome journeys on foot into the Iroquois country, carrying packs of goods for barter over rough mountain trails. The traffic in furs and the culture of tobacco were their sources of prosperity; they lived in log or clay huts, and dressed in leathern breeches, wore "jerkins" or jackets, and, instead of cloaks, donned the "match-coats," or dark blankets of coarse woolen cloth, such as were sold to the Indians. The most prominent article in the dress of the Swedish women was the linsey petticoat.

New Sweden was short-lived, and the seventeen years of its life were full of trouble and wrangling with the Dutch. Printz, one of the Swedish governors, is remembered as a violent man, weighing four hundred pounds, and cursing the English who had intruded into the Delaware, as "runnagates." When the Dutch urged that they had preceded the



Swedes in the South River, the huge Printz rejoined sardonically "that the devil was the oldest possessor of hell, but that he now and then admitted a younger one." His foolish successor, Rysingh, in 1654, seized the Dutch Fort Casimir, and the next year Stuyvesant, the Governor of New Netherland, in slow and solemn fashion mustered a force of six or seven hundred men and a fleet of seven vessels of one sort and another. A day of fasting had been observed in New Amsterdam, and the sailing, which was on a Sunday, did not take place until "after sermon." Dominie Megapolensis, the clergyman, accompanied the expedition which was to "render the province prosperous and successful, to the glory of God's name." In twenty days the loss of Fort Casimir had been gloriously avenged, and the Swedes were brought wholly into subjection to their High Mightinesses the States-General and the Honorable Dutch West India Company. In this, as in most of the wars in New Netherland, no Christian blood was shed. It was only a matter of bluster, of firing guns overhead, pillaging settlers, and sending drummers to demand the surrender of beleaguered block-houses.

Most of the people of New Sweden remained as subjects of the Dutch Government and were with the Dutch surrendered to the English, nine years after their subjugation. In 1693, those of them who remained together and used their own tongue, numbered

## III.

## LORD BALTIMORE'S COLONY.

BEFORE the Swedes reached their New Sweden, a colony of English had been planted on the waters of the Potomac. It was the first English plantation to grant toleration to Roman Catholics, as well as to other Christian bodies, and the only English colony ever planted under Catholic auspices. When once the Mayflower party had shown that a red heathen might be a better neighbor than an enraged fellow-Christian, there were many glad to follow their example. Puritans were not the only ones to learn the lesson, but victims of puritan laws as well,—Hutchinsonians, Gortonians, the despised Anabaptists and the detested Quakers discovered that the American wilderness was large enough for more than one kind of religious refugees; and even the abhorred English Papist followed the open highway over seas.

In 1621, the year after the landing of the pilgrims, George Calvert, afterward Lord Baltimore, planted the colony of Avalon in Newfoundland under a patent from James I. Wearied with the northern winter, and discouraged by the continual peril to which his settlement was exposed from proximity to the French, he sailed with his family, in 1629, to Virginia, in which colony he had been interested as a stock-holder, or "adventurer,"



ST. CLEMENT'S, NOW HERON ISLAND. FIRST LANDING-PLACE OF THE MARYLAND COLONISTS.

one thousand, and the kingdom of Sweden supplied them with ministers for a century afterward, until the use of the language had died out among their increasing posterity. Charles XII., in his most engrossing campaigns, did not forget this obscure little mission in America, which was all that remained of the dream of a New Sweden, in which Gustavus Adolphus had taken so much pleasure.

as such investors were then called. The over-zealous Virginia churchmen forthwith exacted of him that he take the oath of supremacy, by which he was required to acknowledge Charles I. as an island pope, supreme governor "in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things." Refusing this, Baltimore returned to England, and took an exquisite revenge in procuring from the king a grant of a liberal slice off the south side of Virginia, embracing





GEORGE CALVERT, FIRST LORD BALTIMORE. FROM A PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO THE STATE OF MARYLAND BY JOHN W. GARRETT, ESQ.

the territory from the James River to what is now the middle of North Carolina. So vehement was the opposition of the enraged Virginians that his lordship relinquished this grant and took instead other Virginian territory lying north of the Potomac. This he called Maryland in honor of the queen of Charles I. Before any colonists had been sent out, the first Baron Baltimore died, and the enterprise fell to his son Cecilius, the second of the title, who dispatched his brother Leonard Calvert, with a colony, in 1633.

In its motive and mainspring, the first Maryland settlement was Roman Catholic. The non-Catholics in Calvert's company were for the most part people of no great consequence, and without strong religious convictions or purposes, while the Catholic portion of the emigrants were in fiery earnest, and having on their side the lord proprietor, his brother the Governor, and several enthusiastic

and able Jesuit priests, were the dominant, as they were possibly, at the very first, the more numerous party. The large ship in which they crossed the flood to a new world was called the *Ark*, the pinnacle by her side was the *Dove*, and the two were solemnly placed "under the protection of God, imploring the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St. Ignatius, and all the guardian angels of Maryland." In the itineraries of the Puritans who came to Massachusetts at this time, when allusions are made to the Spanish islands the names are religiously shorn of the prefix "Saint." But the Marylanders made a geographical diary of their progress through the Chesapeake and Potomac by attaching to islands and rivers the names of the appropriate saints in the Roman calendar. On St. Clement's Island, where they made their first landing, they erected a cross with solemn ceremonies and great emotion.



Calvert planted his first settlement of St. Mary's on a tributary which enters the Potomac near its mouth. This became immediately a center of missionary activity on the part of the tireless and adventurous Jesuits, who sailed up and down the water-ways of the wilderness in a little boat, sending home every year "relations" which are filled with expressions of intense devotion, picturesque stories of missionary labor, and an admixture of marvelous occurrences such as one often finds in religious writing of the seventeenth century, when miracles had not yet gone out of vogue with either Catholics or Protestants.

The early governors of Maryland were required by the proprietor to take oath that they would not "trouble, molest, or discountenance any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ," on account of his religion. Besides Claiborne's old settlement of Virginians on Kent Island, which preceded that at St. Mary's, and for a long time resisted the proprietary's authority, there were soon thousands of Protestants from Virginia and England settled under the Baltimore charter, so that the Catholics were at length but a small minority. The Puritans, hunted out of Virginia by Sir William Berkeley, found Maryland a congenial refuge; and in about twenty years after Governor Calvert's landing at St. Mary's, the ultra-Protestant element, inflamed by the bitter conflict of parties in England, became sufficiently powerful to overturn for a time the proprietary government, and expel the priests from the province, sending one in irons to England, and compelling others to hide in cave-houses in Virginia.

The exclusive spirit prevalent in Virginia and New England produced colonies homogeneous in nationality and faith, but the hospitality of Maryland institutions early brought churchmen and Puritans from Virginia and New England, while Dutch and Swedes came from the Delaware into its northern districts. Irish and Scotch brought the machinery of sessions and presbyteries to the Eastern shore; Quakers came freely to propagate their doctrines; Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, in small numbers, were mingled with these, and French exiles from Acadie found here a refuge where they might erect a Roman Catholic altar.

#### IV.

##### THE NEW ENGLAND DISPERSION.

In six years after the great Massachusetts migration of 1630, under John Winthrop, there began a new movement to the parts of New England beyond the limits of the Mas-

sachusetts charter. As Virginia was the hive from which the Southern colonies drew population, so Massachusetts was the prolific mother of New England. Its population increased rapidly during the first years, the immigrants usually grouping themselves around some favorite minister; for the peculiar circumstances of the great Puritan migration made the "teaching elders," or ministers, the dominant class, and gave them an ascendancy almost inconceivable in our less religious time. Men and women of high intelligence left their homes and undertook a tedious and dangerous ocean voyage that they might be edified by the words of some revered preacher exiled to the wilds of Massachusetts Bay. The colonists thus gathered themselves into communities, and sometimes changed their places of abode, according to their affection for Higginson or Warham, Cotton or Hooker. An attractive minister served better to replenish a town than fertility of soil or convenience of situation.

The famous Thomas Hooker, of Newtown, now the city of Cambridge, was called the Luther of New England, while John Cotton, of Boston, was its gentler Melancthon. Mr. Hooker's people and others complained that they had not room enough in which to pasture their cattle, and so could not adequately support their ministers. We need not conclude that there was an open rivalry between the two divines, in order to understand the motives that lay below this discontent with the restricted cow-pastures of Cambridge. Cotton had been the adviser of Winthrop's company before they left England; he was at the capital with a large and influential following; his ideas were in the ascendant in church and state. Hooker, perhaps, found in Massachusetts no room for the ideals which he, too, wished to realize on virgin soil. "Nature doth not allow two suns in one firmament," says Hubbard, the old historian. After some resistance, Hooker's people got leave to remove to the "Fresh River," which they did in 1636, suffering bitter hardships in beginning the colony of Connecticut by settling what is now the city of Hartford. Warham, another influential minister, of Dorchester, in Massachusetts, was over a church which had organized itself, and formally installed its pastor just before setting sail from Plymouth in England, and which now made its second removal in a body, under the guidance of its minister, to Windsor, on the Connecticut River. Wethersfield and Springfield were settled at about the same time.

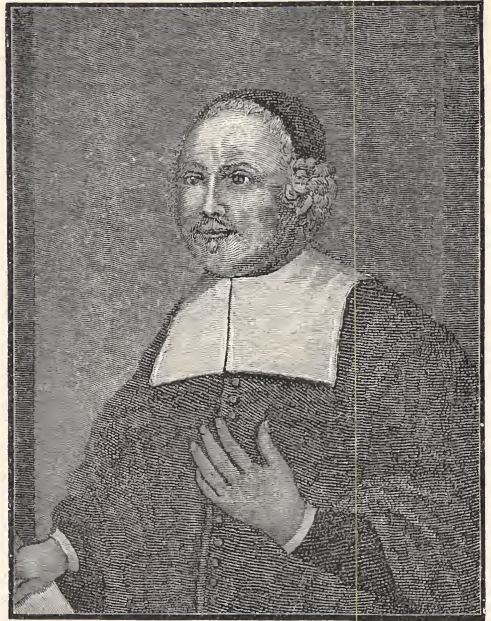
A government so austere, and a clerical domination so entire, as that in Massachusetts,



could not but find dissentients. It was no more possible for Puritan ministers and magistrates to secure uniformity by repression, than it had been for Laud to achieve the same result in England. About the time of the setting forth of the first pioneers to the Connecticut, Roger Williams, a disinterested and lovable young man, erratic and somewhat contentious, was forced to fly from Massachusetts into the frozen wilderness in winter, in consequence of having maintained the liberty of the human conscience, and the sinfulness of the patent by which the King had presumed to give away the lands of the Indians, as well as some other doctrines more absurd, but which were thought nearly as dangerous. Befriended by savages, for whom he had performed kindly offices, and guided by advice privately sent him by Winthrop of Massachusetts, and Winslow of Plymouth, the outcast Williams got a patent that satisfied his conscience from the original savage land-owners, and settled on Narragansett Bay, calling his new plantation Providence.

About this time the theological people on Massachusetts Bay were disturbed even more than by the Pequot war by the doctrines of the so-called Antinomians of Boston, followers of the eloquent mystic, Mrs. Hutchinson, who denied the resurrection of the body, and held some other opinions, most of which, in this less speculative time, would pass for harmless and rather incomprehensible nonsense. Both parties became embittered, and the Hutchinsonians were cast out with a reprobation harsh enough for malefactors. A portion of these settled in 1637 on the island of Aquidneck, which had been called by the Dutch "Roode"—that is, red—Island. This colony was afterward united with the Providence plantation in forming the colony of Rhode Island. Others of the Hutchinsonians joined the settlements in New Hampshire, which, with the "district" of Maine, received frequent accessions from Massachusetts.

The grouping into churches, and the dominance of the minister, gave form to most of the New England migrations. Cotton wrote to Davenport, an exiled minister of great reputation living in Holland, that the order of the churches and commonwealth in New England, "brought into his mind the new heaven and the new earth." But, when the learned and pious Davenport arrived in Boston, he thought that even the new heaven and the new earth of Massachusetts might be improved by incorporating certain rigid ideas of his own in matters of church-membership and of refusing baptism to the infant children of the unregenerate, as well as by the establishment of a civil order "more strictly in ac-



JOHN DAVENPORT. FROM A PAINTING IN YALE COLLEGE.

cordance with the word of God." He sailed with his company, in 1638, to Quinnipiack, west of the Connecticut River, where they planted the colony, which they called New Haven. After a separate existence of twenty-seven years this little colony, in 1665, with reluctance became part of Connecticut, and lost by degrees the peculiarities which Davenport and Eaton, its first religious teacher and its earliest governor, had impressed upon it.

Thus, the planting of all the New England States, except the inland Vermont, was begun in less than twenty years after the forlorn beginning at Plymouth. It was estimated, by one who had the best means of knowing, that not more than twenty thousand people came to New England in the twelve years from 1628 to 1640. After that period those who returned exceeded those who came. Yet, in spite of destructive wars with the Indians and French, and large emigrations to other colonies, there were, a hundred and thirty years later, about five hundred thousand people in New England; so rapidly did this temperate and hardy race increase in a new land.

#### V.

#### THE ENGLISH AND THE DUTCH. FALL OF NEW NETHERLAND.

BETWEEN Maryland and New England, after the fall of the little New Sweden,



nothing intervened but the Dutch government of New Netherland, which stretched its jurisdiction from the lands on both sides of the Bay of Delaware to the Connecticut Valley, and inland beyond Fort Orange on the site of Albany to the wigwams of wandering traders in the hamlets of the Five Nations. But the inflexible Puritan on the north, and the adventurous Maryland Leather-stocking on the south, were ever evoking the ancient shade of Sebastian Cabot to disturb the repose of the Directors-General at New Amsterdam. The slender population of the Dutch territory lacked national unity; it had been brought, indeed, out of almost every nation under the whole heavens. Director Kieft told Father Jogues, in 1643, that eighteen languages were spoken in New Amsterdam,—the little Babel that has grown into the greater one of New York. At the close of the Dutch rule in 1664, there were about ten thousand Europeans in all New Netherland, and fifteen hundred of these dwelt in and about the village at the lower end of Manhattan Island. The rest were remote or wandering traders, scattered farmers, and liegemen of the patroons. Everything in the shape of a village languished, and life was well-nigh stagnant in so sparse a population. Bergen, for example, was a huddle of farmers who lived together for protection. It had its petty court, and after a long while a saw-mill; and about twenty-four years after the settlement of the place, the inhabitants, in an interval of wakefulness, formally resolved that a well should be digged.

The Dutch could never hold their own on the Connecticut River, of which they were the discoverers and the actual occupants, when traders from Plymouth first, and the Massachusetts emigrants under Hooker and Warham soon afterward, settled beside their fort called "The House of Good Hope." The English claimed the country for no better reason than that Cabot, in 1598, had mistaken some part of the American coast for "the territory of the Grand Cham" in Asia. The Dutch, in English eyes, were "always mere intruders," and "interlopers who had fallen into the middle between Virginia and New England." The war between them and the Puritans on the Connecticut was a contest of diplomatic bluster and petty squabbles. The Dutch were accused of doing such unneighborly things as the harboring of runaway servants. If we may believe the other side, the English impounded the cattle of the Dutch for trespass, and harvested crops which the Netherlanders had sown on disputed ground. A Dutchman sowing a hatful of barley on

ground claimed by the Connecticut people was knocked down with an adze, and other such measures were taken as characterize neighborhood feuds rather than international conflicts. There were endless complaints and pettifogging maneuvers. After twenty years of this bickering, the West India Company was quite crowded out of its early trading ground on the Fresh River. Then, by one judicious encroachment after another, the slow-going and peace-loving Dutch were pushed yet farther back from the Connecticut, and on Long Island, by the oncoming current of teeming and aggressive New England population.

On their other flank, the Dutch were equally harassed by the English. As early as 1634, an English explorer, Thomas Young, sailed up the Delaware to find the great lake at its head and a Mediterranean Sea beyond, of which the Indians had spoken. In the following year, some of Claiborne's adventurous people from Kent Island in the Chesapeake seized the vacant Fort Nassau, but they were in turn seized by the Dutch and set down again, "pack and sack," at Old Point Comfort. Sir Edmund Plowden, a fine specimen of the visionary land speculator of two centuries and a half ago, secured a grant under the seal of Ireland and boasted a colony somewhere in the region within Cape May, though the published accounts of it are so full of biographical and geographical mysteries and incongruities that the very existence of such a colony at any time has been questioned. If Sir Edmund's claim to have made a settlement in the New Jersey country is not a pure fabrication, some of the English who disturbed both Swedes and Dutch in 1641 may have been subjects of the government of "the right honorable Lord Edmund, by Divine Providence Lord Proprietor, Earl Palatine, Governor and Captain General of the province of New Altion." His was an enterprise in which small investors were promised "two for one," with good land thrown in; for did not the territory of the right honorable Sir Edmund "possess alabaster, plaster of Paris, pudding and slate stone, store of timber, clear fields, meads and woods, and no Indians neer"? There were also "rich lead mines containing silver tried," and these most luckily were "in an uninhabited desert; no Christians or Indians near it; where elkes, stagges and deer are most quiet, most fat and not disturbed"; while there were "whole warrens of sweet muskrat," and to put a climax to it, a "camel mare" had been seen by the head of Chesapeake River, "of which three hundred miles west there are stores." The spring waters

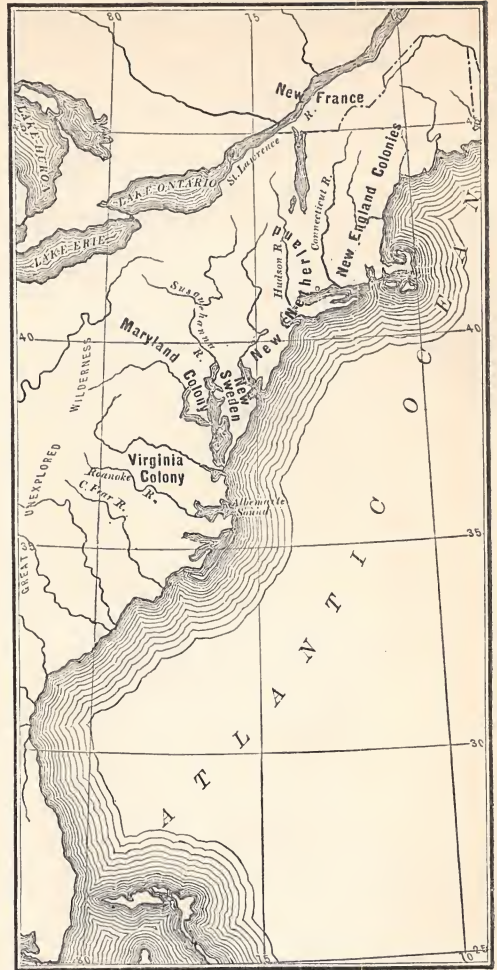


in New Albion were "as good as small beere" in England, and there were "bufaloes" which were to be used for saddle-beasts besides being "brought to draw and plowe and be milked."

It is probable that none of the English in the Delaware region were of Plowden's planting; for in 1640 and 1641 the New Haven people made purchases and set up houses in the South River; and these were, doubtless, the English expelled or brought into submission by the combined force of the Dutch and Swedes in 1642 or 1643. An expedition from Boston, seeking the "great lake" by way of the Delaware, was sent back by the Swedes in 1644. The New Haven people were persistent in the vain attempt to plant in the Delaware so late as 1655, and the English on Long Island continued to smuggle goods and wampum into that river until the termination of the Dutch dominion, while the proprietary government of Maryland added to the discomfort of the Dutch by pressing a claim to a considerable portion of the territory occupied by their Delaware settlement.

The rather hollow shell of Dutch occupancy was pressed on all sides by the eager New Englanders. A party from New Haven, in 1661, sought permission to settle in New Jersey under the Dutch, if they might at the same time preserve their own church order, exclude whom they pleased from their community, and punish certain sins of impurity with the death penalty. This last proviso seemed dreadful to the authorities of lax New Amsterdam, which would have suffered decimation under a code so severe; but the Dutch West India Company, to whom the case was referred, greatly desired settlers, and was willing to concede that the Puritans might execute the laws of Moses on their own people, provided that no Dutchman living in the Puritan towns should be held to so strict an account for offenses about which "the laws of our fatherland use some connivance." There were many New England emigrants who, from one ground or other of discontent with the severity of the administration of law in the eastern colonies, found refuge in the New Netherlands and swore allegiance to the States-General; and there were others who, believing in Sebastian Cabot's title, perhaps, endeavored to buy land of the Indians and make an independent settlement in New Jersey.

It was inevitable that England should sooner or later seize the Dutch colony, not because of Cabot's discovery, or of the early Virginia charters, which were but poor pretexts, but because the great fertile middle region was important to the unity and defense

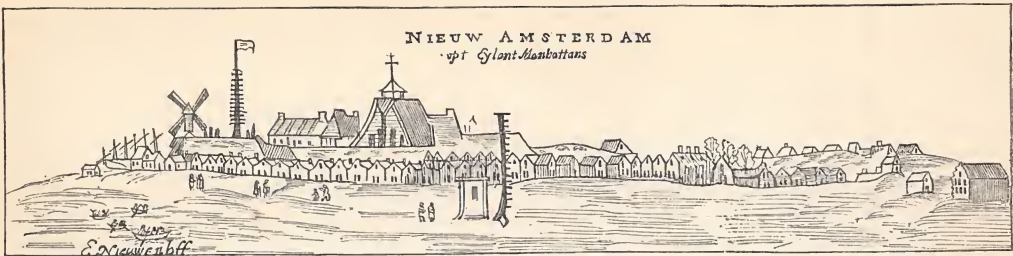


SETTLEMENTS ON THE COAST OF NORTH AMERICA IN THE MIDDLE OF THE XVII. CENTURY.

of the English colonies, and chiefly because England was strong enough to lay hold of it. In September, 1664, in time of peace, the little capital on Manhattan Island was surprised, overawed, and captured by an English fleet. The subjugation of the whole of New Netherland quickly followed, and the middle territory was thrown open to English settlers. This vast region had been granted, previous to its capture, to the Duke of York, afterward James II., but he had early transferred New Jersey to Lord John Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, and it was soon after divided into East and West Jersey. As the Jersey governments were more liberal than that founded by the duke in his own territory of New York, the New Englanders settled in large numbers in East Jersey.

Next to New England, the proprietors of East Jersey looked to Scotland for immi-





THE EARLIEST PICTURE OF NEW AMSTERDAM, ABOUT 1650. FROM AN ORIGINAL COPY OF VAN DER DUNCK'S MAP.

grants, especially during the time of the Episcopal intrusion, when the apostolical succession of bishops was borne in upon the Presbyterian conscience by imprisonments, gibbets, thumb-screws, mutilations, massacres, ravishing of women, and drowning in the tide. Robert Barclay, the famous Quaker, was appointed governor, though he did not reside in America. Many Scotch emigrants flocked to the province, and many others were carried thither without any volition of their own. In 1666 it was ordained that, of the Scotch rebels, the ministers and officers should be hanged; one in ten "of the common sort" was to be hanged; one in ten "forced to confession," and the rest sent to the plantations. Yet there were ministers among those shipped as convict servants to East Jersey.

## VI.

## THE QUAKER MIGRATION.

BUT the movement to America between the restoration of Charles and the sending of James "on his travels" may be called the Quaker migration, so large an element in it were the followers of Fox and Penn. In 1664 the hackneyed methods of persecuting this fanatically patient people had been varied by sending sixty of them to America in one vessel. It may have been from such deportations that the Friends themselves caught the idea of emigration in large bodies. Certain it is that the authorities at home gave them reason enough to wish to get out of England. Even before Barclay's appointment to the governorship they began to come into East Jersey; and when Byllinge, Fenwick, Penn, and other well-known Friends became proprietors of West Jersey, a tide set in toward the Delaware River which soon became a Quaker exodus. One large company of these Quaker emigrants to West Jersey, sailing down the Thames in 1677, encountered the pleasure-barge of Charles II., whereupon the profligate king, surrounded by dissolute courtiers, condescended to give his royal benedic-

tion to the devout refugees from the tyranny of his own government. It was in West Jersey that Quakerism, which was a religious democracy, for the first time had an opportunity to frame laws. "We put the government in the hands of the people," said Penn.

One result of the West Jersey colony was that it served to interest the practical mind of William Penn in schemes of American colonization. Next to Fox, Penn was the most influential of the early Friends. It was not the amiable enthusiast, but his most eminent disciple, Penn, who first exemplified that union of piety and zeal with worldly shrewdness which marks the prevalent Quaker type of recent times. The son of Admiral Penn, and the favorite of two monarchs, William Penn was an aristocratic figure in the despised Society, but no Friend of humble origin was more ready than he to bear the brunt of persecution and contumely. Capable of generous self-sacrifice, he was also a shrewd and politic guardian of his own interests, and a careful observer of his own dignity, not neglectful of the pomp and state proper to a lord proprietary. Preaching in humble conventicles and associating with illiterate and often fanatical people, he was none the less an adroit courtier, and rendered many services to the Society and to himself by his influence with those in power, to acquire and maintain which must have necessitated a suppleness somewhat incongruous with his leadership in a despised and inflexible sect.

Penn found it a difficult task to collect sixteen thousand pounds due from the royal treasury to his father. His address and perseverance were well matched by Charles's reluctance and dilatoriness. But there lay the unappreciated wilds of America, with which the Quaker leader had now become acquainted. After much solicitation he secured for his debt the ownership and lordship of a forest large enough for a small kingdom, paying a fealty of two beaver-skins yearly. This new province the king named Pennsylvania, in honor of Penn's father, the admiral. Fearing that the world would attribute the name to a vanity inconsistent with his sanctity,



Penn offered a bribe to an under-secretary to change it, but in vain. The "public Friend" had become feudal lord of Pennsylvania and Delaware. When he arrived in America, the key of the fort at Newcastle was delivered to him; with this he locked himself in and afterward let himself out. A turf with a twig upon it was then handed to him, and a porringer of river-water; and thus, in ancient feudal form, Delaware was transferred.

The "first landers" of Penn's new colony arrived at the site of Philadelphia in 1681, and spent the winter in caves which they dug in the river-bank for temporary shelter. While the women and children dwelt in these dingy holes, the men traveled up and down the streams and through the untracked woods selecting land. But the Friends endured hardships in the same temper as that shown by religious refugees in the earlier colonies. "Our view," says one of them, two years later, "was to have freedom of worship, and to live in greater simplicity and innocence on a virgin elysian shore, and to give thousands of dark souls to civilization and piety." Not only did the Friends seek to escape from an unendurable persecution, but they seem to have been terrified at the wickedness of England and her rulers, and to have fled from coming judgments of the Almighty as the Puritans had done before them. Some years after Penn's beginning, a prophet arose in the Friends' meetings in London, who was moved by an inward power to predict judgments of sword, famine, and pestilence against England, and, as if this were not enough, he proclaimed also an earthquake that should lay the greater part of London "in rubbish and ruins."

Penn's renown brought nearly thirty vessels laden with two thousand emigrants to the Delaware in the first year of the settlement. The most of these were Friends from various parts of England, Wales, and Ireland, but there were some German and Dutch Quakers from places on the Continent in which Penn had preached. The Swedes, who were the old settlers, welcomed the Friends with joy, and carried their goods up the steep river-bank. The new-comers scattered themselves from the Delaware counties all the way to the falls at Trenton. When Penn returned to England in 1684, he left seven thousand people in his dominions, though there were then but three hundred houses. Many of the people were yet, no doubt, in wigwams and in caves cut in the sandy banks.

#### VII.

#### THE PEOPLEING OF CAROLINA.

THE rush from Europe in this period of the restored Stuarts, and of the persecution

of Protestants on the Continent, replenished most of the colonies, but chiefly those in which religious toleration was liberally granted. Such were the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and such were the Carolinas, which had their rise in this movement. Charles II. was ready enough to give to friends and favorites lands in America which could not be made tributary to royal dissipations. He satisfied the greed of his brother with the territories which the Dutch had been at so much pains to occupy for fifty years. To Penn, at a later period, he trucked Pennsylvania to be rid of an importunate creditor. About the time of the grant to the Duke of York he bestowed on certain courtiers the country south of Virginia, which in his honor they called Carolina. Religion being a fashionable outer garment, the preamble to the Carolina charter assigns a motive for this gift to a knot of avaricious favorites in these words: "The grantees being excited with a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the Gospel, begged a certain country in the parts of America not yet cultivated and planted, or only inhabited by some barbarous people who had no knowledge of God."

Having procured the territory, the next care, from a practical stand-point, would have been to people it. But visionary and utopian ideas tinged almost all schemes of American colonization, and one of the proprietors, Lord Ashley, afterward the first Earl of Shaftesbury, was the friend and patron of the famous John Locke. What more natural in that age than to ask the philosopher to project a scheme of laws and institutions for Carolina? Never were speculative legislators luckier than Locke and Shaftesbury; here was a virgin province ready to hand, with no useless lumber of antiquated institutions in the way. A set of fundamental laws was therefore prepared, as in a vacuum, for a people whose origin, character, and circumstances were wrapped in the darkness of the future. The unexplored acres of the Carolina wilderness were distributed in rectangular tracts to orders of noblemen yet unknown, who were to be called palatines, landgraves, and caciques. So perfect did the framers of this cumbrous system account it that they made it unchangeable and perpetual; but its feeble and qualified existence did not outlast a single generation.

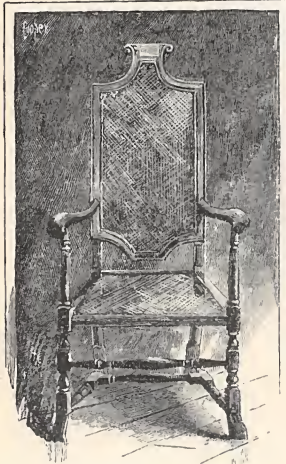
It would not be quite correct to say that there were no inhabitants in the territory for which these ponderous constitutions were intended, for pioneers can cut down trees, build huts and plant corn-patches without the advice of philosophers. The constitutions conferred upon the wilderness an admiral; a chamberlain to look after ceremonies, fashions,



and heraldry; a constable with lieutenant-generals, and other such great dignitaries; but before any of these were thought of, and before the grant had been made to the lords-proprietors, a few settlers had pushed off to the rivers flowing into Albemarle Sound, under the lead of one Roger Green, to whom the Virginia Legislature, in 1653, voted a thousand acres of land for his "charge, hazard, and trouble" in opening the country. This pioneer settlement became a convenient resort for persecuted dissenters and embarrassed debtors who wished to place the Dismal Swamp between them and the operation of the Virginia laws. About 1660 a colony of New England people settled near Cape Fear. The Indians, having suspected them of a design to kidnap their children under pretense of converting them, became hostile, and the additional discouragement of a poor soil caused the settlers to abandon their cattle and leave the coast, posting a warning to all future comers against settling a land so infertile. These were followed in 1663 by a company from Barbadoes, under Sir John Yeamans; a part of whom deserted the country in 1667, some going to Virginia and others to New England. The proprietors added, in 1670, a new colony at



WILLIAM PENN, FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF PHILADELPHIA.



WILLIAM PENN'S CHAIR, IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Port Royal. This last one soon removed to the neighborhood of Charleston, which city was founded in 1680. Carolina was thus begun by three weak and widely separated settlements.

The difficulties of the new colony in the southern part of the province were aggravated by the incongruity of its elements. The bankrupt and dissolute Cavaliers hated and domineered over the rigid Puritans who had left England after the king's return, to escape the judgment which they believed to be imminent over a nation given up to immorality and scoffing irreverence. The Roundhead emigrant despised the Cavalier as a son of Belial and a persecutor of the Lord's people. To add to the discord, the king had sent some Huguenots to introduce the culture of "wine, oil, and silk," and the warm climate had attracted others; but the old English prejudice against the French made them trouble,—

they were excluded from all share in the government, and the validity of their marriages by ministers without Episcopal ordination, and the legitimacy of their children, were questioned.

Finding that some of the Dutch were in a state of discontent after the surrender of New York to the English, the Carolina proprietors sent two ships in 1671 to bring such as wished to emigrate to the colony, and this was the beginning of an important movement from New York and from the fatherland, of Dutch, whose thrift and industry contrasted with the dissolute idleness of many of the English settlers. The Scotch emigrants, who supplied the colony with many of its physicians, lawyers, and school-masters, rose to importance by their thrift, and in many cases by their prudent habit of marrying into large estates. There came also numerous Palatines from Ger-

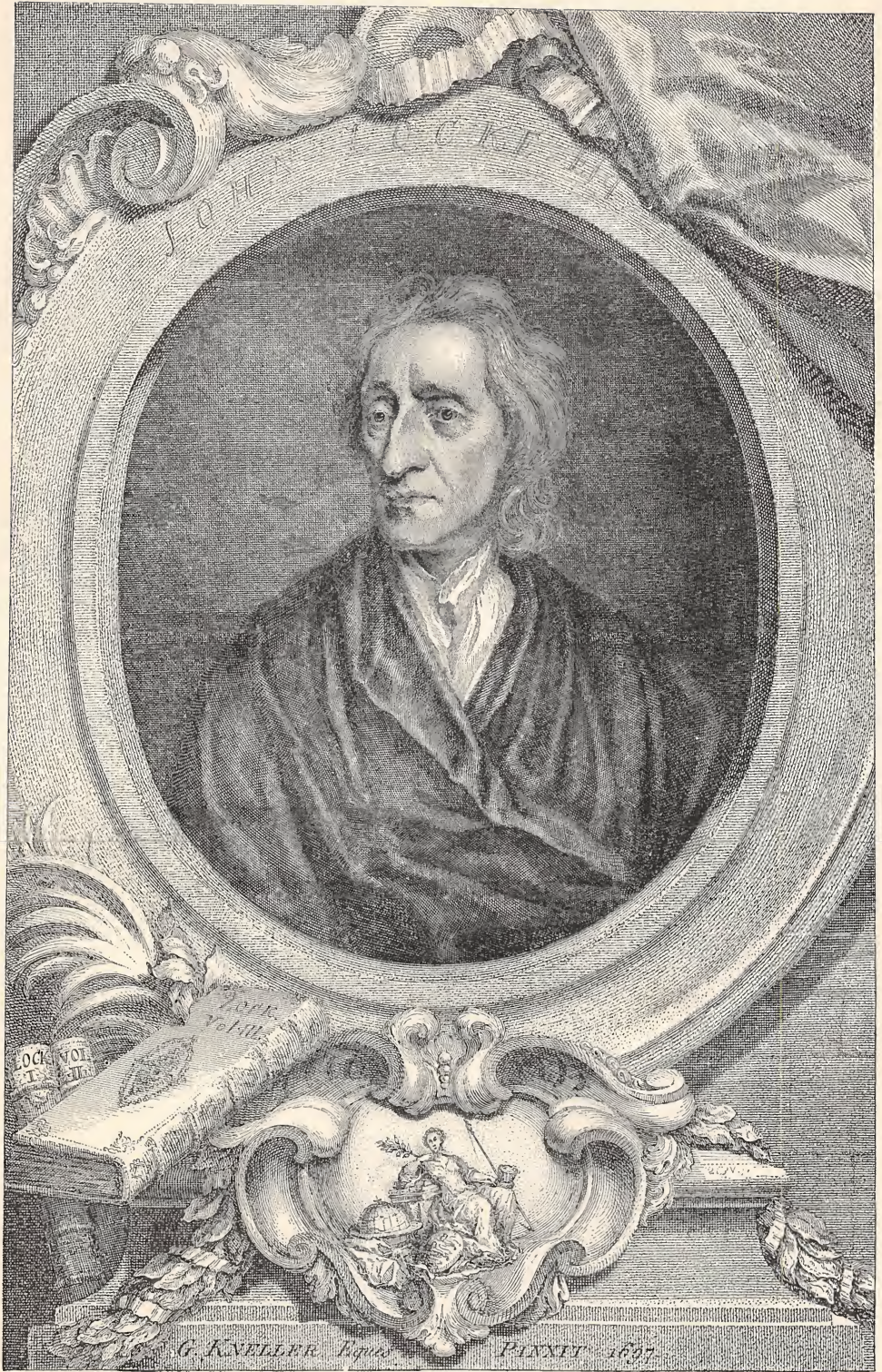


PENN COAT-OF-ARMS.

many, and settlers from Switzerland, and yet larger numbers of Protestant Irish. There were some French Catholics from Acadie, and in the later colonial period thousands of emigrants from the northern colonies, seeking unoccupied wild lands and a warmer climate, journeyed overland in caravans to the Carolinas, driving their cattle and hogs before them.

Besides offering bounties in land, and such





(FROM A PRINT BY VERTUE, AFTER A PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.)



like inducements to emigrants, interested people circulated in Europe the most glowing accounts of the advantages of Carolina. The Swiss who settled Purrysburg—had read in a tract circulated in Switzerland that the houses in Charleston were very costly, and that “if you travel into the country you will see stately buildings and noble castles.” “Horses of the best kind in the world are so plentiful” that whenever “a tailor or a shoe-maker is obliged to go three miles from his house it would be very extraordinary to see him walk.” Where tailors and shoe-makers ride, what is there more to be said?

The province of North Carolina, which became distinct from South Carolina in 1729, was more homogeneous than the latter in the origins of its people, who came in the first instance, as we have seen, chiefly from the colonies to the north of it, from Barbadoes, and from England. The early comers were a hardy, independent, and generally illiterate race of woodsmen, not restrained from resisting the oppression of governors by any scrupulous regard for established institutions or regular processes of law. They were wont to serve, by means of their muskets, a pioneer's rude and riotous *quo warranto* on oppressive rulers. They lived for the most part, however, in peace with the savages, and the early diffusion of Quakerism softened their manners.

The later colonists in North Carolina were not wholly English. Before 1729, the Highland Scotch began to settle on Cape Fear River, and after the overthrow of the young Pretender, when the Highlands were ruthlessly harried by the Duke of Cumberland, the faithful clansmen took the hint given them by George II., who pardoned some of the rebels on condition of their removal to the plantations. The Gaelic was heard in six North Carolina counties, and to this region came, in 1775, Flora McDonald, the romantic deliverer of “Prince Charlie.” In the later period a large Protestant Irish population poured down through the Appalachian valleys into Virginia and North Carolina, and met and mingled with another stream of the same people, who came in from the coast of South Carolina up the valleys of the Pedee and the Wateree. About the time of the earliest Scotch immigration the Moravians bought, in two purchases, a hundred thousand acres in North Carolina, and sent twelve young “single brethren” to begin a settlement. They had to chop a road for their wagon, on which they brought salt and a swarm of bees from Virginia as part of their outfit. Germans from the Palatinate, that exhaustless source of emigration, with some Swiss, very early settled



GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE.

Newbern; French Huguenots came from Virginia, and for the rest there were some New Englanders and English Quakers who came at various times.

## IX.

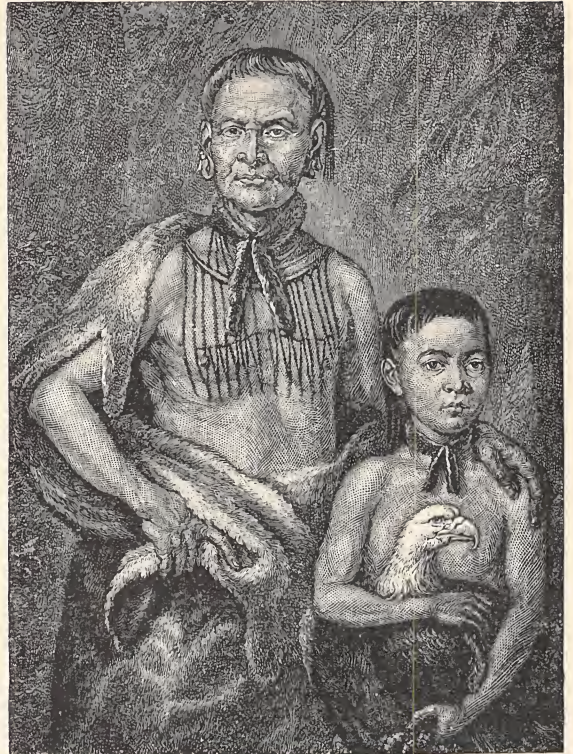
## THE PHILANTHROPIC COLONY.

THE latest planted of the thirteen colonies was perhaps the most curious of all, if we consider the character of its founder and the purposes of its foundation. General James Oglethorpe, the last captain of colony planting, was, like John Smith, the first of the line, a man of imaginative temperament, uniting high qualities of generalship with romantic ideas. The latest founder, like the earliest, had distinguished himself in wars against the Turks, having fought in the army of Prince Eugène in the difficult and brilliant campaign which resulted in the capture of Belgrade in 1717. An ingenious philanthropist, General Oglethorpe conceived the notion of providing for ruined debtors, persecuted Protestants, and others in a colony on a utopian plan, which was also to serve as a barrier against the encroachments of the Spanish from Florida, and to be a means of snatching the lucrative production of silk



from the Italians, besides accomplishing divers other laudable objects. No rum was to be admitted, though the bankrupt objects of charity might have beer and wine. Slaves were excluded; for though the founders of Georgia did not give liberty to their white subjects, the rights of the negro seem to have been considered. It was also necessary to shut out the slave in order to teach the indigent colonists to work, and to increase the military strength of the settlement. No man might have more than fifty acres, except he brought white servants at his own expense, and this fifty-acre patch, laid off regardless of the character of the land, he could neither sell, lease, nor bequeath. The ancient and demoralizing stupidity of entail in the male line was introduced in the interest of agrarian ideas, lest the petty farm should be divided. Failing a lineal male heir, the estate reverted to the trustees, for fear that, falling to a daughter, two little farms might be consolidated into one by marriage of the owners. In the interest of benevolent schemes the trustees defied insuperable difficulties, and calmly put aside all thought of human rights and liberties,—men were to be good in Georgia by sheer force of law and circumstance, and women were to wind silk whether they would or not. All must have town lots, garden patches, and petty farms of the same size, and the growing of mulberry trees and silk-culture were conditions of land-holding. The ideal which the trustees sought to realize was a frontier community in a strait-jacket,—a province treated as *non compos mentis*, and handed over to twenty-one guardians.

But Oglethorpe and his associates were disinterested, and excluded themselves from every chance of profit. They might well take for the device on their corporate seal, silk-worms spinning, with the motto: *Non sibi, sed aliis*: "Not for one's self, but for others." The trustees gave liberally of their private means; a contagious benevolence was awakened, the Bank of England subscribed, Parliament voted nearly ten thousand pounds, and in all, the sum of thirty-six thousand pounds was collected without solicitation; the authorities of South Carolina gave cattle, rice, and hogs, while private individuals in that colony made personal donations. It is a pity that in this scheme, on which so much benevolence was expended, there should not have been a glimmer of practical statesmanship. Rum could not be kept



TOMO-CHI-CHI AND HIS NEPHEW. (FROM A PRINT AFTER THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM VERELST.)

from crossing the wilderness frontier of Carolina, and silk-culture is for old countries, not for struggling settlers on a savage coast. It seems hard to enforce the gathering of mulberry leaves, limit land-holdings to fifty acres, and charge an exorbitant quit-rent where there was no stint of ground. The indigent debtor, thriftless or unwise in England, was not likely to be improved by a few years' coddling on public stores in Georgia. The result was one that might easily have been foreseen; the settlers came to regard charity as a right, and grumbled roundly when gratuitous supplies were cut off. They attributed their miseries chiefly to this cessation of alms and to the lack of negro slaves.

In 1732 Oglethorpe took out his first company of a hundred and fourteen, not counting the clergymen and the Italian silk-tender. Many others were soon added, including a company of Highlanders for the defense of the Southern border, and a society of persecuted Protestants who had traveled afoot all the way from the valleys by Salzburg to a sea-port in Holland, that they might at last find rest and liberty in Georgia. Twenty families of Jews came the first year, for none but Roman Catholics were excluded. So considerate and excellent were Oglethorpe's



arrangements that the usual sickness and death among emigrants at sea were almost entirely avoided in the ships which came under his direction. In the colony he bore more than his share of hardships, slept on the ground and wore a kilt with the Highlanders, exposed himself everywhere, and won the admiration even of the savages, from among whom he led a retinue of "Indian kings" to England on his return, one of whom was the famous Tomo-chi-chi, who became for a while the lion of London society. While Oglethorpe was in the colony to feed the people at public expense, and to overthrow the Spanish by a brilliant maneuvering of his small force that was worthy of Prince Eugène himself, the popularity of the governor suppressed the growing discontent. But all of his regulations, and even his popularity, utterly broke down after a while. Colonization is a hard task at best; but the addition of artificial limitations made the lot of the Georgia settlers peculiarly irritating, and their lack of a share in the government robbed them of the hope of redress for their wrongs. The settlement declined by migration to South Carolina. The trustees yielded one by one many of their restrictions—even the beneficent one against the introduction of slaves—and in 1752 they surrendered the government to the crown, leaving the colonists to work out their improvement by the only method ever tried with success,—the gradual education of the people under the operation of institutions suited to their conditions, and ameliorated, as civilization increases, by free political action.

## X.

## RACE ELEMENTS.

It will be seen that while the preponderant element in colonial life was English, this was in most of the provinces mixed with and modified by many others. Ireland and Scotland naturally furnished the greater number after the English. To establish Episcopacy in the three kingdoms, and to extirpate Dissent had been the purpose of English legislation; the planting of the colonies with Dissenters and Presbyterians had been the chief result. Thousands of Scotch came into New England at an early period, Cromwell exported to Boston some hundreds of Scotch prisoners after the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and there was no colony that did not receive reinforcements from Scotland. But, in the eighteenth century, Ireland sent the greatest number; the immigration of Irish Presbyterians before the American Revolution being relatively as remarkable as the coming of Irish Catholics has been in later times. Five

thousand Protestant Irish arrived in Pennsylvania in the single year 1729, and there was not a colony in which they did not plant themselves. The fiery temper of the Irish frontiersmen did much to embroil Pennsylvania with the Indians, and that race has produced a great number of daring pioneers. The woodsmen who fought over every mile of Kentucky's dark and bloody ground, and who pushed back the fierce Miamis, Delawares, Wyandots and Shawnees, inch by inch, on the north side of the Ohio, came, in very many cases, from the Irish stock of Western Pennsylvania and the Virginia valleys. President Andrew Jackson and the impetuous John C. Calhoun were both sons of emigrants from Ireland.

Of all immigrations from the European continent, the German has always been the most numerous, as it was, no doubt, the first. The so-called "Dutchmen" who were sent over to make potash in Virginia were probably Germans. Some Germans came with the Puritans in the earlier migrations to Massachusetts Bay. The vast movement from the Palatinate of the Lower Rhine, in colonial times, had its beginning as early as the foundation of New Sweden, which had some Palatine forerunners. But the tendency of the German Quakers and the Mennonists, or non-resistant Anabaptists, to seek shelter in Pennsylvania, where soldiering would not be required, brought the real beginning of that great Teutonic flood, the ultimate magnitude of which cannot yet be measured. From Pennsylvania as a distributing point, the Germans, along with the Scotch and Scotch-Irish, moved down the valleys and the eastern flank of the Appalachian range of mountains into Virginia and North Carolina, where many of the curious customs brought from the Rhine survived even after the Revolution. The first of the Pennsylvania Germans who sought a grant of land in the valley of Virginia was a man named Stover, who only secured it with much difficulty, by giving to every horse, dog, cow, pig, and chicken that he possessed, a human name, and representing in England,—whither he had gone to press his claim,—that all of these were ready to move with him to the new country. Other Germans, fleeing persecution, came directly to Virginia, and were granted the same liberal immunities as had been previously given to the Huguenots. The Virginia opposition to Dissenters did not extend to people who were so unhappy as not to speak the English language.

In 1708 there set in the small beginning of a movement which brought to England in the two following years about thirteen thou-



sand poor people from the Palatinate. Their country had suffered extremely in the wars waged by Louis XIV., and their reigning prince had changed his religion; so that the territory which had previously been a refuge for persecuted Huguenots from France, and Mennonists exiled by Protestant bigotry from Berne and Zürich, fell under the rule of a Roman Catholic. Some interest, political or commercial, fostered the emigration of these people to England; mysterious strangers were said to have circulated among the simple and sufficiently wretched Palatine peasants papers offering them vague inducements to remove to England, whence they were to be taken in a body to one of the plantations. It is impossible to believe, as the Tories insisted, that the Whig leaders had brought these refugees to England with the foolish intent of "strengthening the dissenting interest." It is more likely that some colonial proprietors sought to fill their waste lands at the expense of the royal treasury. Certain it is that the emigrants were deceived, and must have perished had it not been for large expenditures on the part of the government and the most liberal private contributions of money,—to say nothing of liturgies which were expeditiously translated into "High Dutch" to win them to the English Church, and so perhaps to prevent their "strengthening the dissenting interest." Some were sent to "strengthen the Protestant interest in Ireland," where their exceptionally industrious and thrifty descendants may still be found; others went to North Carolina with Baron De Graffenreid, and some settled at Governor Spotswood's iron-works in Virginia; some went to Maryland, and yet others found their way to the hill country of South Carolina. About four thousand of these wretched exiles were dispatched to New York, of whom seventeen hundred died during the voyage and soon after. The survivors were to carry out one of those visionary projects so often cherished by English public men dabbling in colonization. In 1703, the Swedes had raised the price of naval stores by putting their production under an exclusive monopoly. What could be easier than to set these refugees from the Palatinate to making tar and pitch in America? Accordingly, a hundred thousand pine trees near the Hudson River were got ready for tar-making in 1711, but the money failed; the half-starved Germans complained of their servitude, and at length broke away. Some of the refugees settled on the Hudson, where many of their descendants dwell to-day; others went to Schoharie County; while three hundred, unwilling to accept the ten acres apiece offered them in New York, and hearing of the pros-

perity of their countrymen in Pennsylvania, made a bold push down the wilderness streams into the back regions of that province. In after years, when German immigrants were compelled to land at New York, they contemptuously took the first ship for Philadelphia, and from this time the rich limestone lands of Pennsylvania became the home of the German.

Next to the Germans, French Protestants were the most numerous and the most widely distributed of immigrants from the European continent to America. They were of the fine-flower of an accomplished people; men of active minds, austere morals, heroic courage, and often of refined manners. Their descendants have furnished many men of distinction; such were Laurens, Jay, Boudinot, and Gallatin in civil life, Horry and Marion in war. In France, the Huguenots endured civil wars and harassing persecutions with sublime steadfastness. To get out of France, which was guarded like a prison, they were obliged to flee with secrecy, abandoning all their property and their means of livelihood. The members of one family were accustomed to tell how they had left the pot boiling on the fire when they came away, while another household deceived the police by giving an entertainment and fleeing while their guests were feasting at the table. At first, the refugees were dependent on alms and government aid in the countries in which they found shelter; but their thrift and skill in handicraft work soon lifted the economic civilization of Switzerland, Germany, Holland, England, and America to a higher level.

The growing intolerance of the government of France produced a constant increase in the number of emigrant Huguenots, and we find them obtaining land in Massachusetts in 1662, and settling in Ulster County, New York, at about the same period. Many were deterred from coming to the English colonies by the reactionary tendency of the Stuarts, and especially by the accession of a Catholic king. In one letter, written by a Huguenot to friends in Europe, there is a mysterious use of the letter "r," as standing for something concerning which observation is to be sought; doubtless "roi" is the word to be supplied. The subserviency of James II. to the policy of Louis XVI. was well known. But when the edict of Nantes had been revoked in 1685, and the Protestant Prince of Orange had succeeded to the English throne by the revolution of 1688, the French Protestants came in great numbers to the different colonies, as to Virginia,—where their neat little vine-clad dwellings extended for many miles along the James River above Richmond,—



to Trent River in North Carolina, and to South Carolina, which last soon came to be their favorite place of refuge. The French were, next to the Dutch, the most numerous nationality in New Amsterdam, and in 1656 public documents were issued in French; and this was occasionally done under the early English governors. In 1715, Fontaine of Virginia, visiting New York, made the mistake of supposing them the largest element in the population. "They are of the council, of the parliament, and in all other employments," he writes.

There was often a picturesque aspect to the religious enthusiasm of expatriated emigrants, such as was shown when the Salsburgers in Georgia selected and laid off their land with a Bible in their hands, and when the Huguenot women in Westchester carried mortar in their aprons to expedite the building of their little church. An aged Huguenot at New Rochelle was accustomed to go down to the water-side at sunrise and pray with his hands extended toward France, in which act of devotion and patriotism he was sometimes joined by others. The New Rochelle people, for the most part, attended church in New York at certain periods to receive the sacraments, and they used to walk the eighteen or twenty miles on Sunday morning, always singing one of the psalms from Clement Marot's version as they set out. The long distance was retraced the same evening, that they might be ready for their arduous toil on Monday morning.

Even under the sun of South Carolina the labors of the French exiles were incessant. The Huguenot grandfather and grandmother of General Horry began life by working together at the whip-saw on the banks of the Santee, and the mother of Gabriel Maginault, the patriotic millionaire of the Revolutionary period, writes to her brother in Europe: "I have been for six months together without taking bread, while I work the ground like a slave; and I have even passed three or four years together without always having it when I wanted it."

The Huguenots had suffered too much and had been too often in hostility to the royal family to hold any allegiance to France, though it was thought prudent, in 1692, to forbid their living in sea-ports on the ground that there might be other than Protestants among them. The French in Canada, however, were in fear of them, exaggerating their numbers and probably their ferocity. Denonville, Governor of Canada, reports to the French Government in 1686: "I know that some have arrived at Boston from France. Here is fresh material for banditti." Again, in 1691, a

French memoir on the state of Canada declares that the Huguenots who have fled in great numbers to New England constitute the main force of the expeditions against Canada, "and openly proclaim that they will revenge themselves on the priests, friars, and nuns of that country." In the alarms that followed the unsuccessful expedition of Sir William Phips against Quebec, the specter of Huguenot vengeance appears again. Among the foes whom Canada has to dread, we find enumerated French Calvinists who had once marched against Quebec, and "who flatter themselves that they will come again in order to indemnify themselves for the losses they allege they have sustained in quitting France." The fear was mutual; Peter Reverdy writes to the Bishop of London in 1689, that "there are two hundred French families about New York which will be put to the torture if the French take it." This fear was an exaggerated one, perhaps, but in the splendid scheme of conquest and depopulation which Frontenac was instructed to execute against New York in that same year, "the fugitive French of the pretended reformed religion" were to be sent back to France, probably for purposes of conversion, or perchance for the supply of the galleys, which just at that time were in such need of *galériens* that Iroquois braves, captured by treachery in time of peace, had been chained to the benches among thieves and Huguenots.

There was a miscellaneous but less significant emigration to America from other countries of Europe than those we have named. Switzerland contributed not only directly by means of voluntary emigration, but indirectly through the Mennonists from the Palatinate, many of whom had been cruelly expelled by Protestant bigotry from some of the Swiss cantons. Zwingli, the reformer, a man from whom one might expect better things, condemned one of the founders of these "harmless" Anabaptists to die by drowning, giving sentence with a cruel joke: "*Qui iterum mergit mergatur*," "he that dips again, let him be dipped"; and the persecution of them in parts of Switzerland was maintained at intervals for a century later, and with especial virulence in Berne.

While the proprietors of unoccupied lands in America were glad to find French and German occupants, many of the English colonists had a prejudice against them. We have seen how shabbily the French settlers were treated in South Carolina. The powerful influence of the enlightened Colonel Byrd was necessary to keep the Huguenots in countenance in Virginia. In Pennsylvania it was represented to Governor Gordon, in



1727, "that a large number of Germans, peculiar in their dress, religion, and notions of political government, had settled on Pequea, and determined not to obey lawful authority of government; that they had resolved to speak their own language, and acknowledge no sovereign but the Creator of the universe." The fears of both the English and the provincial government were excited by the arrival of so many Germans, and in 1729 Pennsylvania laid a duty of forty shillings a head on alien immigrants,—a tariff for the protection of British American population against foreign competition. Even Franklin was not without fear of danger to the State from the inoffensive Pennsylvania Germans, many of whom still, indeed, persist in the crime of speaking their own language, and in some sects continue to be peculiar in their dress.

From the beginning, the Americans have been a migratory people. New Englanders, as we have seen, planted themselves in Westchester and on Long Island, came by throngs into East Jersey, and migrated to the more southern colonies. So Virgin-

ians helped to people Maryland and North Carolina, migrated northward to New York, and, even before the Revolution, began to look wistfully over the mountain barrier into the great interior valley. New York Dutch migrated to South Carolina; some of them settled also in Maine, Pennsylvania, and Maryland; while Pennsylvanians, excited by fear of Indian massacre during the French wars, occupied much of the mountain and "piedmont" regions of the colonies to the southward. It is said that of three thousand five hundred militiamen of Orange County in North Carolina, during the Revolution, every man was a native of Pennsylvania. There was an incessant movement to and fro of people seeking to better their condition. Once the European had broken away from his mooring of centuries, the vastness of the new continent piqued him, and he became a rover. This instability as to place remains yet in the American character. The mental alertness, which comes of changing circumstances, new scenes, and unexpected difficulties, was early remarked by travelers as a characteristic of the native of the colonies.

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### PISIDICÊ.

The incident is from the Love Stories of Parthenius, who preserved fragments of a lost epic on the expedition of Achilles against Lesbos, an island allied with Troy.

THE daughter of the Lesbian king  
 Within her bower she watched the war,  
 Far off she heard the arrows ring,  
 The smitten harness ring afar;  
 And, fighting from the foremost car,  
 Saw one that smote where all must flee;  
 More fair than the Immortals are  
 He seemed to fair Pisidicê!

She saw, she loved him, and her heart  
 Before Achilles, Peleus' son,  
 Threw all its guarded gates apart,  
 A maiden fortress lightly won!  
 And, ere that day of fight was done,  
 No more of land or faith recked she,  
 But joyed in her new life begun,—  
 Her life of love, Pisidicê!

She took a gift into her hand,  
 As one that had 'a boon to crave;  
 She stole across the ruined land  
 Where lay the dead without a grave,  
 And to Achilles' hand she gave  
 Her gift, the secret postern's key.  
 "To-morrow let me be thy slave!"  
 Moaned to her love Pisidicê.

Ere dawn the Argives' clarion call  
 Rang down Methymna's burning street;  
 They slew the sleeping warriors all,  
 They drove the women to the fleet,  
 Save one, that to Achilles' feet  
 Clung, but, in sudden wrath, cried he:  
 "For her no doom but death is meet."  
 And there men stoned Pisidicê.

In havens of that haunted coast,  
 Amid the myrtles of the shore,  
 The moon sees many a maiden ghost,—  
 Love's outcast now and evermore.  
 The silence hears the shades deplore  
 Their hour of dear-bought love; but *thee*  
 The waves lull, 'neath thine olives hoar,  
 To dreamless rest, Pisidicê!

*Andrew Lang.*



## YATIL.

WHILE in Paris, in the spring of 1878, I witnessed an accident in a circus, which for a time made me renounce all athletic exhibitions. Six horses were stationed side by side in the ring before a spring-board, and the whole company of gymnasts ran and turned somersaults from the spring over the horses, alighting on a mattress spread on the ground. The agility of one finely developed young fellow excited great applause every time he made the leap. He would shoot forward in the air like a javelin, and in his flight curl up and turn over directly above the mattress, dropping on his feet as lightly as a bird. This play went on for some minutes, and at each round of applause the favorite seemed to execute his leap with increased skill and grace. Finally, he was seen to gather himself a little farther in the background than usual, evidently to prepare for a better start. The instant his turn came, he shot out of the crowd of attendants and launched himself into the air with tremendous momentum. Almost quicker than the eye could follow him, he had turned and was dropping to the ground, his arms held above his head, which hung slightly forward, and his legs stretched to meet the shock of the elastic mattress.

But this time he had jumped an inch too far. His feet struck just on the edge of the mattress, and he was thrown violently forward, doubling up on the ground with a dull thump, which was heard all over the immense auditorium. He remained a second or two motionless, then sprang to his feet, and as quickly sank to the ground again. The ring attendants and two or three gymnasts rushed to him and took him up. The clown, in evening dress, personating the mock ring-master, the conventional spotted merryman, and a stalwart gymnast in buff fleshings, bore the drooping form of the favorite in their arms, and, followed by the by-standers, who offered ineffectual assistance, carried the wounded man across the ring and through the draped arch under the music gallery. Under any other circumstances the group would have excited a laugh, for the audience was in that condition of almost hysterical excitement when only the least effort of a clown is necessary to cause a wave of laughter. But the moment the wounded man was lifted from the ground, the whole strong light from the brilliant chandelier struck full on his right leg dangling from the knee, with the foot

hanging limp and turned inward. A deep murmur of sympathy swelled and rolled around the crowded amphitheater.

I left the circus, and hundreds of others did the same. A dozen of us called at the box-office to ask about the victim of the accident. He was advertised as "The Great Polish Champion Bare-back Rider and Aërial Gymnast." We found that he was really a native of the East, whether Pole or Russian the ticket-seller did not know. His real name was Nagy, and he had been engaged only recently, having returned a few months before from a professional tour in North America. He was supposed to have money, for he commanded a good salary, and was sober and faithful. The accident, it was said, would probably disable him for a few weeks only, and then he would resume his engagement.

The next day an account of the accident was in the newspapers, and twenty-four hours later all Paris had forgotten about it. For some reason or other I frequently thought of the injured man, and had an occasional impulse to go and inquire after him; but I never went. It seemed to me that I had seen his face before, when or where I tried in vain to recall. It was not an impressive face, but I could call it up at any moment as distinct to my mind's eye as a photograph to my physical vision. Whenever I thought of him, a dim, very dim, memory would flit through my mind, which I could never seize and fix.

Two months later, I was walking up the Rue Richelieu, when some one, close beside me and a little behind, asked me in Hungarian if I was a Magyar. I turned quickly to answer no, surprised at being thus addressed, and beheld the disabled circus-rider. It flashed upon me, the moment I saw his face, that I had seen him in Turin three years before. My surprise at the sudden identification of the gymnast was construed by him into vexation at being spoken to by a stranger. He began to apologize for stopping me, and was moving away, when I asked him about the accident, remarking that I was present on the evening of his misfortune. My next question, put in order to detain him, was:

"Why did you ask if I was a Hungarian?"

"Because you wear a Hungarian hat," was the reply.

This was true. I happened to have on a



little, round, soft felt hat, which I had purchased in Buda Pesth.

"Well, but what if I were Hungarian?"

"Nothing; only I was lonely and wanted company, and you looked as if I had seen you somewhere before. You are an artist, are you not?"

I said I was, and asked him how he guessed it.

"I can't explain how it is," he said, "but I always know them. Are you doing anything?"

"No," I replied.

"Perhaps I may get you something to do," he suggested. "What is your line?"

"Figures," I answered, unable to divine how he thought he could assist me.

This reply seemed to puzzle him a little, and he continued:

"Do you ride or do the trapeze?"

It was my turn now to look dazed, and it might easily have been gathered, from my expression, that I was not flattered at being taken for a sawdust artist. However, as he apparently did not notice any change in my face, I explained without further remark that I was a painter. The explanation did not seem to disturb him any: he was evidently acquainted with the profession, and looked upon it as kindred to his own.

As we walked along through the great open quadrangle of the Tuileries, I had an opportunity of studying his general appearance. He was neatly dressed, and, though pale, was apparently in good health. Notwithstanding a painful limp, his carriage was erect and his movements denoted great physical strength. On the bridge over the Seine we paused for a moment and leaned on the parapet, and thus, for the first time, stood nearly face to face. He looked earnestly at me a moment without speaking, and then, shouting "*Torino*" so loudly and earnestly as to attract the gaze of all the passers, he seized me by the hand, and continued to shake it and repeat "*Torino*" over and over again.

This word cleared up my befogged memory like magic. There was no longer any mystery about the man before me. The impulse which now drew us together was only the unconscious souvenir of an earlier acquaintance, for we had met before. With the vision of the Italian city, which came distinctly to my eyes at that moment, came also to my mind every detail of an incident which had long since passed entirely from my thoughts.

It was during the Turin carnival, in 1875, that I happened to stop over for a day and a night, on my way down from Paris to Venice. The festival was uncommonly dreary, for the

air was chilly, the sky gray and gloomy, and there was a total lack of spontaneity in the popular spirit. The gaudy decorations of the Piazza and the Corso, the numberless shows and booths, and the brilliant costumes, could not make it appear a season of jollity and mirth, for the note of discord in the hearts of the people was much too strong. King Carnival's might was on the wane, and neither the influence of the Church nor the encouragement of the State was able to bolster up the superannuated monarch. There was no communicativeness in even what little fun there was going, and the day was a long and a tedious one. As I was strolling around in rather a melancholy mood, just at the close of the cavalcade, I saw the flaming posters of a circus, and knew my day was saved, for I had a great fondness for the ring. An hour later I was seated in the cheerfully lighted amphitheater, and the old performance of the trained stallions was going on as I had seen it a hundred times before. At last, the "Celebrated Cypriot Brothers, the Universal Bare-back Riders" came tripping gracefully into the ring, sprang lightly upon two black horses, and were off around the narrow circle like the wind, now together, now apart, performing all the while marvelous feats of strength and skill. It required no study to discover that there was no relationship between the two performers. One of them was a heavy, gross, dark-skinned man, with the careless bearing of one who had been nursed in a circus. The other was a small, fair-haired youth of nineteen or twenty years, with limbs as straight and as shapely as the Narcissus, and with joints like the wiry-limbed fauns. His head was round, and his face of a type which would never be called beautiful, although it was strong in feature and attractive in expression. His eyes were small and twinkling, his eyebrows heavy, and his mouth had a peculiar proud curl in it which was never disturbed by the tame smile of the practiced performer. He was evidently a foreigner. He went through his acts with wonderful readiness and with slight effort, and, while apparently enjoying keenly the exhilaration of applause, he showed no trace of the *blasé* bearing of the old stager. In nearly every act that followed he took a prominent part. On the trapeze, somersaulting over horses placed side by side, grouping with his so-called brother and a small lad, he did his full share of the work, and, when the programme was ended, he came among the audience to sell photographs while the lottery was being drawn.

As usual during the carnival, there was a



lottery arranged by the manager of the circus, and every ticket had a number which entitled the holder to a chance in the prizes. When the young gymnast came in turn to me, radiant in his salmon fleshings and blue trunks, with slippers and bows to match, I could not help asking him if he was an Italian.

"No, signore, Magyar!" he replied, and I shortly found that his knowledge of Italian was limited to a dozen words. I occupied him by selecting some photographs, and, much to his surprise, spoke to him in his native tongue. When he learned I had been in Hungary, he was greatly pleased, and the impatience of other customers for the photographs was the only thing that prevented him from becoming communicative immediately. As he left me I slipped into his hand my lottery-ticket, with the remark that I never had any luck, and hoped he would.

The numbers were, meanwhile, rapidly drawn, the prizes being arranged in the order of their value, each ticket taken from the hat denoting a prize, until all were distributed. "Number twenty-eight!—a pair of elegant vases!" "Number sixteen—three bottles of vermouth!" "Number one hundred and eighty-four—candlesticks and two bottles of vermouth!" "Number four hundred and ten—three bottles of vermouth and a set of jewelry!" "Number three hundred and nineteen—five bottles of vermouth!" and so on, with more bottles of vermouth than anything else. Indeed, each prize had to be floated on a few liters of the Turin specialty, and I began to think that perhaps it would have been better, after all, not to have given my circus friend the ticket, if he were to draw drink with it.

Many prizes were called out, and at last only two numbers remained. The excitement was now intense, and it did not diminish when the conductor of the lottery announced that the last two numbers would draw the two great prizes of the evening, namely: An order on a Turin tailor for a suit of clothes, and an order on a jeweler for a gold watch and chain. The first of these two last numbers was taken out of the hat.

"Number twenty-five—order for a suit of clothes!" was the announcement.

Twenty-five had been the number of my ticket. I did not hear the last number drawn, for the Hungarian was in front of my seat trying to press the order on me, and protesting against appropriating my good luck. I wrote my name on the programme for him, with the simple address, U. S. A., persuaded him to accept the windfall, and went home. The next morning I left town.

On the occasion of our mutual recognition in Paris, the circus-boy began to relate, as soon as the first flush of his surprise was over, the story of his life since the incident in Turin. He had been to New York and Boston, and all the large sea-coast towns; to Chicago, St. Louis, and even to San Francisco; always with a circus company. Whenever he had had an opportunity in the United States, he had asked for news of me.

"The United States is so large!" he said, with a sigh. "Every one told me that, when I showed the Turin programme with your name on it."

The reason why he had kept the programme and tried to find me in America was because the lottery-ticket had been the direct means of his emigration, and, in fact, the first piece of good fortune that had befallen him since he left his native town. When he joined the circus he was an apprentice, and, beside a certain number of hours of gymnastic practice daily and service in the ring both afternoon and evening, he had half a dozen horses to care for, his part of the tent to pack up and load, and the team to drive to the next stopping-place. For sixteen, and often eighteen hours of hard work, he received only his food and his performing clothes. When he was counted as one of the troupe his duties were lightened, but he got only enough money to pay his way with difficulty. Without a *lira* ahead, and, with no clothes but his rough working-suit and his performing costume, he could not hope to escape from this sort of bondage. The luck of number twenty-five had put him on his feet.

"All Hungarians worship America," he said, "and when I saw that you were an American I knew that my good fortune had begun in earnest. Of course, I believed America to be the land of plenty, and there could have been no stronger proof of this than the generosity with which you, the first American I had ever seen, gave me, a perfect stranger, such a valuable prize. When I remembered the number of the ticket and the letter in the alphabet, Y, to which this number corresponds, I was dazed at the significance of the omen, and resolved at once to seek my fortune in the United States. I sold the order on the tailor for money enough to buy a suit of ready-made clothes and pay my fare to Genoa. From this port I worked my passage to Gibraltar, and thence, after performing a few weeks in a small English circus, I went to New York in a fruit-vessel. As long as I was in America everything prospered with me. I made a great deal of money and spent a great deal. After a couple of years I went to London with a company, and there lost



my pay and my position by the failure of the manager. In England my good luck all left me. Circus-people are too plenty there; everybody is an artist. I could scarcely get anything to do in my line, so I drifted over to Paris."

We prolonged our stroll for an hour, for, although I did not anticipate any pleasure or profit from continuing the acquaintance, there was yet a certain attraction in his simplicity of manner and in his naïve faith in the value of my influence on his fortunes. Before we parted he expressed again his ability to get me something to do, but I did not credit his statement enough to correct the impression that I was in need of employment. At his earnest solicitation I gave him my address, concealing, as well as I could, my reluctance to encourage an acquaintance which could not result in anything but annoyance.

One day passed, and two, and, on the third morning, the porter showed him to my room.

"I have found you work!" he cried, in the first breath.

Sure enough, he had been to a Polish acquaintance who knew a countryman, a copyist in the Louvre. This copyist had a superabundance of orders, and was glad to get some one to help him finish them in haste. My gymnast was so much elated over his success at finding occupation for me that I hadn't the heart to tell him that I was at leisure only while hunting a studio. I therefore promised to go with him to the Louvre some day, but I always found an excuse for not going.

For two or three weeks we met at intervals. At various times, thinking he was in want, I pressed him to accept the loan of a few francs; but he always stoutly refused. We went together to his lodging-house, where the landlady, an Englishwoman, who boarded most of the circus people, spoke of her "poor, dear Mr. Nodge," as she called him, in quite a maternal way, and assured me that he had wanted for nothing, and should not so long as his wound disabled him. In the course of a few days I had gathered from him a complete history of his circus-life, which was full of adventure and hardship. He was, as I had thought then, somewhat of a novice in the circus business at the time we met in Turin, having left his home less than two years before. He had indeed been associated as a regular member of the company only a few months, after having served a difficult and wearing apprenticeship. He was born in Kolosvar, where his father was a professor in the university, and there he grew up with three brothers and a sister, in a comfortable

home. He always had had a great desire to see travel, and, from early childhood, developed a special fondness for gymnastic feats. The thought of a circus made him fairly wild. On rare occasions a traveling show visited this Transylvanian town, and his parents with difficulty restrained him from following the circus away. At last, in 1873, one show, more complete and more brilliant than any one before seen there, came in on the newly opened railway, and he, now a man, went away with it, unable longer to restrain his passion for the profession. Always accustomed to horses, and already a skillful acrobat, he was immediately accepted by the manager as an apprentice, and, after a season in Roumania and a disastrous trip through Southern Austria, they came into Northern Italy, where I met him.

Whenever he spoke of his early life he always became quiet and depressed, and, for a long time, I believed that he brooded over his mistake in exchanging a happy home for the vicissitudes of Bohemia. It came out slowly, however, that he was haunted by a superstition, a strange and ingenious one, which was yet not without a certain show of reason for its existence. Little by little I learned the following facts about it: His father was of pure Szeklar, or original Hungarian, stock, as dark-skinned as a Hindoo, and his mother was from one of the families of Western Hungary, with probably some Saxon blood in her veins. His three brothers were dark like his father, but he and his sister were blondes. He was born with a peculiar red mark on his right shoulder, directly over the scapular. This mark was shaped like a forked stick. His father had received a wound in the insurrection of '48, a few months before the birth of him, the youngest son, and this birth-mark reproduced the shape of the father's scar. Among Hungarians his father passed for a very learned man. He spoke fluently German, French, and Latin (the language used by Hungarians in common communication with other nationalities), and took great pains to give his children an acquaintance with each of these tongues. Their earliest playthings were French alphabet-blocks, and the set which served as toys and tasks for each of the elder brothers came at last to him as his legacy. The letters were formed by the human figure in different attitudes, and each block had a little couplet below the picture, beginning with the letter on the block. The Y represented a gymnast hanging by his hands to a trapeze, and, being a letter which does not occur in the Hungarian language except in combinations, excited most the interest and imagination of the youngsters. Thousands of times did they practice the grouping of the figures on the



blocks, and the Y always served as a model for trapeze exercises. My friend, on account of his birth-mark, which resembled a rude Y, was early dubbed by his brothers with the nickname Yatil, this being the first words of the French couplet printed below the picture. Learning the French by heart, they believed the *Y a-t-il* to be one word, and, with boyish fondness for nicknames, saddled the youngest with this. It is easy to understand how the shape of this letter, borne on his body in an indelible mark, and brought to his mind every moment of the day, came to seem in some way connected with his life. As he grew up in this belief he became more and more superstitious about the letter and about everything in the remotest way connected with it.

The first great event of his life was joining the circus, and to this the letter Y more or less directly led him. He left home on his twenty-fifth birthday, and twenty-five was the number of the letter Y in the block-alphabet.

The second great event of his life was the Turin lottery, and the number of the lucky ticket was twenty-five. "The last sign given me," he said, "was the accident in the circus here." As he spoke, he rolled up the right leg of his trowsers, and there, on the outside of the calf, about midway between the knee and ankle, was a red scar forked like the letter Y.

From the time he confided his superstition to me he sought me more than ever. I must confess to feeling, at each visit of his, a little constrained and unnatural. He seemed to lean on me as a protector, and to be hungry all the time for an intimate sympathy I could never give him. Although I shared his secret, I could not lighten the burden of his superstition. His wound had entirely healed, but, as his leg was still weak and he still continued to limp a little, he could not resume his place in the circus. Between brooding over his superstition and worrying about his accident, he grew very despondent. The climax of his hopelessness was reached when the doctor told him at last that he would never be able to vault again. The fracture had been a severe one, the bone having protruded through the skin. The broken parts had knitted with great difficulty, and the leg would never be as firm and as elastic as before. Besides, the fracture had slightly shortened the lower leg. His circus career was therefore ended, and he attributed his misfortune to the ill-omened letter Y.

Just about the time of his greatest despondency, war was declared between Russia and Turkey. The Turkish ambassadors were drumming up recruits all over Western Europe. News came to the circus boarding-house that

good riders were wanted for the Turkish mounted gendarmes. Nagy resolved to enlist, and we went together to the Turkish embassy. He was enrolled after only a superficial examination, and was directed to present himself on the following day to embark for Constantinople. He begged me to go with him to the rendezvous, and there I bade him adieu. As I was shaking his hand he showed me the certificate given him by the Turkish ambassador. It bore the date of May 25, and at the bottom was a signature in Turkish characters which could be readily distorted by the imagination into a rude and scrawling Y.

A series of events occurring immediately after Nagy left for Constantinople resulted in my own unexpected departure in a civil capacity for the seat of war in the Russian lines. The line of curious coincidences in the experience of the circus-rider had impressed me very much at the time, but in the excitement of the Turkish campaign I entirely forgot the circumstance. I do not, indeed, recall any thought of Nagy during the first five months in the field. The day after the fall of Plevna I rode through the deserted earth-works toward the town. The dead were lying where they had fallen in the dramatic and useless sortie of the day before. The dead on a battle-field always excite fresh interest, no matter if the spectacle be an every-day one, and as I rode slowly along I studied the attitudes of the fallen bodies, speculating on the relation between the death-poses and the last impulse that had animated the living frame. Behind a rude barricade of wagons and household goods, part of the train of non-combatants which Osman Pasha had ordered to accompany the army in the sortie, a great number of dead lay in confusion. The peculiar position of one of these instantly attracted my eye. He had fallen on his face against the barricade, with both arms stretched above his head, evidently killed instantly. The figure on the alphabet-block, described by the circus-rider, came immediately to my mind. My heart beat as I dismounted and looked at the dead man's face. It was a genuine Turk.

This incident revived my interest in the life of the circus-rider, and gave me an impulse to look among the prisoners to see if by chance he might be with them. I spent a couple of days in distributing tobacco and bread in the hospitals and among the thirty thousand wretches herded shelterless in the snow. There were some of the mounted gendarmes among them, and I even found several Hungarians; but none of them had ever heard of the circus-rider.

The passage of the Balkans was a campaign



full of excitement, and was accompanied by so much hardship, that selfishness got entirely the upper hand of me, and life became a battle for physical comfort. After the passage of the mountain range, we went ahead so fast that I had little opportunity, even if I had the enterprise, to look among the few prisoners for the circus-rider.

Time passed, and we were at the end of a three days' fight near Philippopolis, in the middle of January. Suleiman Pasha's army, defeated, disorganized, and at last disbanded, though to that day still unconquered, had finished the tragic act of its last campaign with the heroic stand made in the foot-hills of the Rhodope Mountains, near Stanimaka, south of Philippopolis. A long month in the terrible cold, on the summits of the Balkan range; the forced retreat through the snow after the battle of Taskosen; the neck-and-neck race with the Russians down the valley of the Maritza; finally, the hot little battle on the river-bank, and the two days of hand-to-hand struggle in the vineyards of Stanimaka—this was a campaign to break the constitution of any soldier. Days without food, nights without shelter from the mountain blasts, always marching and always fighting, supplies and baggage lost, ammunition and artillery gone,—human nature could hold out no longer, and the Turkish army dissolved away into the defiles of the Rhodopes. Unfortunately for her, Turkey has no literature to chronicle, no art to perpetuate the heroism of her defenders.

The incidents of that short campaign are too full of horror to be related. Not only did the demon of war devour strong men, but found dainty morsels for its bloody maw in innocent women and children. Whole families, crazed by the belief that capture was worse than death, fought in the ranks with the soldiers. Women ambushed in coverts shot the Russians as they rummaged the captured trains for much-needed food. Little children, thrown into the snow by the flying parents, died of cold and starvation, or were trampled to death by passing cavalry. Such a useless waste of human life has not been recorded since the indiscriminate massacres of the Middle Ages.

The sight of human suffering soon blunts the sensibilities of any one who lives with it, so that he is at last able to look upon it with no stronger feeling than that of helplessness. Resigned to the inevitable, he is no longer impressed by the woes of the individual. He looks upon the illness, wounds, and death of the soldier as a part of the lot of all combatants, and comes to consider him an insignificant unit of the great mass of men. At last, only novelties in horrors will excite his feelings.

I was riding back from the Stanimaka battle-field, sufficiently elated at the prospect of a speedy termination of the war—now made certain by the breaking up of Suleiman's army—to forget where I was, and to imagine myself back in my comfortable apartments in Paris. I only awoke from my dream at the station where the highway from Stanimaka crosses the railway line about a mile south of Philippopolis. The great wooden barracks had been used as a hospital for wounded Turks, and, as I drew up my horse at the door, the last of the lot of four hundred, who had been starving there nearly a week, were being placed upon carts to be transported to the town. The road to Philippopolis was crowded with wounded and refugees. Peasant families struggled along with all their household goods piled upon a single cart. Ammunition wagons and droves of cattle, rushing along against the tide of human beings, toward the distant bivouacs, made the confusion hopeless. Night was fast coming on, and, in company with a Cossack, who was, like myself, seeking the headquarters of General Gourko, I made my way through the tangle of men, beasts, and wagons toward the town. It was one of those chill, wet days of winter when there is little comfort away from a blazing fire, and when good shelter for the night is an absolute necessity. The drizzle had drenched my garments, and the snow-mud had soaked my boots. Sharp gusts of piercing wind drove the cold mist along, and as the temperature fell in the late afternoon, the slush of the roads began to stiffen and the fog froze where it gathered. Every motion of the limbs seemed to expose some unprotected part of the body to the cold and wet. No amount of exercise that was possible with stiffened limbs and in wet garments would warm the blood. Leading my horse, I splashed along, holding my arms away from my body, and only moving my benumbed fingers to wipe the chill drip from my face. It was weather to take the courage out of the strongest man, and the sight of the soaked and shivering wounded, packed in the jolting carts or limping through the mud, gave me, hardened as I was, a painful contraction of the heart. The best I could do was to lift upon my worn-out horse one brave young fellow who was hobbling along with a bandaged leg. Followed by the Cossack, whose horse bore a similar burden, I hurried along, hoping to get under cover before dark. At the entrance to the town numerous camp-fires burned in the bivouacs of the refugees, who were huddled together in the shelter of their wagons, trying to warm themselves in the smoke of the wet fuel. I could see the wounded, as they were



jolted past in the heavy carts, look longingly at the kettles of boiling maize which made the evening meal of the houseless natives.

Inside the town, the wounded and the refugees were still more miserable than those we had passed on the way. Loaded carts blocked the streets. Every house was occupied, and the narrow sidewalks were crowded with Russian soldiers, who looked wretched enough in their dripping overcoats, as they stamped their rag-swathed feet. At the corner, in front of the great Khan, motley groups of Greeks, Bulgarians, and Russians were gathered, listlessly watching the line of hobbling wounded as they turned the corner to find their way among the carts, up the hill to the hospital, near the Konak. By the time I reached the Khan the Cossack who accompanied me had fallen behind in the confusion, and, without waiting for him, I pushed along, wading in the gutter, dragging my horse by the bridle. Half-way up the hill I saw a crowd of natives watching with curiosity two Russian guardsmen and a Turkish prisoner. The latter was evidently exhausted, for he was crouching in the freezing mud of the street. Presently the soldiers shook him roughly, and raised him forcibly to his feet, and, half supporting him between them, they moved slowly along, the Turk balancing on his stiffened legs, and swinging from side to side.

A most wretched object he was to look at. He had neither boots nor fez. His feet were bare, and his trowsers were torn off near the knee, and hung in tatters around his mud-splashed legs. An end of the red sash fastened to his waist trailed far behind in the mud. A blue cloth jacket hung loosely from his shoulders, and his hands and wrists dangled from the ragged sleeves. His head rolled around at each movement of the body, and at short intervals the muscles of the neck would rigidly contract. All at once he drew himself up with a shudder and sank down in the mud again.

The guardsmen were themselves near the end of their strength, and their patience was well nigh finished as well. Rough mountain marching had torn the soles from their boots, and great unsightly wraps of raw-hide and rags were bound on their feet. The thin, worn overcoats, burned in many places, flapped dismally against their ankles; and their caps, beaten out of shape by many storms, clung drenched to their heads. They were in no condition to help any one to walk, for they could scarcely get on alone. They stood a moment shivering, looked at each other, shook their heads as if discouraged, and proceeded to rouse the Turk by hauling him upon his feet again. The three moved

on a few yards, and the prisoner fell again, and the same operation was repeated. All this time I was crowding nearer and nearer, and as I got within a half-dozen paces, the Turk fell once more, and this time lay at full length in the mud. The guardsmen tried to rouse him by shaking, but in vain. Finally, one of them, losing all patience, pricked him with his bayonet on the lower part of the ribs exposed by the raising of the jacket as he fell. I was now near enough to act, and with a sudden clutch I pulled the guardsman away, whirled him around, and stood in his place. As I was stooping over the Turk he raised himself slowly, doubtless aroused by the pain of the puncture, and turned on me a most beseeching look, which changed at once into something like joy and surprise. Immediately a death-like pallor spread over his face, and he sank back again with a groan.

By this time quite a crowd of Bulgarians had gathered around us, and seemed to enjoy the sight of a suffering enemy. It was evident that they did not intend to volunteer any assistance, so I helped the wounded Russian down from my saddle, and invited the natives rather sternly to put the Turk in his place. With true Bulgarian spirit they refused to assist a Turk, and it required the argument of the raw-hide (*nagajka*) to bring them to their senses. Three of them, cornered and flogged, lifted the unconscious man and carried him toward the horse, the soldiers, meanwhile believing me to be an officer, standing in the attitude of attention. As the Bulgarians bore the Turk to the horse, a few drops of blood fell to the ground. I noticed then that he had his shirt tied around his left shoulder, under his jacket. Supported in the saddle by two natives on each side, his head falling forward on his breast, the wounded prisoner was carried with all possible tenderness to the Stafford House hospital, near the Konak. As we moved slowly up the hill, I looked back, and saw the two guardsmen sitting on the muddy sidewalk, with their guns leaning against their shoulders,—too much exhausted to go either way.

I found room for my charge in one of the upper rooms of the hospital, where he was washed and put into a warm bed. His wound proved to be a severe one. A Berdan bullet had passed through the thick part of the left pectoral, out again, and into the head of the humerus. The surgeon said that the arm would have to be operated on, to remove the upper quarter of the bone.

The next morning I went to the hospital to see what had become of the wounded man, for the incident of the previous evening made a deep impression on my mind. As



I walked through the corridor I saw a group around a temporary bed in the corner. Some one was evidently about to undergo an operation, for an assistant held at intervals a great cone of linen over a haggard face on the pillow, and a strong smell of chloroform filled the air. As I approached, the surgeon turned around, and, recognizing me, with a nod and a smile said, "We are at work on your friend." While he was speaking, he bared the left shoulder of the wounded man, and I saw the holes made by the bullet as it passed from the pectoral into the upper part of the deltoid. Without waiting longer, the surgeon made a straight cut downward from near the acromion through the thick fiber of the deltoid to the bone. He tried to sever the tendons to slip the head of the humerus from the socket, but failed. He wasted no time in further trial, but made a second incision from the bullet-hole diagonally to the middle of the first cut, and turned the pointed flap thus made up over the shoulder. It was now easy to unjoint the bones, and but a moment's work to saw off the shattered piece, tie the severed arteries and bring the flap again into its place.

There was no time to pause, for the surgeon began to fear the effects of the chloroform on the patient. We hastened to revive him by every possible means at hand, throwing cold water on him and warming his hands and feet. Although under the influence of chloroform to the degree that he was insensible to pain, he had not been permitted to lose his entire consciousness, and he appeared to be sensible of what we were doing. Never-

theless, he awoke slowly, very slowly, the surgeon meanwhile putting the stitches in the incision. At last he raised his eyelids and made a movement with his lips. With a deliberate movement he surveyed the circle of faces gathered closely around the bed. There was something in his eyes which had an irresistible attraction for me, and I bent forward to await his gaze. As his eyes met mine they changed as if a sudden light had struck them, and the stony stare gave way to a look of intelligence and recognition. Then, through the beard of a season's growth and behind the haggard mask before me, I saw at once the circus-rider of Turin and Paris. I remember being scarcely excited or surprised at the meeting, for a great sense of irresponsibility came over me, and I involuntarily accepted the coincidence as a matter of course. He tried in vain to speak, but held up his right hand and feebly made with his fingers the sign of the letter which had played such a part in the story of his life. Even at that instant the light left his eyes, and something like a veil seemed drawn over them. With the instinctive energy which possesses every one when there is a chance of saving human life, we redoubled our efforts to restore the patient to consciousness. But while we strove to feed the flame with some of our own vitality, it flickered and went out, leaving the hue of ashes where the rosy tinge of life had been. His heart was paralyzed.

As I turned away, my eye caught the surgeon's incision, which was now plainly visible on the left shoulder. The cut was in the form of the letter Y.

*Frank D. Millet.*



### THE WAY OF LIFE.

THE warrior frowned and pressed his temples gray;  
"Enough," he cried, "away with love—away!"

A boy from play by fondest kiss beguiled,  
"Mother, I'll love thee ever!" spake the child.

A maiden gazed into the night sky wide—  
"Oh, I will love him when he comes!" she sighed.

These three moved on along the way of life:  
A fair face lured the soldier from his strife,

Upon a tomb was carved the sweet child's name,  
The lover to the maiden never came.

*John Vance Cheney.*



## A WOMAN'S REASON.\*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

### III.

HELEN woke the next morning with the overnight ache still at her heart: she wondered that she could have thought of leaving her father; but when she opened her shutters and let in the light, she was aware of a change that she could not help sharing. It was the wind that had changed, and was now east; the air was fresh and sparkling; the homicidal sunshine of the day before lay in the streets and on the house fronts as harmless as painted sunshine in a picture. Another day might transform all again; the tidal wave of life that the sea had sent from its deep cisterns out over the land might ebb as quickly, and the world find itself old and haggard and suffering once more; but while it lasted, this respite was a rapture.

Helen came down with something of it in her face, the natural unreasoned and unreasoning hopefulness of young nerves rejoicing in the weather's mood; but she began at breakfast by asking her father if he did not think it was rather crazy for her to be starting off for Beverly the very day after she had got home for good, and had just unpacked everything. She said she would go only on three conditions: first, that he felt perfectly well; second, that he would be sure to come down on Saturday; and third, that he would be sure to bring her back with him on Monday.

"I don't think I could stand Marian Butler in her present semi-fluid state *more* than three days; and I wouldn't consent to leave you, papa, except that while you're worrying over business you'd really rather not have me about? Would you?"

Her father said he always liked to have her about.

"Oh yes; of course," said Helen. "But don't you see, I'm trying to make it a virtue to go, and I can't go unless I do?"

He laughed with her at her hypocrisy. They agreed that this was Thursday the 15th, and that he should come down on Saturday the 17th, and that he would let nothing detain him, and that he would come in time for dinner, and not put it off, as he would be

sure to do, till the last train. Helen gave him a number of charges as to his health and his hours of work, and bade him, if he did not feel perfectly well, to telegraph her instantly. When he started down town she made him promise to drive home. After the door closed upon him, she wondered that she had ever allowed herself to think of leaving him, and indignantly dismissed the idea of going to Beverly; but she went on and packed her trunk so as to have it ready when the expressman came for it. She could easily send him away, and besides, if she did not go now, there was no hope of getting her father off for a holiday and a little change of scene. She quitted the house in time to catch the noon train, and rode drearily down to Beverly, but not without the comfort of feeling herself the victim of an inexorable destiny. All the way down she was in impulse rushing back to Boston, and astonishing Margaret by her return, and telling her father that she found she could not go, and being fondly laughed at by him. She was almost in tears when the brakeman shouted out the name of the station, and if Marian Butler had not been there with her phaeton, in obedience to the captain's telegram announcing Helen's arrival, she would have hidden herself somewhere, and taken the next train back to town. As it was, she descended into the embrace of her friend, who was so glad to see her that she tried to drive through the train, just beginning to move off, on the track that crossed their road, and had to be stopped by the baggage-master, who held the pony's nose till the train was well on its way to Portland. At the door of the cottage, when the pony had drawn up the phaeton there, with a well-affected air of being driven up; Mrs. Butler met Helen with tender and approving welcome, and said that they could never have hoped to get her father to come unless she had come first.

"This change in the weather will be everything for him, and you mustn't worry about him," she said, laying a soothing touch upon Helen's lingering anxieties. "If he has any business perplexities, you may be sure he'd rather have you out of the way. I have seen

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something of business perplexities in my time, my dear, and I know what they are. I shall telegraph to Mr. Butler to bring your father in the same train with him, and not give him any chance of slipping through his fingers."

Mrs. Butler was one of those pale, slight ladies, not easily imaginable apart from the kind of soft breakfast shawl which she wore, and which harmonized with the invalid purple under her kind eyes, the homes of habitual headache; and the daughters of the marriage Captain Butler had made rather late in life with a woman fifteen years younger than himself, were as unlike their mother as their father was. These large, warm blondes invited all the coolness they could with their draperies, and stood grouped about her, so many statues of health and young good looks and perpetual good-nature, with bangs and frizzes over their white foreheads, and shadowing their floating, heavily lashed blue eyes. When alone they often tended in behavior to an innocent rowdiness; they were so amiable, and so glad, and so strong, that they could not very well keep quiet, and when quiet, especially in their mother's presence, they had a knowingly quelled look: in their father's presence they were not expected nor liked to be quiet. They admired Helen almost as much as they admired their mother. She was older than any of them, except Marian, and was believed to be a patron of style and wisdom, who had had lots of offers, and could marry *anybody*. While Helen and their mother talked together, they listened in silence, granting their superiority, with the eager humility of well-bred younger girlhood; and Marian went to see about lunch.

Mr. Ray was coming to lunch, and Helen was to see him with Marian for the first time since their engagement. He was a man she had not known very well in Harvard, though he was of the class she had danced through with. He was rather quiet, and she had not formed a flattering opinion of him; some of the most brilliant fellows liked him, but she had chosen to think him dull. That was some years ago, and she had not often met him since; he had been away a great deal.

His quiet seemed to have grown upon him, when he appeared, or it might have been the contrast of his composure with the tumult of the young girls that gave it such a positive effect. He seemed the best of friends with them all, but in his own way. He spoke little and he spoke low; and he could not be got to repeat what he said; he always said something different the second time, and if he only looked as if he were going to speak, his prospective sisters-in-law fell helplessly silent. He was not quite so tall as Marian, and he was

much slighter; she generously prided herself upon being unable to wear his gloves, which Jessie Butler could just get on. He was a very scrupulously perfect man as to his gloves, and every part of his dress, which the young ladies now criticised in detail, after he had paid his duty to Helen and their mother. They all used him with a freedom that amused Helen, and that was not much short of the frankness with which Marian came out and planted a large kiss upon his lips, and then, without speaking to him, turned to her mother with an air of housekeeperly preoccupation to ask something about the lunch, and disappeared again.

Mr. Ray took everything with grave composure, a little point of light in either of his brown eyes, and the slightest curve of the small brown mustache that curled tightly in over his upper lip, showing his sense from time to time of what he must have found droll if some one else had been in his place. He had an affectionate deference for Mrs. Butler that charmed Helen. He carved at lunch with a mastery of the difficult art, and he was quite at ease in his character of head of the family. It gave Helen a sort of shock to detect him in pressing Marian's hand under the table; but, upon reflection, she was not sure that she disapproved of it.

She perceived that she must revise her opinion of Mr. Ray. Without being witty, his talk was bright and to the last degree sensible, with an edge of satire for the young girls, to whom, at the same time, he was alertly attentive. Helen thought his manner exquisite, especially toward herself in her quality of Marian's old and valued friend; it was just what the manner of a man in his place should be. He talked a good deal to her, and told her he had spent most of the summer on the water, "which accounts," she mused, "for his brown little hands, not much bigger than a Jap law student's, and for that perfect mass of freckles." He said he was expecting his boat round from Manchester; and he hoped that she would come with the other young ladies and take a look at her after lunch. He said "boat" so low that Helen could just catch the word, and she smiled in consenting to go and look at it, for she imagined, from his deprecatory tone, that it was something like a dory which might have been bestowed upon Mr. Ray's humility by some kindly fisherman. Walking to the shore by Helen's side, he said something further about running down to Mount Desert in his boat, and about one of his men knowing how to broil a mackerel pretty well, which puzzled her and shook her in her error, just before they came upon a vision of snowy duck and paint and



shining brasses, straight and slim and exquisite as Helen herself in line, and light as a bird dipped for a moment upon the water. A small boat put out for them, and they were received on board the yacht with grave welcome by Mr. Ray, whose simple dress—so far hitherto from proclaiming itself nautical in cut or color—now appeared perfectly adapted to yachting. He did not seem to do the host here any more than at Captain Butler's table, but he distinguished himself as his chief guest, with a subtle accent in his politeness that gave her quick nerves something of the pleasure of a fine touch of music. She was now aware that she admired Mr. Ray, and she wondered if he did not look shorter than he really was.

She found it quite in character that he should have a friend on board whom he had not mentioned to any of them, and whom he now introduced in his most suppressed tones. The friend was a tall young Englishman, in blue Scotch stuff, and Helen decided at once that his shoulders sloped too much; he talked very far down in his throat, and he had a nervous laugh. Helen discovered that he had also a shy, askance effect of having just looked at you.

Ray asked the ladies if they would fish, and when they would not, he frankly tried to entertain them in other ways. It came out that he could both play and sing; and he picked on a banjo the air of a Canadian boat-song he had learned at Gaspé the summer before. That made the girls ask him to show his sketches of the *habitants*, and Helen thought them very good, and very droll, done with vigor and *chic*. He made the afternoon pass charmingly; but what amused Helen most was Marian's having already got his tone about his possessions and accomplishments. Her instinct would not suffer her to afflict him by any show of pride in them, proud as she was of them; and on the yacht there was no approach to endearments between them. "Really," thought Helen, "Marian will be equal to it, after all," and began to respect her sex. After supper, which Ray offered them on board, and which that one of the men who could broil a mackerel pretty well served with touches of exquisite marine cookery, Helen felt that it would be mean to refrain any longer. "Marian," she whispered to her friend apart, "he is *perfect*!" and Marian looked gratefully at her and breathed "Yes."

Helen was generous, but the proximity of this prosperous love made her feel very desolate and left behind. The aching tenderness for Robert, which was at the bottom of all her moods, throbbed sorer; she must still it somehow, and she began to talk with the

Englishman. As she went on she could not help seeing that the young Butler girls, innocently wondering at her under their bangs, were suffering some loss of an ideal, and that Marian's averted eyes were reflecting Mr. Ray's disapproval, otherwise hidden deeper than the sea over which they sailed.

The Englishman, after a moment of awkward hesitation and apparent self-question, seemed to fall an easy prey. He presently hung about her quite helplessly; but his helplessness did not make her pity him. "So nice," he said, as they sat a little apart, after Ray had attempted a diversion with another Canadian barcarole, "to be able to do something of that kind. But it isn't very common in the States, is it, Miss — Harkness?"

"I don't understand. Do you mean that we don't commonly know Canadian boat-songs? I don't suppose we do."

"No, no; I don't mean *that*!" replied Mr. Rainford (if that was the name which Helen had caught) "I meant being able to do something, you know: to keep the ball rolling, as you say."

"Do we say 'keep the ball rolling'?" Helen affected to muse.

"I heard it was an Americanism," said Mr. Rainford, laughing at the pretence she made, with her downward look, of giving his words anxious thought. "I was thinking of the Canadians when I spoke. They seem to be up to all sorts of things. I was at a place last month—Old Beach or Old Orchard—something like that—where the Montreal people come; and some of those fellows knew no end of things. Songs, like Mr. Ray's; and tricks; and — and — well, I don't know."

Helen shook her head. "No; we don't have those accomplishments in the States, as you say. We're a serious people."

"I don't know," laughed Mr. Rainford. "You have your own fun, I suppose."

"In our poor way, yes. We go to lectures, and attend the public school exhibitions, and — yes, we have our amusements."

Mr. Rainford seemed carried quite beyond himself by these ironical impertinences. "Really, I can't admit that they're all of that kind. I saw a good deal of an amusement at the seaside that I was told was not very serious."

"Indeed! What could it have been?" asked Helen, with the affectation of deep interest.

"Oh, surely now, Miss Harkness, you don't expect me to explain it. All the young people seemed to understand it; the Canadian ladies said it was an American institution." She did not help him on, and he had to get out of the affair as he could. He red-



dened with the effort. "I must say it seemed very pleasant, at least for the two people concerned" —

"Oh, only two!" cried Helen.

The poor young man laughed gratefully, and took up the burden of silliness which she now left wholly to him. "Yes; a young lady — always very charming — and —"

"A gentleman always very brilliant and interesting. Oh, yes!" She turned about on her camp-stool with an unconscious air, and began to talk to the young Butler girls. She had provoked his recognition of the situation, if he had meant his allusion to sea-side flirtations for that; but her fretted nerves did not resent it the less because she was in the wrong. She could have said that there was nothing in her words, and afterward she did say this to herself; but as if he had felt a personal edge in them, Mr. Rainford sat quite blank for a moment, then, after some attempts at self-recovery in talk with the others, he rose and went below.

"Ned," said Marian, "where *did* you pick up that particularly odious Englishman?" In her vexation with Helen it was necessary to assail *some* one.

"He's a very good fellow," said Ray, quietly. "I met him in Cairo, first. He's very clever, and remarkably well up in Coptic—for a lord."

All the Butlers started, as if to pounce upon Ray. "A *lord*!" they hoarsely breathed, with the bitter sense of loss natural to girls who might never see a nobleman again.

"*Why* did you introduce him as Mister!" demanded Marian, in accents expressive of the common anguish; and somehow the revelation of her victim's quality seemed to Helen to render the folly and cruelty of her behavior more atrociously vulgar; it seemed to elevate it into a question of international interest.

"I said Lord Rainford," retorted Ray.

"You *whispered* it!" cried Marian, bitterly.

"Well, he wont mind your calling him Mr. Rainford. I can explain," said Ray. "Don't change now," he added mischievously.

"As if I ever should!" indignantly retorted Marian. "And let him know that we'd been talking about him! No, he shall remain Mister to the end of the chapter with *us*. Are you going to bring him to the house?"

"I'm going to Salem with him as soon as I put you ashore. I'd have asked you to let me bring him to lunch if I'd supposed he was on the boat. When I left him at Manchester this morning, he talked of going to Boston by the cars."

"I think he's hideous," said Marian, for all comment on the explanation.

"Not pretty, but precious," returned Ray, tranquilly. "He's a good fellow, but he knows he isn't good-looking. He's rather sensitive about it, and it makes him nervous and awkward with ladies; but he's a very sensible fellow among men," Ray concluded.

There was a little unpleasant pause, and then Ray and Marian began talking eagerly to Helen, as if they felt a little ashamed, and a good deal sorry for her, and were anxious to get her to do or say something that would bring back their good opinion of her.

They dropped anchor in a sheet of sunset red off Captain Butler's place, and Ray pulled them ashore in his small boat. Some of them tried to sing the barcarole he had played, but the girlish voices thrilled sadly over the glassy tide, which was softly ebbing, and leaving more and more bare the drowned-looking bowlders, heavily tressed with the dripping golden brown seaweed.

Marian sat in the bow of the boat, and as she rose and stood there, holding out one hand to Ray to be helped ashore, and gathering her skirts with the other, she glanced toward the house: "Why, who is there with mamma on the veranda? Why, it can't be papa!"

Helen looked round over her shoulder where she sat, and now they all looked, Ray turning his head and mechanically clapping Marian's hand.

Captain Butler was walking up and down before his wife, who sat listening to what he was saying. He was talking very loud and very fast, with a sort of passionate vehemence; his tone reached them, but they could not make out his words. He gesticulated as if describing some scene, and then suddenly stopped, and threw back his head, and seemed to be laughing.

"What can amuse Captain Butler so much?" asked Helen with a smile. At the same time she saw him draw out his handkerchief and hide his face in it, and sit down with his face still hidden. The pantomime which they could see with such distinctness, and of which they yet remained so ignorant, somehow began to overawe them. Ray quickly helped them from the boat. "I am going up with you," he said, and with a glance at Marian, "Miss Harkness," he added, "wont you take my arm over these rocks?"

Helen clung heavily to him as she tottered up the path. "I wonder what has brought Captain Butler to-night," she said tremulously. "He wasn't to be here till Saturday."

"I fancy he's persuaded your father to come with him," answered Ray. "Look out for that stone, Miss Harkness."

"Oh, I hope papa isn't worse again," said



Helen, stumbling over it. She hurt herself, and was glad of the pain that let her give their way to the tears that came into her eyes.

"No; I should think he was more likely to be better," said Ray, refusing to see her trouble, and really lifting her along. The others had fallen behind a little, and these two had now reached the gravel drive up to the piazza steps alone.

They saw a quick parley between the captain and Mrs. Butler, and he stepped indoors through one of the long windows, while she came forward to the rail, and called out to Marian, "Your father wants all of you to go to the other door, Marian."

"Why, mamma?" began Marian.

"Go, go!" cried her mother. "Don't ask! Edward, bring Helen here!"

"Yes, it's some little surprise," said Ray, beginning to laugh. "Do you like surprises, Miss Harkness?"

"I don't believe I do," she answered, trying to laugh too.

Mrs. Butler came forward and took her from Ray, motioning or rather looking him aside, as she clasped the girl tight in her arms. At this moment she saw Captain Butler glance stealthily at them from within the room; his face was contorted and wet with tears. "What—what is it, Mrs. Butler?" she gasped, weakly pulling back a little from her close embrace, and facing her.

There was an instant in which the elder woman dwelt upon her with all of compassion and imploring in her eyes. Then she said, "Death, Helen. Your father is dead!"

Helen's strength came back. As if many days had passed since she saw him, "To-day?" she asked, still holding her hand against Mrs. Butler's breast, where she had pressed it.

"At two o'clock."

Helen softly loosed herself from Mrs. Butler's arms, and sat down in the chair near which they stood, and looked out upon the grounds sloping to the water, the black rocks by the shore; the huger rocks that showed their backs like sleeping sea-beasts out of the smooth water; the yacht darkening against the east; far beyond the rim of the sea, a light just twinkling up in the invisible tower at the horizon's verge. A thick darkness seemed to come down out of the sky over all, but Helen would not let it close upon her. She fought the swoon away, and looked up at the pitying, suffering face above her.

"I am glad you told me at once, Mrs. Butler. Thank you," she said, and sank back in her chair, while the other fell on her knees beside her, and gathered her to her heart again, and wept over her.

"O my poor, poor child! It's the one certain thing in all the world. It *will* be known, and it *will* be seen. What wouldn't I have given to keep it from you for ever, Helen? You and my Marian were babies together. I used to know your mother. You are like a daughter to me." Helen passively submitted to the caresses, to the kisses, dropped with tears upon her pale cheeks, but she did not say anything, or try to reply. "But it was not to be kept," Mrs. Butler went on. "It could not be hidden, and it seemed the mercifullest and best way not to try to keep it from you in foolish self-pity for a moment, more or less."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Helen, like another person hearing of her own case. "It was best," and she found herself toying with the strings of her hat, curling them round her finger, and running them out in a long roll.

"It doesn't kill, my dear. It brings its own cure with it. It's sorrow, but it isn't trouble! It passes over us like a black wave, but it doesn't destroy us. You don't realize it yet, Helen, my poor girl, but even when you do, you will bear it. Put your head down on my shoulder, dear, and I will tell you. It was in his office, where he had spent so many years at the work which had given him his honored name and place in the world. My husband was there with him. They were turning over some books together. He saw your father put his hand over his heart, and then your father sank down in his arm-chair, and gave a little sigh, and—that was all."

Mrs. Butler broke into a fresh sobbing on the girl's neck, but Helen remained silent and still, letting herself be clutched tight to that loving breast.

"There was no pain, Helen, there was no suffering. It was a falling into rest. But before he rested—before he drew that last little sigh, my dear—he spoke one word. Do you know what it was, Helen?" She felt the girl tremble, and, as it were, lapse in her arms. "It was just your name: it was, 'Helen.' You were the last thing in his thoughts upon earth—the first in heaven."

Helen broke into a long, low wail. She rose from where she sat, and flung off the kind clinging arms, as if their pity stifled her, and fled up and down the veranda—a storm of grief that beat forth in thick sobs, and escaped in desolate moans.

Mrs. Butler did not try to stay her, or even to approach her, as she wavered to and fro, and wrung her hands, or pressed them to her streaming eyes. At last, after many moments, as long as hours of common life, Helen suddenly checked herself, and dried the tears that drenched her face. There had come the lull



which must succeed such a passion. She stopped before Mrs. Butler, and asked in a husky, changed voice, "Isn't there any train up to-night?"

"Why, Helen—"

"Because, if there is, I must take it. I know what you will say, but don't say it. If you try to stop me, I will *walk*. I am going *home*."

It was too soon yet for her to realize that she should never go home again; but the word went to the mother-heart that ached for her with the full measure of its tragic irony, and she perceived with a helpless throe of compassion how alone in the world this fair young stricken creature stood.

Ray had sent word to his English friend that he should not join him again on board the yacht that night, briefly explaining the trouble that kept him, and promising to see him again on the morrow. He directed the yacht to put in to Salem, as had been arranged, and instructed his men to tell Lord Rainford about the trains for Boston. He was with Captain Butler and the awe-stricken girls in the parlor, while Mrs. Butler kept Helen on the veranda, and he had gathered from the Captain such part of the story as he had not already divined.

"Edward!" called Mrs. Butler from without, and he went to her where she stood with Helen, now perfectly silent and tearless. "Miss Harkness wishes to go home to-night. I shall go with her. Mr. Butler has just got home, and—" She hesitated to say before Helen's affliction that he had had too hard a day already, and she could not let him incur the further excitement and fatigue; but Ray seemed to know.

"Captain Butler had better stay here," he said, promptly, "and let me go. We haven't time for the seven o'clock at Beverly," he added, glancing at his watch, "but we can catch the eight o'clock express at Salem if we start at once."

"I am ready," said Helen quietly. "My trunk can come to-morrow. I haven't even unlocked it."

Ray had turned away to ring the stable-bell. "Jerry, put my mare into the two-seated phaeton. Don't lose any time," he called out, stopping Jerry's advance up the walk for orders, and the phaeton was at the steps a minute or two after Mrs. Butler appeared in readiness to go.

Helen went into the lighted dining-room, where Captain Butler and the girls had fearfully grouped themselves, waiting what motion of farewell she should make. Her face was pale, and somewhat stern. She went round and kissed them, beginning and ending with

Marian, and she did not give way, though they each broke out crying at her touch, or at her turning from them. When she came to the Captain she put out her arms, and took him into them, and pressed herself to his breast in a succession of quick embraces, while he hid his face, and could not look at her.

"Good-bye all," she said, in a firm tone, and went out and got into the phaeton, where Mrs. Butler was sitting. Ray sprang to the place beside the driver. "Salem, Jerry. Quick!" and they flew forward through the evening air, cold and damp in currents, and warm in long stretches over the smooth road. She smelt the heavy scent of the spiræa in the swampy places, and of the milkweed in the sand. She said no, she was not chilly, to Mrs. Butler; and from time to time they talked together: about the days beginning to get a little shorter now, and its not being so late as it seemed. Once Ray struck a match and looked at his watch, and the driver looked at Ray, who said, "All right," and did not say anything else during the drive. Again, after silence, Helen spoke.

"You know I wouldn't let you come with me, if I could help it, Mrs. Butler."

"You couldn't help it, dear," answered the other. "Don't talk of it."

The station was a blur and dance of lights; she was pushed into the train as it moved away. She sat next the window in the seat with Mrs. Butler, and Ray in the seat before them. He did not look round, nor did Mrs. Butler sit very close, or take her hand, or try in any futile way to offer her comfort. The train seemed to go forward into the night by long leaps. Once it stopped somewhere on the track remote from a station, and Ray went out with some other passengers to see what had happened. Helen was aware of a wild joy in the delay, and of a wish that it might last for ever. She did not care to know what had caused it. As the cars drew into the Boston depot, she found her handkerchief, soaked with tears, in her hand, and she pulled down her veil over her swollen eyes.

At her own door, she said, "Well, Margaret," like a ghostly echo of her wonted greetings, and found Margaret's eyes red and swollen too.

"I knew you would come, Miss Helen," said Margaret. "I told them you never would let the night pass over your head."

"Yes, I would come, of course," answered Helen. She led the way back into the library, where there were lights, and where the study lamp burnt upon the table at which last night she had sat with her father. Then, while the



others stood there, she took up the lamp, and pushed open the drawing-room doors, as she had seen him do, and, as she felt, with something of his movement, and walked forward under the dimly-burning gas to the place where she had known he would be lying. Everything had been done decorously, and he appeared, as they say, very natural. She stood with the lamp lifted high, and looked down at the face, slowly and softly wiping the tears, and shaken now and then with a sob. She did not offer to kiss or touch him. She turned from the clay out of which he had departed, and walked back to the library, where it seemed as if he should meet her, and speak to her of what had happened.

There were Mrs. Butler and Mr. Ray, and behind them there was Margaret. She felt how pitifully she must be looking at them. Some one caught the lamp, which had grown so light, from her hand, and some one had thrown up the window. That was right; she should not faint now; and now she was opening her eyes, and Mr. Ray's arm was under her neck, where she lay upon the floor, and Mrs. Butler was dashing her face with cologne.

## IV.

IN those days Helen came to understand what her father had meant by saying, that after her mother and her little brothers died, the house seemed full of them, and that it did not make him afraid. Now that he had died, the house seemed full of him, and she was not afraid. She grew to be weak and sore, and almost blind from weeping; but even when she covered over the dead face, and cried and moaned to it, it seemed something earthly and perishable in her love bewailing only the earthly and perished part of him, while what was really himself beheld her grief with a high, serene compassion, and an intelligence with some immortal quiet in her own soul. Whatever it was, whether the assurance of his life after death, or the mere blind effect of custom, prolonging his presence, as the severed nerves refer sensation to the amputated limb, and rehabilitate and create it anew, this sense of his survival and nearness to her was so vivid at times that she felt as if she might, could she but turn quickly enough, see him there before her; that the inward voice must make itself audible—the airy presence tangible. It was strongest with her that first night, but it did not cease for long afterward. He was with her as she followed him to the grave; and he came back with her to the house from which they had borne him.

In this sense of his survival, which neither then nor afterward had any fantastic quality to her, she seemed to draw nearer to him than ever before. He understood now, he knew the depth and truth of her love, through all her vanities and follies. Something inexpressibly sweet and dear was in this consciousness, and remained always, when its vividness had faded with the keen anguish of her grief. Such things, the common experience of all bereavement, are hard to put in words. Said, they seem crude and boastful, and more than what is felt; but what is felt is more than can ever be said.

Captain Butler came up the morning after Helen's return home, and he and Mrs. Butler remained in the house with her till all was over. Marian came up too, and Ray was there with his silent vigilance, through which everything seemed done without his agency. Helen had but to weep, to sorrow up and down the house; they gave her anguish way, and did not mock it with words of comfort. When the tempests of her grief swept over her, they left her to herself; when the calm that follows such paroxysms came, they talked to her of her father, and led her to talk of him. Then she was tranquil enough. At some droll things that forced themselves into remembrance in their talk, she even laughed, without feeling it treason to her grief; and it was not what she thought or recalled of him that touched the springs of her sorrow. It was meeting Margaret, downcast and elusive on the stairs, and saying sadly to her, "Well, Margaret"; or catching sight of Captain Butler sitting opposite her father's vacant chair in the library, his grizzled head sunk on his breast, and looking suddenly aged, and, at the same time, awkward in his bereavement, like a great boy, that moved her with intolerable pathos.

Mrs. Butler went home and had out the headache which she had kept back while she must, by force of will, but every day some of them came up to see Helen, and reminded her without urgency that she was to come to them soon. She said yes, she would come very soon, and so remained without going abroad, or looking into the light of the sun. At night, when she lay down she wept, and in the morning when she woke, but through the day her tears were dried. She brooded upon what her father had said and done in the last hours they had spent together, his longing for change and for a new life that now seemed to have been prophetic of death. His weariness of the house that had so long been his home took a new meaning—he must long have been more in the other world than in this, and but for his pitying love for her,



he must have been glad when his swift summons came. She realized at last that he had been an old man. She had known without realizing it that his ways were the ways of one who has outlived himself, and who patiently remains in the presence of things that no longer interest him. She wondered if the tie by which she, who was so wholly of the earth, had bound her father to it, had not sometimes been a painful one. She remembered all the little unthinking selfishnesses of the past, and worse than these, the consolations which she had tried to offer him. She thought of the gentleness with which he always listened to her and consented, and ended by comforting her; and she bitterly accused herself for not having seen all this long ago. But she had not even seen that he had a mortal disorder about him; she had merely thought him wearied with work, or spent with the heat, in those sinkings which had at first so much alarmed her. The hand carried so often to his heart that she now recognized it as an habitual gesture, had given her no warning, and she blamed herself that it had not. But in truth she was not to blame. The sources of his malady were obscure, and even its nature had been so dimly hinted to him that doubtless her father had justified himself in keeping his fear of it from her. Perhaps he had hoped that yet somehow he could struggle to a better footing in other things, before he need cloud her young life with the shadow that hung upon his own; perhaps the end of many resolutions was that he could not do it. She wondered if he had himself known his danger, and if it was of that which he so often began to speak to her. But all now was dark, and this question and every other searched the darkness in vain.

She seemed to stand somewhere upon a point of time between life and death, from which either world was equally remote. She was quite alien here, without the will or the fitness to be anywhere else; and she shrank, with a vague resentment, from the world that had taken him from her.

This terrible touchstone of death, while it revealed the unimagined tenderness of many hearts, revealed also to her the fact that no friendliness could supply the love in which there was perfect unity of interest and desire, and perfect rest. Every day, when the Butlers came to her they brought her word from some one, from people who had known her father in business, from others who had casually met him, and who all now spoke their regret for his death. A rare quality of character had given him a standing in the world that vastly greater prosperity could not have won him; and men who were of quite another stuff had

a regard for him, which perhaps now and then expressed itself in affectionate patronage, but which was yet full of reverence. They found something heroic in the quiet constancy with which he fought his long, losing battle, and now that he was down at last, they had their honest regrets and spoke their honest praises. It made Helen very proud of her father to hear them; she read with a swelling heart the paragraphs about him in the newspapers, and even the formal preambles and resolutions which expressed the loss the commerce of the city had suffered in the death of a merchant of his standing and integrity. These things set Helen's father in a new light to her, but while they made her prouder and fonder of his memory, they brought her a pang that she should have known so little of what formed his life, and should never have cared to know anything of it apart from herself.

This was not the only phase in which she seemed to have been ignorant of him. She had always believed him good and kind, without thinking of him in that way. But now there came poor people to the door, who sometimes asked to see her, or who sometimes only sent by Margaret, to tell how sorry they felt for her, and to say that her father had at this time or that been a good friend to each of them. They all seemed to be better acquainted with him than she, and their simple stories set him in a light in which she had never seen him before. It touched Helen that they should frankly lament her father's death as another of their deprivations, more than if they had pretended merely to condole with her, and she did not take it ill of them, that they generally concluded their blessings on his memory with some hint that further benefactions would be gratefully received. The men accepted her half-dollars in sign that their audience was ended, and went away directly; the women shed tears over the old clothes she gave them, and stayed to drink tea in the kitchen.

One day after she had already seen three or four of these visitors, the bell rang, and Captain Butler's boots came chirping along the hall, not with their old cheerful hint of a burly roll in the wearer's gait, but subdued and slow as if he approached with unnaturally measured tread. Helen sprang into his arms, and broke out crying on his breast.

"Oh, Captain Butler! I felt just now that papa *must* be here. Ever since he died he has been with me somehow. It seems wild to say it; but no words can ever tell how I have felt it; and just before you came in, I *know* that he was going to speak to me."

The Captain held her away at arm's-length and looked into her face.



"Poor child! They've sent me to bring you home with me, and I see that I haven't come a moment too soon. You have been alone in this house quite long enough. My God, if he only *could* speak to us!"

The Captain controlled himself as he walked up and down the library, with his face twitching, and his hand knotting itself into a fist at his side, and presently he came and sat down in his accustomed chair near Helen. He waited till she lifted her head and wiped her eyes before he began to speak.

"Helen," said Captain Butler, "I told you they had sent me for you, and I hope that you will come."

"Yes," answered Helen, "I shall be very glad to go with you; but I think it's hard for Marian, bringing my trouble there, to be a blot on her happiness."

"We won't speak of that, my dear," said the Captain. "If Marian can't find her happiness in something besides gaiety, she'd better not think of getting married."

"I wouldn't come if I thought I could endure it here any longer; I wouldn't come, if I had anywhere else to go," cried Helen.

"We wouldn't let you go anywhere else," returned the Captain. "But we can talk of all that another time. What I have to say to you now is something for you to decide. Do you think you are equal to talking a little business with me?"

"Oh, yes. I should like to."

"Yes, it will take up your mind."

The Captain paused restively, and seemed at a loss how to frame what he had next to say.

"Helen," he broke out abruptly, "did you know anything about your father's affairs?"

"Papa's affairs?" asked Helen, with a start.

"Oh, don't be troubled—don't be troubled," the Captain hastened to say. "It's all right; perfectly right; but I want to speak to you about yourself, and—it's all right. Don't you think we'd better have one of these windows open?"

"Are they shut?" asked Helen. "Yes, you can open them, please."

"We shall be cheerfuller with a little light," said the Captain, flinging back the shutters; but they hardly looked so. Helen had dark rings round her eyes, which were swollen with her long weeping; she was very pale, and looked old in that black, which, in a house of mourning, seems to grow upon women in a single night. She thought the Captain tremulous and broken; those muscles at the sides of his chin hung down, as if ten years had been added to his age in the last fortnight. They made a feint of finding nothing

strange in each other, and the Captain resumed as he sat down again:

"I mentioned your father's affairs because there has to be some settlement of the estate, you know; and there are circumstances that make it desirable to have an early settlement. The business was left in a little confusion; it's apt to be the case," Captain Butler added quickly.

"Yes," Helen said, "papa sometimes spoke of the perplexity he felt about his accounts."

"Did he?" asked the Captain with some relief. "Then I suppose he gave you some idea of how he stood."

"No; he merely said they worried him."

"Well, well. I don't know that there was any occasion to tell you; any occasion for alarm. There seems to have been no will; but that makes no difference. The law makes a will, and you get what there is—that is, all there is."

The Captain had a certain forlorn air of disoccupation, which now struck Helen more than what he was saying.

"Would you like to smoke, Captain Butler?" she asked.

"Why, yes, if you will let me, my dear," he said, with an eager, humble gratitude, putting his hand quickly into his breast-pocket. "I didn't know——"

Helen rose, and placed the little table at his elbow, and set the ash-holder on it, as she had done that last night when he had sat there with her father. They looked at each other without speaking.

The Captain struck his match, and said, apologetically, between the long whiffs with which he lit his cigar, "I talk better with it, and I have some things to explain."

He paused, and sinking back into his chair with a sigh of comfort which brought a dim smile into Helen's face, presently resumed:

"As there is no will, and no executor, there will have to be an administrator. Whom should you like appointed? I believe the Court appoints any one you wish."

"Oh, *you*, Captain Butler!" replied Helen instantly.

"I expected this," said the Captain, "and I suppose I am as fit as any one. I'm sure that no one could care more for your father's interests and honor, and I know rather more of his affairs than anybody else. You will have to make your wishes known in form; but that's easily managed. In the meantime, you had better be away, don't you think, while we are looking into things. I don't know what there is to do, exactly; but I suppose there's to be some sort of survey, or appraisal, and—yes, you had better be away, when we are looking into things."



"Do you mean—away from the house?" asked Helen.

"Why, yes," the Captain reluctantly assented. "It's a—form; a necessary form."

"It's quite right," said Helen, positively. "And—yes—I had better be out of the way."

"I'm glad you see it in that light, my dear," returned Captain Butler. "You're a good girl, Helen, and you make it much easier for me. Pack up everything that belongs to you, and go as if you were going to stay." The Captain made a ghastly show of heartiness, and smoked without looking at Helen. "Run over the house, and put together all the things that you would like to retain, and I'll see that they come down." Helen was trying to catch his eye, and he was keeping his gaze fixed upon the ceiling.

"I don't think I need do that," said Helen; "I should merely have to bring them back with me."

Captain Butler took his cigar from his mouth in compassion, as he now looked at her puzzled face. "We don't mean you should come back, my dear child. We want you to stay with us."

"Oh, I can't do that," said Helen, quickly.

"You can't go on living here alone," retorted the Captain.

"No," Helen ruefully assented, and faced Captain Butler in touching dismay.

"You see," he said, "that you must submit. And, Helen," he said with a show of brisk, business-like cheerfulness, "I think you had better *sell* this house. If I were you I should sell it at once. You'll never get more for it."

"Why, what would become of Margaret?" gasped Helen.

"Well, Mrs. Butler has been talking of that. We want a cook, and we will take Margaret."

Helen simply looked bewildered. The Captain apparently found it better to go on while she was in this daze than await her emergence from it. "And if I were you, I would sell the furniture and pictures and all the things that you have not some particular association with; everything of that sort I should keep." Helen still made no comment, and the captain went on. "I know all this is very painful, Helen—"

"It isn't painful," said Helen quietly. "It was papa's wish to sell the house. We were talking of it that night—the night before—He thought of building in the country."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said Captain Butler. "Then we can push right ahead and do it."

"It's very sudden, though," faltered Helen. "Poor Margaret! What will she say?"

"We will hear what she will say," cried the Captain, ringing the bell before Helen could stop him. Margaret answered it, drying her hands on her apron as she came in, and then with a prescience of the coming interview, resting them folded upon that prop with which nature in process of time provides the persons of most cooks. "Margaret," said the Captain, "Miss Helen is going to break up housekeeping. She is coming to us. Mrs. Butler wished me to ask you to come too."

Margaret pursed her mouth, and bent forward so far over the natural provision as to catch sight of the toe of her neatly shod small foot. "Should you like to come?" asked the Captain.

"I'm afraid I should feel the change," said Margaret.

"Of course," retorted the Captain, shortly. "There is going to be a change, and you would feel it. We understand that. But you know me, and you know Mrs. Butler, and you know whether you would have a good place."

"It would be a good place," said Margaret, still surveying her slipper. "But I think I should feel the change more and more."

"Well," said the Captain, impatiently, "do you mean yes, or no?"

"I think I should feel the change," replied Margaret.

The Captain was nonplussed by this dry response to his cordial advance, and he waited a moment before he asked: "Have you any other place in view?"

"I had arranged," said Margaret, calmly, "to go to a cousin's of mine that lives in the Port; and then advertise for some small family in Old Cambridge where they only keep one girl."

Helen had felt hurt by Margaret's cold foresight in having already so far counted the chances as to have looked out for herself; but at this expression of Margaret's ruling passion, she could not help smiling.

The Captain gave an angry snort.

"Very well, then," he said, "there is nothing to do but to pay you up, and let you go," and he took out his pocket-book. "How much is it?"

"There isn't anything coming to me," Margaret returned with the same tranquillity; "Mr. Harkness paid me up."

"But he didn't pay you up to the present time," said the Captain.

"I should wish to consider Miss Helen my guest for the past two weeks," said Margaret, in the neatness of an evidently thought-out speech.



The Captain gave a laugh; but Helen, who knew all Margaret's springs of action, and her insuperable pride, interposed:

"You may, Margaret," she said gently.

"Thank you, Miss Helen," said Margaret, lifting her eyes now for the first to glance at Helen. She turned with a little nod of self-dismissal, and went back to the kitchen, leaving the Captain hot and baffled.

It was some moments before he spoke again.

"Well, then," he said; "about selling the house: do you know, Helen, I think it would be better to sell it at auction? It might be tedious waiting for a private sale, and real estate is such a drug, with the market falling, that you might have to lose more on it after waiting than if you forced it to a sale now. How do you feel about it?"

The finesse that the Captain was using in all the business, wreathing the hard legal exigencies of the case in flowers of suggestion and counsel, and putting on all a smiling air of volition, could never be fully known, except to the goodness that inspired it; but he was rewarded by the promptness with which Helen assented to everything.

"I shall be glad to have you do whatever you think is best, Captain Butler," she answered. "I have no feeling about the house—it's strange that I shouldn't have—and I don't care how soon it is sold, nor how it is sold."

The Captain instantly advanced a step further.

"Perhaps you wouldn't care to come back to it at all, any more? Perhaps you could put your hand on what you'd like to keep, and I could look after it for you, and—" He stopped at seeing Helen change countenance. "Well?"

"Did you think of selling the furniture too?" she asked.

"Why, yes," assented the Captain. "I said so just now. I'm afraid you'd find it a burden after the house was gone. You'd have to store it, you know. Still, if you don't wish it—"

"Oh, yes," said Helen, drawing a long breath, "it had better go!" She spoke with a gentle submissiveness that smote the Captain to the heart.

"You can keep everything you want, my dear—you can keep it all!" he returned, vehemently.

"That would be silly," said Helen. "Besides, there are very few things I should want to keep. I couldn't keep papa's things: they're terrible. I should like you to take everything that belonged to him, Captain Butler—except his watch and his Bible—and give them to some poor people that could use

them. Then I only want my own things; and perhaps his chair, and—" Helen stopped, and the Captain, not to look at her, cast a roving eye about the room.

"Those Copleys, of course, you would reserve," he remarked presently.

"No," said Helen, "I never saw the people. You can sell them. But I shall keep my mother's picture, because I think papa would like me to."

The sense of her father's presence expressed in these words touched the Captain again. He cleared his throat, but he was still hoarse in saying, "I think the Museum would buy the Copleys." Helen seemed too indifferent about their fate to make any reply.

The worst was now over. Captain Butler had accomplished all that he wished without being obliged to explain anything to Helen, or to alarm her fears in any way, and he was unreasonably heartened by the fact. He might, perhaps, have stated the whole truth to her ignorance of affairs without being much more intelligible than he had been with all these skillful evasions. If he had said, "Your father died with his business in the utmost confusion, and probably insolvent," she would scarcely have realized that life was not to go on just as before; and if he had said, "You are left a beggar," how could Helen Harkness have conceived of herself in the figure of one of the women who had dropped their tears into their tea-cups in the kitchen, as they cried over the old clothes she had given them? It had wrung the Captain's heart to hear her talk of poor people, and of giving; and yet he rose from his chair, when he saw Helen still safe in her ignorance, with something like cheerfulness.

"You just make a memorandum of what you'd like reserved, Helen," he said, "and I'll attend to it for you. Put your own little traps together, and I'll send a carriage to take you down to the four o'clock train. Anything you think of afterward of course will be kept for you."

He left her to this task. It was at least something to do, and Helen went about it with an energy which she was surprised to find in herself. At first the reproach with which the silent house seemed to use her indifference smote upon her, but it did not last long. Home had died out of it, as life had gone out of her father's dust; and neither house nor grave was anything to her. She passed from room to room, and opened closets and drawers, and looked at a hundred things. She ended in despair by choosing a very few. If she could not keep all, why should she want any? Whatever it seemed desecration to sell she put on her memoran-



dum to be given away. She selected a large number of things for Margaret, and when she sat down at the old Bostonian half-past two o'clock dinner (to which her father had always kept), she told Margaret what she had done. Margaret took one or two little trinkets which Helen offered her in her hand, and declined the other gifts.

"Why, what do you mean, Margaret?" asked Helen. "Why don't you take them?"

"I shouldn't wish to, Miss Helen," said Margaret, pursing her mouth.

"Well, have your own way," returned Helen. "I suppose this is another of your mysteries."

"I should wish to do everything properly, Miss Helen."

"What do you mean by properly? Why do you Miss Helen me all the time? What made you so stiff with Captain Butler? and he so kind!"

"Captain Butler is a very pleasant gentleman," said Margaret, in her neatest manner; "but I shouldn't wish him to think it was quite the same as going on here."

"You're very foolish. It would have been a nice place."

"I wished him to understand that I felt it a change."

"Well, well!" cried Helen, impatiently. "You must do as you please; but you needn't have been so cross."

Helen's nerves were beginning to give way, and she went on childishly. "You act just as if we were going to be together always. Do you know that I'm going away now, and not coming back any more?"

"Yes, Miss Helen."

"And do you think this is the way to treat me at the last moment? Why don't you take the things?"

"I shouldn't wish to be under a compliment, Miss Helen."

"What do you mean by being under a compliment?"

"I shouldn't wish to be beholden."

"Oh, you shouldn't wish; you shouldn't wish! This is too bad!" whispered Helen. "What am I but under a compliment to you, as you call it? I didn't think you'd behave so at the last moment. But I see. You're too proud for anything, and you never did care for me."

"Oh, Miss Helen!"

"Yes! And go to your cousin's—the quicker the better—and have your own cross way. I'm sure I don't care, if you'll be the happier for it. I can tell you what you are, Margaret: you're a silly goose, and you make every one hate you. The charm's broken between us—quite, and I'm glad of it."

Margaret went out without saying anything, and Helen tried to go on with her dinner, but failed, and began her inventory again, and at last went to her room and dressed for her journey. She came down into the library just before starting, and rang for Margaret. When the cook appeared, the young girl suddenly threw her arms round her neck. "Good-bye," she sobbed out, "you good, old, wicked, foolish, stuck-up Margaret. I'm glad you didn't come to the Butlers'; it would have killed me to see you there! Good-bye, good-bye! Remember your poor little Helen, Margaret, and come to see me! I can't bear to look into the kitchen! Say good-bye to it for me! Oh, my poor, old, slighted, happy home! Oh, my home, my home, my home! Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!" She ran wildly through the well-known rooms, and bade them adieu with heart-breaking farewells; she stooped down and kissed the lounge on which her father used to lie, and spread out her empty arms upon it and laid her homeless head where his had rested. At the sound of the bell she sprang up, and opened the door herself, and fled down the steps and into the carriage, shrinking into the farthest corner, and thickly hiding her face under her black veil. She seemed to herself part of a vast train of events, without control, without volition, save the will to obey. She did what she was bid, and the great movement went on. Somewhere must be arrest, somewhere repose; but as yet she could not foresee it, and she could only yield herself to the forces carrying her forward. She was going to the Butlers' because Captain Butler had told her to come; she had assented to everything he proposed because he had seemed to wish it; but she felt that he was as powerless as she in the matter. If he had proposed everything of contrary effect, she must still have yielded the same.

Captain Butler joined her at the station half an hour after she had left home, and just in time to step aboard the train with her. He was hot and looked vexed. When he got his breath a little, "Do you know," said he, "that old fool hasn't made any bills?"

"What old fool?" asked Helen passively.

"Margaret!" replied the Captain, with a burst. "Didn't you understand that she meant merely to refuse her wages for the last two weeks, when she said she wished to consider you her guest?"

"Why, yes," said Helen.

"Well, she meant a great deal more," cried the Captain. "I've been round to the butcher, and baker, and all the rest, to settle their accounts, and I find that she's paid for every-



thing since we left you. But I shall have it out with her. It won't do. It's ridiculous!"

"Poor Margaret!" said Helen, softly. She understood now the secret of Margaret's intolerable stateliness, and of her reluctance to mar her ideal of hospitality by accepting a reciprocal benefit. It was all very droll and queer, but so like Margaret that Helen did not want so much to laugh as to weep at it. She saw that Captain Butler was annoyed at the way she took the matter, and she thought he would have scolded her at any other time. She said very gently: "We must let her have her way about it, Captain Butler. You couldn't get her to take the money back, and you would only hurt her feelings if you tried. Perhaps I can do something for her some time."

"Do you mean that you're actually going to stand it, Helen?"

"Yes, why not? It isn't as if anybody else did it for me—any equal, you know. I can't feel that it's a disgrace from Margaret; and it will do her so much good—you've no idea how much. She's been with us ever since I was born, and surely I may accept such a kindness from an old servant, rather than wound her queer pride."

The Captain listened to these swelling words with dismay. This poor girl, at whose feet he saw destitution yawning, was taking life as she had always done—*en princesse*. He wondered what possible conception she had formed of her situation. Sooner or later he must tell her what it was.

v.

CAPTAIN BUTLER believed that his old friend had died a bankrupt; he represented the estate as insolvent, and the sale of the property took place at the earliest possible day. A red flannel flag, on which the auctioneer's name was lettered, was hung out from the transom above the front door, and at ten o'clock on a dull morning, when the sea-turn was beginning to break in a thin, chilly rain, a long procession of umbrellas began to ascend the front steps, where Helen had paused to cast that look of haughty wonder after the retreating policeman. The umbrellas were of all qualities, from the silk that shuts into the slimmest of a walking-stick, to the whitey-brown, whalebone-ribbed family umbrella under which the habitual auction-goer of a certain size and age repairs to her favorite amusement. Many of the people had a suburban look, and some even the appearance of having arrived by the Fitchburg Railroad; but there was a large proportion of citizens, and a surprising number of fashionably dressed ladies, who, nevertheless, did

not seem to be of that neighborhood; they stared curiously about them, as if they had now for the first time entered a house there. They sat down in the sad old parlor, and looked up at the pictures and the general equipment of the room with the satisfied air of not finding it, after all, any better than their own. One large and handsome woman, whose person trembled and twinkled all over with black bugles, stood in the middle of the floor, and had the effect of stamping upon the supposed pride of the place. People were prowling all over the house, from cellar to garret, peering into closets and feeling of walls and doors; several elderly women in feeble health were to be met at the turns of the stair-ways, pressing their hands against their chests, and catching their breath with difficulty. Few, apparently, of the concourse had come to buy; but when the sale began they densely thronged the rooms in which the bidding successively went on, and made it hard for one another to get out of the packed doorways. The whole morning long the auctioneer intoned his chant of "A half, and a half and half, do-I-hear-the-three-quarters?" varied with a quick "*Sold!*" as from time to time he knocked off this lot or that. The cheaper carpets, chairs, beds, and tables were bought for the most part by certain fading women, who bid with a kind of reluctant greed, and got together each her store of those mismatched movables which characterize furnished lodgings. They wore cheap camel's hair wraps and thread gloves; others, who seemed poor mothers of families, showed their black stubbed finger-tips, pressed anxiously together outside the edges of imitation India shawls, and bid upon the kitchen crockery. The Copleys were bought, as Captain Butler had expected, by the Museum of Fine Arts; the other paintings were bought by men who got them low to sell again, and in whose ruinous bazaars they were destined to consort with second-hand refrigerators and strips of dusty carpeting.

Captain Butler would gladly have stayed away from the auction, but his duty in the matter was not to be avoided. Helen had given him a list of things to be reserved from the sale, which she had made out under two heads. The first was marked "For self," and this was very short, and easily managed by setting the things aside before the sale began. But the list of articles "To be given away" was on a scale which troubled the Captain's conscience, while it forlornly amused him by its lavish generosity; the girl had done charity to an extent that wronged the creditors of the estate, and that put it quite beyond Captain Butler's power to humor her unwitting



munificence by purchasing the things to give away. He used a discretion with which he invested himself, to put all the valuable articles up at the sale, and bestowed in charity only the cheaper matters on Helen's list. Even then, the auction was an expensive affair to him. He was unable to let certain things, with which he intimately associated his old friend, pass into the hands of strangers, especially things connected with the India trade. He bought the Chinese vases and bronze monsters, the terra-cotta statues and ivory carvings, the outlandish weapons, and Oriental bric-à-brac, which in the age of Eastlake mantel-shelves, then setting in with great severity, he discovered to be in great request.

His dismay increased as these costly and worthless treasures accumulated upon his hands, for his house was already full of them, to the utmost capacity of its closets and out-of-the-way corners. Besides, he laid himself open to the suspicion of bidding in, and remained under that doubt with many. He had a haughty way of outbidding that stood him in no good stead, and went far to convince the crowd that all the sales to him were sham.

The auction, which began in the basement, ascended through the several stories, wandering from room to room, till it reached the remotest attic chamber. Then, all the personal property had been sold, and it descended again to the first floor, where the crowd was already much thinner than at first, and was composed mainly of respectable-looking citizens who had come to bid on the house, or to see how much it would bring. The fashionably dressed women were gone; it was not long before the last auction-goer's whity-brown umbrella, expanded after the usual struggle, went down the front steps, and round the next corner. The auctioneer took his stand in the parlor before the pier-glass,—into which Helen looked that day to see whether her trouble with Robert had changed her,—with the long windows of the swell-front on either side of him. He was a young man, eager to win his reputation. He had been praised to Captain Butler as a frightfully vulgar wretch, who could get him more for the property than any other auctioneer in the city, and the Captain had taken him with certain misgivings. As he now confronted his respectable audience, he kept his hat a little aslant; he had an unlighted cigar in his left hand, which he put into his mouth from time to time, and chewed upon nervously; his eyes shone with a gross, humorous twinkle, and his whole face expressed a reckless audacity, and a willingness

to take other people into the joke of life's being a swindle, any way.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I feel honored in being the instrument, however humble, of offering this property to your consideration—this old family mansion, rich in tradition and association, in the very heart of the most select quarter of Boston. You have already examined the house, gentlemen, from attic to cellar; you have seen that is in perfect repair, and that it has no concealments to make—'nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice,' as our colored brother says in the play. I will not insult your intelligence, gentlemen, by dwelling upon its entire soundness. Built forty years ago, it is this day a better house than the day its foundations were laid—better than nine-tenths of the gaudy and meretricious conceptions of modern architecture. Plain, substantial, soberly elegant—these, gentlemen, are its virtues, which, like

—'a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.'

Gentlemen, I will not ask your attention to the eligible position of the house. I see none but Boston faces here, and I am proud to take it for granted that you need no instructions from *me* upon this point. When I say that this is one of the best sites on Beacon Hill, I say everything. You know the value of the location, you know the character of the social surroundings,—you know what I *mean*, and *all* that I mean. I do not appeal to strangers here. I appeal to the old Boston blood, animated by a generous affection for our city and its history, and unwilling to see dishonor cast upon her by the sale, even in these ruinous times, of a property in her midst at less than its full value. Gentlemen, I feel that you will stand by me in this matter; and I have the pleasure of opening the sale with a bid of ten thousand dollars. Is this so, Mr. Wetherall?"

The gentleman addressed, in the midst of the laughing crowd, nodded slightly.

The auctioneer looked keenly at the faces in an irregular semicircle before him.

"With a bid of ten thousand dollars from Mr. Wetherall," he resumed. "Mr. Wetherall, gentlemen, does not want the property, and he does not dream of getting it at a sixth or seventh—in any other times I should say a tenth—of its value. But he does not choose that it shall be disgraced by the offer of any ignobler sum; and, gentlemen, if Mr. Wetherall had not made this bid I should have made it myself in good faith. I am offered ten thousand, ten thousand, ten thou—*eleven*, from Mr. Wheeler. *You* don't want the property either,



Mr. Wheeler, but I thank you nevertheless. Eleven, eleven, eleven—do I hear the twelve? Twelve from Mr. White. The W.'s are doing well, but we must mount higher yet in the alphabet. Twelve; do I hear the thirteen? Five hundred! Thanks: twelve five, twelve five—thirteen. Going at thirteen, at thirteen—fourteen! This is something like, gentlemen; this is very good as a genteel relaxation; fourteen has its merits as part of the joke; but, gentlemen, we must not give too much *time* to it. We *must* come to business before long; we must indeed. I am willing to accept these ironical bids for the present, but—fifteen, did you say, Mr. Newell? Thank you for fifteen. I am offered fifteen, fifteen, fifteen, by an eminent American humorist; fifteen, fifteen, going at fifteen. Oh come, gentlemen! Some one say *twenty*, and let the sale begin *seriously*." Nobody had bidden twenty, but at that moment a greedy-eyed, nervous little man, with a hot air of having hurried to arrive, wedged his way through the people who filled the doorway, and entered the opener space inside with a bid of five hundred. A roar of laughter rewarded his ardor, and the auctioneer instantly went on: "Twenty thousand, five; twenty thousand, five. Now we are really warming to the work. We have reached the point at which blood begins to tell. Twenty thousand, five from Mr. Everton—do I hear the twenty one? Yes, right again; I do hear the twenty-one, and from Mr. Newell, who redeems his reputation from the charge of elegant trifling; and twenty-two from Mr. White, who also perceives that the time for jesting is past. Going at twenty-two, at twenty-two, twenty-two! Do I hear twenty-three? No, only twenty-two, three; I regret to say it is only twenty-two, three."

A quick succession of small bids now ran the sum up to twenty-four thousand, at which point it hung in spite of all the devices of the auctioneer to urge it beyond. "Going, going, going,"—he swung his right hand threateningly above the open palm of his left—"going to Mr. White at *twenty-four* thousand dollars! Are you all done?" He scanned the crowd, and pierced it to the outer circle with his audacious glance. "Going at twenty-four thousand dollars to Mr. White. Are you all done, twice? Are you all done, three times? Going once, going twice, going—gentlemen," said the auctioneer, putting his cigar in his mouth and his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and addressing them in a low, impassioned tone, "Gentlemen, it's no *money* for it! I should feel ashamed, personally disgraced, if this property went for such a sum. I should *know* that it was owing to some fault of mine,

some failure on my part to impress its value upon you. But I have trusted to your own sagacity, to your own intelligence, to the fact that you are all Boston men, and thoroughly acquainted with the prices of adjacent property, and the worth of this. I may have deceived myself; but I appeal to you *now*, gentlemen, not to let me suffer by the confidence I have reposed in you. My professional reputé is in your hands. If this estate goes at twenty-four thousand dollars I am a ruined man." A general laugh, in which the auctioneer himself joined so far as to smile, met this appeal. He ran his eye over the assembly. Suddenly he exclaimed: "*Thank* you, Mr. Everton! *Was* it twenty-six!"

He leaned forward over his desk, and beamed with a flattering gratitude upon the new comer.

"No, twenty-four fifty," replied Mr. Everton in a weak, dry voice.

"Thank you all the same, Mr. Everton. You are none the less my preserver. Thank you for twenty-four, fifty. We breathe again. Twenty-four fifty,—do I hear the five? *Twenty-four fifty*,—will you give me the five? Twenty-five; very good, twenty-five thousand, twenty-five, twenty-five—just one-fourth of the worth of the estate in prosperous times. Now let me hear the twenty-six! Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, again breaking from his chaunt, and lowering his voice to the colloquial tone, "you all know the old story of the sibyl and her books: how, when she came with nine copies in the first instance, she asked a sum which struck the officials as a fancy price; how she went away and burnt three of the edition and then asked twice the original price for the six; and how, when she had burnt three more, they were glad to take the rest off her hands at her own terms. We have here a parallel case."

"Don't see the parallel," said one of the crowd.

"Don't you, Mr. Rogers? Well, you will, presently, when you've failed to buy this property for half the money that you'd be glad to offer the purchaser for his bargain. Do I hear twenty-six from you, Mr. Rogers?" Mr. Rogers laughed and nodded. "Twenty-six it is, from Mr. Rogers. Twenty-six, twenty-six, twenty-six; will you give me seven?" He went on crying this sum in various tones of exultation, reproach, and persuasion for several minutes. Again and again he brought himself to the point of knocking off the house at that price, and then retired from it upon some fresh pretense of having heard a higher bid. But none came, or could be made to seem to have come; every one to whom he turned with a questioning look



shook his head in prompt denial. The auctioneer's mobile countenance took on an air of deep discouragement. He threw aside his mallet and pulled down his waistcoat. "I wont sell this property at that price. I suppose there are men in this city who would do it, but I wont. Captain Butler, I should like a word with you." He came down from his perch, and, retiring to a corner with the Captain, talked with him in a dumb show of bitter and passionate appeal. When he again mounted to his place he wore a look of grim despair. "Well, gentlemen, I have done my best to persuade Captain Butler to withdraw the property, and stop this bloody sacrifice." The crowd laughed, and the auctioneer's eye twinkled. "But he feels bound by the terms of his notice to you to let the sale proceed. The property will be sold without reserve. Now let us see whether you will meet him in the same magnanimous spirit." Captain Butler looked on in blank amaze while this statement was making; but an intenser surprise was painted upon the face of Mr. Wetherall as the auctioneer proceeded: "Twenty-seven, twenty-seven."

"Twenty-six was the last bid," said a bystander.

"Excuse me, sir," retorted the auctioneer, severely. "I don't think I deceived myself in a nod from my friend Mr. Wetherall. Twenty-seven!"

Mr. Wetherall seemed struggling to open his petrified mouth in protest, when Mr. Everton quickly bid twenty-seven five hundred. Mr. Wetherall turned sharply upon him and bid twenty-eight. The keen auctioneer scented their rivalry, and played upon it so artfully that in five minutes the property was going at thirty thousand to Mr. Everton. He came to the third going, in his thrice-repeated warning, when he once more paused, and, leaning forward, bent a look of pitying incredulity upon the faces before him.

"Gentlemen," he asked, in an accent of soft reproach, "is this *Boston*?"

His audience again roared their pleasure, and the auctioneer, leaving his place, stepped forward and personally approached several persons of the group in a conversational tone.

"Mr. Wetherall, am I going to have nothing more from you? Mr. White, what do you

say? You know this house is worth more than thirty thousand, and whoever buys it will have a dozen people after him to-morrow offering to take his bargain off his hands at an advance. Mr. Merritt, we haven't heard from you at all yet, I believe. You've been enjoying the show for nothing. It isn't your custom to dead-head yourself on these occasions. And you, sir—I can't call your name, but I know your face; I've seen it in State street often—can't I get a bid out of you?"

The gentleman addressed colored, and shrank further back in the crowd. The auctioneer smiled in perfect good humor, and turned away for another word with Captain Butler in private.

"Captain," he whispered, "Mr. Everton is going to buy this property. Do you think he will stand another five thousand?"

Captain Butler, who seemed in a sort of daze, said:

"I don't believe he will. But *if* you——"

"I'll get it," said the auctioneer, briskly, and returned to his work, into which he struck with a sudden and startling energy. "Going at thirty thousand, go——. Thirty-one, thirty-one, thirty-one; at thirty-two; thirty-two five; thirty-three, thirty-three—and five; thirty-four?" He dashed off the bids with a rapid confidence that would have inspired belief in the most skeptical. Mr. Wetherall bid thirty-four thousand five hundred, and was instantly topped by Mr. Everton at thirty-five. "Thirty-five, thirty-five, thirty-five," cried the auctioneer, "going at thirty-five thousand, going, going, going, and sold—*given* away—to Mr. Everton!"

Mr. Everton came forward with a half-frightened look, and laid down the money necessary to secure his purchase, and received a provisional deed of the property.

"Look here!" said Captain Butler, as soon as he could get the auctioneer aside. "I didn't hear any of those bids till Wetherall's last." The Captain looked troubled and unhappy.

The auctioneer laid a re-assuring hand upon his shoulder.

"You haven't got a practiced ear, Captain Butler. I have. Mr. Everton has got a great bargain. But it was hard, working up to that final point."

(To be continued.)





## THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Professor sat in his favorite chair by his library fire, an open volume on his knee and his after-dinner glass of wine still unfinished on the table near him. He had dined a couple of hours ago with Mr. Arbuthnot, who had entertained him very agreeably, and had not long since left him to present himself upon some social scene.

It was of his departed guest that he was thinking as he pondered, and of certain plans he had on hand for his ultimate welfare, and his thoughts so deeply occupied him that he did not hear the sound of the door-bell, which rang as he sat, nor notice any other sound until the door of the room opened and some one entered. He raised his head and looked round then, uttering a slight ejaculation of surprise.

"Why, Bertha!" he said. "My dear! This is unexpected."

He paused and gave her one of his gently curious looks. She had thrown her cloak off as she came near him, and something in her appearance attracted his attention.

"My dear," he said, slowly, "you look to-night as you did years ago. I am reminded of the time when Philip first came to us. I wonder why?"

There was a low seat near his side, and she came and took it.

"It is the dress," she said. "I was looking over some things I had laid aside and found it. I put it on for old acquaintance sake. I have never worn it since then. Perhaps I hoped it would make me feel like a girl again."

Her tone was very quiet, her whole manner was quiet, the dress was simplicity itself. A little lace kerchief was knotted about her throat.

"That is a very feminine idea," remarked the Professor, seeming to give it careful attention. "Peculiarly feminine, I should say. And—does it, my dear?"

"Not quite," she answered. "A little. When I first put it on and stood before the glass, I forgot a good many things for a few moments, and then, suddenly, I heard the

children's voices in the nursery, and Richard came in and Bertha Herrick was gone. You know I was Bertha Herrick when I wore this—Bertha Herrick, thinking of her first party."

"Yes, my dear," he responded, "I—I remember."

There were a few moments of silence, in which he looked abstractedly thoughtful, but presently he bestirred himself.

"By the by," he said, "that reminds me. Didn't I understand that there was a great party somewhere to-night? Mr. Arbuthnot left me to go to it, I think. I thought there was a reason for my surprise at seeing you. That was it. Surely you should have been at the great party instead of here."

"Well," she replied, "I suppose I should, but for some curious accident or other—I don't know what the accident is or how it happened—I should have had an invitation—of course if it had chanced to reach me, but something has occurred to prevent its doing so, I suppose. Such things happen, you know. To all intents and purposes I have not been invited, so I could not go. And I am very glad. I would rather be here."

"I would rather have you here," he returned, "if such seclusion pleases you. But I can hardly imagine, my dear, how the party——"

She put her hand on his caressingly.

"It cannot be an entire success," she said.

"It wont, in my absence—but misfortunes befall even the magnificent and prosperous, and the party must console itself. I like to be here—I like very much to be here."

He glanced at her gray dress again.

"Bertha Herrick would have preferred the party," he remarked.

"Bertha Amory is wiser," she said. "We will be quiet together—and happy."

They were very quiet. The thought occurred to the Professor several times during the evening. She kept her seat near him, and talked to him, speaking, he noticed, principally of her children and of the past; the time she had spent at home, before her marriage, seemed to be present in her mind.

"I wonder," she said once, thoughtfully, "what sort of girl I was? I can only remember that I was such a happy girl. Do

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you remember that I was a specially self-indulgent or frivolous one? But I am afraid you would not tell me, if you did."

"My dear," he said, in response, "you were a natural, simple, joyous creature, and a great pleasure to us."

She gave his hand a little pressure.

"I can remember that you were always good to me," she said. "I used to think you were a little curious about me, and wondered what I would do in the future. Now it is my turn to wonder if I am at all what you thought I would be?"

He did not reply at once, and then spoke slowly.

"There seemed so many possibilities," he said. "Yes; I thought it possible that you might be—what you are."

It was, as he said this, that there returned to his mind the thought which had occupied it before her entrance. He had been thinking then of something he wished to tell her, before she heard it from other quarters, and which he felt he could tell her at no more fitting time than when they were alone. It was something relating to Laurence Arbuthnot, and, curiously enough, she paved the way for it by mentioning him herself.

"Did you say Laurence was here to-night?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "he was so good as to dine with me."

"He would say that you were so good as to invite him," she said. "He is very fond of coming here."

"I should miss him very much," he returned, "if he should go away."

She looked up quickly, attracted by his manner.

"But there is no likelihood of his going away," she said.

"I think," he answered, "that there may be, and I wished to speak to you about it."

He refrained from looking at her—he even delicately withdrew his hand so that if hers should lose its steadiness he might be unconscious of it.

"Go away!" she exclaimed, "from Washington? Laurence! Why should you think so? I cannot imagine such a thing!"

"He does not imagine it himself yet," he replied. "I am going to suggest it to him."

Her hand was still upon his knee and he felt her start.

"You are!" she said; "why and how? Do you think he will go? I do not believe he will."

"I am not sure that he will," he answered, "but I hope so; and what I mean is that I think it may be possible to send him abroad."

She withdrew her hand from his knee.

"He wont go," she said; "I am sure of it."

He went on to explain himself, still not looking at her.

"He is wasting his abilities," he said; "he is wasting his youth; the position he is in is absurdly insignificant; it occurred to me that if I used, with right effect, the little influence I possess, there might finally be obtained for him some position abroad which would be at least something better and might possibly open a way for him in the future. I spoke to the Secretary of State about it, and he was very kind and appeared interested. It seems very possible, even probable, that my hopes will be realized."

For a few seconds she sat still; then she said, abstractedly:

"It would be very strange to be obliged to live our lives without Laurence; they would not be the same lives at all. Still, I suppose it would be best for him; but it would be hard to live without Laurence. I don't like to think of it."

In spite of his intention not to do so, he found himself turning to look at her. There had been surprise in her voice, and now there was sadness, but there was no agitation, no uncontrollable emotion.

"Can it be," he thought, "that she is getting over it? What does it mean?"

She turned and met his eyes.

"But whether it is for the best or not," she said, "I don't believe he will go."

"My dear," he said, "you speak as if there was a reason."

"I think there is a reason," she answered, "and it is a strong one."

"What is it?" he asked.

"There is some one he is beginning to be fond of," she replied; "that is the reason."

He kept his eyes fixed upon her.

"Some one he is *beginning* to be fond of?" he repeated.

"I don't know how it will end," she said. "I am sometimes afraid it can only end sadly; but there is some one he would find it hard to leave, I am sure."

The Professor gradually rose in his chair until he was sitting upright.

"I wish," he said, "that you would tell me who it is."

"I do not think he would mind your knowing," she answered. "It seems strange you have not seen. It is Agnes Sylvestre."

The Professor sank back in his chair, and looked at the bed of coals in the grate.

"Agnes Sylvestre!" he exclaimed; "Agnes Sylvestre!"

"Yes," she said; "and in one sense it is very hard on him that it should be Agnes



Sylvestre. After all these years, when he has steadily kept himself free from all love affairs, and been so sure that nothing could tempt him, it cannot be easy for him to know that he loves some one who has everything he has not—all the things he feels he never will have. He is very proud and very unrelenting in his statement of his own circumstances, and he won't try to glaze them over when he compares them with hers. He is too poor, she is too rich—even if she loved him."

"Even!" said the Professor. "Is it your opinion that she does not?"

"I do not know," she answered. "It has seemed to me more probable that—that she liked Colonel Tredennis."

"I thought so," said the Professor. "I must confess that I thought so—though, perhaps, that may have been because my feeling for him is so strong, and I have seen that he—"

"That he was fond of her?" Bertha put in, as he paused to reflect.

"I thought so," he said again. "I thought I was sure of it. He sees her often; he thinks of her frequently, it is plain; he speaks of her to me; he sees every charm and grace in her. I have never heard him speak of any other woman so."

"It would be a very suitable marriage," said Bertha; "I have felt that from the first. There is no one more beautiful than Agnes—no one sweeter—no one more fit—"

She pushed her seat back from the hearth and rose from it.

"The fire is too warm," she said. "I have been sitting before it too long."

There was some ice-water upon a side-table, and she went to it and poured out a glass, and drank it slowly. Then she took a seat by the center-table and spoke again, as she idly turned over the leaves of a magazine without looking at it.

"When first Agnes came here," she said, "I thought of it. I remember that when I presented Philip to her, I watched to see if she impressed him as she does most people."

"She did," said the Professor. "I remember his speaking of it afterward, and saying what a charm hers was, and that her beauty must touch a man's best nature."

"That was very good," said Bertha, faintly smiling. "And it was very like him. And since then," she added, "you say he has spoken of her often in the same way and as he speaks of no one else?"

"Again and again," answered the Professor. "The truth is, my dear, I am fond of speaking of her myself, and have occasionally led him in that direction. I have wished for him what you have wished."

"And we have both of us," she said, half sadly, "been unkind to poor Laurence."

She closed the magazine.

"Perhaps he will go, after all," she said. "He may see that it is best. He may be glad to go before the year is ended."

She left her book and her chair.

"I think I must go now," she said; "I am a little tired."

He thought that she looked so, and the shadow which for a moment had half lifted itself fell again.

"No," he thought, "she has not outlived it, and this is more bitter for her than the rest. It is only natural that it should be more bitter."

When he got up to bid her good-night, she put a hand upon either of his shoulders and kissed him.

"I am glad I was not invited to the grand party, dear," she said; "I have liked this better. It has been far better for me."

There were only a few yards of space between her father's house and her own, and in a few seconds she had ascended the steps and entered the door. As she did so she heard Richard in the parlor speaking rapidly and vehemently, and, entering, found that he was talking to Colonel Tredennis. The Colonel was standing at one end of the room, as if he had turned round with an abrupt movement; Richard was lying full length upon a sofa, looking uneasy and excited, his cushions tumbled about him. They ceased speaking the moment they saw her, and there was an odd pause, noticing which she came forward and spoke with an effort at appearing at ease.

"Do you know that this seems like contention," she said. "Are you quarreling with Richard, Colonel Tredennis, or is he quarreling with you? And why are you not at the reception?"

"We are quarreling with each other violently," said Richard, with a half laugh. "You arrived barely in time to prevent our coming to blows. And why are *you* not at the reception?"

Bertha turned to Tredennis, who for a moment seemed to have been struck dumb by the sight of her. The memories the slender gray figure had brought to the Professor rushed back upon him with a force that staggered him. It was as if the ghost of something dead had suddenly appeared before him and he was compelled to hold himself as if he did not see it. The little gray gown, the carelessly knotted kerchief,—it seemed so terrible to see them and to be forced to realize through them how changed she was. He had never seen her look so ill and fragile as she did when she turned to him and spoke in her quiet, unemotional voice.



"This is the result of political machination," she said. "He has forgotten that we were not invited. Being absorbed in affairs of state, he no longer keeps an account of the doings of the giddy throng."

Then he recovered himself.

"You were not invited!" he said. "Isn't there some mistake about that. I thought —"

"Your impression naturally was that we were the foundation-stone of all social occasions," she responded, "but this time they have dispensed with us. We were not invited."

"Say that you did not receive your invitation," put in Richard, restlessly. "The other way of stating it is nonsense."

She paused an instant, as if his manner suggested a new thought to her.

"I wonder," she said slowly, "if there *could* be a reason—but no, I think that is impossible. It must have been an accident. But you," she added to Tredennis, "have not told me why you are not with the rest of the world."

"I came away early," he answered. "I was there for an hour."

He was glad that she did not sit down—he wished that she would go away—it would be better if she would go away and leave them to themselves again.

"It was very gay, I suppose," she said. "And you saw Agnes?"

"I have just left her," he replied.

"You ought to have stayed," she said, turning away with a smile. "It would have been better than quarreling with Richard."

And she went out of the room and left them together, as he had told himself it would be best she should.

He did not look at her as she ascended the staircase; he stood with his back to the open door, and did not speak until he heard her go into the room above them. Then he addressed Richard.

"Do you understand me now?" he said, sternly. "This is the beginning!"

"The beginning!" exclaimed Richard, with a half frantic gesture. "If this is the beginning—and things go wrong—imagine what the end will be!"

The room Bertha had entered was the nursery. In the room opening out of it, Jack and Janey slept in their small beds. Upon the hearth-rug lay a broken toy. She bent to pick it up, and afterward stood a moment holding it in her hand without seeing it; she still held it as she sank into a chair which was near her.

"I will stay here a while," she said. "This is the best place for me."

For a few minutes she sat quite still, some-

thing like a stupor had settled upon her; she was thinking in a blind, disconnected way of Agnes Sylvestre. Everything would be right at last. Agnes would be happy. This was what she had wished—what she had intended from the first—when she had brought them together. It was she who had brought them together. And this was the plan she had had in her mind when she had done it; and she had known what it would cost her even then.

And then there came back to her the memory of the moment when she had turned away from them to pour out Laurence's coffee with hands she could not hold still, and whose tremor he saw and understood. Poor Laurence! he must suffer too! Poor Laurence!

She looked down suddenly at the broken toy in her hand.

"I will stay here more," she said. "It is better here. There is nothing else! And if I were a good woman I should want nothing else. If I had only not spoken to Agnes—that was the mistake; if she will only forget it! *Some* one should be happy—*some* one! It will be Agnes."

She got up and went into the children's room, and knelt down by Janey's bed, laying the toy on the coverlet. She put her arms round the child and spoke her name.

"Janey!" she said. "Janey."

The child stirred, opened her eyes, and put an arm sleepily about her neck.

"I said my prayers," she murmured. "God bless mamma and papa—and everybody. God bless Uncle Philip."

Bertha laid her face near her upon the pillow.

"Yes," she said, brokenly. "You belong to me and I belong to you. I will stay here, Janey—with you!"

#### CHAPTER XXX.

SOMETIMES during the winter, when she glanced around her parlor on the evenings of her receptions, Bertha felt as if she were in a waking dream. So many people of whom she seemed to know nothing were gathered about her; she saw strange faces on every side; a new element had appeared which was gradually crowding out the old, and she herself felt that she was almost a stranger in it. Day by day, and by almost imperceptible degrees at first, various mysterious duties had devolved upon her. She had found herself calling at one house because the head of it was a member of a committee, at another because its mistress was a person whose influence over her husband it would be well to consider; she had issued an invitation here because the recipients must be pleased, another there because somebody was to be biased in the right direction. The persons



thus to be pleased and biased were by no means invariably interesting. There was a stalwart Westerner or so, who made themselves almost too readily at home; an occasional rigid New Englander, who suspected a lack of purpose in the atmosphere; and a stray Southerner, who exhibited a tendency toward a large and rather exhaustive gallyantry. As a rule, too, Bertha was obliged to admit that she found the men more easily entertained than the women, who were most of them new to their surroundings, and privately determined to do themselves credit and not be imposed upon by appearances; and when this was not the case were either timorously overpowered by a sense of their inadequacy to the situation, or calmly intrenched behind a shield of impassive composure more discouraging than all else. It was not always easy to enliven such material: to be always ready with the right thing to say and do; to understand, as by inspiration, the intricacies of every occasion and the requirements of every mental condition; and while Bertha spared no effort, and used her every gift to the best of her ability, the result, even when comparatively successful, was rather productive of exhaustion, mental and physical.

"They don't care about me," she said to Arbuthnot one night, with a rueful laugh as she looked around her. "And I am always afraid of their privately suspecting that I don't care about them. Sometimes when I look at them, I cannot help being overpowered by a sense of there being a kind of ludicrousness in it all. Do you know, nearly every one of them has a reason for being here, and it is never by any chance connected with my reason for inviting them. I could give you some of the reasons. Shall I? Some of them are feminine reasons and some of them are masculine. That woman at the end of the sofa—the thin, eager-looking one—comes because she wishes to accustom herself to society. Her husband is a 'rising man,' and she is in love with him and has a hungry desire to keep pace with him. The woman she is talking to has a husband who wants something Senator Plane-field may be induced to give him—and Senator Plane-field is on his native heath here. That showy little Southern widow has a large claim against the government, and comes because she sees people she thinks it best to know. She is wanted because she has a favorite cousin who is given patriotically to opposing all measures not designed to benefit the South. It is rather fantastic when you reflect upon it, isn't it?"

"You know what I think about it without asking," answered Arbuthnot.

"Yes, you have told me," was her re-

sponse; "but it will be all over before long, and then—Ah! there is Senator Blundel! Do you know, it is always a relief to me when he comes;" and she went toward him with a brighter look than Arbuthnot had seen her wear at any time during the entire evening.

It had taken her some time herself to decide why it was that she liked Blundel and felt at ease with him; in fact, up to the present period she had scarcely done more than decide that she did like him. She had not found his manner become more polished as their acquaintance progressed; he was neither gallant nor accomplished; he was always rather full of himself, in a genuine, masculine way. He was blunt, and by no means tactful; but she had never objected to him from the first, and after a while she had become conscious of feeling relief, as she had put it to Arbuthnot, when his strong, rather aggressive personality presented itself upon the scene. He was not difficult to entertain, at least. Finding in her the best of listeners, he entertained himself by talking to her, and by making sharp jokes, at which they both laughed with equal appreciation. He knew what to talk about, too, and what subjects to joke on; and, however apparently communicative his mood might be, his opinions were always kept thriftily in hand.

"He seems to talk a good deal," Richard said testily; "but, after all, you don't find out much of what he really thinks."

Bertha had discovered this early in their acquaintance. If the object in making the house attractive to him was that he might be led to commit himself in any way during his visits, that object was scarcely attained. When at last it appeared feasible to discuss the Westoria lands project in his presence, he showed no unwillingness to listen or to ask questions; but, the discussion being at an end, if notes had been compared no one could have said that he had taken either side of the question.

"He's balancing things," Plane-field said. "I told you he would do it. You may trust him not to speak until he has made up his mind which side of the scale the weight is on."

When these discussions were being carried on Bertha had a fancy that he was more interested than he appeared outwardly. Several times she had observed that he asked her questions afterward which proved that no word had dropped on his ear unheeded, and that he had, for some reason best known to himself, reflected upon all he had heard. But their acquaintance had a side entirely untouched by worldly machinations, and it was this aspect of it which Bertha liked. There was something homely and genuine



about it. He paid her no compliments; he even occasionally found fault with her habits, and what he regarded as the unnecessary conventionality of some of her surroundings; but his good-natured egotism never offended her. A widower without family, and immersed in political business, he knew little of the comforts of home life. He lived in two or three rooms, full of papers, books, and pigeon-holes, and took his meals at a hotel. He found this convenient if not luxurious, and more than convenience it had never yet occurred to him to expect or demand. But he was not too dull to appreciate the good which fell in his way; and after spending an hour with the Amorys on two or three occasions, when he had left the scene of his political labors fagged and out of humor, he began to find pleasure and relief in his unceremonious visits, and to look forward to them. There came an evening when Bertha, in looking over some music, came upon a primitive ballad which proved to be among the recollections of his youth, and she aroused him to enthusiasm by singing it. His musical taste was not remarkable for its cultivation; he was strongly in favor of pronounced melody, and was disposed to regard a song as incomplete without a chorus; but he enjoyed himself when his prejudices were pandered to, and Bertha rather respected his courageous if benighted frankness, and his obstinate faith in his obsolete favorites. So she sang "Ben Bolt" to him, and "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," and others far less classical and more florid; and while she sang he sat ungracefully but comfortably by the fire, his eyes twinkling less watchfully, the rugged lines of his blunt-featured face almost settling into repose, and sometimes when she ended he roused himself with something like a sigh.

"Do you like it?" she would say. "Does it make you forget 'the gentleman from Indiana' and 'the Senator from Connecticut'?"

"I don't want to forget them," he would reply with dogged good humor. "They are not the kind of fellows it is safe to forget, but it makes my recollections of them more agreeable."

But after a while there were times when he was not in the best of humors, and when Bertha had a fancy that he was not entirely at ease or pleased with herself. At such times his visits were brief and unsatisfactory, and she frequently discovered that he regarded her with a restless and perturbed expression, as if he was not quite certain of his own opinions of her.

"He looks at me," she said to Richard, "as if he had moments of suspecting me of something."

"Nonsense!" said Richard. "What could he suspect you of?"

"Of nothing," she answered. "I think that was what we agreed to call it."

But she never failed to shrink when the twinkling eyes rested upon her with the disturbed questioning in their glance, and the consciousness of this shrinking was very bitter to her in secret.

When her guest approached her on the evening before referred to, she detected at once that he was not in a condition of mind altogether unruffled. The glances he cast on those about him were not encouraging, and the few nods of recognition he bestowed were far from cordial; his hair stood on end a trifle more aggressively than usual, and his short, stout body expressed a degree of general dissatisfaction which it was next to impossible to ignore.

Bertha did not attempt to ignore it.

"I will tell you something before you speak to me," she said. "Something has put you out of humor."

He gave her a sharp glance and then looked away over the heads of the crowd.

"There is always enough to put a man out of humor," he said. "What a lot of people you have here to-night! What do they come for?"

"I have just been telling Mr. Arbuthnot some of the reasons," she answered. "They are very few of them good ones. You came hoping to recover your spirits."

"I came to look at you," he said.

He was frequently blunt, but there was a bluntness about this speech which surprised her. She answered him with a laugh, however.

"I am always worth looking at," she said. "And now you have seen me——?"

He was looking at her by this time, and even more sharply than before. It seemed as if he was bent upon reading in her face the answer to the question he had asked of it before, but he evidently did not find it.

"There's something wrong with you," he said. "I don't know what it is. I don't know what to make of you."

"If you could make anything of me but Bertha Amory," she replied, "you might do a service to society; but that is out of the question; and as to there being something wrong with me, there is something wrong with all of us. There is something wrong with Mr. Arbuthnot, he is not enjoying himself; there is something wrong with Senator Planefield, who has been gloomy all the evening."

"Planefield," he said. "Ah! yes, there he is! Here pretty often, isn't he?"

"He is a great friend of Richard's," she replied, with discretion.

"So I have heard," he returned. And then



he gave his attention to Planefteld for a few minutes, as if he found him also an object of deep interest. After this inspection, he turned to Bertha again.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you enjoy all this or you wouldn't do it?"

"You are not enjoying it," she replied. "It does not exhilarate you as I hoped it would."

"I'm out of humor," was his answer. "I told you so. I have just heard something I don't like. I dropped in here to stay five minutes and take a look at you and see if ——"

He checked himself and rubbed his upright hair impatiently, almost angrily.

"I am not sure that you mightn't be enjoying yourself better," he said, "and I should like to know something more of you than I do."

"If any information I can give you ——" she began.

"Come," he said, with a sudden effort at better humor, "that is the way you talk to Planefteld. We are too good friends for that."

His shrewd eyes fixed themselves on her as if asking the unanswered question again.

"Come!" he said. "I'm a blunt, old-fashioned foggy, but we are good, honest friends, — and always have been."

She glanced across the room at Richard, who was talking to a stubborn opposer of the great measure, and making himself delightful beyond description. She wished for the moment that he was not quite so picturesque and animated; then she gathered herself together.

"I think we have been," she said. "I hope you will believe so."

"Well," he answered, "I shouldn't like to believe anything else."

She thought that perhaps he had said more than he originally intended; he changed the subject abruptly, made a few comments upon people near them, asked a few questions, and finally went away, having scarcely spoken to any one but herself.

"Why did he not remain longer?" Richard asked afterward, when the guests were gone and they were talking the evening over.

"He was not in the mood to meet people," Bertha replied. "He said he had heard something he did not like, and it had put him out of humor. I think it was something about me."

"About you!" Richard exclaimed. "Why, in heaven's name, about you?"

"His manner made me think so," she answered, coldly. "And it would not be at all unnatural. I think we may begin to expect such things."

"Upon my word," said Richard, starting up, "I think that is going rather far. Don't you see?"—with righteous indignation—"what an imputation you are casting on me? Do

you suppose I would allow you to do anything that—that——"

She raised her eyes and met his with an unwavering glance.

"Certainly not," she said quickly. And his sentence remained unfinished, not because he felt that his point had been admitted, but because, for some mysterious reason, it suddenly became impossible for him to say more.

More than once of late, when he had launched into one of his spasmodic defenses of himself, he had found himself checked by this intangible power in her uplifted eyes, and he certainly did not feel his grievances the less for the experiences.

Until during the last few months he had always counted it as one of his wife's chief charms that there was nothing complicated about her, that her methods were as simple and direct as a child's. It had never seemed necessary to explain her. But he had not found this so of late. He had even begun to feel that though there was no outward breach in the tenor of their lives, an almost impalpable barrier had risen between them. He expressed no wish she did not endeavor to gratify; her manner toward himself—with the exception of the fleeting moments when he felt the check—was entirely unchanged. The spirit of her gayety ruled the house, as it had always done; and yet he was not always sure of the exact significance of her jests and laughter. The jests were clever, the laugh had a light ring, but there was a difference which puzzled him, and which—because he recognized in it some vague connection with himself—he tried in his moments of leisure to explain. He had even spoken of it to Colonel Tredennis on occasions when his mood was confidential.

"She used to be as frank as a child," he said, "and have the lightest way in the world; and I liked it. I am a rather feather-headed fellow myself, perhaps, and it suited me. But it is all gone now. When she laughs I don't feel sure of her, and when she is silent I begin to wonder what she is thinking of."

The thing she thought, the words she said to herself oftenest were: "It will not last very long." She said them over to herself at moments she could not have sustained herself under but for the consolation she found in them. Beyond this time, when what she faced from day to day would be over, she had not yet looked.

"It is a curious thing," she said to Arbuthnot, "but I seem to have ceased even to think of the future. I wonder sometimes if very old people do not feel so—as if there was nothing more to happen."

There was another person who found the



events of the present sufficient to exclude for the time being almost all thought of the future. This person was Colonel Tredennis, who had found his responsibilities increase upon him also,—not the least of these responsibilities being, it must be confessed, that intimacy with Mr. Richard Amory of which Bertha had spoken.

"He is very intimate with Richard," she had said, and she had every reason for making the comment.

At first it had been the Colonel who had made the advances for reasons of his own, but later it had not been necessary for him to make advances. Having found relief in making his first reluctant half-confidences, Richard had gradually fallen into making others. When he had been overpowered by secret anxiety and nervous distrust of everything, finding himself alone with the Colonel, and admiring and respecting above all things the self-control he saw in him,—a self-control which meant safety and silence under all temptations to betray the faintest shadow of a trust reposed in him,—it had been impossible for him to resist the impulse to speak of the trials which beset him; and having once spoken of them, it was again impossible not to go a little further, and say more than he had at first intended. So he had gone on, from one step to another, until there had come a day when the Colonel himself had checked him for an instant, feeling it only the part of honor in the man who was the cooler of the two, and who had nothing to risk or repent.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Remember, that though I have not asked questions so far, I am ready to hear anything you choose to say,—but don't tell me what you might wish you had kept back to-morrow."

"The devil take it all," cried Richard, dashing his fist on the table; "I must tell some one, or I shall go mad." Notwithstanding the misery which impelled him, he always told his story in his own way, and gave it a complexion more delicate than a less graceful historian might have been generous enough to bestow. He had been too sanguine and enthusiastic; he had made mistakes; he had been led by the duplicity of a wily world into follies; he had been unfortunate; those more experienced than himself had betrayed the confidence it had been only natural he should repose in them. And throughout the labyrinth of the relation he wound his way,—a graceful, agile, supple figure, lightly avoiding an obstacle here, dexterously overstepping a barrier there, and untouched by any shadow but that of misfortune.

At first he spoke chiefly of the complications which bore heavily upon him; and

these complications, arising entirely from the actions of others, committed him to so little that the Colonel listened with apprehension more grave than the open confession of greater blunders would have awakened in him. "He would tell more," he thought, "if there were less to tell."

The grim fancy came to him sometimes as he listened, that it was as if he watched a man circling about the edge of a volcano, drawing nearer and nearer, until, at last, in spite of himself, and impelled by some dread necessity, he must plunge headlong in. And so Richard circled about his crater: sometimes drawn nearer by the emotion and excitement of the moment, sometimes withdrawing a trifle through a caution as momentary, but in each of his circlings revealing a little more of the truth. The revelations were principally connected with the Westoria lands scheme, and were such in many instances as the Colonel was not wholly unprepared to hear. He had not looked on during the last year for nothing; and often, when Richard had been in gay good spirits, and had imagined himself telling nothing, his silent companion had heard his pleasantries with forebodings which he could not control. He was not deceived by any appearance of entire frankness, and knew that he had not been told all until one dark and stormy night, as he sat in his room, Richard was announced, and came in pallid, haggard, beaten by the rain, and at the lowest ebb of depression. He had had a hard and bitter day of it, and it had followed several others quite as hard and bitter; he had been fagging about the Capitol, going the old rounds, using the old arguments, trying new ones, overcoming one obstacle only to find himself confronted with another, feeling that he was losing ground where it was a matter of life and death that he should gain it; spirits and courage deserting him just when he needed them most; and all this being over, he dropped into his office to find awaiting him there letters containing news which gave the final blow.

He sat down by the table and began his outpourings, graceful, attractive, injured. The Colonel thought him so, as he watched him and listened, recognizing meanwhile the incompleteness of his recital, and making up his mind that the time had come when it was safer that the whole truth should be told. In the hours in which he had pondered upon the subject, he gradually decided that such an occasion would arrive; and here it was.

So, at a certain fitting juncture, just as Richard was lightly skirting a delicate point, Tredennis leaned forward and laid his open hand on the table.



"I think," he said, "you had better tell me the whole story. You have never done it yet. What do you say?"

The boarder on the floor below, who had heard him walking to and fro on the first New Year's night he had spent in Washington and on many a night since, heard his firm, regular tread again during the half hour in which Richard told, in fitful outbursts, what he had not found himself equal to telling before. It was not easy to tell it in a very clear and connected manner; it was necessary to interlard it with many explanations and extenuations; and even when these were supplied there was a baldness about the facts, as they gradually grouped themselves together, which it was not agreeable to contemplate; and Richard felt this himself gallingly.

"I know how it appears to you," he said; "I know how it sounds! That is the maddening side of it,—it looks so much worse than it really is! There is not a man living who would accuse me of intentional wrong. Confound it! I seem to have been forced into doing the very things it was least natural to me to do! Bertha herself would say it,—she would understand it. She is always just and generous!"

"Yes," said the Colonel; "I should say she had been generous."

"You mean that I have betrayed her generosity!" cried Richard. "That, of course! I expected it."

"You will find," said the Colonel, "that others will say the same thing."

He had heard even more than his worst misgivings had suggested to him, and the shock of it had destroyed something of his self-control. For the time being he was in no lenient mood.

"I know what people will say!" Richard exclaimed. "Do you suppose I have not thought of it a thousand times? I know what I should say if I did not know the circumstances. It is the circumstances that make the difference."

"The fact that they are your circumstances, and not another man's," began Tredennis; but there he checked himself. "I beg your pardon," he said, coldly. "I have no right to meet your confidence with blame. It will do no good. If I can give you no help, I might better be silent. There were circumstances which appeared extenuating to you, I suppose."

He was angered by his own anger, as he had often been before. He told himself that he was making the matter a personal cause, as usual; but how could he hear that her very generosity and simplicity had been used against her by the man who should have guarded her interests as his first duty, with-

out burning with sharp and fierce indignation.

"If I understand you," he said, "your only hope of recovering what you have lost lies in the success of the Westoria scheme?"

"Yes," answered Amory, with his forehead on his hands, "that is the diabolical truth!"

"And you have lost?"

"Once I was driven into saying to you that if the thing should fail it would mean ruin to me. That was the truth, too."

The Colonel stood still.

"Ruin to you!" he said. "Ruin to your wife—ruin to your children—serious loss to the old man who——"

"Who trusted me!" Richard finished, gnawing his white lips. "I see it in exactly the same light myself, and it does not make it easier to bear. That is the way a thing looks when it fails. Suppose it had succeeded. It may succeed yet. They trusted me, and, I tell you, I trusted myself."

It was easy to see just what despair would seize him if the worst came to the worst, and how powerless he would be in its clutches. He was like a reed beaten by the wind, even now. A sudden paroxysm of fear fell upon him.

"Great God!" he cried. "It can't fail! What could I say to them—how could I explain it?"

A thousand wild thoughts surged through Tredennis's brain as he heard him. The old sense of helplessness was strong upon him. To his upright strength there seemed no way of judging fairly of, or dealing practically with, such dishonor and weakness. What standard could be applied to a man who lied agreeably in his very thoughts of himself and his actions. He had scarcely made a statement during the last hour which had not contained some airy falsehood. Of whom was it he thought in his momentary anguish? Not of Bertha—not of her children—not of the gentle old scholar who had always been lenient with his faults. It was of himself he was thinking—of Richard Amory robbed of his refined picturesqueness by mere circumstance and placed by bad luck at a baleful disadvantage!

For a few minutes there was a silence. Richard sat with his brow upon his hands, his elbows on the table before him. Tredennis paced to and fro, looking downward. At length Richard raised his head. He did so because Tredennis had stopped his walk.

"What is it?" he asked.

Tredennis walked over to him and sat down. He was pale, and wore a set and rigid look, the chief characteristic of which was that it expressed absolutely nothing. His voice was just as hard and expressed as little when he spoke.

"I have a proposition to make to you,"



he said, "and I will preface it by the statement that, as a business man, I am perfectly well aware that it is almost madness to make it. I say 'almost.' Let it rest there. I will assume the risks you have run in the Westoria scheme. Invest the money you have charge of in something safer. You say there are chances of success. I will take those chances."

"What!" cried Richard. "What!"

He sat upright, staring. He did not believe the evidence of his senses, but Tredennis went on, without the quiver of a muscle, speaking steadily, almost monotonously.

"I have money," he said. "More than you know, perhaps. I have had recently a legacy which would of itself make me a comparatively rich man. That I was not dependent upon my pay you knew before. I have no family. I shall not marry. I am fond of your children, of Janey particularly. I should have provided for her future in any case. You have made a bad investment in these lands; transfer them to me and invest in something safer."

"And if the bill fails to pass!" exclaimed Richard.

"If it fails to pass, I shall have the land on my hands; if it passes, I shall have made something by a venture and Janey will be the richer; but, as it stands, the venture had better be mine than yours. You have lost enough."

Richard gave his hair an excited toss backward and stared at him as he had done before; a slight, cold moisture broke out on his forehead.

"You mean ——" he began, breathlessly.

"Do you remember," said Tredennis, "what I told you of the comments people were beginning to make? They have assumed the form I told you they would. It is best for—for your children that they should be put an end to. If I assume these risks, there will be no further need for you to use—to exert yourself." He began to look white about the mouth, and through his iron stolidity there was something revealed before which Richard felt himself quail. "The night that Blundel came in to your wife's reception, and remained so short a time, he had heard a remark upon the influence she was exerting over him, and it had had a bad effect. The remark was made publicly at one of the hotels." He turned a little whiter, and the something all the strength in him had held down at the outset leaped to the surface. "I have no wife to—to use," he said; "if I had, by heavens, I would have spared her!"

He had held himself in hand and been silent a long time, but he could not do it now.

"She is the mother of your children," he

cried, clenching his great hand. "And women are beginning to avoid her, and men to bandy her name to and fro. You have deceived her, you have thrown away her fortune; you have used her as an instrument in your schemes. I, who am only an outsider, with no right to defend her—I defend her for her father's sake, for her child's, for her own! You are on the verge of ruin and disgrace. I offer you the chance to retrieve yourself—to retrieve her! Take it, if you are a man!"

Richard had fallen back in his chair, breathless and ashen. In all his imaginings of what the future might hold, he had never thought of such a possibility as this,—that it should be this man who would turn upon him and place an interpretation so fiercely unsparing upon what he had done! Under all his admiration and respect for the Colonel there had been hidden, it must be admitted, an almost unconscious touch of contempt for him, as a rather heavy and unsophisticated personage, scarcely versatile or agile enough, and formed in a mold somewhat obsolete and quixotic,—a safe person to confide in, and one to invite confidence passively by his belief in what was presented to him; a man to make a good listener and to encourage one to believe in one's own statements, certainly not a man to embarrass and discourage a historian by asking difficult questions or translating too literally what was said. He had not asked questions until to-night, and his face had said very little for him on any occasion. Among other things, Richard had secretly—though leniently—felt him to be a trifle stolid, and had amiably forgiven him for it. It was this very thing which made the sudden change appear so keen an injustice and injury; it amounted to a breach of confidence, that *he* should have formed a deliberate and obstinate opinion of his own, entirely unbiased by the presentation of the case offered to him. He had spoken more than once, it was true, in a manner which had suggested prejudice, but it had been the prejudice of the primeval mind, unable to adjust itself to modern conditions and easily disregarded by more experienced. But now!—he was stolid no longer. His first words had startled Richard beyond expression. His face said more for him than his words; it burned white with the fire he had hidden so long; his great frame quivered with the passion of the moment; when he had clenched his hand it had been in the vain effort to hold it still; and yet, the man who saw it recognized in it only the wrath and scorn which had reference to himself. Perhaps it was best that it should have been so, best that his triviality was so complete that he could see nothing



which was not in some way connected with his own personality.

"Tredennis," he gasped out, "you are terribly harsh! I did not think you——"

"Even if I could lie and palter to you," said Tredennis, his clenched hand still on the table, "this is not the time for it. I have tried before to make you face the truth, but you have refused to do it. Perhaps you had made yourself believe what you told me—that no harm was meant or done. I know what harm has been done. I have heard the talk of the hotel corridors and clubs!" His hand clenched itself harder and he drew in a sharp breath.

"It is time that you should give this thing up," he continued, with deadly determination. "And I am willing to shoulder it. Who else would do the same thing?"

"No one else," said Richard, bitterly. "And it is not for my sake you do it, either; it is for the sake of some of your ideal fancies that are too fine for us worldlings to understand, I swear!" And he felt it specially hard that it was so.

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "I suppose you might call it that. It is not for your sake, as you say. It has been one of my fancies that a man might even deny himself for the sake of an—an idea, and I am not denying myself. I am only giving to your child, in one way, what I meant to give to her in another. She would be willing to share it with her mother, I think."

And then, somehow, Richard began to feel that this offer was a demand, and that, even if his sanguine mood should come upon him again, he would not find it exactly easy to avoid it. It seemed actually as if there was something in this man,—some principle of strength, of feeling, of conviction,—which almost constituted a right by which he might contend for what he asked; and before it, in his temporary abasement and anguish of mind, Richard Amory faltered. He said a great deal, it is true, and argued his case as he had argued it before, being betrayed in the course of the argument by the exigences of the case to add facts as well as fancies. He endeavored to adorn his position as much as possible, and, naturally, his failure was not entire. There were hopes of the passage of the bill, sometimes strong hopes, it seemed; if the money he had invested had been his own, if it had not been for the failure of his speculations in other quarters, if so much had not depended upon failure and success, he would have run all risks willingly. There were, indeed, moments when it almost appeared that his companion was on the point of making a capital investment, and being much favored thereby.

"It is really not half so bad as it seems," he said, gaining cheerfulness as he talked. But, after such a day as I have had, a man loses courage and cannot look at things collectedly. I have been up and down in the scale a score of times in the last eight hours. That is where the wear and tear comes in. A great deal depends on Blundel; and I had a talk with him which carried us further than we have ever been before."

"Further," said Tredennis. "In what direction?"

Richard flushed slightly.

"I think I sounded him pretty well," he said. "There is no use mincing matters; it has to be done. We have never been able to get at his views of things exactly, and I won't say he went very far this afternoon, but I was in a desperate mood, and—well, I think I reached bottom. He half promised to call at the house this evening. I dare say he is with Bertha now."

Something in his flush, which had a slightly excited and triumphant air, something in his look and tone, caused Tredennis to start in his chair.

"What is he there for?" he said. "What do you mean?"

Richard thrust his hands in his pockets. For a moment he seemed to have lost all his grace and refinement of charm—for the moment he was a distinctly coarse and undraped human being.

"He has gone to make an evening call," he said. "And if she manages him as well as she has managed him before,—as well as she can manage any man she chooses to take in hand, and yet not give him more than a smile or so,—your investment, if you make it, may not turn out such a bad one."

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

BERTHA had spent the greater part of the day with her children, as she had spent part of many days lately. She had gone up to the nursery after breakfast to see Jack and Janey at their lessons; and had remained with them and given herself up to their entertainment. She was not well; the weather was bad; she might give herself a holiday, and she would spend it in her own way, in the one refuge which never failed her.

"It is always quiet here," she said to herself. "If I could give up all the rest—all of it—and spend all my days here, and think of nothing else, I might be better. There are women who live so. I think they must be better in every way than I am,—and happier. I am sure I should have been happier if I had begun so long ago."

And as she sat, with Janey at her side, in



the large chair which held them both, her arm thrown round the child's waist, there came to her a vague thought of what the unknown future might form itself into when she "began again." It would be beginning again when the sea was between the new life and the old; everything would be left behind—but the children. She would live as she had lived in Virginia, always with the children—always with the children. "It is the only safe thing," she thought, clasping Janey closer. "Nothing else is safe for a woman who is unhappy. If one is happy one may be gay, and look on at the world with the rest; but there are some who must not look on,—who dare not."

"Mamma," said Janey, "you are holding me a little too close, and your face looks—it looks—as if you were thinking."

Bertha laughed to re-assure her. They were used to this gay, soft laugh of hers, as the rest of the world was. If she was silent, if the room was not bright with the merriment she had always filled it with, they felt themselves a trifle injured, and demanded their natural rights with juvenile imperiousness. "Mamma always laughs," Jack had once announced to a roomful of company. "She plays new games with us and laughs, and we laugh, too. Maria and Susan are not funny. Mamma is funny, and like a little girl grown up. We always have fun when she comes into the nursery." "It is something the same way in the parlor," Planefield had said, showing his teeth amiably; and Bertha, who was standing near Colonel Tredennis, had laughed in a manner to support her reputation, but had said nothing. So she laughed now, not very vivaciously, perhaps. "That was very improper, Janey," she said, "to look as if I was thinking. It is bad enough to be thinking. It must not occur again."

"But if you were thinking of a story to tell us," suggested Jack, graciously, "it wouldn't matter, you see. You might go on thinking."

"But the story was not a new one," she answered. "It was sad. I did not like it myself."

"We should like it," said Janey.

"If it's a story," remarked Jack, twisting the string round his top, "it's all right. There was a story Uncle Philip told us."

"Suppose you tell it to me," said Bertha.

"It was about a knight," said Janey, "who went to a great battle. It was very sorrowful. He was strong, and happy, and bold, and the king gave him a sword and armor that glittered and was beautiful. And his hair waved in the breeze. And he was young and brave. And his horse arched its neck. And the knight

longed to go and fight in the battle, and was glad and not afraid; and the people looked on and praised him, because they thought he would fight so well. But just as the battle began, before he had even drawn his sword, a stray shot came, and he fell. And while the battle went on he lay there dying, with his hand on his breast. And at night, when the battle was over, and the stars came out, he lay and looked up at them, and at the dark-blue sky, and wondered why he had been given his sword and armor, and why he had been allowed to feel so strong, and glad, and eager,—only for that. But he did not know. There was no one to tell him. And he died. And the stars shone down on his bright armor and his dead face."

"I didn't like it myself," commented Jack.

"It wasn't much of a story. I told him so."

"He was sorry he told it," said Janey, "because I cried. I don't think he meant to tell such a sad story."

"He wasn't funny that day," observed Jack. "Sometimes he isn't funny at all, and he sits and thinks about things; and then, if we make him tell us a story, he doesn't tell a good one. He used to be nicer than he is now."

"I love him," said Janey, faithfully; "I think he is nice all the time."

"It wasn't much of a story, that is true," said Bertha. "There was not enough of it."

"He died too soon," said Jack.

"Yes," said Bertha; "he died too soon, that was it,—too soon." And the laugh she ended with had a sound which made her shudder.

She got up from her rocking-chair quickly.

"We wont tell stories," she said. "We will play. We will play ball and blind-man's-buff—and run about and get warm. That will be better."

And she took out her handkerchief and tied it over her eyes with unsteady hands, laughing again,—laughing while the children laughed, too.

They played until the room rang with their merriment. They had not been so gay together for many a day, and when the game was at an end they tried another and another, until they were tired and ready for their nursery dinner. Bertha did not leave them even then. She did not expect Richard home until their own dinner-hour in the evening, so she sat at the children's table and helped them herself, in the nurse's place; and they were in high spirits, and loquacious and confidential.

When the meal was over, they sat by the nursery fire, and Meg fell asleep in her mother's arms; and after she had laid her on her bed, Bertha came back to Jack and Janey, and read and talked to them until dusk began



to close in about them. It was, as they sat so together, that a sealed package was brought to her by a servant, who said it had been left at the door by a messenger. It contained two letters,—one addressed to Senator Blundel, and one to herself,—and both were in Richard's hand.

"I suppose something has detained him, and I am not to wait dinner," she thought, as she opened the envelope bearing her own name.

The same thing had occurred once or twice before, so it made but little impression upon her. There were the usual perfectly natural excuses. He had been very hard at work and would be obliged to remain out until some time past their dinner hour. He had an engagement at one of the hotels, and could dine there; he was not quite sure that he should be home until late. Then he added, just before closing,—

"Blundel said something about calling this evening. He had been having a hard day of it, and said he wanted a change. I had a very satisfactory talk with him, and I think he begins to see the rights of our case. Entertain him as charmingly as possible, and if he is not too tired and is in a good humor, hand him the inclosed letter. It contains testimony which ought to be a strong argument, and I think it will be."

Bertha looked at the letter. It was not at all imposing, and seemed to contain nothing more than a slip of paper. She put it down on the mantel and sighed faintly.

"If he knew what a service he would do me by seeing the rights of the case," she said to herself, "I think he would listen to their arguments. I think he likes me well enough to do it. I believe he would enjoy being kind to me. If this should be the end of it all, it would be worth the trouble of being amusing and amiable one evening."

But she did not look forward with any great pleasure to the prospect of what was before her. Perhaps her day in the nursery had been a little too much for her; she was tired and would have been glad to be left alone. But this was not to be. She must attire herself, in all her bravery, and sing and laugh and be gay a little longer. How often had she done the same thing before? How often would she do it again?

"There are some people who are born to play comedy," she said afterward, as she stood before her mirror, dressing. "They can do nothing else. I am one of them. Very little is expected of me, only that I shall always laugh and make jokes. If I were to try tragedy, that would be a better jest than all the rest. If I were to be serious, what a joke that would be!"

She thought, as she had done a thousand times, of a portrait of herself which had been painted three years before. It had been her Christmas gift to Richard, and had been considered a great success. It was a wonderfully spirited likeness, and the artist had been fortunate in catching her brightest look.

"It is the expression that is so marvelous," Richard had often said. "When I look at it, I always expect to hear you laugh."

"Are they never tired of it," she said, "never tired of hearing me laugh? If I were to stop some day and say, 'See, I am tired of it myself. I have tears as well as the rest of you. Let me——'" She checked herself, her hands had begun to tremble,—her voice; she knew too well what was coming upon her. She looked at herself in the glass.

"I must dress myself carefully," she said, "if I am to look vivacious. One's attire is called upon to do a great deal for one when one has a face like that."

Outwardly her attire had done a great deal for her when, after she had dined alone, she sat awaiting her guest. The fire burned brightly, the old songs lay upon the piano, a low stand with a pretty coffee service upon it was drawn near her, a gay little work-basket containing some trifle of graceful work was on her knee. Outside, the night was decidedly unpleasant. "So unpleasant," she said to herself, "that it will surprise me if he comes." But though by eight o'clock the rain was coming down steadily, at half-past eight she heard the familiar heavy tread upon the door-step, and her visitor presented himself.

What sort of humor he was in when he made his entry, Bertha felt that it was not easy to decide; but it struck her that it was not a usual humor, and that the fatigues of the day had left their mark upon him. He looked by no means fresh, and, by the time he had seated himself, she felt that something had disturbed him, and that it was true that he needed distraction.

It had always been very simple distraction she offered him, he had never demanded subtleties from her or any very great intellectual effort; his ideas upon the subject of the feminine mind were, perhaps, not so advanced as they might have been, and belonged rather to the days and surroundings of his excellent, hard-worked mother and practical, unimaginative sisters than to a more brilliant world. Given a comfortable seat in the pretty room, the society of this pretty and smiling little person, who poured out his coffee for him, enjoyed his jokes, and prattled gayly of things pleasant and amusing, he was perfectly satisfied. What he felt the need of was rest and light recreation, cheer-



fulness and appreciation, a sense of relief from the turmoil and complications of the struggling, maneuvering, overreaching, ambitious world he lived in.

Knowing this, Bertha had given him what he enjoyed, and she offered him no other entertainment this evening. She gave him his cup of coffee and talked to him as he drank it, telling him an amusing story or so of the children or of people he knew.

"I have been in the nursery all day," she said. "I have been playing blind-man's-buff and telling stories. You have never been in the nursery, have you? You are not like Colonel Tredennis, who thinks the society there is better than that we have in the parlor."

"Perhaps he's not so far wrong," said her guest, bluntly, "though I have never been in the nursery myself. I have a nursery of my own up at the Capitol, and I don't always find it easy to manage."

"The children fight, I have heard," said Bertha, "and sometimes call each other names, and it is even reported that they snatch at each other's toys and break those they cannot appropriate. I am afraid the discipline is not good!"

"It isn't," he answered, "or there isn't enough of it."

He set his coffee-cup down and watched her as she leaned back in her chair and occupied herself with the contents of her work-basket.

"Do you go into the nursery often?" he asked, "or is it out of the fashion?"

"It is out of the fashion," she answered, "but——" She stopped and let her work rest on her knee as she held it. "Will you tell me why you ask me that?" she said, and her face changed as she spoke.

"I asked you because I didn't know," he answered. "It seemed to me you couldn't have much time for things of that sort. You generally seem to be pretty busy with one thing and another. I don't know much about fashionable life and fashionable women. The women I knew when I was a boy—my own mother and her sisters—spent the most of their time with their children; and it wasn't such a bad way, either. They were pretty good women."

"Perhaps it was the best way," said Bertha, "and I dare say they were better for it. I dare say we compare very unfavorably with them."

"You don't compare at all," he returned. "I should not compare you. I don't know how it would work with you. They got old pretty soon, and lost their good looks; but they were safe, kind-hearted creatures, who tried to do their duty and make the best of

things. I don't say they were altogether right in their views of life; they were narrow, I suppose, and ran into extremes; but they had ways a man likes to think of, and did very little mischief."

"I could scarcely estimate the amount of mischief I do," said Bertha, applying herself to her work cheerfully; "but I do not think my children are neglected. Colonel Tredennis would probably give a certificate to that effect. They are clothed quite warmly, and are occasionally allowed a meal, and I make a practice of recognizing them when I meet them on the street."

She was wondering if it would not be better to reserve the letter until some more auspicious occasion. It struck her that in the course of his day's fatigues he had encountered some problem of which he found it difficult to rid himself. There were signs of it in his manner. He wore a perturbed, preoccupied expression, and looked graver than she had ever seen him. He sat with his hands in his pockets, his hair on end, his bluff countenance a rather deeper color than usual, and his eyes resting upon her.

"This isn't an easy world," he said, "and I suppose it is no easier for women than for men. I shouldn't like to be a woman myself, and have to follow my leader and live in one groove from beginning to end. It is natural that some should feel the temptation to try to get out of it, and use their power as men use theirs; but it does not pay, it can't. Women were meant to be good,—to be good and honest and true, and—and innocent."

It was an amazingly ingenuous creed, and he presented it with a rough simplicity and awkwardness which might have been laughable but for their heavy sincerity. Bertha felt this seriousness instantaneously, and looking up, saw in his sharp little eyes a suggestion of feeling which startled her.

"Wondering what I'm thinking of?" he said. "Well, I am thinking of you. I've thought of you pretty often lately, and to-night I've a reason for having you in my mind."

"What is the reason?" she asked, more startled than before.

He thrust his hands deeper into his pockets; there was no mistaking the evidences of strong emotion in his face.

"I am a friend of yours," he said. "You know that; you've known it some time. My opinion of you is that you are a good little woman,—the right sort of a little woman,—and I have a great deal of confidence in you."

"I hope so," said Bertha.

She felt that as he gained warmth and color she lost them; she thought of the letter which



lay on the mantel-piece within a few feet of him, and wished that it was not so near. There had been evil spoken of her, and he had heard it. She realized that, and knew that she was upon her defense, even while she had no knowledge of what she was to defend herself against.

"I hope so," she said again, tremulously. "I hope so, indeed;" and her eyes met his with a helplessness more touching than any appeal she could have made.

It so moved him that he could remain quiet no longer, but sprang to his feet and drew his hand from his pocket and rubbed it excitedly over his upright hair.

"Damn it!" he broke forth, "let them say what they will,—let what will happen, I'll believe in you! Don't look at me like that; you are a good little woman, but you are in the wrong place. There are lies and intrigues going on about you, and you are too—too bright and pretty to be judged fairly by outsiders. You don't know what you are mixed up in; how should you? Who is to tell you? These fellows who dangle about and make fine speeches are too smooth-tongued even when they know enough. I'll tell you. I never paid you compliments or made love to you, did I? I'm no good at that, but I'll tell you the truth, and give you a bit of good advice. People are beginning to talk, you see, and tell lies. They have brought their lies to me; I don't believe them, but others will. There are men and women who come to your house, who will do you no good, and are more than likely to do you harm. They are a lot of intriguers and lobbyists. You don't want that set here. You want honest friends and an innocent, respectable home for your children, and a name they won't be ashamed of. Send the whole set packing, and cut yourself loose from them."

Bertha stood up also. She had forgotten the little work-basket, and still held it in her hands, suspended before her.

"Will you tell me," she said, "what the lies were,—the lies you heard?"

Perhaps she thought, with a hopeless pang, they were not lies at all; perhaps he had only heard what was the truth, that she had been told to try to please him, that his good-will might be gained to serve an end. Looked at from Richard's stand-point, that had been a very innocent thing; looked at from his stand-point, it might seem just what it had seemed to herself, even in the reckless, desperate moment when she had given way.

He paused a moment, barely a moment, and then answered her.

"Yes," he said, "I will tell you if you

want to know. There has been a big scheme on hand for some time,—there are men who must be influenced; I am one of them; and people say that the greater part of the work is carried on in your parlors here, and that you were set on me because you were a clever little maneuverer, and knew your business better than I should be likely to suspect. That is what they say, and that is what I must believe, because——"

He stopped short. He had drawn nearer the mantel-piece, and as he spoke some object lying upon it caught his eye. It was the letter directed to himself, lying with the address upward, and he took it in his hand.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Who left it here?"

Bertha stood perfectly motionless. Richard's words came back to her: "Give it to him if he is in a good humor. It contains arguments which I think will convince him." Then she looked at Blundel's face. If there could be any moment more unfit than another for the presentation of arguments it was this particular one. And never before had she liked him so well or valued his good opinion so highly as she did now, when he turned his common, angry, honest face upon her.

"What is it?" he said again. "Tell me."

She thought of Richard once more, and then of the children sleeping upstairs, and of the quiet, innocent day she had spent with them. They did not know that she was an intriguing woman whom people talked of; she had never realized it herself to the full until this moment. They had delicately forbore giving any name to the thing she had done; but this man, who judged matters in a straightforward fashion, would find a name for it. But there was only one answer for her to make.

"It is a letter I was to give you," she said.

"And it is from your husband?"

"I have not read it," she replied.

He stopped short a moment and looked at her—with a sudden suggestion of doubt and bewilderment that was as bad as a blow.

"Look here!" he said. "You were going to give it to me,—you intended to do it?"

"Yes."

He gave her another look,—amazement, anger, disbelief, struggling with each other in it,—and then thrust his obstinate fists into his pockets again and planted himself before her like a rock.

"By the Lord!" he said. "I won't believe it!"

The hard common sense which had been his stronghold and the stand-by of his constituents for many a year came to his rescue. He might not know much of women, but he



had seen intrigue, and trickery, and detected guilt, and it struck him if these things were here, they were before him in a new form.

"Now," he said, "tell me who gave it to you?"

"You will know that," she answered, "when you read it."

"Tell me," he demanded, "if you know what is in it?"

"I know something," she replied, "of what is in it."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I'd give a great deal to know how much!"

Only Richard could have told him how much or how little; and he was not there.

"Come," he said, as she made no reply, "they might easily deceive you. Tell me what you know, and I will believe you,—and there are very few women in your place I would say as much to."

"I do not think," she answered, "that they have deceived me."

"Then," he returned, his face hardening, "*you* have deceived *me*!"

"Yes," she answered, turning white, "I suppose I have."

There was a moment of dead silence, in which his shrewd eyes did their work as well as they had done it at any time during his fifty years of life. Then he spoke to her again.

"They wanted me here because they wanted to make use of me," he said. "You knew that?"

"They did not put it in that way," she answered. "I dare say you know that."

"You were to befool me as far as you could, and make the place agreeable to me,—you knew that?"

She turned paler.

"I—I have liked you very sincerely!" she broke forth, piteously. "I have liked you! Out of all the rest, that one thing was true! Don't—ah, don't think it was not!"

His expression for a moment was a curiously undecided one; he was obliged to rally himself with a sharp rub at his hair.

"I'll tell you what I think of that when you have answered me another question," he said. "There is a person who has done a great deal of work in this matter, and has been very anxious about it, probably because he has invested in it more money than he can spare,—buying lands and doing one thing and another. That person is your husband, Mr. Richard Amory. Tell me if you knew that?"

The blood rushed to her face and then left it again.

"Richard!" she exclaimed. "Richard!" and she caught at the mantel and held to it.

His eyes did not leave her for an instant.

He nodded his head with a significance whose meaning was best known to himself.

"Sit down," he said. "I see you did not know that."

She did as he told her. It was as if such a flash of light had struck across her mental vision as half blinded her.

"Not Richard!" she cried out; and even as she said it a thousand proofs rushed back upon her and spoke the whole shameful truth for themselves.

Blundel came nearer to her, his homely, angry face, in spite of its anger, expressing honest good feeling as strongly as any much handsomer one might have done.

"I knew there had been deep work somewhere," he said. "I saw it from the first. As for you, you have been treated pretty badly. I supposed they persuaded you that you might as well amuse one man as another,—and I was the man. I dare say there is more behind than I can see. You had nothing to gain as far as you knew, that's plain enough to me."

"No," she exclaimed, "it was not I who was to gain! They did not think of—of me!"

"No," he went on, "they lost sight of you rather even when they had a use for you. It's apt to be the way. It's time some one should think of you, and I mean to do it. I am not going to say more against those who—made the mistake" (with a resentful shuffle of his shoulders as he put it thus mildly), "than I can help, but I am going to tell you the truth. I have heard ugly stories for some time, and I've had my suspicions of the truth of them, but I meant to wait for proof, and it was given me this afternoon. More was said to me than it was safe to say to an honest man, and I let the person who talked go as far as he would, and he was too desperate to be cautious. I knew a bold move was to be made, and I guessed it would be made to-night."

He took the envelope from his pocket where he had tucked it unopened. His face grew redder and hotter.

"If it were not for you," he said, "if I didn't have faith in your being the honest little woman I took you for, if I didn't believe you spoke the truth when you said you liked me as honestly as I liked you,—though the Lord knows there is no proof except that I do believe you in spite of everything,—I'd have the thing spread the length and breadth of the land by to-morrow morning, and there would be such an uproar as the country has not seen for a year or so."

"Wait!" said Bertha, half-starting from her seat. "I did not understand before! This is too much shame! I thought it was—only a letter! I did not know——"



He went to the fire.

"I believe that, too," he said grimly; "but it is not a little thing I'm doing. I'm denying myself a great deal. I'd give five years of my life ——" He straightened out his short, stout arm and closed hand with a robust gesture, and then checked himself. "You don't know what is in it. I don't know. I have not looked at it. There it goes," and he tossed it into the fire.

"The biggest fool of all," he said, "is the fool who takes every man for a knave. Do they think a country like this has been run for a century by liars and thieves? There have been liars and thieves enough, but not enough to bring it to a stand-still, and that seems to argue that there has been an honest man or so to keep a hand on their throats. When there are none left,—well, it won't be as safe to belong to the nation as it is to-day, in spite of all that's bad in it."

The envelope had flamed up, and then died down into tindery blackness. He pointed to it.

"You can say it is there," he said, "and that I didn't open it, and they may thank you for it. Now I am going."

Bertha rose. She put her hand on the mantel again.

"If I do not thank you as I ought," she said, brokenly, "you must forgive me. I see all that you have spared me, but—I have had a heavy blow." He paused to look at her, rubbing his upright hair for the last time, his little eyes twinkling with a suspicious brightness, which had its softness, too. He came back and took her hand, and held it in an awkward, kindly clasp.

"You are a good little woman," he said. "I'll say it to you again. You were not cut out to be made anything else of. You won't be anything else. You are young to be disappointed and unhappy. I know all that,—and there doesn't seem much to say. Advice wouldn't amount to much, and I don't know that there is any to give."

They moved slowly toward the door together. When they stood upon the threshold, he dropped her hand as awkwardly as he had taken it, and made a gesture toward the stair-way, the suspicious brightness of his eyes more manifest than ever.

"Your children are up there asleep," he said unsteadily. "Go to them."

He turned away and shrugged himself into his overcoat at the hat-stand, opened the door for himself, and went out of the house without another word.

(To be continued.)

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A Modern Miracle.

WHO will ever contend again that the day of miracles is past? What skeptic will venture to dispute any story of sudden conversion? Neither in apostolic nor in mediæval times was there ever a greater marvel than that which has lately been wrought in the Congress of the United States. If six months ago any one had predicted that an adequate measure of civil service reform would be adopted by Congress within a year, his prediction would have called for no reply but an incredulous and pitiful smile. No advocate of the reform was so enthusiastic as to hope that such an event could happen. The most that any one expected was that the bills of Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Dawes, then before the Senate, would be discussed in that body, and that a respectable minority would be ready to vote in favor of one or the other of them. The decided probability was that the less efficacious of these two measures would command the greater number of votes, the study of the senators evidently being how not to do it. And now we see the more radical and thorough-going of the two bills pass the Senate by an overwhelming majority, to be taken up and rushed through the House of Representatives, out of the regular order,

almost without debate, by a vote of three to one. Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts, a somewhat prudent friend of civil service reform, declared a year ago that the people would never tolerate the appointment of a commission to take charge of the business and conduct the examinations; but the bill of Mr. Pendleton, providing for such a commission, has passed, and Mr. Dawes's name is recorded among the yeas. A year ago any man who argued in favor of civil service reform, and especially of the method of competitive examination, was at once written down as a doctrinaire or a "feather-head" by nearly all the partisan newspapers of both parties, and waved aside as a wholly unpractical person by three-fourths of the members of Congress. Now we see honorable gentlemen jumping upon their chairs and scrambling to get the start of one another in putting upon its passage the bill which embodies the very principles and methods for which these "feather-heads" have been contending, while a good share of the party newspapers fall into line and applaud. Able editors who have never deigned to give it any other name than "snivel service" reform, are now disputing in behalf of their respective parties for the honors of its parentage. Mr. Dawes declared a year or two ago that the difficulty



about civil service reform was that the people were opposed to it, or indifferent about it; that it was the clamor of the constituents for the offices that restrained senators and representatives from pushing the reform; that good congressmen were almost ready to cry for it. What is the matter now? Has there been a revolution in popular sentiment since that time? Is it the people, or their representatives, to whom this new revelation has been made? We are inclined to think that it is the representatives. The conversion of Saul of Tarsus was no more sudden, and not much more violent, than the change which has passed upon many of our political leaders.

No doubt it is a great wonder; but science insists on explaining many modern marvels, and it is possible that this one can be made to yield up its mystery. There be those who say that the fall elections were the occult cause of this notable miracle. The loss of their majority in Congress, and the fear that the next administration might be Democratic, is the great light above the brightness of the sun that has shone into the minds of the Republican leaders,—so some scoffers say. The reason why they were willing to relinquish their hold on the spoils was the fact that the spoils were slipping out of their hands. They would make haste and pass a reform bill, by which their own friends should be kept in office and the wicked Democrats kept out. This was the revelation that wrought in them so sudden and strong a conviction of the value of civil service reform. As for the Democrats, they have been resolving in their party platforms, for several quadrenniums, in favor of this measure, but we must do them the justice to say that a good share of them voted against Mr. Pendleton's bill. At the prospect of convalescence, the devil becomes less inclined to a monastic life. With loaves and fishes enough for five-score thousand in full view, how could these good Democrats think of abandoning the rights of succession? Was this the cordial to cure the sickness of a long deferred hope? They had not so learned politics.

As between the two parties in this game, therefore, honors are easy. Mr. Pendleton, a Democratic senator from Ohio, is the reputed author of the bill, though its natural parent is understood to be Mr. Dorman B. Eaton. To Mr. Pendleton, however, belongs the credit of introducing it, and of wisely managing the debate in the Senate; while Mr. Cox, a Democratic representative from New York, was quick enough to identify himself with its fortunes on its passage through the House. The Republicans, however, furnished most of the affirmative votes, and the Democrats most of those in the negative.

Intelligent and devoted friends the bill had, no doubt, on both sides of the House. Of those who voted for it, a few really believed in it. To the patient, resolute, and intelligent advocacy of these gentlemen the country owes much. Of those who voted against it, there may have been a small number who opposed it "on principle." But the majority, both of those who voted for it and of those who voted against it, as their open declarations in Congress and their past conduct abundantly prove, were governed by sheer selfishness. Most of the Republicans who voted for it did so because it seemed to be the best way of keeping their friends in office; most of the

Democrats who voted against it did so because it seemed to stand in the way of getting their friends into office. To all these the country can only say: "Gentlemen, thank you for nothing. We have the bill, and we shall make the most of it; but it is not to your good-will that we owe it. Neither of your parties can make any capital out of it; you have only furnished us another illustration of the lack of conscience in political contests."

One feature of the case is not at all marvelous. That men who were elected under the spoils system should act like mere politicians is the most natural thing in the world. The real wonder is that such a bill should ever have come out of such a Congress. If any one should soberly insist on calling this a miracle, it would be hard to dispute him. The thing that this Congress has done was nothing that this Congress meant to do. The Republicans meant to carry the fall elections, and, if they had carried them, this bill would not have been passed. The Democrats, too, meant to carry the fall elections, but they did not mean that their success should force the bill upon them. Some power working behind them all has thrust them into this conjuncture, where the conscience of some and the selfishness of many have joined to bring forth a result that the majority would have avoided if they could. It is no new thing under the sun. The power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness often extorts great and beneficent measures from greedy and unscrupulous men. This is the perennial miracle of history.

But, by whatsoever means or agencies, we have the bill; and, while it will not make a millennium in our politics at once, we may trust that it will introduce reforms of a most salutary nature, and that its inherent reasonableness and righteousness will become more and more apparent the more fully it is tested. Its method has never failed to justify itself where it has been fairly tried. Its advocates have been called doctrinaires, but they have always rested their arguments on an ample and unvarying experience.

The bill will lift a great load at once from the shoulders of the President, and of his Cabinet, and of the members of Congress. The new law will tend ultimately to retire those members of Congress whose main interest in public life has been the distribution of the spoils. It is to be hoped that their places may be filled by others who will be able to deal intelligently with national affairs. That would be an important gain.

It only remains to perfect this system of appointment, to extend it to all parts of the civil service, and to introduce it into State and municipal governments. There is need of civil service reform, not only at Washington and in the great national offices, but at Albany and Harrisburg and Columbus, and in New York and Brooklyn and Philadelphia and Chicago. All appointive offices should be obtainable by merit and not by favor, and should be open to all who choose to compete for them, without distinction of party. To take the appointive offices of such cities as New York and Brooklyn out of politics would wonderfully simplify the problem of municipal government. The need of such a universal reform is making itself more evident daily, and when we shall have secured it, the marvel will be that we lived so long without it.



## The New Political Era.

It is universally recognized that the American people have entered on a new era in their political history, but it is not so generally perceived that they have entered on a new era in the history of the world; yet such is really the case. For twenty-five hundred years the chief interest of political history has lain in the struggle on the part of the people to gain freedom and political power, and it is only in our own time that this struggle seems approaching its end. Beginning in the cities of ancient Greece, the conflict raged with varying success through the whole of the prosperous period of ancient history, until the liberties of all nations were crushed by the world-wide empire of Rome. Then, as the modern nations emerged from the darkness of the middle ages, the same great struggle had to be entered on anew; and after the lapse of centuries, and after labors and martyrdoms untold, the contest has at last resulted in the substantial triumph of the popular cause. In half-barbarous Russia, indeed, the people's cause has made little headway, and even in Germany and Austria its success is far from complete; but throughout the greater portion of the European world the full establishment of free government is only a question of time.

Meanwhile the people of the United States, having inherited the liberties and the popular institutions of the leading free state of Europe, and having left behind them the feudal and monarchical establishments of the Old World, have carried the principles of popular government to their extreme and logical conclusion, and have reached a condition of things in which nothing remains to be done to extend the liberties or increase the political power of the masses of the people. The extinction of negro slavery and the conferring of the right of suffrage on the emancipated slaves were the final steps, so far as we are concerned, in the long-continued struggle for freedom and human rights; and there is nothing in our politics or our social condition now to indicate that the ground thus won will ever again be lost.

Now that the people have got their freedom, what will they do with it? and how will they succeed in the task they have undertaken of governing the world?

It is one thing to gain political power and keep it when it is gained, and quite another thing to wield it in accordance with wisdom and justice. It has, at all times, been asserted by the opponents of popular government that, even if the people were successful in getting control of affairs, they were wholly incompetent to conduct them even in their own best interest, and instances are not wanting to give some support to this assertion. There have been free governments that were by no means a success, and in ancient times, particularly, many a state, after winning both freedom and glory, lost its freedom by corruption or eternal dissension, and its glory departed with it. We Americans, however, are in little danger of losing our freedom, and what we have now to do is to use our freedom and our power so as to promote the highest good; this it is that makes the opening era so different from all the eras that have gone before, and renders it at once so interesting and so important. The difficulties that lie before us are neither few nor small, and we are beginning to realize that the task that is laid upon us is not going

to be so easy as thoughtless American patriots have sometimes supposed.

There are two points to which we would call attention as likely to be of special importance in the politics of this country and of every civilized state where popular government exists. There is one abuse against which we shall have to guard, and one requirement we shall have to meet if our attempt at self-government is to be a full success.

In the first place, we have to protect ourselves against extortion at the hands of our rulers and of men in private life in collusion with them. The leading abuse in our public affairs to-day is the use of political power and influence to make money out of the people and to plunder the public under the forms of law; and unless we can put an end to this, in great part at least, we shall have gained much less than we ought by our political freedom. The evil appears in various shapes, and under many disguises, and its worst forms are not always those most obvious to the careless eye. We need not dwell here on the various schemes by which the people are defrauded. The reckless system of subsidies and land grants, the making of fraudulent contracts, the river and harbor jobbery, are familiar to us all, yet these are far surpassed in deleterious influence by the unjust privileges often granted to corporate bodies, and by that great system of monopoly known as protection to native industry—a system which, whatever may have been its earlier uses, is now constantly invoked in the interests of the few against those of the many. In all these ways, and many more, the American people are plundered for the benefit of a favored few.

Yet it will not be an easy task to make the people understand how some of these things affect them. Nevertheless, the people must be enlightened and the abuses be brought to an end, lest the gain of our liberty be followed by the loss of our property, and we come at last under a new tyranny scarcely less fatal than the old.

Again, the times demand, and the country will have to supply, a more scientific system of legislation than that which now prevails, if our government is to keep pace with the progress of civilization. It may be said, perhaps, that the world has not had much perfect legislation in ages past, and that the democracies that are now taking charge of affairs can hardly govern worse than the monarchies and aristocracies that have gone before them. But then, the democracies ought to govern better than the class governments of the past, and besides, the need of scientific legislation is now greater than ever before, owing to the vast development of industry, the greater freedom of action now enjoyed by all classes of men, and the great and increasing complexity of social relations. The democracies must supply this need or fail in their self-appointed task of governing the world. Such are some of the problems that lie before us in the new political era, and it is evident that their solution will demand both higher governing capacity and greater purity of character in the actual holders of power, as well as a higher level of intelligence among the people at large, than have been found heretofore in any nation of the world. The recent enactment looking to a reform in the Civil Service (referred to in the preceding article), is a step in the right direction—but it is only a step.



## Sunday Rest.

THERE are two solid grounds on which Sunday laws rest: one, the right of the prevailing religion of the country (be it Jewish, Christian, or Pagan) to have its day of worship free from disturbance; and the other, the right of every man to an equal share in a rest-day from toil.

As regards the first, if this country were a Jewish country the Jewish worship on Saturday should be peculiarly protected from molestation. If it were a Mohammedan country, the Friday should be in like manner protected. This is simple common sense applied to things as they are, and no action of doctrinaire theory. Where there is a conflict of sacred days, as among Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan, all cannot be protected, and hence the majority must determine the question. This certainly distinguishes the sacred day, but does no harm to those who do not count it sacred. It only obliges them to be courteous. The inequality in the matter is only such as in some things must obtain among the freest people.

As regards the second ground: physiologists, physicians, statisticians, and sensible observers in general, have agreed that man's body and mind need a complete rest at an interval of about seven days. But man will not take that rest from labor unless he is obliged by law to do so. His greed for gain will make him ruin health in his own case, or (worse still) make him force his employes to ruin theirs by continuous work. The law, therefore, must make and enforce a rest-day. But what day shall it take? Again: common sense says, "Take the day which the mass of the community, from religious reasons, already regard as a rest-day." So the civil law, providing for men's physical well-being, appoints and enforces a rest-day from labor, which is the same day on which the great Christian community worship, and in which the same law, for other reasons, protects them in worship.

There is the whole of the Sunday question in a nutshell. There is no compelling men to be religious, no supporting a state church, no puritanical blue-law. The Jew, or Mohammedan, or Pagan simply must not make a boisterous demonstration, such as a noisy parade, on Sunday. Why? Because the vast majority of the people see fit to worship on that day. The Jew, or Mohammedan, or Pagan must not keep open shop that day. Why? Because the people have decreed a rest-day from labor once a week to help humanity, and that is the day.

The only objection that has any color in it is that the Jew then must keep two rest-days in the week, and hence is at a disadvantage with his neighbor. Well, as we have already said, in the most equal administrations, there must, in the nature of things, be some inequality. Laws, for example, require a notice of "danger" to be put up in dangerous places in the city; but, alas! blind men cannot read the notices. The laws are unequal to the blind man. They have to be. So here the Jew's conscience tells him to keep from working Saturday. The law tells him to keep from working Sunday. It is a pity; but it cannot be helped. The other alternative would be "no rest-day," and that would be destructive to the whole community. We must all bear some burdens for the public good.

Our American liberties are largely connected with the weekly day of rest. This day has given the people time to think, and read, and enjoy family life, and without it we should have become an ignorant, brutish, machine-people, like the low peasantry of Continental Europe. Take away this rest-day, and you undermine our high moral and educational condition as a people. You turn us into a nation of mere "workies." The cry of religious oppression, as against Sunday observance, is a device of the enemy. It is but the voice of soulless corporations, and of the proprietors of drinking-saloons and other demoralizing places, who wish to make their great gains on Sunday, and care nothing for the welfare and happiness of the people. They are the oppressors, and the advocates of a day of rest are the staunch supporters of a true freedom.

America has three bulwarks of liberty—a free ballot, a free school, and a free Sunday, and neither domestic treachery nor foreign impudence should be permitted to break them down.

## Stealing a Minister.

THE great deep of Protestant ecclesiasticism is often vexed by no small tempest of talk about the relations of vacant churches to settled pastors. It frequently happens that a clergyman, supposed to be happily and permanently located, is called away from his work to a new field of labor, amid loud complaints of the injury done to the church left pastorless. Even when a decorous silence is maintained before the public, there is often not a little suppressed resentment; and the opinion that no church has a right to disturb a settled pastor by calling him into its service finds angry expression. The act is denounced as a species of larceny, and laws to punish the crime of stealing a minister are feelingly invoked. Several flagrant cases of this sort have recently occurred, arousing unwonted ire in the breasts of staid parishioners, and no week passes that does not witness griefs of this nature in some part of the land. The ethics of this relation deserve, therefore, a little careful study. It is a subject in which good Methodists are supposed to have no interest.

Without doubt it is a hardship that a church should be deprived, for any reason, of the services of a teacher to whom it has become attached, and who seems to be contented and successful in his work. The wish to be protected against such a loss is one which the members of a church naturally entertain. But the question has two sides, and the irate church whose pulpit has just been emptied is not apt to see more than one of them. The welfare of the minister, as well as of the church, must be considered. Now, it is unquestionable that the welfare of the minister sometimes requires him to change his field of labor. A life-long pastorate may be the ideal, but it is impossible, in many cases, to realize it. A change is sometimes demanded, not chiefly for an increase of salary, but for relief from burdens of labor and care that have grown intolerable, or to preserve health and power of work. In these exacting times, when the pulpit must grapple with so many great questions, and when the condition of power is wide and constant study, this necessity frequently occurs. There are ministers who,



by dint of tough constitutions, and by the allowance of liberal and frequent vacations, continue to do severe and thorough work in the same field for a long time; but there are many whose health is less firm and whose congregations are less liberal.

Another fact to be considered is that ministers who, for any reason, are out of service, are not generally wanted. The vacant pulpits do not affect the unemployed parsons. The church that has just been raging about the "stealing" of its own minister will pass by scores of clergymen who are seeking places, and fix its choice on some pastor whose hands are full of work. Among the unemployed clergymen capable and excellent men may often be found; but no fact is more familiar to those who are acquainted with ecclesiastical affairs than that the unemployed clergyman, whatever may be his merits, is at a great disadvantage in seeking a parish. This is a state of things for which the ministers are not responsible; the churches themselves have established this rule, by which it has generally come to be understood that a minister who wants a place is a minister whom no place wants.

It is not, therefore, prudent for the minister to resign his charge, even when he feels that a change is imperative. Even if he were known to be seeking a place, the committees of supply would steel their hearts against him. His only hope is in quietly staying where he is, and doing his work as well as he can. Peradventure some vacant church may spy him out and come to his relief.

Churches are not always so considerate and generous as they ought to be in their treatment of their ministers. The ministers are willing to work, and the churches are willing to let them. The harder they work the heavier are the burdens laid on them. The contracts, on the part of the churches, are not scrupulously kept; and if the minister is good-natured and does not complain, it is assumed that there is no reason for complaint. Probably, if he should complain, nothing would be done; he thinks it wiser, therefore, to go on with his work and wait until relief shall come to him from some other quarter.

If, therefore, it should be established as a rule that vacant churches must make no overtures to settled ministers, it would go hard with scores of overworked men who ought to find respite in a change of labor. The churches have already made it difficult for a minister without charge to gain employment; if they could create a sentiment which would prevent a settled minister from receiving a call, the ministers would be left in an embarrassing position. The attempt to create such a sentiment is an attempt to form a kind of ecclesiastical trades-union, under which ministers shall be wholly at the mercy of the churches. It is not likely to succeed, but those who are calling for it ought to be aware of the nature of the demand which they are making.

The truth is that the labor market ought to be as free in the clerical profession as in any other business, and attempts to restrict the freedom of movement in this calling are not in the interests of justice and fair play. Granted that there ought to be something other than a business relation between pastor and people; it still remains true that that higher relation must in no wise contravene those principles of justice and freedom on which all contracts are based.

A vacant church has a right to ask any settled pastor whether he desires to change his field of labor. If he does not wish to change he will say so, and no harm will be done. Such a negative reply is often made, even when a great increase of salary is offered. The minister who can be toled away by a bigger salary—with whom the salary is the paramount consideration—is not worth getting or keeping. The church is the gainer that loses him. Doubtless there are such clergymen, but they are not all such: there is no other class of men with whom pecuniary considerations have so little influence. The church whose minister is worth keeping ought to be willing, therefore, that any committee of supply should have free access to him. If the church has confidence enough in its pastor's judgment and integrity to desire his services as a religious teacher, it must believe that he will not encourage any such approaches, unless it is necessary, for some reason, that he should seek another field. And when, for any good reason, such a change becomes necessary, the church should put no obstacle in his way.

The estimate of the ministerial character which is implied in all this clamor of the injured churches, is the reverse of flattering. It seems to be assumed that he is not a free and responsible being; that he is the victim or the dupe of those who have beguiled him away. "It is mean to steal a sheep; but meaner to steal a shepherd," is a common saying of those who thus complain. The saying uncovers the fallacy of the whole case. A sheep can be stolen, because it is a chattel; but a shepherd cannot. The shepherd makes his own contracts, in this country, and so does the minister. His place of labor is not likely to be changed without his own free choice.

Another similitude commonly quoted in such cases is equally lacking in pertinence. The church that calls a settled minister is said to be guilty of an act precisely like that of the woman who hires your cook out of your kitchen. But if there is any wrong in this case, it is in the fact that your cook is ignorant and easily imposed upon; that the woman who has coaxed her away offers her no better place, and thus injures you without benefiting your servant. If the servant is able to judge for herself, and knows that she is improving her condition by the change, what right have you to stand in the way of her going, or to complain of another for giving her what you withheld? This kind of outcry is never heard concerning any class of employes save those who are assumed to be unable to choose wisely for themselves. The cashier of a bank, the superintendent of a railroad, is called from one place to another, and nobody ever thinks of questioning his right to go, or the right of another employer to offer him employment. There seems to be no good reason why the minister should not be credited with as much judgment, and allowed as much liberty, as is granted to a bank cashier or a railroad superintendent.

There seems, then, to be no other method for a church to pursue, if it wishes to keep its minister, than that which every employer must pursue who wishes to retain a valued servant. The church must keep its part of the contract, must see that its minister is not overworked, must coöperate with him in all possible ways, must show him that his labors are



appreciated and that his welfare is fairly considered. If, after the church has done all this, the minister goes away, common sense will bring the church to one of two conclusions: it will either bow to the providential decree that has removed a faithful teacher, or it will thank God that it is rid of a trifler.

#### Our Printers.

OUR readers will have noticed that the imprint of Francis Hart & Co., as printers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and ST. NICHOLAS, has recently given way to that of Theo. L. De Vinne & Co. This is a change in name, but not entirely a change in fact. Since the death of Mr. Hart, Mr. De Vinne has for years carried on the business of "the firm" under the old style. Mr. De Vinne has an individual reputation as the author of a work entitled "The Invention of Printing," and of various essays in this and other periodicals on the history and art of printing. It is known to many, moreover, and should be known to all, that it is mainly to Mr. De Vinne that credit is

due for the high reputation of American printing of wood-cuts. The refinement to which wood-engraving has been carried in America would have come to naught if the printing of the wood-cuts—the rapid steam-printing required by the periodicals—had not kept pace with the advance in wood-engraving. This corresponding excellence of printing has not been reached without a long and difficult struggle. An interesting chapter might indeed be made of the experiments and devices resorted to during many years, of endeavors and accomplishments requiring, no one can imagine how much intelligence, patience, forbearance,—how much knowledge, and how many of the Christian virtues as well. Mr. De Vinne has given some points of this history himself in his articles on "The Growth of Wood-Cut Printing," in this magazine for April and May, 1880; but he has not told how much should be placed to the credit of his own individual account. In the name of the readers of THE CENTURY (who have good reason to be interested in the fortunes of the new firm), we wish long life and prosperity to "our printers."

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## LITERATURE.

### Lounsbury's "James Fenimore Cooper."\*

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY'S life of Cooper is, so far, the most important contribution to this series. The lives of Irving and Thoreau had already been written, so that the work of their biographers consisted largely in selection and condensation; while Noah Webster and George Ripley occupy hardly any position in the history of American *literature*, as distinguished from scholarship and journalism. Cooper remains the most popular of all native writers of fiction; and, with the possible exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and portions of the writings of Irving and Longfellow, his books are still more universally read than those of any American author whatever. A generation has passed since his death, and yet this is the first biography of him, if we except the slight and inaccurate sketches of his life in cyclopedias and periodicals, and Bryant's funeral oration delivered at New York, in 1852.

"When Cooper lay on his death-bed," says Professor Lounsbury in his prefatory note, "he enjoined his family to permit no authorized account of his life to be prepared. \* \* \* It is a necessary result of this dying injunction that the direct and authoritative sources of information contained in family papers are closed to the biographer." The men of Cooper's own age, who might have furnished personal reminiscences, are long since dead. Hardly anything in the shape of diaries or private correspondence is obtainable.

Such material as exists is widely scattered, and is mainly in the form of references in contemporary newspapers, or in the prefaces and introductions to the novelist's own books. The biographer was, therefore, driven to take the line of Cooper's public career, and especially of his career as an author. This is, however, the line which has been adopted in all the lives of the present series, and is perhaps the one which Professor Lounsbury might have deliberately chosen as appropriate to the design of the series, even had matter been at hand sufficient to furnish forth a more personal and private memoir.

In one respect the biographer has been fortunate in his subject. Cooper was a man who fairly bristled with characteristics. His views were strong, and his expression of them decided. His prejudices were many and frequently diverting. His walk was upon the toes of his contemporaries, and of the British and American public, and loud were the screams which attended his progress. Perhaps no other writer except Byron has been at once so eagerly read and so shrilly cursed by his own countrymen. One of the most striking episodes in his life was the war which he waged for years against the leading Whig newspapers of the State of New York, assailing them one after another with libel suits, which in nearly every instance he carried to a triumphant conclusion, conducting his own cases and securing damages varying from fifty to four hundred dollars. The chapters devoted to these conflicts are written with force and humor, and form a dramatic narrative. The reader may doubt whether Cooper's

\* James Fenimore Cooper. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. [American Men of Letters Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



game was worth the candle, but he cannot fail to bestow his admiration upon the pluck, tenacity, and ability with which the noble old Roman maintained the fight, or to sympathize with his joy of battle and his final victory.

The biographer has handled his material skillfully. It is a pleasure to meet with such a thorough and well-constructed piece of work. There is no padding in the volume, and no riding of hobbies,—defects from which some of the lives in the series have been by no means free. The perspective is correct, the method judicious, and the narrative clear and sensible. In literary quality, and as a specimen of the art of biography, Mr. Scudder's "Webster" is the only book in the series which compares with this; and Mr. Scudder, though a charming writer, labored under the disadvantage of a dry subject into which he was forced to instill juice from sources outside. Professor Lounsbury is the master of a vigorous, perhaps, at times, rather over-emphatic style. His pages abound with epigrammatic sayings, some of which we venture to quote. Speaking of Cooper's career at Yale, he says: "We need not feel any distrust of his declaration that little learning of any kind found its way into his head. Least of all will he be inclined to doubt it whom extended experience in the class-room has taught to view with profoundest respect the infinite capability of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge." Alluding to Bryant's remark that, "to a casual inspection," the revised edition of "Precaution" seemed almost another work, he says: "The inspection which could come to such a conclusion must have been of that exceedingly casual kind which contents itself with contemplating the outside of a book." He describes "The North American Review" in its earlier years as "ponderously revolving through space." Of William Sotheby, an English friend of Cooper, he writes that "he had to endure the double degradation of being called a small poet by the small poets themselves." Of Mrs. Wilson, a character in Cooper's novel "Precaution": "This lady is the widow of a general officer, who, the reader comes heartily to feel, has, most fortunately for himself, fallen in the Peninsular War." Of "General" George P. Morris, one of the editors of the "New York Mirror": "Besides being an editor he had the position of general of militia; accordingly, he was often styled by his admirers 'he of the sword and pen,' which was just and appropriate to this extent, that he did as much execution with the one as with the other."

These instances of the author's cleverness are taken nearly at random, and as being easily quotable. They do not of course represent the keen remark and serious discussion which could only be exhibited by the citation of continuous passages. An important part of the biographer's task has been the vindication of his subject against the personal detraction of the man and the hostile criticism of the author, which Cooper's everlasting quarrels provoked. In the former of these he has succeeded fully, and it is fair to say that the prejudiced reader—if there be any such at this late day—will be ready, when he reaches the last chapter, to join heartily in the eloquent tribute to Cooper's real nobility of character with which the volume closes. Whether he has succeeded equally well in rescuing

the novelist from the hands of the critics, we must leave the individual reader to judge for himself. The circulation of the best of Cooper's novels is still large, and their popularity seemingly unabated. Professor Lounsbury is rather severe on the critics, and particularly on the New England critics. In his analysis and comparative estimate of Cooper's too numerous writings, he seems to us nearly always right, and he is not sparing of their many and obvious faults when separately considered. His general estimate of Cooper as a writer is nowhere summed up, and is perhaps rather implied than expressed. We can only say, therefore, that so far as we gather an impression of it from the book as a whole, it seems to us too high.

The truth in this matter of criticism *vs.* popularity appears to be about as follows: Criticism is the articulate judgment of the few; popularity the inarticulate judgment of the many. Both are liable to be mistaken, the former through narrowness, pedantry, and the crotchets which beset the minds of the merely literary; the latter because it is heedless and unintellectual, and in search of nothing better than amusement. To afford any criterion of the final rank which an author will obtain, criticism must be consenting and popularity must be lasting. Kotzebue is held up by Carlyle as an awful example of the fallacy of popularity as an ultimate test. "Helen's Babies" has reached its *n<sup>th</sup>* edition; but is "Helen's Babies" really a work of superior genius? Popularity is, in fact, the judgment of the many in one particular only: it pronounces a book *readable*,—nothing more. Doubtless the very critics who undervalue Cooper have read his novels with breathless interest; but when they come to ask themselves whether those same novels possess high and enduring qualities, they have to say no. We think it likely that "The Leatherstocking Tales," "The Spy," and the best of the sea stories, such as "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover," will be read for many years to come, and will go through numerous editions; but the estimate of them will hardly be higher than it is to-day, and probably not so high.

If statistics were obtainable, it would doubtless be found that the great majority of Cooper's readers are boys, or men whose intellectual development is not much in advance of boys. We have all enjoyed Cooper in our early youth. When we reach a more reflective stage his novels fail to satisfy. The reason of this is obvious. They address themselves mainly to our curiosity. It is the story that we are after. They belong to the same class with the books of Marryat, Simms, and Mayne Reid, though they are, of course, much the best of the class. In the invention of incidents and situations, in the narrative of wild adventure at once natural and exciting, Cooper has no superior. He was the inventor of the sea-novel and the Indian novel. He originated the Indian himself, the Indian of literature. He created Leatherstocking, who, with much about him that is improbable, is, in truth, as Professor Lounsbury pronounces him, a great original character.

It is in the dynamical part of his work that Cooper is at his best,—in the movement and the action. He is frankly external. In the strict sense he is hardly a novelist at all, but an epic or story-teller. The weakness of his dramatic portions has been too much



enlarged upon to make further discussion necessary: the stilted dialogues, the tedious love-passages, the insipid heroines,—“young and ingenuous persons of the female sex,”—and the *mangue* humorists, like Master Cap in “The Pathfinder,” whose humor consists, for the most part, in harping on the word “circumstance.” The question then arises whether the novel of adventure is *ipso facto* inferior to the novel of character. “There can be no greater absurdity,” says Professor Lounsbury, “than to speak of this kind of story, as is sometimes done, as being inferior in itself to those devoted exclusively to the delineation of manners or character, or even of the subtler motives which act upon the heart and life. As well might one say that the ‘Iliad’ is a poem of inferior type to the ‘Excursion.’” This may pass as a comparison between the types, but as between, say “The Spy” and Hawthorne’s “Scarlet Letter,” *e. g.*, we think it misleading. The “Iliad” is superior to the “Excursion” on its own ground. It is better poetry, better art, more perfect in plan, more beautiful in language and verse, more imaginative in style, and fully equal in its power to touch the deeper springs of emotion. If the “Iliad” were merely a story of adventure like “The Spy,” the comparison might stand. But it is because Cooper fails to do what Homer and Hawthorne both can do, that “The Spy” is inferior to “The Scarlet Letter.” He is not master of laughter and of tears; neither the secrets of passion nor the secrets of thought are his. Nor has his workmanship that fineness of grain which, in the absence of other qualities, will sometimes secure immortality.

Professor Lounsbury quotes Balzac’s saying that, “if Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art.” This strikes us as smelling of the asphalt of the boulevards. The great Parisian cockney’s conception of American nature was doubtless taken from Chateaubriand,—whom Lowell has termed “the inventor of the primitive forest.” That Cooper loved the wilderness and the sea is true, and much of their freshness breathes from his pages. The air of the frontier, the raw edge of civilization, he caught and reproduced wonderfully. His “Leatherstocking Tales” have, in this particular, a genuine historical value. But of his descriptions of nature it is fair to say, using Balzac’s language, that they are “paintings.” They are precisely that, and distemper paintings, moreover. As you come close to them the perspective vanishes, and you see a flat surface rudely daubed. Of that more intimate and imaginatively suggestive handling of nature, that poetic and spiritual insight which looks into it and through it, there is nothing in Cooper. Therefore, even as mere description, we would rather have a few pages of “Walden” or “The Maine Woods” than all the pictures of lake, and sea, and forest that Cooper ever drew.

#### Adams’s “John Randolph.”\*

THE interest which attaches to the life of Randolph is mainly now an interest springing from curiosity.

The record which he has left behind him is so full of eccentricity, inconsistency, and irrationality that it is a constant surprise to the reader of any life of him that he should ever have been a political leader of sane men. Toward the end of his life, indeed, even his contemporaries and admirers failed to be able to follow the rambling rhodomontade with which he puzzled the reporters of the Congressional debates; but there was a long period during which he exercised a powerful influence at Washington,—an influence recognized then as legitimate. Possibly the explanation is to be found not so much in Randolph as in the circumstances of the country in his time. The United States was, intellectually and morally, in the early part of this century, much more provincial than it is easy for us now to picture to ourselves. It had, in fact, just ceased being a province and just begun to be a country. It was thinly settled and poor, and yet conscious of its coming greatness. It was intensely conscious of everything about itself, and, among other things, of its new race of politicians. The stage was a small one, but a great drama was to be enacted upon it; no one knew how soon or precisely what it was to be, and consequently every one who approached the foot-lights was received with an attention which now often seems out of proportion to the part in which he was cast. It is no wonder, therefore, that Randolph, with his daring and presumption, should have persuaded the audience, for a time, as he did himself for his whole life, that he was one of the heroes of the plot, and that any one who wished to understand its development would do well to listen attentively to him.

It is hardly possible to go over the events of his political life and come to the conclusion that he had any definite principles of action. Quarrelsome and combative, he was far more at the mercy of his passions than Jackson ever was; and it is for this reason, not from any want of painstaking on his biographer’s part, that the latter fails to put before us anything that can really be called a political career. His political life began and ended with the assertion of himself, and it is impossible to-day to see how the course of American history would have been appreciably affected one way or the other had John Randolph never been born. Mr. Adams does, indeed, make him out an earlier Calhoun in his views on the position of the South; but in this respect he was so far ahead of his time that his opinions produced no impression, and now possess merely an antiquarian interest.

If Randolph’s life could be said to be connected with any great human cause or interest, or if he had been anything more than the representative of a decaying provincial aristocracy, it would possess a much deeper pathetic interest than can actually be said to attach to it. It was a sad enough life, from any point of view. He was probably born with the seeds of madness in his brain, and he was certainly doomed to failure and final ruin by nature and circumstances. Allied by birth and traditions to the aristocratic order which was passing away, he was, by the vices of his mind and character, well calculated to do what he could to assist it in its downward career. Even his better impulses and thoughts may be said to have been devoted to making this work more complete. It is impossible to feel much sympathy

\* John Randolph. By Henry Adams (American Statesmen Series). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.



for him. He was a lonely man during a great part of his life, and the causes which produced his loneliness then contribute to leave his memory in a species of isolated and historical limbo now. We feel, as we read his life, that in some way he is not like enough to the common human type for us to altogether understand him; and understanding is necessary to sympathy. His changes of opinion are so rapid and inexplicable that we cannot feel sure that he had what we should call belief on any subject. He was an *ami des noirs*; and yet he was the earlier Calhoun. He was a Democrat by profession, and yet he was in deadly hostility to half the Democrats of his party, for reasons which are quite beyond our comprehension. His friendship had the same unsubstantial character as his opinions. He quarreled with everybody, and quarreled irrationally. He had all the materials of a most interesting character, without having a character. He impressed his contemporaries first as a great man, then as an unreliable man, finally as a madman. His life is rather a puzzle for alienists than good material for a biographer.

Mr. Adams, at any rate, though he has evidently tried, has not succeeded in inspiring himself with much of that enthusiasm for his subject which is so essential to successful biography. He records faithfully the freaks and whims, the pyrotechnic displays of rhetoric, the useless quarrels that make up Randolph's life; but they follow each other with so little connection of cause and effect that we feel that the biographer himself is lost in a sort of maze. Of Randolph's rhetoric, both before and after it degenerated into gibberish, he gives some specimens. It is evident that Randolph's hold upon his audience must have come from this source, and a very cursory examination of his speeches is enough to show that he was, at his best, powerful and effective in debate. Had it been possible for him to act steadily with any political party, or even faction, he might have come down to us with a great reputation. But rhetorical powers alone will not make a man a great political orator. He must have some well-defined object to attain, and must know how to explain it, and must be able to fill others with feelings like his own about it. But what was Randolph's object? He seems to have enjoyed discussions as an end in themselves, and, provided he had an opportunity to quarrel and free his mind, cared little which side he was on. And so, in the end, even his admirers came to care as little as he.

St. John's "Natural History and Sport in Moray."\*

AMONG the crowds of red-handed sportsmen that Britain turns out,—men with an instinct for game like that of a terrier for rats,—there occasionally appears one touched to finer issues. Such was Charles St. John, who died in 1856, and whose "Natural History and Sport in Moray," compiled and arranged from his journals and from his "Wild Sports in the Highlands," by C. Innes, is now before us. A more happy combination of the two pursuits was, perhaps, never put together; and such a picture of wild life in the High-

lands of Scotland we remember nowhere else to have seen. It is a worthy companion to White's "Natural History of Selborne," and through its record of personal adventure in pursuit of the creatures whose haunts and habits it describes, appeals to a much larger class of readers than that famous book.

St. John was indeed the ideal sportsman. He had a poet's sensibilities and love for nature, while he was a very close and accurate observer. The mountain, the moor, the lake, the tarn, the shore, had attractions for him that made the presence of game there a secondary consideration. When the season for grouse-shooting arrived, instead of bending all his energies to the slaughter of a great number of birds, he preferred "a good stretch across a range of valley and mountain," usually fixing upon "some burn, some cool and grassy spring, or some hill-summit which commands a fine view," as the limit of his day's excursion, knocking down enough birds to fill his game-bag, happy in the companionship of his dogs, and noting the fine instinct and skill with which they did their work: happy, above all, in the companionship of wild nature about him. The much-abused race of sporting dogs never found a more kind and considerate master. He always had a biscuit for his retriever when he came out of the cold water, and would strip the plaid off his own back to cover him on all occasions when the water was icy, favoring him as much as possible. "It is amusing enough to see the retriever wrapped in plaid, with only his head out of it, watching eagerly for the appearance of a flock of widgeon or ducks, which he often sees before I do myself." The dog knows what game his master is hunting. "The sea-gull or heron may pass, and he takes no notice of them; but the moment that a wild duck's quack or the whistle of his wings is heard, the dog's ears erect themselves, and he watches my face with a look of the most inquiring eagerness."

There was no wild creature he did not treat tenderly and with an amusing fondness, when chance placed it at his mercy. One day his dog brought him a little water-rail alive. He took it home to show his children.

"When I took him out of my pocket, in which most unaccustomed situation he had been for two hours, the strange little creature looked about him with the greatest nonchalance possible, showing fight at everything that came near him; and when, after having gratified the curiosity of the children, we turned him loose in a ditch of running water, he went away jerking up his tail, and not seeming to hurry himself, or to be in the least disconcerted."

The young curlews, which he comes upon in his walk, he looks upon with the same fond, curious eyes.

"When you catch one, and hold him up for examination, the poor little bird looks at you with such an expression of half-confident inquiry in his large, prominent dark eye, that the most determined collector of birds could scarcely refrain from putting him carefully on the ground again, when he runs to the top of some grassy hillock and looks round at his screaming parent."

St. John was a careful observer, and it would appear that in these journals he had not gone to the bottom of his knowledge of the wild creatures. For instance, he says on page 290: "From what I have myself seen of the cunning of the fox, I can believe almost any story of his powers of deceiving and inveigling animals into

\*Natural History and Sport in Moray. By Charles St. John, Author of "Wild Sports of the Highlands," "Tour in Sutherland," etc. Edinburgh: David Douglas.



his clutches." And yet just this proof he withholds from us. Again, on page 27, in the same manner, he provokes, without satisfying, our curiosity: "For my own part, indeed, having devoted many happy years to wandering in the woods and fields, at all hours and at all seasons, I have seen so many strange and unaccountable things connected with animal life, that now nothing appears to me to be too wonderful to be believed." Those "strange and unaccountable things" are what the reader hungers and thirsts for, but gets little of. One of the most incredible things he relates is the fact that the sea-gulls, amid the swarming thousands of others of exactly the same age, color, etc., always distinguish their own young, and with the same unerring instinct the young distinguish their own parents. He says the only time the crab grows, or increases in size, is immediately after it has cast its shell, and before the new one is yet formed. It then concentrates the year's growth into a few hours. While in its shellless condition, it would fall an easy prey to its natural enemies; but the male crab, which, it seems, does not cast its shell at the same time, defends the female, covering her with his body and claws, and will die rather than leave his helpless charge. It would be interesting to know if she does the same service for him when he drops his armor.

With such minute and curious information does the book abound. The chapters are arranged under the different months of the year, recording observations and excursions appropriate to each. The work is richly illustrated, both by elaborate etchings and by the hasty off-hand, but very vivid and effective draughts, of St. John himself, who could hit off the attitude of bird, stag, or dog, of a hawk seizing a duck in the air, or pouncing upon a rabbit, to the life.

#### Bigelow's "Molinos the Quietist."\*

To the student of theology, and not less to the student of psychology, the rise of the doctrine of Quietism in the Roman Catholic Church presents a most interesting phenomenon. Quietism is, philosophically, the assertion of the efficiency and the supremacy of a subjective law of conduct; the power against which Quietism was a vain protest always resisted this assumption, and taught the duty of dependence upon objective guidance in forming opinion and in determining duties. Each of these theories is one-sided; the truth is that ordinary men need some degree of restraint and direction imposed upon them from without, and need also to have some measure of liberty within which their minds may freely work out the questions of life. Some room for inspiration there must be, and there must also be some bounds for conduct. The adjustment of these two conflicting demands is the problem of the religious reformer.

The Roman Catholic Church always magnifies the law which it imposes on the thought and conscience of its communicants, and leaves scant space for the exercise of any inspirable faculties in the worshiper. Against this rigid rule there have been many protests within the bosom of the Church, and none more notable than that of the Spanish monk Michel de

Molinos, who found his way to Rome about the middle of the seventeenth century, and who, after a remarkable career of popularity, was brought before the Inquisition, condemned as a heretic, and, after ten years' confinement, perished in prison in 1696, being then seventy years of age. The well-attested historical facts respecting Molinos are not abundant; we know but little of him except what we learn from those who had many reasons for misrepresenting him and apparently no disposition to do him justice. Mr. Bigelow brings together enough evidence to make it plain that the propositions on which he was condemned were but perversions of his teachings, and that the story of his recantation is untrue. It was not asserted that the monstrous doctrines anathematized by Pope Innocent were contained in any of the published books of Molinos; they were said to be drawn from his private letters, and from the admissions of his intimates. The "Spiritual Guide," in which his doctrine of the "interior way" is most fully set forth, contains no doctrines more extravagant than those taught by saints of the Church—Bonaventura, Theresa, and François de Sales; but the day for the indulgence of such notions was past. The reformation in Germany and in England had shown what fruit might grow from this subjective piety, and it was time for the Church to exterminate a doctrine that threatened its supremacy.

That the historical genesis of Quietism was the reaction of the human soul against a too rigid external rule is not to be doubted; nevertheless there is a subtle fascination for many minds in its mystical theories of man's relation to God. The Nirvana of Buddhism is not simply an Oriental extravagance; it has its roots in human nature. "By the way of nothing," says Molinos, "thou must come to lose thyself in God (which is the last degree of perfection), and happy wilt thou be if thou canst so lose thyself. In the same shop of nothing simplicity is made, interior and infused recollection is possessed, quiet is obtained, and the heart is cleansed from all imperfection." In all ages of the world there have been lofty and devout souls to whom such attainments seemed possible. There is a great danger, however, that a piety wholly divorced from objective rules will become a wild and dangerous fanaticism. People who become a law to themselves and who renounce every other law, are apt to become extremely lawless. It may well be doubted whether the intelligence and the morality of the seventeenth century were sufficiently advanced to render safe the method proposed by Molinos. Mr. Bigelow, with the author of "John Inglesant," esteems the Spanish monk as a pure and spiritual-minded man, hopelessly at odds with his time, and entangled in the net of tradition that he was trying to break. The materials of the writer are scanty, but he has given us a spirited and suggestive sketch.

#### Boyesen's "Idyls of Norway."\*

THE idyls from which this volume takes its name are, poetically considered, so slight, and in fact so juvenile, a portion of its contents, that it is to be regretted that they were not entirely omitted along with

\* Molinos the Quietist. By John Bigelow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* Idyls of Norway and Other Poems. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



the Garfield elegy, "An Every-day Tragedy," and a few other pieces which the grace of a complete edition alone admits. The only part of the Norse contributions which seems to stand the test of book-publication are the songs and catches pure and simple, such as "Tell me, Ilka," the stave from that frosty prose idyl, "Gunnar," with perhaps the addition of the ballad of "Jarl Sigurd's Christmas Eve," which has the spirit and clanking of marching troops. Mr. Boyesen's lyrical work is so spontaneous, and so far superior to the idyllic, that the reader is surprised to find it so small. Indeed, the omission of the idyls, which are lacking in narrative skill, in flavor, and in the perfection and grace of poetic mold, and of "Calpurnia," in which the hexameter makes too great a demand upon the author's metrical accomplishments, would greatly have raised the average standard without dropping a note from the register of the singer's voice.

Of the rest, nothing is weak, and much is of a rare intellectual and masculine strength. The high-water mark is indicated by "The Lost Hellas" and half a dozen of the sonnets. The former is especially remarkable for a liquid ease of flow, a directness and strength of narrative, and a largeness which finds no less adequate source of inspiration than the Homeric poems. Especially is it to be noted that it is free from the weakness of poets who set out to imitate the Greek,—the floridness into which even Keats sometimes fell in treating such themes. In general Mr. Boyesen's imagery is not delicate in shading, but rather leans heavily on the abundant strength of a general conception; his palette is meager and his vocabulary small, and the reader misses the note of surprise which marks a revealing originality. But the purity of poetic tone and the precision of epithet in "The Lost Hellas" make it in American poetry a singularly truthful embodiment of the Greek spirit:

"Oh, for a breath of myrtle and of bay,  
And glints of sunny skies through dark leaves flashing,  
And dimpling seas beneath a golden day,  
Against the strand with soft susurrus flashing!  
And fair nude youths, with shouts and laughter dashing  
Along the shining beach in martial play!  
And rearing 'gainst the sky their snowy portals,  
The temples of the glorious Immortals!

"Thus oft thou risest, Hellas, from my soul—  
A vision of the happy vernal ages,  
When men first strove to read life's mystic scroll,  
But with the torch of joy lit up its pages;  
Then with untroubled front the cheerful sages  
Serenely wandered toward their shadowy goal,  
And praised the gods in dance of stately measure,  
And stooped to pluck the harmless bud of pleasure.

"Out of the darkness of the primal night,  
Like as a dewy Delos from the ocean,  
Thy glory rose,—a birthplace for the bright  
Sun-god of thought. And freedom, high devotion,  
And song, sprung from the fount of pure emotion,  
Bloomed in the footsteps of the God of light.

And Night shrank back before the joyous pæan,  
And flushed with morning rolled the blue Ægean.

"And sweet it is to hear the noble tongue,  
Pure Attic Greek with soft precision spoken!  
And ah! to hear its liquid music flung,  
In rocking chords and melodies unbroken,  
From Homer's stormy harp—the deathless token  
That Hellas' Titan soul is strong and young—  
Young as the spring that's past whose name assuages  
The gloom and sorrow of the sunless ages."

The sonnets are not less admirable for intellectual and poetic qualities. Those to the Juno Ludovisi and on Evolution have a speculative repose in keeping with the lines just quoted, while the passionate sonnets have the buoyant surge of a spring freshet. Read, for instance, the last of the Evolution series:

"Sublime is life, though in beginnings base  
At first enkindled. In this clod of mold  
Beats with faint spirit-pulse the heart of gold  
That warms the lily's cheek; its silent grace  
Dwells unborn 'neath this sod. Fain would I trace  
The potent mystery which, like Midas' hand,  
Thrills the mean clay into refulgence grand:  
For, gazing down the misty aisles of space  
And time, upon my sight vast visions throng  
Of the imperial destiny of man.  
The life that throbbed in plant and beast ere long  
Will break still wider orbits in its van,—  
A race of peace-robed conquerors and kings,  
Achieving evermore diviner things."

Contrast the mood of this with that of the following from the sonnets "To Lillie":

"Within the rose I found a trembling tear,  
Close curtained in a gloom of crimson night  
By tender petals from the outer light.  
I plucked the flower and held it to my ear,  
And thought within its fervid breast to hear  
A smothered heart-beat throbbing soft and low.  
I heard its busy life-blood gently flow,  
Now far away and now so strangely near.  
Ah, thought I, if these silent lips of flame  
Could be unsealed and fling upon the air  
Their woe, their passion, and in speech proclaim  
Their warm intoxication of despair;—  
Then would I give the rose into thy hand;  
Thou couldst its voice, beloved, not withstand."

In the lines we have quoted, the sincerity of the author's inspiration is unmistakable; the poetic product of his genuine impulses being so rich, he may well accept the consolation and warning of Sidney's

"Look in thy heart and write."

WE wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the publisher of etchings, Mr. Robert Dunthorne, Vigo street, corner Saville Row, London W., England, for his courteous permission to engrave the etching "Riva degli Schiavoni," by Frank Duveneck, which appeared in connection with the article on "American Etchers" in *THE CENTURY* for February, and of which he owns the copyright.



## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### American Children at Home and in Society.

THE "Children's century,"\* ours is called, by that keen observer, Mr. Henry James, Jr., while entering his protest against the all-pervading American little girl who flies through society on roller-skates, bidding everybody get out of her way. What shall we answer to this, and to many satires of like nature? That the stimulus of this energetic age is felt in our nurseries, none will deny. Behind us we have a throng of eager, nervous, wide-awake little beings pressing forward to the light. That a large measure of our difficulty in training children is due to the defective nursery system in America, is also evident. At a very early age, the child learns to distinguish between the cheerful variety and animation of the down-stairs atmosphere, as opposed to the monotonous limit of nursery entertainment. The average nurse is too often narrow-minded, ignorant, and indifferent to aught in the fulfillment of her duty save what is absolutely nominated in the bond. Her charges, washed, combed, and fed, are abandoned to seek amusement or occupation as they may; and how many lonely hours a solitary child may spend under such circumstances, is not a pleasant subject for contemplation. The governess, like the housekeeper, is, for purely domestic reasons, not apt to be a success when introduced into our ordinary city homes. We therefore regard with astonishment the pictures drawn by our critics of the English girl and boy, conducted along the path of childhood with demure propriety by hired hands. With us, the system is a simple impossibility.

And so, in America, our children are always with us. Strain and chafe as we may against the responsibility, there are the eager eyes and tongues to satisfy, the quick intelligence to feed, the heart and soul like wax awaiting an impression at our hands. In the system of development, the father has, of necessity, an unequal share; his duties are almost confined to a general supervision, a review from week to week of progress made. Upon the mother the burden of this important task devolves; her children are apt not only to reflect, but to exaggerate her methods. What seems a labor of love in the nursery days, becomes increasingly difficult as the children pass into the school-room. Her boys and girls think and act with astonishing independence, long before they are emancipated from the earliest leading-strings. She finds them picking up the books that fall from her hands, learning to discuss the questions that employ her thoughts, sharpening wits with their elders, inhaling with eager zest the exhilarating atmosphere of modern eclecticism. Influenced by the too common apprehension lest her children may not have all the advantages of their contemporaries, encouraged by the plaudits of injudicious bystanders, she is led into doubling their occupations. She forgets that the tendency of this flood of light, turned upon the child from all sides, is to make him superficial,—however it may be urged that an interest in a great variety of questions has the result of cultivating his faculties and of developing his nature.

\* See "The Point of View" in this magazine for December, 1882.

Education and entertainment seem to go hand-in-hand for our fortunate children, and it is hard to separate them. Luckily for the mother, who ponders over the most sensible method of securing reasonable diversion for her young, the boy, aided by restless Dame Nature, takes this matter into his own hands. The gymnasium, the swimming-school, the military drill, the foot-ball match, are powerful and wholesome auxiliaries of the mental education of our city-bred boys, and, for a comparatively small outlay of money, are accessible to all. In its moral aspect, the boys' play-ground is no small adjunct to education. Truth and courage are exacted with unflinching zeal by the code which rules their turbulent ranks.

With the daughter there is far more danger of going astray at the outset. American girls are more flattered and indulged, than respected, from their cradle up. They are set by common consent upon so many little pedestals; and the brothers are taught not to argue, but to give up a point at issue, "because she is a girl." Instead of making reason and clear understanding of a subject the basis of her dawning ideas, she is handicapped at the outset by the discovery that, unless a thing is amusing or easily attainable by mental grasp, she may let it go, "because she is a girl." She is brought early into the drawing-room. She is heralded as a prodigy to her mother's friends, most often in her hearing. Her witty sayings are duly repeated to every visitor, and listened to by no one with admiration greater than her own. On occasions when her mother forgets to bring her into conversation, the young lady does not hesitate to supply the invitation.

Often the parents of this small unfortunate one are tempted to indulge her desire to visit places of public amusement. Who has not seen pale, heavy-eyed, overdressed children sitting through the performance at opera or theater? If there were no moral question involved in this, the physical side should be studied. A wise man has said that all the people that ever were supposed to die of poison in the middle ages—and that means nearly everybody whose death was worth speculating about—are not so many as those who die poisoned by bad air in the course of any given year.

Again, at dancing-school, the girl's vanity is fostered. The matter of dress is made of first importance, and the ignoble suggestion "What will people think of you if you don't do this or that?" is made her ruling motive. All the petty jealousies, spites, and feuds hereafter to be developed in the great arena of society are set in action here. The wonder is that, from it all, so many sweet and simple-hearted girls as we are fortunate enough to possess, escape unspoiled.

*Constance Cary Harrison.*

### Women as Piano-Tuners.

EVERY piano has one inherent weakness, which has to be repaired once or twice every year. Under the stress of time, use, and the weather, it loses tune. To restore the instrument to its proper condition is the art of the tuner. In the smaller cities and in the



country, it often happens that the tuner is also obliged to be a repairer of the actions of pianos.

The business of piano-tuning is another of the employments to which women are beginning to aspire. There is in Boston a school where, for some time, tuning has been regularly taught to both men and women. The objection that women have not the requisite fineness of ear is met by the fact that of the applicants for admission to this school only a small proportion fail to enter by reason of any aural defect. The sense of tune or harmony appears to exist in greater or less degree in the majority of civilized people, and, if there is but a germ, it can be educated into something practically useful, be the pupil man or woman. The objection that women have not the strength required in the art is nonsense, for, with the proper tools, a child can break a piano-string with ease. The time required by a young woman to perfect herself in the art of tuning the piano, the pipe and reed organ, is about one year. The course of study begins with a systematic training of the ear in pure unison. For this purpose the pupil is provided with a piano from which the action has been removed. The three strings for each note are plucked with the fingers, and alternately tightened or loosened with the proper lever or key, till the pupil's ear clearly apprehends the difference between unison and discord. No attention is paid to pitch, as the sole aim is to train the ear to a true unison of tones. If the pupil fails in this stage of the work, it is hopeless to go on. She is simply "harmony-blind," precisely as one may be color-blind.

The next step is the training of the ear in pure harmony. For this work a piano is used having a worm and gear in place of the usual friction-pin for tightening the strings, so that the work of tuning is

very light, the slightest movement of the hand controlling the instrument perfectly. The pupil now learns the relations of tones in a true major third. Then thirds are added together till the (tempered) octave is reached. Here the pupil discovers that the pure harmony does not bring the unison she had expected (from her previous studies) in the octave. In this manner the pupil discovers for herself the science of temperament. She soon hears the growl of the "wolf," and learns to catch the wailing "beats" of the interfering sounds. Then the science of tuning must be explained, and this leads to the study of acoustics in their relation to keyed instruments. Lectures and demonstrations in harmony and music are a part of the course. Having made some progress in tuning pianos, the pupil then takes up the tuning of the reed and pipe organ, with daily practice upon both instruments. During the entire course there is also drill in the gymnasium, with proper appliances for strengthening the hands and wrist. A good tuner also should know how to repair a piano. To equip the young woman for this work, there is regular practice upon models of all kinds of piano and organ actions. These are taken to pieces and put together with the usual tools till the mechanism is clearly understood. The action of a piano is easily taken out for repairs, and, as all the parts are interchangeable (for the same style and manufacture), it is not difficult to purchase the various parts and put them in their place when necessary. It is true the action is heavy, but there is always some one near who will lend a hand in lifting it out of the instrument. Piano-tuning is both a healthful and a profitable occupation, and a study of tuning trains the ear to good music.

*Charles Barnard.*

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## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Substitute for Hydrogen in the Lime-Light.

THE rapidly increasing use of the lantern in schools, public lectures, and exhibitions has led to a number of experiments to reduce the cost of the lime-light. In point of power and general usefulness nothing better, except electricity, has been found than the combination of hydrogen and oxygen in a single flame thrown against a piece of lime. In a few large cities the gases are easily obtained in commercial quantities, stored in iron tanks, ready for use, and at comparatively low prices. The tanks are troublesome to carry, and in smaller towns the gases must be made on the spot as required, and this involves expensive and troublesome apparatus. Every effort has been made to find a substitute for one of the gases. Street-gas, alcohol, and other things have been tried in place of the hydrogen, but with a decided loss of light. Common ether has been tried several times, but has been considered too dangerous. More recently an apparatus for saturating the oxygen with the vapor of ether has been devised, that appears to remove all

danger of explosion and to give an excellent light. The apparatus consists of two strong brass cylinders, placed side by side upon a wooden support. These are open at one end, and have brass nipples at the opposite ends for receiving the gas-tubes. In each tube is placed a cylinder or roll of loose fabric, like flannel, having a small hole in the middle. These rolls fill the cylinders completely, fitting tight, and leaving only the small passage for the gas through the center of the material. Common photographic ether may then be poured into the cylinders till the wick-like filling is completely saturated, and then the excess of liquid is poured off and put back in its bottle. Two rubber caps, joined together by a short tube, are then fitted over the ends of the cylinders, and to one of the nipples is fitted the gas-tube from the oxygen-holder or tank, and to the other a tube leading to the burner. The oxygen for the burner is supplied by a third pipe. To use the light the oxygen is first turned through the cylinders, entering the rear of one and passing, by means of the short tube,



to the next, and so on to the light. On its passage enough vapor is absorbed from the wicking to give a good flame at the jet, and when the oxygen jet is added to it, a light is obtained that, as far as observation goes, is quite as good as the ordinary lime-light. The striking back of the flame, and consequent explosion of the ether gas, when the gas is suddenly shut off, is said to occur but rarely, and with proper care it need never happen. However, to prevent all serious results of such an explosion, the rubber caps and tube joining the two cylinders are put on very lightly, and if there is an explosion the caps will be blown off before any dangerous pressure is reached. The invention has the merit of saving all the trouble of making or carrying hydrogen, as the whole apparatus can be carried in the hand, while ether can be obtained anywhere. One filling of the cylinders will last about ninety minutes, and a quart of ether will give a light for five hours.

#### Fire-Proof Construction.

THE objection commonly raised against fire-proof materials and systems for dwellings is their cost. Wooden floor-beams and lath-and-plaster partitions are so much cheaper than any of the excellent fire-proof materials that have been described here within the last few years, that it is difficult to find any ordinary city dwelling that is in any sense fire-safe. To meet this objection a new system has been introduced, that aims to make ordinary floor-beams and walls fairly proof against fire. Nothing is absolutely fire-proof, and the aim of all methods now is to prevent the spread of fire by confining it to one place, and checking the actual speed of combustion. To accomplish this, it appears only necessary to exclude the air as nearly as may be from all wooden surfaces. In the new system the beams are laid in the ordinary manner, pains being taken to have the under side of the floor perfectly level. On each side of every beam next the lower edge is nailed a narrow strip or ledge. The fire-proof protection consists of slabs of plaster-of-Paris and broken coke or cinders, resembling the plaster slabs used for partitions, but somewhat lighter, thinner, and finer in texture. For protecting the sides of the beams the slabs, having a step or rabbet on one edge, are placed against the beams, supported by the ledge which fits the step on the slab, and are nailed securely to the beam. The slabs are of the same width as the beam, and when in place, and when the cracks between the slabs have been stopped with liquid plaster, the beam is cased in an air-tight covering on two sides. The top is protected by the floor, which rests on both beam and slabs: for it has been found that wood protected from the air at the sides burns very slowly downward from the top. Beneath, the beams are protected by nailing larger and thicker slabs directly to the under side of the beams. Each slab covers three beams in width, breaking joints in the middle of the beams, and when all the beams are covered and the cracks made air-tight, the unbroken sheet of plaster slabs may then be used as the ceiling of the room below, a finishing coat being all that is needed. As a further protection, and to deaden the

floors, another slab is inserted between the beams a short distance above the lower slab, and resting on a ledge formed on the side slabs. This arrangement divides the floor into two parts or hollow air-spaces, and effectually prevents sounds from passing from one floor to another. It also serves as an additional protection. In case of a severe fire under the floor, the nails supporting the lower slabs might become heated, char the wood, and drop out, letting the slabs fall. The second slabs would prevent the flames from passing between the beams, and only the lower edges of the beams could burn. As the slabs can be easily cut and repaired, there is no difficulty in making repairs of the gas or water-pipes that may be laid in the floors, and in case of leaking gas, or even of fire from electric light wires laid in the floors, no harm can follow, as the pipes and wires are inclosed in the air-tight space between the slabs. At an experimental test of this system of fire protection a number of common floor-beams, protected by the slabs and a floor above, were exposed to a fierce fire below for over an hour without injury to the floor. A portion of the lower slabs then fell off, exposing the lower edges of two beams to the fire. They were burned somewhat, but the progress of the fire was so slow that the strength of the beam was not appreciably impaired, though the fire below was kept up twenty-five minutes longer. A fire was then built on top, and allowed to burn till the floor was destroyed. On putting out the fire the beams were found to be only slightly charred on the upper edge, and to be practically as strong as ever. As far as our inspection of the beams that were exposed to the fire on both edges could decide, they seemed to be sufficiently strong after the fire to carry any ordinary load that could be put upon them. Given sufficient time and heat, of course such a system would fail. This is not the aim. If the fire is checked, and the strength of the floor maintained till help arrives and the fire can be put out, the construction meets all practical requirements. This appears to be accomplished. To make a slow-burning partition, the usual scantling is replaced by rough boards, tongued and grooved and fitted together, and making a solid but thin wall of wood. At intervals on each side of the partition is nailed lathing, placed vertically and in the middle of a board. Upon these are nailed horizontally the ordinary lathing. This gives a lath-and-plaster wall, but with no large, hollow places in which fire may spread unseen. The rough coat is put on as soft as possible, and the mortar is forced between the laths, filling all the narrow space behind them. This gives a wall of solid plaster, with a solid wooden core, the laths and boarding being covered air-tight on both sides. An inspection of some partitions built in this way seemed to indicate that the system is as valuable as that just described. The wall was firm, solid, and stiff, and showed a decided gain in thickness over the ordinary style of partition. The plaster was carried close to the floor and ceiling to prevent the intrusion of fire and rats behind the mop-board and cornice, and the door-jambs were made solid to exclude the air from the ends of the wall. Both of these methods of construction are cheap, the cost of a fire-proof wall being only a trifle more than an ordinary lath-and-plaster partition.



## The Electric Light in Photography.

THE arc light has already been made the subject of experiment in photographic portraiture, and is now regularly used to illuminate a number of studios in Europe. By a new arrangement of the lights and the studio, the source of light is placed completely within the control of the operator, and effects are obtained that cannot be secured in any other way. The studio examined is at the end of a low, dark store on the ground floor, and there is no dependence whatever upon daylight. Upon the sides of the room near the ceiling are two tracks carrying a wooden car that reaches from side to side of the room. On this car are laid tracks for a smaller car, that travels on across the room in the opposite direction. The arrangement, it will be seen, is the same as that used in stone-yards and machine-shops, and known as an overhead crane. On this crane is suspended a powerful arc light, and, by pulling cords at the side of the room, the light can be moved to any part of the ceiling, or raised and lowered, as may be desired. In front of this crane is another having only one motion, across the room, the car on top carrying five arc lights suspended beneath it. This crane is also controlled by cords in easy reach of the operator. The subject sits in front of these six lights, and by moving the lamps perfect control of the illumination is secured. The light may be concentrated at one side, or spread out in front, or distributed in any manner that the artistic treatment requires. To secure still more complete control of the light, a platform is placed in the middle of the room before the lights. This platform is large enough to contain a seat for the subject and the camera. It is also pivoted at the center, so that it can be turned completely round in a horizontal plane. In taking a portrait, the subject sits upon the platform facing the camera, and the lights are raised, lowered, or moved about till just the effects of lighting that are desired are obtained. The operator stands on the floor behind the camera, with one hand resting on a handle fastened to the platform. The instant the exposure begins, the operator slowly turns the platform round, keeping it in motion while the exposure lasts. It is plain that the camera keeps the same relative position to the subject during the time of exposure and while the platform is moving, while the relation of the subject to the light is continually changing. This arrangement gives a continually shifting play of light on the subject, and secures a portrait having a fine gradation of tone and excellent modeling of the features. Only dry plates are used with the apparatus, and the exposure is a trifle longer than with daylight. To secure a like degree of definition the plate must be exposed five seconds, where a dry plate in sunlight would require three seconds. The portraits made by this arrangement of electric lights were marked by an excellent degree of finish, so that retouching did not appear to be necessary. The complete control of the light makes it possible to carry on work at all hours of the day or night, and in any weather. For copying, the electric light appears to be excellent, a single arc lamp with a reflector of white paper being all that is required.

## Rain-band Spectroscopes.

WHILE the spectroscope has proved to be one of the most remarkable inventions of modern times, and while it is an invaluable aid to nearly all scientific research, it has not proved of general use in the daily work of the world. It is too costly, and can only be employed in the study of light, and, withal, the spectroscopic department of this branch of physics is a limited one. In the use of the spectroscope in studying the light of the sun there has been noticed a peculiar darkening of the solar spectrum, that appeared to be due to causes in the air, and not in the sun. In the colored band of the solar spectrum there appear, between the orange and yellow, a group of dark lines, the largest of which is known as the sodium line, and is marked "D" on the spectrum maps. This line is due to the presence of sodium in the sun, and is one of the most familiar of the absorption bands. Near this line is the group of lines known as the rain-band, a series of absorption lines due to the presence of invisible watery vapor in the atmosphere. In large spectroscopes this rain-band, when at its best, appears as a group of lines and hazy bars, and, by studying the changes in the number and intensity of these lines, something can be learned directly of the amount of watery vapor in the air, and indirectly concerning the weather for the next following day. If all the lines are visible, there is much vapor in the air, and, though the sky may be cloudless, rain may be expected very soon. If all, or nearly all, disappear, the following day will be pleasant. From this study of the rain-band in the spectroscope, it appears possible to predict the weather one or two days in advance with tolerable certainty. A spectroscope showing all the details of the rain-band group of lines would cost too much for ordinary purposes, and smaller and cheaper instruments have been recently introduced. These are not intended to show a very fine spectrum, but only enough of the red and green where the rain-band may be found. These spectroscopes are inserted in a small brass tube, about three inches long, that can be easily carried in the vest pocket. In the one examined, provision is made for adjusting the focus of the eye-piece by drawing out a telescopic slide. To adjust the slit of the prism, a small screw is placed at the side of the tube. It was dull and cloudy at the time, but on pointing it to the sky and looking through it, the rain-band could be seen as a thin line between the orange and yellow. Heavy rain followed the next day. It was not convenient to make further study of the subject with the instrument, but it appeared to be well made and properly adjusted to its work. In using this form of spectroscope, it should be pointed to the sky at a few degrees above the horizon, a north or west aspect being the best. No rules appear to be laid down as to the study of the band seen in these small spectroscopes, for the group of lines is here condensed into a single band; yet there seems to be no difficulty, after a little practice, in learning to judge of the amount of vapor in the air, and from this to infer the probable behavior of the weather.



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Swedenborg on Civil Service Reform.

"THERE appeared to me some spirits \* \* \* who said that, when in the world, they had been in stations of great dignity, and that they deserved to be preferred to others, and to command them. They were examined by the angels, to ascertain what their character intrinsically was; and it was found that, in discharging the duties of the offices which they had filled in the world, they had not had regard to uses, but to themselves, and thus that they had preferred themselves to uses. But as they intensely desired, and were urgently solicitous, to be set over others, it was granted to them to take a place among some whose office it was to consult about matters of superior importance; when it was perceived that they were unable to attend at all to the business that was being considered, or to see things interiorly in themselves, and that, in their speeches, they did not regard the use of the matter in question, but some use connected with themselves; and further, that they wished to act from their arbitrary pleasure, according to personal favor. They were therefore dismissed from that function, and left to seek employment for themselves elsewhere. They went on, therefore, \* \* \* and were occasionally received upon trial; but they were everywhere told that they thought of nothing but themselves, and of no matter of business except with a view to themselves; consequently, that they were stupid, and were only like corporeal, sensual spirits. On which account, wherever they went, they were soon sent away again. After some time, I saw them reduced to the greatest destitution, so as to ask for alms."—[Swedenborg's "Treatise on Hell," paragraph 563.]

### "Nigger Mighty Happy."

#### PLANTATION SONG.

Hog start a-runnin' when de overseer callin';  
Whipperwill holler when de jew-draps fallin';  
Duck keep a-quackin' when de hard rain po'in';  
Crows flock togedder when de young corn growin';  
Pig gwine to squeal when de milk-maid churnin';  
Nigger mighty happy when de blackberries turnin'!

Squ'el go to jumpin' when de scaly-barks comin';  
Bee-martin sail when de honey-bee hummin';  
Lean horse nicker when de punkin-vine spreadin';  
Rabbit back his ear when de cabbage-stalk headin';  
Rooster start a-crowin' when de broad day breakin';  
Nigger mighty happy when de hoe-cake bakin'!

Big fish flutter when he done catch de cricket;  
Bullfrog libely when he singin' in de thicket;  
Mule git slicker when de plantin'-time over;  
Colt mighty ga'ly when you turn him in de clover;  
An' it come mighty handy to de nigger man nater  
When he soppin' in de gravy wid a big yam 'tater!

Black-snake waitin' while de old hen hatchin';  
Sparrer-hawk lookin' while de little chicken scratchin';  
Big owl jolly when de little bird singin';  
'Possum gwine to clam whar de ripe 'simmons  
    swingin';  
Nigger mighty happy—ef he aint wuf a dollar,—  
When he startin' out co'tin' wid a tall stan'in' collar!

*J. A. Macon.*

#### Free.

A DOVE lay caught in a fowler's snare;  
By cruel cords her wings were pressed,  
Ruffled was all her plumage fair,  
And her heart beat fast in her panting breast.

But the fowler loosened each cord and twist,  
He smoothed her ruffled plumes, and then  
Her snowy bosom he gently kissed  
And bade her seek the skies again.

And the fowler sighed; for, safe and fair  
In summer skies, he knew that she  
Would think of the cord and the cruel snare,  
But not of the hand that set her free.

*Walter Learned.*

#### Ballade of Rhyme.

WHEN blossoms born of balmy spring  
Breathe fragrance in the pleasant shade  
Of branches where the blue-birds sing,  
Their hearts with music overweighed;  
When brooks go babbling through the glade,  
And over rocks the grasses climb  
To greet the sunshine, half-afraid,—  
How easy 'tis to write a rhyme!

When invitations are a-wing  
For gay Terpsichore's parade;  
When dreamy waltzes stir the string  
And jewels flash on rich brocade,  
Where Paris dresses are displayed,  
And slippered feet keep careful time;—  
In winter, when the roses fade,  
How easy 'tis to write a rhyme!

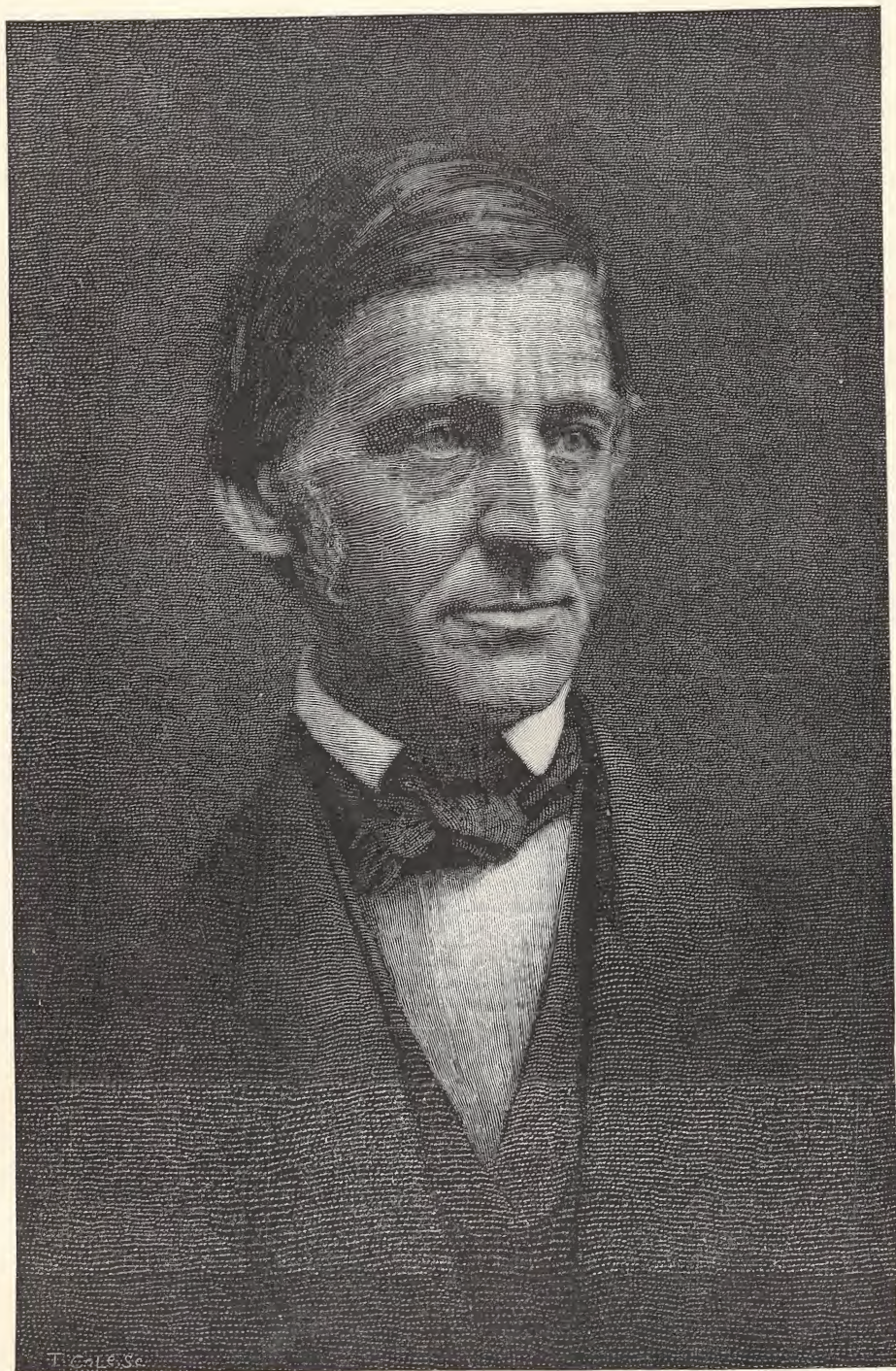
When by your side, with graceful swing,  
Some fair-faced, gentle girl has strayed,  
Willing and glad to have you bring  
Your claims for love and get them paid  
In kisses, smiles, and words that aid  
The bells of bliss to better chime;—  
When Cupid's rules are first obeyed,  
How easy 'tis to write a rhyme!

#### ENVOY.

Reader, forgive me, man or maid,  
Against Calliope this crime;  
And let this brief ballade persuade  
How easy 'tis to write a rhyme!

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*





*R. Waldo Emerson*



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## THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

WHEN in the early days Congress turned its back upon the cities in which it had been hospitably entertained, to adopt Washington's cherished idea of founding a "Federal City" on the bank of the Potomac, no time was lost in inviting proposals for a plan of a "Congress House." The architectural competition thus solicited was a serious disappointment to the young French engineer who had laid out the future city—Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant. He had served gallantly under Baron Von Steuben in the Revolutionary War,—his artistic taste had been recognized by the Society of the Cincinnati when it had adopted his designs for its insignia,—and his architectural ability had been formally approved by Congress, after he had fitted up a building for its accommodation in the city of New York. Commissioned by President Washington as the engineer who was to plot the Federal city, Major L'Enfant had selected the most commanding spot as the site for the legislative halls, which he was the first to designate, on his map, as "the Capitol." From this site, and from that selected for the erection of an executive mansion, a mile and a quarter distant, radiated broad avenues, intersecting at a variety of angles, rectangular streets laid out like those of ancient Babylon and modern Philadelphia.

President Washington approved Major L'Enfant's plan as well adapted for a great city of the future, and was especially pleased at the adoption of his suggestion that the Capitol should be placed at such a distance from the executive offices as to prevent the too frequent visits of congressmen. East of the site of the proposed Capitol was a broad plateau, where it was expected that the finest residences would be erected. The

greater portion of this land, therefore, was immediately purchased by the agents of foreign capitalists, who then asked such high prices for building-lots that no one would purchase, and it was for this reason that the new city was begun in the swamps and on the hillocks west of Capitol Hill, and now lies mainly at the back door of the Capitol. Major L'Enfant meanwhile quarreled with the commissioners, and one of the rebukes which they administered to him was their advertisement for designs for the "Congress House," offering a premium of five hundred dollars, or a gold medal, for the best plans offered. Sixteen designs were submitted, and they have all been pronounced by modern architects very bad,—many of them below contempt, and some bordering on the ludicrous. When they were shown to President Washington, he was "more agreeably struck with Judge Turner's plan than with any other," as it embraced a dome, which, in his opinion, "would give a beauty and grandeur to the pile." The President finally gave his formal approval to a plan drawn by Dr. William Thornton, a native of one of the British West India Islands, who had been made the first clerk in charge of patents, and who possessed many accomplishments, among them an acquaintance with architectural drawing. Of his water-color sketch of the proposed edifice, showing a central rotunda, crowned by a dome, Washington wrote that, in it "grandeur, simplicity, and convenience were combined." But Thornton was not a practical architect, and the commissioners were obliged to engage Stephen Hallett, a professional French architect, to reduce Thornton's designs to practical form.

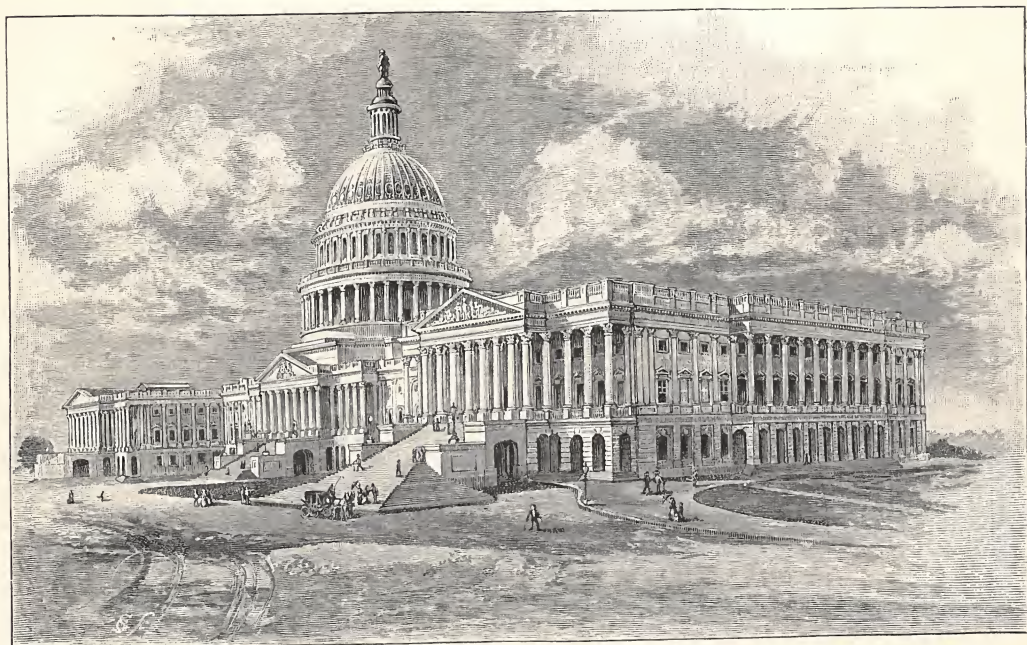


President Washington, aided by his brother Freemasons of Georgetown and Alexandria, laid the corner-stone of the Capitol under what is now the Law Library, on the 18th day of September, 1793. The exterior walls were constructed of yellow sandstone, from a quarry opened for the purpose on a small island at the mouth of Acquia Creek, where it empties into the Potomac River. The brick for the interior work was made and burned in kilns upon the spot, and much of the timber was cut on the neighboring hills. The north or Senate wing was first erected. The architect and the commissioners soon disagreed, and Hallett was superseded by James Hoban, an Irishman, who had come from Charleston to superintend the erection of the President's house. Nor was it long before Hoban was in turn superseded by George Hatfield, an Englishman, who was recommended by Benjamin West as possessing a knowledge of the theory of civil architecture superior to that of any other young man in England.

The Federal Government migrated from Philadelphia to Washington in October, 1800, and it became necessary to crowd both Houses of Congress into the north wing, which was the only finished portion of the building. The Senate Chamber was an imposing and beautiful apartment, modeled after the ancient Greek theaters, with a gallery behind the chair of the presiding officer, supported by caryatides representing the States. North

and South Carolina stood as sisters, with interlocked arms, while Massachusetts led, as a child, Maine, then a district dependent on her. When Thomas Jefferson, as Vice-President of the United States, called the Senate to order for the first time in its new chamber, on the 17th of November, 1800, there were only thirty-two senators representing the sixteen States. Now there are seventy-six senators, representing thirty-eight States. As the Senate generally sat with closed doors, all that is known of its deliberations is what has been preserved in the private journals kept by some of the senators. These show that the men who are now alluded to as dignified and patriotic statesmen, who shaped with unswerving purpose and firm hands the new system of national government, were very much like the senators of to-day,—some of them possessing fiery tempers, great personal ambition, sensitiveness to criticism, and obstinate adherence to hastily formed opinions. Speeches were then never written in advance of their delivery, to be read from the manuscript or from printed slips; but it was a common thing for senators to write full reports of what they had said, for publication in the newspapers. The first House of Representatives which met at Washington had Theodore Sedgwick of Massachusetts as its Speaker, and was, as a legislative body, far abler than the Senate.

The grounds around the Capitol were roughly graded, and stables were erected for



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON (EAST FRONT).





THE CAPITOL, FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE (WEST FRONT).

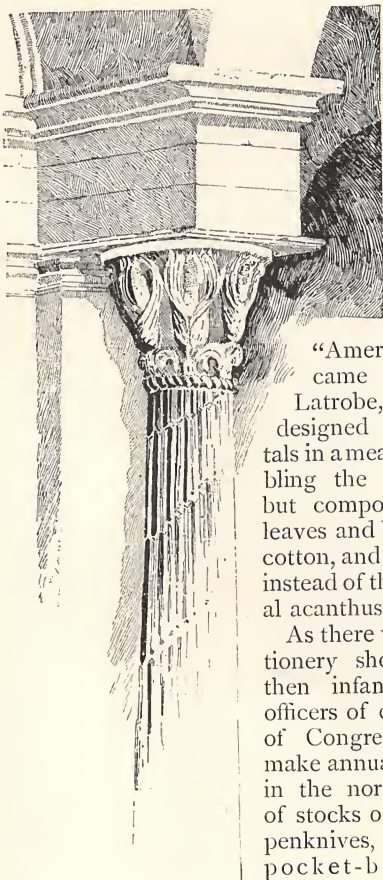
the accommodation of those congressmen who came from Georgetown to attend the daily sessions on horseback, or in the English mail-coach belonging to the Union Tavern there, with seats on the top and behind, which John Randolph christened "The Royal George." Near the Senate wing of the Capitol was a barber's shop, the interior of which was surrounded by glass cases filled with the wigs belonging to those senators and representatives who had not discarded them. They would visit the barber's shop in the morning, be shaved, and have a freshly dressed wig put on, leaving the wigs that they had worn to be combed, oiled, and brushed for the next day.

The House of Representatives, at first located in a room designed for the Secretary of the Senate, removed in 1801 into a low building of elliptical shape, which had been temporarily erected within the foundations of the external walls of the south wing, and which, from its general appearance, was familiarly known as "the oven." Seven years

later, the House took possession of the majestic hall designed for it, although the decorations had not been completed. This hall, which is modeled after the theaters of ancient Greece, is now the National Statuary Gallery, containing what a wag told a verdant sight-seer were "the United States statutes at large."

The central rotunda (*rotundo* it was always called in the "National Intelligencer") had not then been begun, and the extremities of the Capitol, in which the Houses of Congress were located, were connected by a covered wooden passage-way. President Jefferson appointed Benjamin Henry Latrobe, a well-educated Englishman, architect, under whose direction a great deal of ornamental work was sculptured in freestone by a number of Italians imported from Rome. Jefferson, when President, used personally to supervise the work of these sculptors, in which he took a great interest, especially in the columns supporting the dome of what is now the vestibule to the Law Library. The design for these was composed of a bundle of corn-stalks with





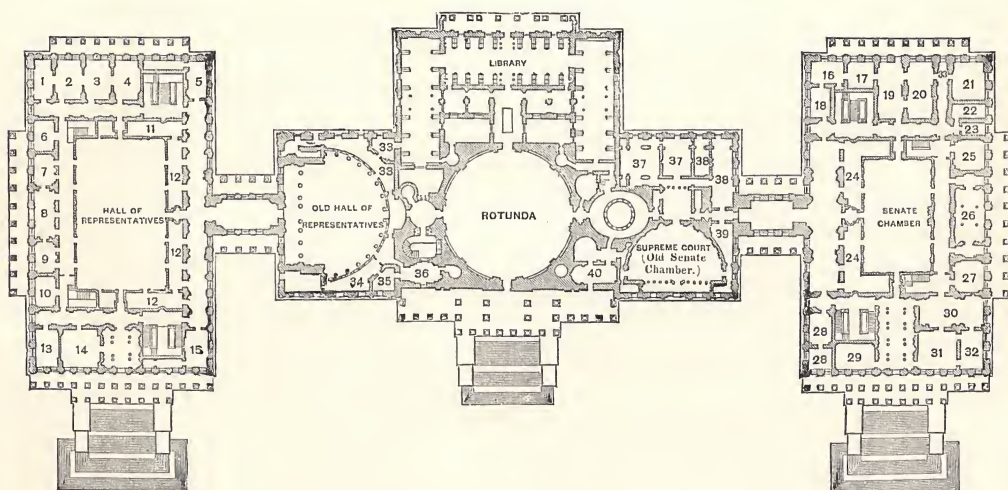
LATROBE'S CORN COLUMN.

the half-husked ears as the capitals—"the corn-cob capitals," as John Randolph called them. The suggestion of this "American order" came from Mr. Latrobe, who also designed some capitals in a measure resembling the Corinthian, but composed of the leaves and blossoms of cotton, and of tobacco, instead of the traditional acanthus.

As there were no stationery shops in the then infant city, the officers of each House of Congress used to make annual purchases in the northern cities of stocks of stationery, penknives, scissors, pocket-books, etc., which were disposed of to Congressmen at

cost,—a practice which has been continued to this day. It also appears, by the accounts of the "contingent expenses" of Congress early in the present century, that large quantities of "sirup" were purchased for consumption at the Capitol; and there is a tradition that this "sirup" was French brandy, Holland gin, and Jamaica rum. Each House had among its officials "pen-makers," who became acquainted with the exact kind of pen used by the senator or representative whose goose-quills were intrusted to their care, making or mending pens which had "fine points" or "broad nibs." There was also in an anteroom of each House a "sealer," who stood behind a table on which was a lighted candle, and sealed with red wax packages or letters brought him, using the private seal of the member sending them, or an official seal.

The impeachment of Judge Samuel Chase of Maryland, in 1805, marks an era in the chronicles of the Capitol. The Senate chamber was elaborately fitted up as a high court of impeachment, with the senators sitting as judges on a semicircular platform on either side of the Vice-President presiding,—Aaron Burr. Places were assigned for the members of the House, the Diplomatic Corps, and a few spectators. The trial demonstrated the violence of party feeling, and showed that while Judge Chase was an arrogant and impulsive man, with strong political prejudices, he had not rendered himself liable to dismissal from the bench. It was said of Aaron Burr at this trial, that he "presided with the dig-



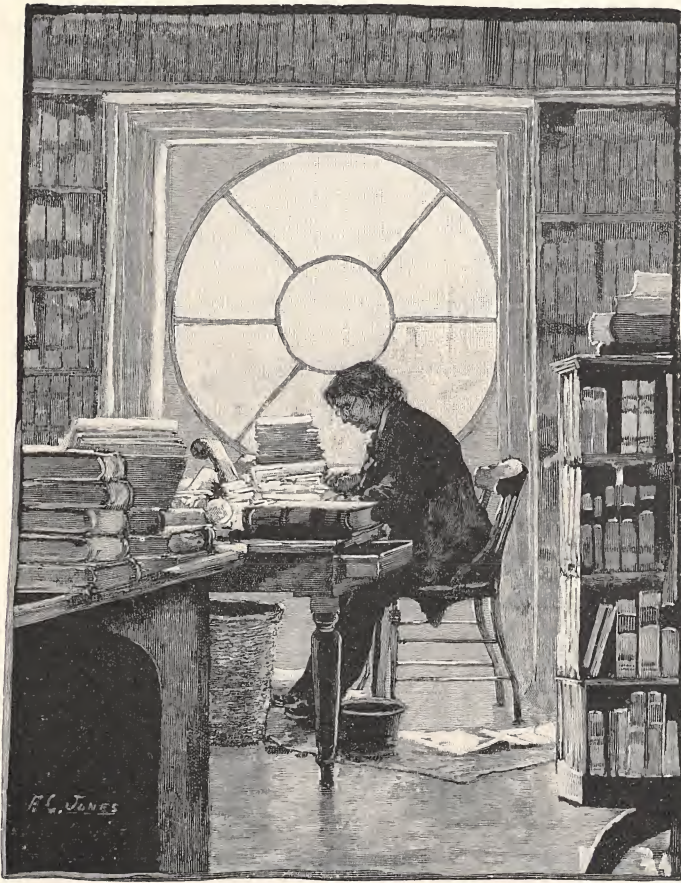
SOUTH WING.

GROUND PLAN OF THE CAPITOL.

NORTH WING.

1. Office of the Speaker. 2. Office of the Sergeant-at-Arms. 3. Engrossing Clerks of the House. 4. Journal and Printing Clerks. 5. Office of the Clerk. 10. Lobby. 12. Cloak-rooms. 13, 14, 15. Committee-rooms. 16. Office of the Secretary of the Senate. 17. Executive Clerk. 18. Financial Clerk. 19. Chief Clerk. 20. Engrossing and Enrolling Clerks. 21. Committee on Appropriations. 23. Committee on Enrolled Bills. 24. Cloak-rooms. 25. The Room of the President of the United States. 26. The Senators' Withdrawing-room. 27. The Vice-President's Room. 28. Committee on Finance. 29. Official Reporters of Debates. 30. Reception-room. 31. Post-office. 32. Office of the Sergeant-at-Arms. 33. House Document-room. 34. House Stationery-room. 35, 36. House Committee-rooms. 37. Office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court. 38. Robbing-room of the Judges. 39. Withdrawing-room of the Supreme Court. 40. Office of the Marshal of the Supreme Court.





IN THE SENATE LIBRARY.

nity and the impartiality of an angel, but with the vigor of a devil." A few years later he was himself on trial for treason, while Senator John Smith, of Ohio, one of those who had sat in judgment in the Chase impeachment trial, only missed by one vote expulsion for his connection with Burr and Blennerhassett.

The "War of 1812," as it was called, gave great importance to Congress, and both Houses often sat with closed doors, discussing plans submitted by the Executive for organizing success. In August, 1814, an invading force ascended Chesapeake Bay, landed without opposition, and marched on Washington. After the main body of the British troops had reached the Capitol, Admiral Cockburn (who commanded jointly with General Ross), ordered a regiment to march into the hall of the House of Representatives, the drums and fifes playing "The British Grenadiers." When the hall was filled with troops, Admiral Cockburn seated himself in the Speaker's chair and said: "Attention! Shall this harbor of Yankee Democracy be burned? All for it

will say Aye! Contrary opinion, No!" There was an affirmative shout, and the soldiers soon scattered themselves through the building, firing army rockets through the roof and building fires on the floors with the books, papers, and furniture. Much of the lumber which had been used in the interior construction was pitch-pine, which burned freely, while the columns and ornamental work of sandstone were calcined into dust.

The people in every section of the United States appeared to feel deeply the wanton and barbarous destruction of the Capitol and other public buildings at Washington, and urged their reconstruction in accordance with the original plans. Liberal appropriations for this purpose were voted with great unanimity, and Latrobe, who had gone West, was recalled to superintend the rebuilding of the Capitol. He resigned, however, in 1817, and Charles Bulfinch, of Massachusetts, an educated and accomplished architect, was placed in charge of the work.

The halls of the Senate and of the House of Representatives were immediately rebuilt,



Congress meanwhile occupying a structure erected by the citizens of Washington for their temporary use. The Senate chamber, now the Supreme Court room, was the first portion of the Capitol reconstructed, and it became the scene of the famous oratorical contests that took place between the intellectual giants who occupied its curule chairs, whose memories, like the remains of the mastodon, will long excite the wonder and admiration of posterity. Generally speaking, the proceedings in the Senate were colloquial, resembling the meetings of boards of directors of banks or similar institutions. A resolution would be offered, amended, discussed, and passed, within a quarter of an hour; and the Senate, with an occasional day for set speeches, managed to transact its business between twelve and three o'clock, invariably adjourning over from Thursday until the following Monday. This dispatch of the real business of the session was ended when the proceedings were reported verbatim by stenographers. When every word was recorded, to be printed and distributed over the land at public expense, senators became prolix.

This was the beginning of the period of great constitutional debates, in which the prominent figure was Daniel Webster. When it was known that he was to have the floor in the Senate chamber, it would be crowded by people who often cared but little for the subject under discussion, but wanted to see and to hear Webster. Nor were they ever disappointed, either in the personal appearance of the orator or the intellectual banquet which he provided. His stalwart figure was always arrayed in the old Whig colors of "blue and buff"; his massive head was firmly set on his square shoulders; his swarthy complexion was at times radiant with smiles, displaying his excellent teeth; his black, wily eyes gleamed in cavernous recesses beneath shaggy eyebrows, and his firm jaws showed his mastiff-like grip on whatever question he took hold of. He rarely spoke in the Senate without preparation, and he would never permit the publication of the reports made of his remarks by the stenographers until he had carefully revised them, often rejecting pages and substituting new sentences. His genial and liberal nature made him a great favorite among the senators, who were always ready to enjoy his hospitality, either at Washington or at Marshfield.

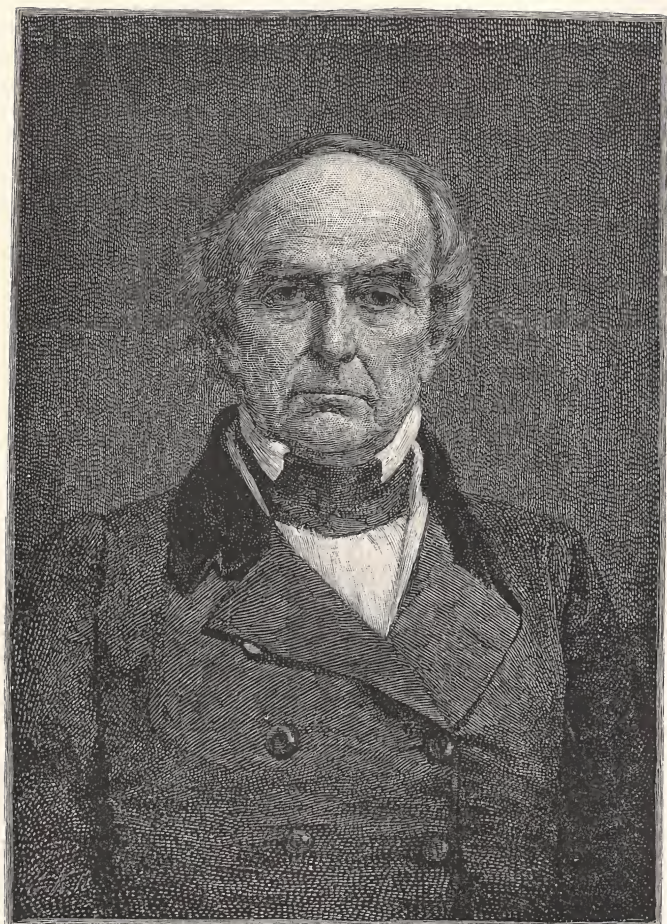
Henry Clay, who left a seat in the Senate for one in the House, but after many years' service at the other end of the Capitol returned to the Senate chamber, exercised a powerful control over the politics of the re-

public. Idolized by the Whig party, his wonderful powers of personal magnetism, and his rich, manly voice would enable him to hold an audience for hours. He made but little preparation, and used but few notes in speaking; but when he wrote out his remarks for the press, his manuscript was remarkably neat, without interlineations or blots. He seldom indulged in classical allusions, and his occasional attempts to make quotations of English poetry were generally failures. On one occasion, he used the well-known phrase from Hamlet, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," but misquoted the last syllable, calling it "un-strung." The gentlemen who sat on either side of him noticed the error, and simultaneously whispered "unwrung." This double prompting confused "Young Harry of the West," who straightened himself, and with stronger emphasis repeated "unhung." This raised a general laugh, at the close of which Clay, who had meanwhile ascertained his mistake, shook his head, and said with one of his inimitable smiles: "Ah! murder will out! Unwrung's the word." The fascination which he exercised over all with whom he had personal intercourse,—even his political adversaries,—was remarkable; but he was imperious and domineering, exacting unconditional and unqualified support as the price of his friendship.

John C. Calhoun was among the purest of American statesmen. His political enemies could find no opprobrious epithet for him but "Catiline," and could accuse him of no crime but an inordinate political ambition. As Webster said, when pronouncing his eulogy: "He had no recreations, and he never seemed to feel the necessity for amusements." He never was subjected to that ordeal of newspaper slander through which nearly all of our public men have had to pass, and his only fault was a thirst for political power, to gratify which he would rather "reign in hell than serve in heaven." When he last entered the Senate chamber, during the discussion of the compromise measures of 1850, he looked like a skeleton summoned from the tomb and inspired by indomitable zeal. Unable to speak audibly, he gave the argument which he had prepared to Senator Mason to read, but his eagle eyes followed the utterance of every word, occasionally glancing at Clay and Webster as if to note the effect produced on them. Not many days had elapsed before they were called upon to eulogize him in the Capitol.

Inferior in intellectual ability to Webster, Clay, or Calhoun, Thomas Hart Benton had no superior as a man of iron will and haughty





*Lord Wellesley*



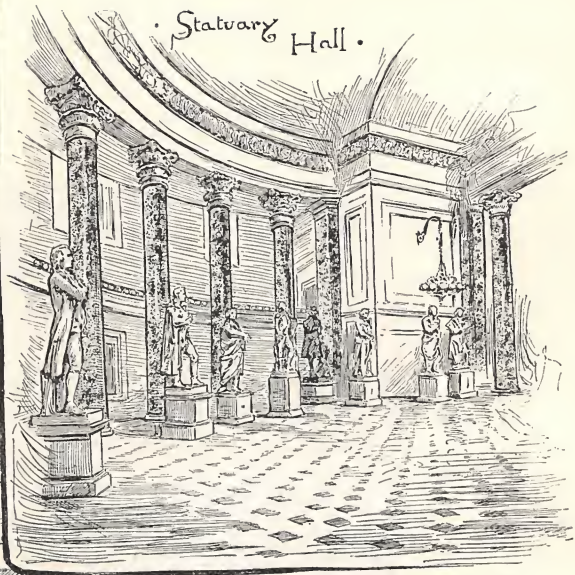


GEORGE WASHINGTON

The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this Statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to  
**GEORGE WASHINGTON**  
 who uniting to the endowments of a Hero the virtues of the Patriot and exerting both in establishing the Liberties of his Country has rendered his name dear to his Fellow Citizens and given the world an immortal example of true Glory Done in the year of

**CHRIST**

One thousand seven hundred and eighty three and in the year of the Commonwealth the



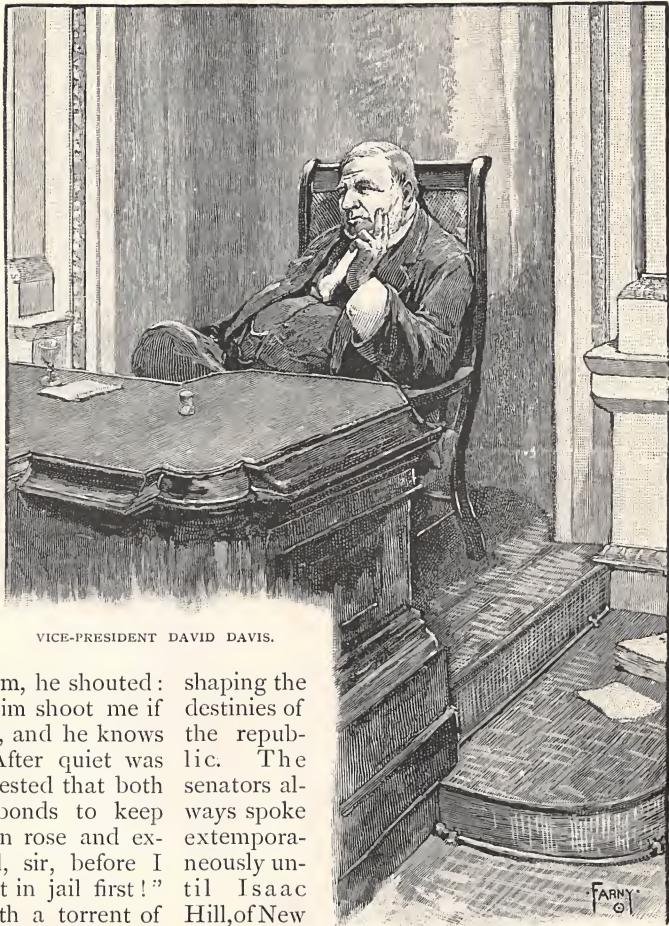
Statuary Hall.



*Richd.*



disposition, during the twenty-nine years and seven months that he served continuously in the United States Senate. Aggressive, bold, and defiant, he would occasionally strike out recklessly at everything and everybody about him, like the huge wild buffaloes of the Missouri prairies, treading his opponents beneath his feet in his angry rush. His greatest display of ungovernable rage in the Senate chamber was when, in an angry debate, he advanced with threatening gestures toward Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who, fearing that he was to be attacked, drew a small pocket-pistol. The sight of this weapon made Benton uncontrollable, and, endeavoring to shake off the



VICE-PRESIDENT DAVID DAVIS.

grasp of friends who seized him, he shouted: "The cowardly assassin, let him shoot me if he dares. I never carry arms, and he knows it. Let the assassin fire!" After quiet was somewhat restored, Clay suggested that both senators should enter into bonds to keep the peace, upon which Benton rose and exclaimed: "I will rot in jail, sir, before I will do it! No, sir! I will rot in jail first!" and he proceeded to pour forth a torrent of bitter invective on Foote before he could be quieted. Even when he was defeated in seeking a reelection for the sixth time to the Senate, and was forced to accept a seat in the House of Representatives, Benton failed to display a chastened ambition or a softened heart.

There were other senators who were dwarfed by the great reputations of the four great leaders, but who were far above the average senator of to-day as orators and useful legislators. Preston of South Carolina, and Pinckney of Maryland, silver-tongued speakers, would hurl their well-rounded sentences upon their audiences, like the discharge of shot from a Gatling gun. Silas Wright, making no pretensions to oratory, dealt with facts as he found them, and made speeches that the farmers and mechanics of the country regarded as judicial decisions. From the South and West came other noted senators, some of them spicing their sentences with the idiosyncrasies of the "stump" oratory of their respective localities,—men whose utterances exercised a potent influence in

shaping the destinies of the republic. The senators always spoke extemporaneously until Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire,

an editor by profession, set the example of reading long speeches.

The old hall of the House of Representatives, now the National Gallery of Statuary, was rebuilt, after having been destroyed by the British troops, in its original fine proportions, except that the semicircular colonnade was ornamented with columns of breccia, or "pudding-stone," with capitals of white Italian marble, modeled after those in the temple of Jupiter Stator, at Rome. They were once referred to in debate as "colossal Bologna sausages, with the upper ends dipped in table-salt." Noble as are the proportions of this grand old hall, it was found ill-adapted for legislative debate. The representatives could hear the Speaker, but they could not hear each other, and there were perplexing echoes which still remain, and are revealed to visitors by the attendants, who also show curious resemblances to distinguished faces in the cemented pebbles which form the columns.

It was in this old hall that Henry Clay,





JOHN RANDOLPH.

then Speaker of the House, welcomed Lafayette as the nation's guest, and John Quincy Adams pronounced the gallant Frenchman's eulogy. There, the great parliamentary battles were fought over the admission of Missouri, the tariff, the United States Bank, and nullification, with their kindred issues. There, that pernicious doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils," was infused like a malig-

nant poison into our body politic. There, the old Whig party had its rise and fall, and there the Republican party was launched upon the stormiest of political seas.

The despot of the debates for many years was the eccentric John Randolph, who would ride on horseback from his lodgings in Georgetown to the Capitol, and enter the House, wearing a fur cap with a large visor, a heavy great-coat





EDMUNDS.



LAMAR.



ANTHONY.



BAYARD.



HARRISON.



WINDOM.

A GROUP OF SENATORS.

over a suit of Virginia homespun, and white-topped boots with jingling silver spurs. Striding down the main aisle, followed by his brace of pointer-dogs, he would stop before his desk, upon which he would deliberately place his cap, his gloves, and his riding-whip, listening meanwhile to the debate. If he took any interest in it, he would begin to speak at the first opportunity, without any regard to what had previously been said. After he had uttered a few sentences (and had drunk a glass of porter, which an assistant door-keeper had orders to bring whenever he rose to speak), his tall, meager form would writhe with passion; his long, bony index-finger would be pointed at those on whom he poured his wrath; and the expression of his

beardless, high-cheeked, and sallow countenance would give additional force to the brilliant and beautiful sentences which he would rapidly utter, full of stinging witticisms and angry sarcasm. So distinct was his enunciation, that his shrill voice could be heard in every part of the hall; his words were select and strictly grammatical, and the arrangement of his remarks was always harmonious and effective.

Randolph, having had a dinner-table difficulty with Willis Alston, of North Carolina, never let pass an opportunity for alluding to him in the most bitter and contemptuous manner. Alston, enraged one day by some language used by Randolph in debate,



A CARD TO A "MEMBER."

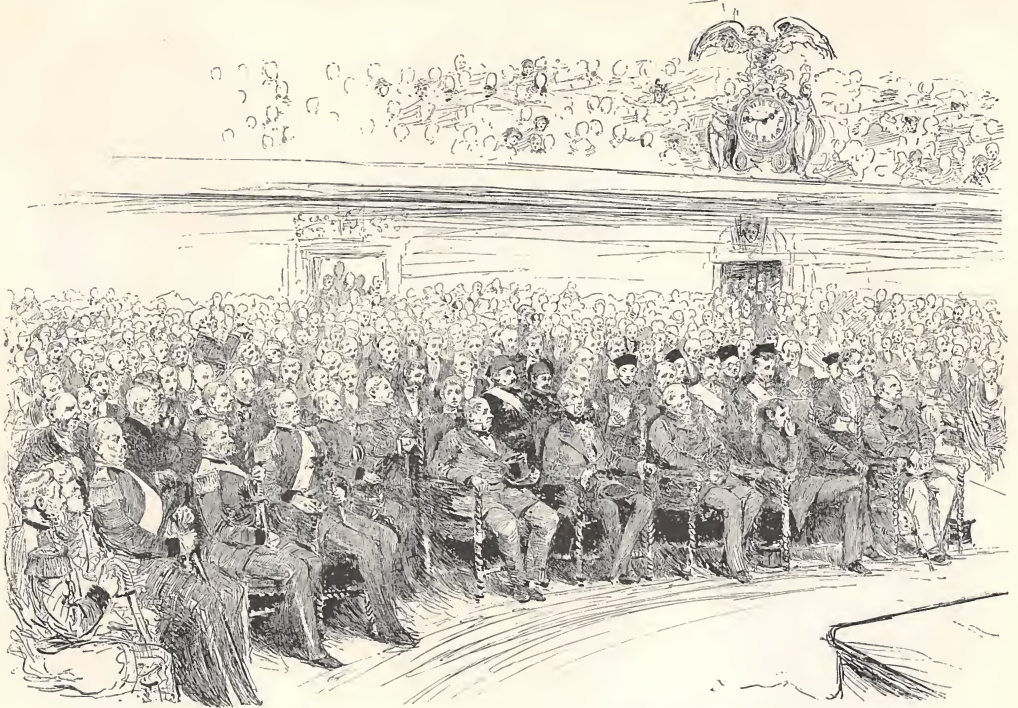


A PERSISTENT LOBBYIST.



IN THE CLOAK-ROOM.



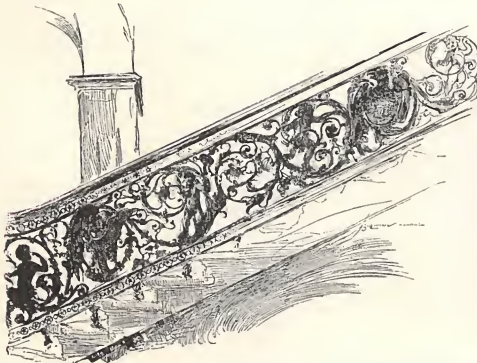


Hancock. Sheridan. Sherman.  
General Officers of the Army.

Members of the Cabinet.  
SKETCH OF THE SCENE IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

said, as the representatives were leaving the hall and Randolph was passing him: "The puppy has still some respect shown him." Whether the allusion referred to Randolph or to one of his pointer-dogs, which was following him, was afterward a question, but Randolph immediately began beating Alston over the head with the handle of his heavy riding-whip, inflicting several wounds. The next day the Grand Jury, which was in session, indicted Randolph for a breach of the peace, but the court allowed him to offer the remark about the puppy as evidence in extenuation, and inflicted a fine of twenty dollars.

Among a little corps of Congressional

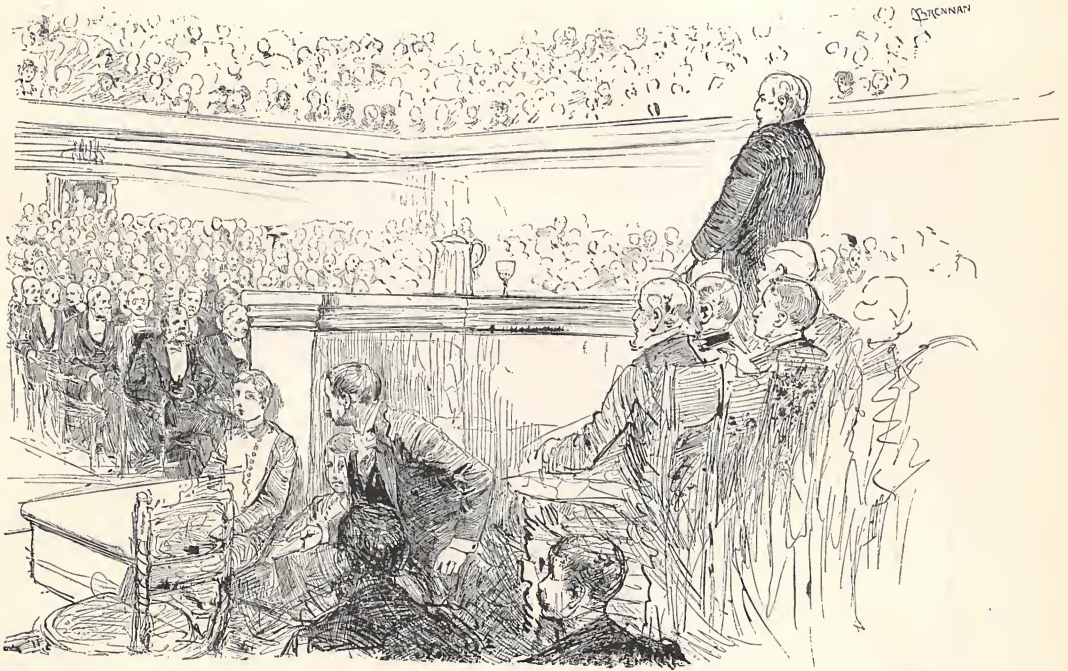


PART OF BRONZE STAIRCASE BY BAUDIN IN THE SENATE WING.

adherents which Randolph ruled with a scepter of iron, was Daniel Sheffey, one of his Virginian colleagues in the House, who had risen by his ability and his industry from a shoe-maker's bench to a seat in Congress. After having obediently followed Randolph's lead for some time, Sheffey ventured, during a debate, to speak and to act for himself in opposition to the "Lord of Roanoke." This Randolph resented, making a personal attack upon the deserting henchman, in which he upbraided him with his low origin, and quoted the Latin proverb: "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*,"—"The cobbler should stick to his last." Sheffey did not receive his punishment with humility, but retorted pluckily, admitting his humble origin, but asserting that, had Mr. Randolph been in his place, he never would have risen from it, but would have remained a cobbler all his life. Replies and rejoinders were kept up for nearly two days, and the once friendly leader and follower worried each other like angry bull-dogs, until the House dragged them apart.

During the debate on the Missouri question, Mr. Philemon Beecher, a native of Connecticut who had emigrated to Ohio, and had there been elected a representative, became somewhat impatient as his dinner-hour approached, and at last, when Randolph made a somewhat lengthy pause, moved "the





The President.

DURING THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL SERVICES.

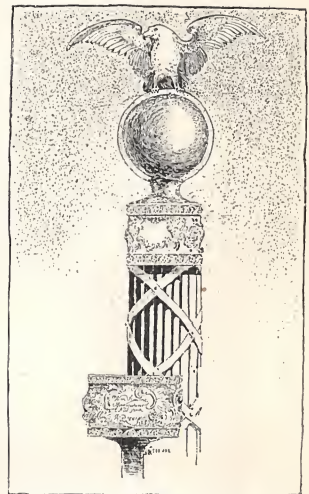
Mr. Blaine.

previous question." The Speaker said, "The gentleman from Virginia has the floor," and Randolph proceeded, to be again interrupted when he paused again to collect his thoughts, by a demand for "the previous question"; nor was it long before the demand was made for the third time. Randolph could stand it no longer, but said, in a voice as shrill as the cry of a peacock: "Mr. Speaker, in the Netherlands, a man of small capacity, with bits of wood and leather, will in a few moments construct that which, with the pressure of the finger and thumb, will cry 'Cuckoo! cuckoo!' With less ingenuity and with inferior materials, the people of Ohio have made a toy that will, without much pressure, cry, 'Previous question! previous question!'" and, as he spoke, Randolph pointed with his attenuated index-finger at Beecher, who did not attempt a reply.

Years afterward, John Quincy Adams rivaled Randolph as a fomenter of discord, whose delight it was to raise a storm of debate. When "the old man eloquent" would rise to address the House, during one of the cyclones of sectional passion which he had started, his bald head resembled a polished globe of white marble; but, as he proceeded (assailed on all sides, but standing like a sturdy oak in a tempest), it began to assume a scarlet look, and would at last be-

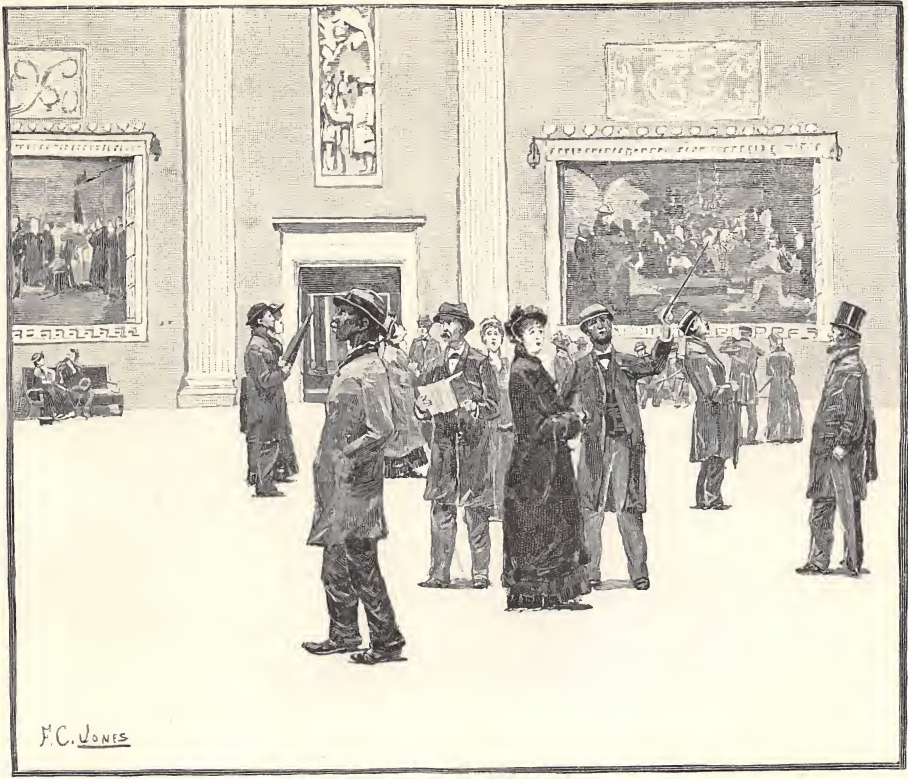
come a bright crimson. Cold-blooded, clear-headed, logical, and merciless,—caring nothing about consistency or inconsistency, except as a weapon to use against others,—no insinuation or sarcasm exasperated him, and attacks on him were like throwing fire-crackers at an iceberg.

It was in the old hall of the House that Caleb Cushing displayed that political sleight-of-hand which enabled him to make the flimsiest supposition appear like a "fixed fact"; and there Robert Toombs, towering above those around him like a Titan, poured forth with rapid utterance his caustic antagonism to the budding doctrines of emancipation. There Corwin convulsed his hearers with his wit and humor, and Edward Everett, fresh



THE MACE.





IN THE ROTUNDA.

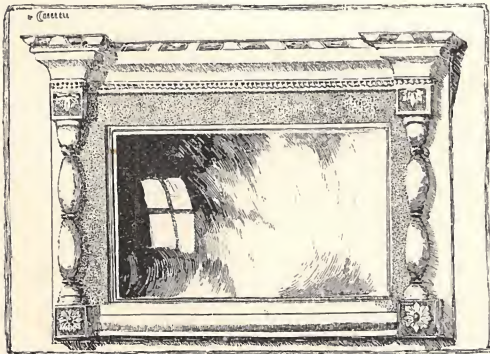
from his pulpit, established his reputation as an accomplished orator.

When the old hall was first occupied by the House, many of the representatives came from the backwoods, and were but little acquainted with the courtesies and refinements of civilized life. There was a striking difference between them and the dignified, polite, soldier-statesmen of the Revolutionary epoch, and occasionally, when angry, they would draw in debate the weapons which they invariably carried, while the sergeant-at-arms, bearing aloft his "mace," would hasten

to place himself between the excited combatants. Yet this type of an American citizen, which has been portrayed in fiction as "Nimrod Wildfire" and "Roaring Ralph Stackpole," possessed many of those stern Roman virtues that teach the personal sacrifice of the legislator to the rights, the interests, and the welfare of his constituents.

It was not until 1818 that Congress made the necessary appropriations for building the central rotunda. When its eastern portico was completed, its tympanum was adorned by an allegorical group, sculptured in high relief from designs by John Quincy Adams, when Secretary of State. Beneath this group, on a temporary platform built over the broad stair-way, the oath of office has been administered to each successive President during the past half-century. The impressive scene reminds one who has passed Holy Week in Rome of the assembled populace congregated before St. Peter's on Easter Sunday to receive the blessing of the Pope. The resemblance is heightened by a salute from a light battery stationed near by, which is echoed by the great guns at the Navy Yard, at the Arsenal, and at Fort Washington.

In the central portion of the Capitol, west



OLD MIRROR IN THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S ROOM. [SEE P. 817.]



of the rotunda, is the Library of Congress. After the destruction of the original library by the British, Congress purchased the collection of books made by Mr. Jefferson, and there are now about six hundred thousand books and pamphlets, many of which are piled up, waiting for shelf-room in the proposed new Library building. For many years, the Library, —with its portico overlooking the city,—its books, and its engravings, was the favorite morning resort of the literary and fashionable society congregated at Washington during the sessions of Congress.

In 1827 Mr. Bulfinch, the architect of the Capitol, reported the edifice completed, and returned to Boston. The stately building, with its low dome and its ranges of columns, was the admiration of architects; and William H. Seward once spoke of it as "perfect in design, perfect in proportion, perfect in all its adaptations." Even Mrs. Trollope, mother of the recently deceased novelist (and the author of a sarcastic book of travels in the United States), was impressed with "the beauty and majesty of the Capitol, standing so finely high and alone,—an object of imposing beauty to the whole country adjacent."

As the nation increased in size and in importance, the Capitol became too circumscribed for the use of Congress, and it was thought by many devoted friends of the Union that the enlargement of the edifice might serve as an additional tie to bind the country together. Several plans were presented, but the first suggestion that north and south wings should be added was made by Jefferson Davis, then a senator from Mississippi, and a member of the committee on public buildings and grounds. Mr. Mills, a Washington architect, adopting this suggestion, submitted to Congress designs for the proposed wings and a new dome. The necessary appropriations for commencing the wings were made, and the corner-stone of one of them was laid with Masonic ceremonies on the 4th of July, 1851, Daniel Webster delivering an appropriate oration. The construction was begun by contract, under the direction of Thomas A. Walter, a Philadelphia architect; but great abuses were discovered, and the inspection of the work was given to Captain M. C. Meigs, of the United States Engineer Corps, an honest and efficient officer, who sacrificed the comfort of the congressmen by so changing the plans as to immure the two Houses in the centers of their respective wings, thus forming two hollow squares, in accordance with military tactics. The wings are built of white marble from the quarries at Lee, Massachusetts, with monolithic columns from Cockeysville, Maryland. The Senate cham-

ber has room on its floor for one hundred and twenty senators, and its galleries will accommodate a thousand spectators. The hall of the House is much larger than the Senate chamber, and will accommodate four hundred representatives on its floor, and two thousand spectators in its galleries.

Each House has its "Diplomatic Gallery," set apart for the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers, who, however, are rarely seen there. Above and back of the chairs of the presiding officers are the "Press Galleries," with adjacent telegraph offices, frequented by some sixty quick-witted and generally well-informed representatives of the leading journals of the country, who, like the Athenians, "spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Through the afternoon and late into the night the telegraph wires leading from the Capitol are busy with the reports of these correspondents, from which millions of citizens derive their daily information concerning legislative action.

The offices and committee-rooms of the Senate and the House, in the new wings, are elegant apartments, handsomely furnished, some of them having ceilings elaborately decorated in fresco. In the Vice-President's room (where Henry Wilson closed his active and useful life), visitors are shown in a closet the modest mirror, used half a century ago, the purchase of which was denounced in debate as a piece of extravagance. The committee-rooms are the hot-beds of legislation, in which the seed sown in the shape of petitions and memorials grows into bills and resolutions.

Descending into the subterranean regions of the Capitol, visitors find themselves in the heating and ventilating departments, where they are shown the intricate machinery, propelled by steam-engines, for removing the foul atmosphere from the legislative halls, and replacing it with pure air, heated in winter and cooled in summer.

During the great and angry discussions of the Kansas-Nebraska questions, the architect of the Capitol gave a supper at a night-session, at which he asked for an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for removing the old dome of the Capitol and beginning the construction of one better suited to the proportions of the enlarged edifice. The desired appropriation was made that night, and when Congress re-assembled the following December, the old dome had been removed, and every cent of the appropriation had been expended. There was much grumbling by the economists when another hundred thousand dollars was asked for, for the construction of a new dome; but the money was voted, and



the new structure was constructed of large plates of cast iron, bolted together on huge upright iron ribs, like those of a vessel. Its total weight is nine millions of pounds, and it is crowned with a bronze figure of America, by Crawford, which weighs nearly fifteen thousand pounds more, and stands about three hundred feet above the earth. The statue faces the east, turning its back upon the present location of the city, and looking down on the level plain where it was meant to be.

While the new dome was unfinished, the war of Secession broke out, and the Capitol grounds became the rendezvous of numerous regiments of loyal soldiers, who had hastened to the defense of the city. Many of these militiamen were quartered in the Capitol. Every pleasant afternoon they were drilled, and they were often visited by a tall, gaunt, ungainly man, whose high silk hat towered above helmets and pompons, and whose kind words to the soldiers secured their devotion to "Honest Old Abe," as they called him. Twice, during the first years of the war, the Capitol was used as a hospital, and scores of brave fellows died there.

The daily sessions of Congress are much the same. As the hour of noon approaches, the senators begin to congregate in their chamber. Sometimes little groups are formed, which chat merrily until a rap from the presiding officer commands silence. A prayer is then offered by the chaplain, who does not always have many devout hearers, and his "amen" is echoed by an order from the presiding officer that the journal of the last day's proceedings be read. Before he has concluded, nearly every senator is sure to be in his seat. Petitions are presented by senators, received, and referred by the presiding officer to the appropriate committees—usually never to be heard from again. Bills are introduced and ordered to be printed. Executive communications are received and referred to committees, and reports are made by committees on subjects which have been previously intrusted to them, often accompanied by bills which are at once considered and passed, or placed on the calendar, to be taken up in their order. After this routine business, bills on the calendar are successively considered until two o'clock, when the bill which has been made the order of the day is taken up. There is no limit to speaking in the Senate, and entire days are often occupied by a senator in giving his views on some measure which he regards as of importance to his constituents, although he may not have a dozen listeners.

Usually, one of the private secretaries of the President presents himself in the main aisle of

the Senate chamber about two o'clock in the afternoon. The assistant door-keeper stands at his right hand, and the presiding officer, availing himself of the first pause in the remarks of the senator having the floor, arrests him by saying: "The Senate will receive a message from the President of the United States!" The assistant door-keeper, making a profound obeisance, announces "A message from the President of the United States," and the secretary then says: "Mr. President, I am instructed by the President of the United States to present a message in writing." He then bows and hands his package of manuscript to the assistant door-keeper, who carries it to the presiding officer, after which the senator whose remarks were interrupted resumes them. Messages brought from the House of Representatives by its clerk are received with similar formalities. Later in the afternoon, a motion is generally made that the Senate proceed to the consideration of executive business. If it is carried, as is generally the case, the presiding officer directs the sergeant-at-arms to "clear the galleries and close the doors!" Then the proceedings of the Senate, relieved from the restraint of spectators and of newspaper correspondents, become somewhat free and easy. Cigars are lighted, comfortable positions are assumed, and often a good deal of humor—with an occasional dash of bad temper—is displayed in the confidential canvass of the history and the qualifications of the presidential nominees. The proceedings of the Senate while in executive session are regarded as confidential; but senators are often willing to tell correspondents what has happened, in order that they and their political friends may be placed advantageously before the country.

The House of Representatives is opened in the same manner as the Senate, except that after prayers the sergeant-at-arms places on a stand, at the Speaker's right hand, the mace which is his emblem of authority. Petitions are presented in the House by placing them, without any announcement, in a box, from which they are distributed by the clerk among the committees. The order of morning business is unintelligible to strangers, and is merely the successive recognition, by the Speaker, of those members who have obtained from him a promise that they can have the floor. In keeping these promises, the Speaker often pays no heed to members in the front seats who are endeavoring to attract his attention by cries of "Mister Speaker!" in every note in the gamut, accompanied by frantic gesticulations, and "recognizes" some quiet person beyond them.



"I have been a member of this House three successive sessions," said an indignant Tennessean who had vainly tried to obtain the floor, "and during that time I have caught the measles, the whooping-cough, and the influenza, but I have never been able to catch the Speaker's eye."

In the debates on appropriation bills, each member has the right to speak for five minutes, and those closing the debate have an hour each, parts of which they often farm out to their friends. When a member takes the floor for a long speech, especially if he reads it, he receives but little attention. A few of his colleagues and friends, tipping their chairs back to an angle which they suppose is comfortable, pretend to listen; but a large majority of the representatives go on reading the newspapers and writing letters, or retire to the cloak-rooms. When a vote is taken by tellers, a member of each party is named by the presiding officer, and the two take positions in front of the Speaker's table facing each other. Here they shake hands, and the voters pass between them—first those voting in the affirmative, and then those voting in the negative. The voters are counted by each teller as they pass, and a report of the result is made by one of the tellers to the presiding officer.

The proceedings of the Senate and of the House are taken down in short-hand by the experienced official reporters, revised in man-

uscript when those reported so desire, and promptly put in type at the Government Printing Office. Proof-slips are sent out when asked for, and some congressmen change, correct, and polish their sentences until but little of what they originally said remains; while others, notably Senator Edmunds, never look at a proof. The proceedings of each day, no matter how voluminous they may be, appear in the "Congressional Record" of the following morning, when another opportunity is given for correction before the pages are stereotyped for the bound edition. Each congressman receives twenty-four copies of the "Congressional Record." The revised edition is thoroughly indexed, and is bound in volumes at the close of a session.

It is a curious fact that a number of the present senators and representatives were, earlier in life, employés of Congress. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, was a page, and rose by promotion to be postmaster of the Senate. Representatives R. R. Hitt, of Illinois, and Samuel F. Barr, of Pennsylvania, were clerks of senate committees, and Representative N. F. Deering was a clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Senate; while Representatives R. W. Townshend, of Illinois, and George D. Wise, of Virginia, were pages in the House of Representatives. The transfer of these gentlemen from humble positions in the Capitol to seats in Congress illustrates the simplicity of our republican institutions.

*Ben: Perley Poore.*

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## REMONSTRANCE.

OPINION, let me alone; I am not thine.  
 Prim Creed, with categoric point, forbear  
 To feature me my Lord by rule and line.  
 Thou canst not measure Mistress Nature's hair,  
 Not one sweet inch: nay, if thy sight is sharp,  
 Would'st count the strings upon an angel's harp?  
 Forbear, forbear.

Oh, let me love my Lord more fathom deep  
 Than there is line to sound with: let me love  
 My fellow not as men that mandates keep:  
 Yea, all that's lovable, below, above,  
 That let me love by heart, by heart, because  
 (Free from the penal pressure of the laws)  
 I find it fair.

The tears I weep by day and bitter night,  
 Opinion! for thy sole salt vintage fall.  
 —As morn by morn I rise with fresh delight,



## REMONSTRANCE.

Time through my casement cheerily doth call  
 "Nature is new, 'tis birthday every day,  
 Come feast with me, let no man say me nay,  
 Whate'er befall."

So fare I forth to feast: I sit beside  
 Some brother bright: but ere good morrow's passed,  
 Burly Opinion wedging in hath cried  
 "Thou shalt not sit by us, to break thy fast,  
 Save to our Rubric thou subscribe and swear—  
*Religion hath blue eyes and yellow hair:*  
 She's Saxon, all."

Then, hard a-hungered for my brother's grace  
 Till well-nigh fain to swear his folly's true,  
 In sad dissent I turn my longing face  
 To him that sits on the left: "Brother,—with you?"  
 —"Nay, not with me, save thou subscribe and swear  
*Religion hath black eyes and raven hair;*  
 Naught else is true."

Debarred of banquets that my heart could make  
 With every man on every day of life,  
 I homeward turn, my fires of pain to slake  
 In deep endearments of a worshiped wife.  
 "I love thee well, dear Love," quoth she, "and yet  
 Would that thy creed with mine completely met,  
 As one, not two."

Assassin! Thief! Opinion, 'tis thy work.  
 By Church, by throne, by hearth, by every good  
 That's in the Town of Time, I see thee lurk,  
 And e'er some shadow stays where thou hast stood.  
 Thou hand'st sweet Socrates his hemlock sour;  
 Thou sav'st Barabbas in that hideous hour,  
 And stabb'st the good

Deliverer Christ; thou rack'st the souls of men;  
 Thou tосsest girls to lions and boys to flames;  
 Thou hewest Crusader down by Saracen;  
 Thou buildest closets full of secret shames;  
 Indifferent cruel, thou dost blow the blaze  
 Round Ridley or Servetus; all thy days  
 Smell scorched; I would

—Thou base-born Accident of time and place—  
 Bigot Pretender unto Judgment's throne—  
 Bastard, that claimest with a cunning face  
 Those rights the true, true Son of Man doth own  
 By Love's authority—thou Rebel cold  
 At head of civil wars and quarrels old—  
 Thou Knife on a throne—

I would thou left'st me free, to live with love,  
 And faith, that through the love of love doth find  
 My Lord's dear presence in the stars above,  
 The clouds below, the flesh without, the mind  
 Within, the bread, the tear, the smile.  
 Opinion, damned Intriguer, gray with guile,  
 Let me alone.

*Sidney Lanier.*



## THE SONG OF SONGS.

THIS scholarly article discusses the Canticles from the point of view now dominant in Biblical criticism. A view different, in certain particulars, from that here presented, is given in Professor W. Robertson Smith's article, "Canticles," in the new edition of the "Enc. Britt.," Vol. V. The history of the interpretation of the book is also furnished in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" (Art. "Canticles"), Am. ed., Vol. I. There is an excellent translation of the poem into English by Ginsburg (1857).—Ed.

IN one of the English universities divine service was held in a large room which served the purposes of a chapel to one of the colleges,—a bare, whitewashed room with narrow splits in the wall, or here and there a rudely shaped aperture for windows. It being necessary to fix some gas-pipes into the wall, a workman struck his chisel in, when, to his surprise, a portion of the plaster crumbled off, revealing beneath the beautiful moldings of an arch. Curiosity being now excited, further explorations were made by the authorities, and it was found that a perfect little Early English chapel was walled and plastered up in that room so bare of beauty. Bit by bit fair molding and fretwork were discovered; whitewash and plaster melted away like the snows of many winters from about the lovely sculptured leaves; the long, shapeless splits in the walls became the delicate lanceolate windows, caught by our forefathers from narrowing glimpses of the sky in our light spring woods; the long-lost jeweled panes and richly woven stuffs, thick with sacred symbol and fair embroidery, were restored,—until there it rose, that buried chapel, like "frozen music," an exquisite little shrine, with all its delicate harmonies of form and color, a vision of beauty.

Perhaps no more apt illustration could present itself of one of the books in our Bible than this walled-up chapel. Most of us, I suppose, have, from time to time, perused "the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's," as it stands in the authorized version, with a perplexed feeling as to what it all means. Perhaps, if we were honest enough, we should confess also to some feeling of violated good taste and delicacy. Should we have turned in our perplexity to an orthodox commentator, these feelings would scarcely have been relieved by finding language of a confessedly erotic character and of doubtful propriety—some of it addressed by a voluptuous king to an inmate of his harem—transferred entire to the mouth of Christ as his language in addressing his Church.

It has, however, been reserved for modern Hebraists to restore this lovely little epithalamium to its proper place, and, scraping away

the accumulated whitewash and plaster of ages,—the mistranslations and misunderstandings of centuries,—to reveal it as it is, an exquisite little shrine of the affections, embedded in the very heart of our Bibles, aflush with passionate color, but pure and chaste and enduring as sculptured marble.

Before giving our readers a sketch of the Song, it would be best to premise where its difficulties lie, and, even after the research and critical acumen that have been lavished upon it by Jacobi, Herder, Ewald, De Wette, Renan, etc., we think will continue to lie. Its obscurity is not in the language, which, with some exceptions, is simple enough; but, in the absence of any names to the *dramatis personæ*, or any indication except such as can be drawn from internal evidence as to who it is that is speaking—a difficulty enhanced by our being unable to compare it with any other Hebrew dramatic poem, and our consequent inability to come to any definite conclusion as to the exact form the drama assumed among the Jews at this early date of their history, the time, probably, of their freest development. "We cannot frame thought of one term only," says Herbert Spencer; but, unfortunately, the Song of Songs is the "one term only" out of which we have to frame our conceptions of this Hebrew drama, no other dramatic poem having come down to us. Whether we are to hold, with Ewald,\* that the Semitic author of the Song had the distinct conception of a sustained plot and a gradual working out of the situation in five acts, or whether we are to hold, with Renan,† that his dramatic conceptions were of the rudest, and that the *dénouement* is anticipated at the end of each act, will probably remain a disputed point.

We will take the two best-known translations, Ewald's and Renan's, as the basis of our sketch, confining ourselves, to begin with, chiefly to Ewald's, as that which carries the highest Hebraistic authority, and also as the most comprehensible to a European mind, and then illustrating the difficulties we have

\* "Die Dichter des Alten Bundes." Von H. Ewald.

† "Étude sur le Cantique des Cantiques," par Ernest Renan. 2d ed.



touched on by stating in what particulars the French scholar differs from him in his interpretation of the Song.

The plot or argument of the poem is this: King Solomon, on one of his numerous pleasure excursions, accompanied, as usual, by his court, is passing through the north of his kingdom,—a land rich in vineyards, and fair pastoral beauty,—when they perceive, in a neighboring nut-garden, a beautiful girl, singing and dancing to herself in the joy of the spring. She has come down to the garden to look at the tender opening buds, and in the gladness of her own opening life and the happiness of first love she has thrown aside her veil, and is singing with the birds and dancing with the dancing lights. They watch her, lost in admiration, when, suddenly perceiving she is observed, she makes a shy movement of flight, arrested for a moment by the entreating voices with which they call her back. The king, at once deeply enamored of the beautiful stranger, leaves orders that she shall be transferred to his harem, her dress denoting that she was unmarried and unpledged. On inquiry it is found that the maiden—the Sulammite, as she is called throughout the poem. from her native village, Sulem—is the only daughter of her mother. Her father is dead, and her step-brothers, the sons of a former marriage, exercise his authority in his stead. They treat her with great harshness and make her the keeper of one of their vineyards. There she meets with a young shepherd and keeper of gardens like herself, on whom she pours out her “forgotten heart,”—a love which he returns, but without, as yet, having gained the consent of the brothers to their betrothal. They, on the contrary, very much prefer the advantageous offers of the king, and she is at once transferred to the harem at Jerusalem. There the great king woos the simple village maiden, and she has to endure every seduction that wealth and luxury and rank can bring to bear upon her. But she remains faithful to her shepherd-lover, preferring true love to worldly advancement. Finding her obdurate, the king at last resolves to pay her the highest honor of all. He resolves to marry her and make her one of his queens; but with no better result. His advances are always stopped by her fainting away with the despairing cry on her lips: “My beloved is mine, and I am his.” Till at length, since the worship of Jehovah puts bounds to even the passions of a king and forbids the use of violence, he suffers her to depart to her shepherd-lover. The poem ends in the gardens of the north, with the reunion of the lovers and their approaching marriage, and with the great

unveiled utterance and key-note of the poem, “Love is as strong as death” and “many waters” (even the deep waters of trial through which the Sulammite had passed) “cannot drown it,” followed by a little mirthful song of triumph on her part, and a mocking allusion to the failure of the great king to bribe her from her faithfulness.

We will attempt a rough translation, that the reader may see how this is worked out by the poet, keeping as near the authorized version as we can consistent with the sense of the original. The poem is divided into five days, which, with ancient simplicity, are marked off by the recurrence of “the love sickness.”

#### FIRST DAY.

THE opening of the first scene shows us the Sulammite surrounded by the ladies of the harem. Her beauty is enriched with costly attire and precious jewels. She has already tasted that voluptuous life, heavy with fragrance, rich with sparkling wines, languid with sweet, enervating strains; but her heart only reverts the more to her shepherd-lover. The poem opens with a passionate invocation to him, yet couched in indirect terms, followed by a cry for deliverance.

Becoming conscious of the wondering glances of the court ladies, in her village simplicity she conceives that they are staring at the rich dark brown of her skin in such singular contrast to themselves, and pleads with them not to despise her on that account, since hers had been no sheltered court-life, but one of hard toil, which had forced her to neglect her own vineyard, her beauty.

Then again she sinks into delicious reverie, unconsciously uttering words that can no longer admit of misapprehension; and the odalisques taunt her, that if, indeed, she can be so simple as to prefer a shepherd-lover to the caresses of a king, she had better return to her old life.

#### SULAMMITE.

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth!  
For thy caresses are better than wine.  
Sweet is the breath of thine odors,  
Thou that art sweetest spikenard named!  
Therefore do the maidens love thee.

#### SULAMMITE (*after a pause*).

Draw me after thee, O let us fly!—  
The king has brought me into his harem—  
We will be glad and rejoice in thee,  
Will find thy caresses sweeter than wine.  
Well may the maidens love thee!

SULAMMITE (*perceiving that the ladies of the harem are looking wonderingly at her*).

Dark am I, but beautiful, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
As Kedar's tents, and as the pavilions of Solomon.



Look not upon me because I am dusky-skinned,  
For the sun has scorched me at noon.  
The sons of my mother wished me evil;  
Made me a keeper of vineyards;  
Mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,  
Where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to  
rest at noon!  
That I be not as one who wanders forgotten by the  
flocks of thy companions.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM.

Art thou so simple, O thou fairest of women?  
Then go hence, and follow the track of the flocks,  
And pasture thy goats by the huts of the shepherds.

The king now enters, and makes his first advances to her. Throughout he is made to use the language of mere sensual love, with a certain clumsy heaviness of metaphor, by which the poet doubtless meant to express the want of true inspiration in mere sensual passion, and its essentially lowering character in contrast with the spiritual beauty of the utterances of true love.\* The Sulammite, on the other hand, here receives the first compliments and promises of her royal lover with a thinly veiled rebuff; it was in the king's absence that her spikenard, the thought of her beloved, gave forth its fragrance. Then ensues a curious dialogue, in which the king addresses her, while she in answer addresses her absent lover. Her fresh young heart, sick with the languid, heavy-scented atmosphere of the court, and a love that rings false to her ear, turns back to the sweet open-air life she had lived with him whom her soul loved, reclining side by side on the flowery field-beds, and gazing up at the living roof of the mighty cedars above them, or wandering through the trellised vines with his arms around her—slipping back into those delightful days in the very presence of the king, till, overpowered with these memories and the sense of her captivity, she faints away, pleading, as consciousness goes from her, that her helplessness may be held sacred, as one who is "sick of love."

## SOLOMON.

Unto my charger in Pharaoh's stud  
I would compare thee, O my friend!  
Fair, fair are thy cheeks with golden rings,

\* Professor W. Robertson Smith differs with this view of the character of Solomon's addresses. "It is remarkable," he says, "that the only passage which can hardly be freed from a charge of sensuality [vii. 1-9] hangs so entirely loose from the proper action of the poem." This passage is regarded by Professor Smith as an interpolation. The king's admiration, he says, "does not reach the pitch of passion, and his sensuousness nowhere degenerates into grossness, except in the imagination of commentators, who have been apt to detect a *double entendre* in every passage they did not understand."—*Enc. Britt.*, vol. v., p. 36.—ED.

Thy neck with strings of coral.\*  
Lo, golden rings will we make for thee,  
Studded with many a silver bell.

## SULAMMITE.

So long as the king still sat at table,  
My spikenard gave forth her fragrance.  
My beloved is to me a nosegay of myrrh,  
That close to my bosom rests;  
A cluster of alhenna to me is my beloved,  
In the vineyards of Engedi.

## SOLOMON.

Behold, thou art fair, O my friend!  
Behold, thou art fair, and thine eyes as doves.

SULAMMITE (*to her absent lover*).

Behold, thou art fair, yea, delightful, O my beloved!  
Lo, too, our bed growth green;  
The beams of our house are the cedars,  
And our ceiling the cypress,  
I am the Narcissus of Saron,†  
And a lily of the valley.

## SOLOMON.

As a lily among thorns  
So is my friend among the daughters.

## SULAMMITE.

As an apple-tree among the trees of the wood  
So is my beloved among the sons;  
In his shadow I sat down with great delight  
And his fruit was sweet to my taste;  
He led me in among the trellised vines‡  
And his banner over me was Love.

Strengthen me with raisin-cakes,  
Refresh me with apples!  
For I am sick of love.  
His left arm under my head,  
And his right embraces me!  
I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!  
By the gazelles, and by the hinds of the field,  
That ye awake not,  
Nor arouse,  
The loved one till she please.

## SECOND DAY.

THE second day shows us the Sulammite alone with the ladies of the harem, undisturbed by the king. Though consciousness has returned, the "love sickness" is still at its height, and her fevered imagination transplants her wholly into the past, as it was with her in the first days of spring, when her lover came to the cottage where she dwelt with her mother and called her out into the sunshine. And as her thoughts by day are his, so are her dreams by night—troubled dreams, which are but the reverberation of the hopes and fears of her captive days.

\* Renan's translation.

† Renan. But, according to Ewald, "meadow saffron of the plain." The exact flower probably cannot be ascertained.

‡ The word used in the original denotes the vineyard cellars, but, according to Ewald, like the German *Weinhof*, had come to mean the whole vineyard.



THE SULAMMITE (*alone with the ladies of the court*).

The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh  
Bounding over the mountains, leaping over the hills;  
My beloved is like the gazelle, or the fawn of the hinds;  
Behold he standeth behind our wall,  
Looking through the casement, shining through the  
lattice.

My beloved spake and said unto me:  
"Rise up, rise up, my love,  
My fair one, and come away!  
For lo, the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

"The young shoots of the fig-tree are beginning to  
redden  
And sweet are the blossoming vines;  
Rise up, rise up, my love,  
My fair one, and come away.  
My dove in the caves of the rock, in the clefts of  
the crag,  
Show me thy face and sing unto me with thy voice,  
For sweet is thy voice and fair is thy face."

(*She sings one of the vineyard songs.*)

"Take us the foxes,  
The little foxes that ravage the vines,  
For our vineyard is in flower."

My beloved is mine and I am his;  
He pastures his flocks among the lilies.  
Ere the day cool, and the shadows flee away,  
Turn, my beloved, and be thou like  
The gazelle or the fawn of the hind  
Over the mountain ravines.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth.  
I sought him, but I found him not!  
"Rise will I now and go about the city, the streets,  
and the market,  
Will seek him whom my soul loveth!"  
I sought him, but I found him not.  
Found me the watchmen who go round the city,  
"Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?"  
Scarce had I passed them by when I found him  
whom my soul loveth,  
I held him and would not let him go,  
Till I had brought him into the house of my mother,  
Into the house of her who brought me forth.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!  
By the gazelles and the hinds of the fields,  
That ye awake not,  
Nor arouse,  
The loved one till she please.

### THIRD DAY.

IN the third act Solomon has resolved to overcome the Sulammite's reluctance by offering her the highest honor of making her one of his queens, and it accordingly opens with his public marriage procession, followed by the king again wooing the Sulammite, and his departure, after promising to return in the evening and claim her as his own. But now, in the very crisis of her fate, the very hopelessness of the entanglement in which she finds herself, awakes in her the thought of her lover as saving her from even these

heights of Lebanon, these caves of the lion, and makes her realize more than ever that in heart she is married to him, and to him only, with a love that must triumph in the end, and then follows a dream which reflects her ever deepening conflict.

### CITIZENS OF JERUSALEM.—A VOICE.

What is this going up from the desert like a pillar  
of smoke,  
Exhaling the fragrance of myrrh, and all the spicy  
powders of the merchant?

### ANOTHER.

Lo, Solomon's palanquin!  
Fifty mighty men are about it of the valiant of  
Israel,  
Each with a sword on his thigh to ward off the  
fears of the night.

### A THIRD.

A state-litter King Solomon wrought for himself of  
the wood of Lebanon,  
With pillars of silver, and golden the couch and  
cushioned with purple,  
In its midst a beautiful damsel, one of Jerusalem's  
daughters.  
Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King  
Solomon  
Crowned with the crown his mother crowned him  
withal  
On the day of his espousals, the day of his glad-  
ness of heart.

### SOLOMON—THE SULAMMITE AND LADIES IN THE HAREM.

### SOLOMON.

Behold, thou art fair, O my friend!  
Behold, thou art fair, and thine eyes as doves gleam  
from the midst of thy locks.  
Thy tresses are as a flock of goats on the slopes  
of Mount Gilead.  
Thy teeth are like newly-shorn sheep that come up  
from the water,  
Each the mother of twins, not one of them sterile;  
Thy lips like crimson threads, and thy mouth most  
comely;  
Thy cheeks like pomegranates in the midst of thy  
locks;  
Thy neck as the tower of David, built for an ar-  
mory  
Where a thousand shields are suspended, and the  
arms of the mighty;  
Thy breasts as two young gazelles that feed among  
the lilies.

Ere the day cool and the shadows flee away  
I will get me to my mountain of myrrh and hill  
of sweet frankincense.  
Thou art all fair, O my friend!  
No spot is in thee.

(*The king departs.*)

### THE SULAMMITE AND THE LADIES OF THE HAREM.

### THE SULAMMITE.

The voice of my beloved! Behold! how he cometh!  
Give ear to the words that he saith unto me.  
"Away with me from Lebanon, my bride, with me  
from Lebanon;



Escape from the heights of Amana, from the heights  
of Shenir and Hermon,  
Out of the caves of the lion, from mountains the  
haunt of the leopard!

Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my bride,  
Thou hast ravished my heart with a glance of thine  
eyes,  
With one chain of thy neck.

"Fairer are thy caresses, my sister, my bride;  
Fairer are thy caresses than wine;  
And thy spikenard more fragrant than spices,  
Thy lips, O my bride, drop with honey,  
Honey and milk are under thy tongue,  
And the smell of thy garments as Lebanon!  
O garden enclosed, my sister, my bride,  
O fountain enclosed, O well-head fast sealed!  
Thy plants are a park of pomegranates, with fruits  
of the noblest,  
Alhenna with spikenard.  
Spikenard and krokus, kalmus and sweet frankin-  
cense,  
Aloe and myrrh, together with costliest spices,  
Thou fountain of gardens, well-head of waters,  
And streams from Lebanon."

Awake, O North wind, and come, O thou South!  
Blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may  
flow out,  
Let my beloved come to his garden and take of his  
costliest fruits.

I come to my garden, I gather my myrrh and my  
spices;  
I eat my honey and grapes, I drink my wine and  
my milk;  
Eat, O my friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O  
ye loved of my soul!

I sleep but my heart waketh; it is my beloved that  
knocketh.

"Open to me, my sister, my bride, my dove, mine  
undefiled!

For my head is filled with dew and my locks with  
the drops of night."

I have put off my garments, how shall I clothe me  
again?

I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them  
afresh?

My beloved reached in his hand through the lattice  
And my heart within me was moved!

I rose up to open to my beloved, and my hands  
dropped with myrrh,

And my fingers with myrrh that flowed from the  
latch.\*

I opened to my beloved, but lo! my beloved had  
vanished,—was gone.

My soul fainted within me as he departed;  
I sought him but found him not; called him and he  
answered me not.

The watchmen found me that go round the city:  
they wounded and smote me,

The watchmen of the ramparts took away my veil.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!  
If ye find my beloved what will ye tell him,  
That I am sick of love?

## FOURTH DAY.

THE third day having again closed with a  
renewal of the "love sickness" and a conse-  
quent interruption of the king's designs, the

\* At lacrimans exclusus amator limina saepe  
Floribus et sertis operit posteisque superbos  
Unguit amaracino.—*Lucretius*, IV. 1177-79.

fourth act witnesses a renewal of his advances,  
after an impassioned description of her beloved  
from the Sulammite to the women of the  
harem. Undismayed by the hard, defiant look  
with which she now receives him, the king  
woos her in two songs, in which he endeavors  
to rival the language of the unknown and  
obscure lover, in one of which he dramatic-  
ally describes the circumstances of his first  
meeting with the Sulammite; and in the  
second sinks into the only sensual utterances  
to be found in the poem. But he only wins a  
renewed protestation of her faithfulness to her  
lover. To all the king's seductions she has  
but one answer: "I am my beloved's and he  
is mine," followed by a passionate invocation  
to him to come and take her away; after  
which she again sinks into unconsciousness.

## THE LADIES OF THE COURT AND THE SULAMMITE.

## THE LADIES OF THE COURT.

What is thy beloved more than another, O fairest  
of women?  
What is thy beloved more than another, that thou  
dost so charge us?

## SULAMMITE.

My beloved is white and ruddy, chiefest among ten  
thousand;  
His head is of pure gold, his locks like vine-tendrils,  
black as the raven;  
His eyes as doves in the beds of the river, washed  
in milk laid smooth in a vessel;  
His cheeks are as beds of spices, a plot of sweet-  
smelling flowers;  
His lips like lilies dripping with odorous myrrh;  
His hands are as golden rings set with the beryl;  
His body as fine wrought ivory, overlaid with sap-  
phires;  
His legs are as marble pillars, based in sockets of  
gold;  
His form is as Lebanon, a youth like the cedars;  
His mouth is most sweet, yea he is altogether  
lovely,  
This is my beloved, and this is my friend,  
O ye daughters of Jerusalem!

## THE COURT LADIES.

Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest of  
women?  
Whither hath he turned, that we may seek him  
with thee?

## THE SULAMMITE.

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the  
beds of the spices,  
To feed in the garden, and gather the lilies.  
I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine!  
He pastures his flock among the lilies.

(*The king enters.*)

## SOLOMON.

Thou art lovely, O my friend, as Thirza, fair as  
Jerusalem, fearful as an army in battle—  
Turn away thine eyes for they make me to fear,—  
Thy tresses are as a herd of goats on the sides of  
Mount Gilead;



Thy teeth as a flock of ewes that come up from  
the water,  
Each the mother of twins, not one of them sterile;  
Thy cheeks as pomegranates in the midst of thy  
locks,—  
Three score the queens,  
Four score the concubines,  
And virgins without number!  
But one is my dove, mine undefiled,  
The only one of her mother, and dear to her who  
bore her.  
The daughters saw her, and blessed her;  
The queens and the concubines, and they praised  
her.  
Who is this that looketh forth as the dawn, fair as  
the moon,  
Clear as the sun, fearful as an army in battle?  
“I went down into the garden of nuts to see the  
herbs of the valley,  
To see whether the tender vine-shoot had budded  
and bloomed the pomegranates,  
And lo! unawares, I fell in with the chariots of the  
princes of Israel.”  
“Return, return, O Sulammite, return, return, that he  
may behold thee.”  
“What will ye see in the Sulammite?” “What  
equals the dance of Mahanaim.”\*

(Here follows the passage (ch. vii. 1-9), the only passage, according to Prof. W. Robertson Smith, which is really chargeable with grossness, and which he considers, on grounds of internal evidence, an interpolation.—ED.)

## SULAMMITE.

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine,  
And unto me his desire!  
Come my beloved, let us go forth to the fields and  
abide under boughs of the cypress;  
Let us betimes to the vineyard, and see if the vine  
stock has sprouted;  
Whether the blossom has opened,—bloom the pome-  
granates.  
There will I give thee myself.  
The love-apples smell sweet, and over our door  
all manner of fruit,  
New and old, which I have laid up for thee.  
O that thou wert as a brother, that sucked the  
breasts of my mother,  
That I might find thee without, and kiss thee,  
and not be despised;  
That I might bring thee into my mother's house,  
and thou mightest instruct me;  
And that I might cause thee to drink my spiced  
wines, my pomegranate juice.

His left arm under my head,  
And his right embraces me.  
I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!  
By the gazelles and by the hinds of the field,  
That ye awake not  
Nor arouse  
The loved one till she please.

## FIFTH DAY.

At last she has conquered. The king perceives that she cannot be moved, and as the true religion to which he belongs forbids the use of force, he sees that he has no choice but to send her back to her shepherd-lover. The scene accordingly changes to the north

\* An ancient city celebrated for its dances.

of the country, and shows us the Sulammite leaning on her beloved, and a band of shepherds coming out to meet them. She pauses under an apple-tree consecrated by precious memories in the past, and there bids him cherish her as one who has been tried to the uttermost, and not found wanting, uttering the great key-note of the poem,—the unconquerable nature and lofty incorruptibility of true love,—a grand climax in which for the first and only time the name of God occurs. Then, turning to the shepherds, she entertains them with a little Eastern apologue, doubtless drawn from some discussion between those hard elder brothers of hers (overheard while she was yet a child), as to what they would do with her when she came to a marriageable age. If she proved a wall, resisting all attempts on her virtue, they would crown the wall with battlements of silver, procure her an honorable marriage; but if she proved too accessible, then they would board up the wall with cedar, marry her to some hard rich man, who would effectually shut her up from the effects of her own lightness and folly. Then suddenly the girl bursts out into the jubilant cry of triumph, “I am a wall, resisting even the seductions of a king”; and she ends with a little taunting allusion to the wealth and power of that king, the owner of many vineyards, who yet had not been able to purchase of her that little vineyard she owned, her beauty and chastity.

The bridegroom, with the friends who have come to assist at their betrothal, then request her to sing to them. But this unconquerable maiden is not to be won too easily even by him whom her soul loveth; and the poem closes with the half mocking, half tender words,

“Too tender  
Not to be seeming bitter to the ear,”

in which she bids him “turn, and be like the gazelle or the fawn of the hinds,” no longer on the dark mountain ravines that part them, but on the hills that are all fragrant with love and reunion.

## SHEPHERDS—THE SULAMMITE—HER LOVER.

## SHEPHERDS.

Who is this that cometh up from the desert  
Leaning on her beloved?

SULAMMITE (*to her lover*).

Under this apple-tree I awoke thee,  
There thy mother brought thee forth, there she bore  
thee in anguish.

Set me as a seal on thine heart, as a seal on thine arm,  
For love is as strong as death, unconquerable as the  
grave.



The flame thereof is as fire, even the fire of God!  
 Many waters cannot quench love, nor the rivers over-  
 flow it,  
 Though a man give all his possessions for love, he  
 would be but contemned.

(Turning to the shepherds.)

We have a little sister who is yet without breasts;  
 What shall we do with our sister in the day when  
 men woo her?  
 If she be a wall we will crown her with battle-  
 ments of silver;  
 If she be a door we will bar her with strong planks  
 of cedar.  
 I am a wall, and my breasts are strong towers,  
 For thus I obtained that he should leave me at peace.

A vineyard hath Solomon in Baal-hamon;  
 He let out the vineyard unto keepers;  
 A thousand pieces of silver they brought for the  
 fruit.  
 But my vineyard, mine, is before me!  
 The thousand pieces hast thou, O Solomon!  
 And the keepers two hundred pieces each.

THE LOVER.

O thou that dwellest in the gardens  
 My companions wait for thy voice.  
 Thy voice let me hear.

THE SULAMMITE.

Turn thou, my beloved, and be thou like  
 The gazelle, or the fawn of the hind,  
 On the spicy mountains afar.

In the rough sketch we have now given of this song, drawn almost entirely from Ewald's version, except in a word here and there where Renan seems to have rendered the sense of the original more accurately, we have purposely refrained from perplexing the reader with difficulties, in order that he might form some undisturbed idea of the beauty of the poem as a whole. But probably to the thoughtful reader the difficulties have already suggested themselves, and we will therefore proceed to touch lightly upon them.

It must, first of all, be remembered that the drama grew out of the song publicly sung or recited by one or more voices in succession at religious or marriage festivals. In our present poem we have the transition from the one to the other, the drama not yet wholly differentiated from the song or lyrical recital. On the one hand, Solomon's marriage procession, witnessed by the citizens of Jerusalem, points to some sort of *mise en scène*; and probably the scene again changes in the fifth act to some sort of rude representation of vineyards and gardens. On the other hand, unquestionably, in the lovely little scene II., 3, where the Sulammite recalls how her lover came to her cottage in the first warm days of spring and called her out, she recites the dialogue between herself

and her lover—in other words, performs two parts, altogether unallowable in the drama proper. The same in II., 4. Indeed, in Ewald's version, a large part of the Song is rather lyrical recital than drama properly so called. But, as to whether Ewald has not carried this method of interpretation too far, especially when he places the words "Away with me from Lebanon, my bride!" (III., 7), in the mouth of the Sulammite, and before which he has, accordingly, to interpolate the words we have put into brackets, or when he makes the account of her capture part of a song the king sings to her, we cannot but think very problematical.

Renan goes on altogether a different supposition. According to him, the shepherd-lover first makes his appearance in the words, "As a lily among thorns, so is my friend among the daughters," though this is very improbable, owing to the occurrences of the word *raïati*, the name by which Solomon is always made to address the Sulammite; and he contends that the final *dénouement* is anticipated at the end of each act, each day being the account of some particular attempt of the king's on the Sulammite's faithfulness, ending with the ever-recurring triumph of the lovers, the adjuration "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!" being put into the shepherd's mouth, and not the Sulammite's. The Hebrew mind, in Renan's view, is incapable of working out a sustained plot, preferring a foregone conclusion, round and round which it wheels in circular flights of fancy. The stage, as he pictures it, consisted of some rude scenes but seldom shifted, the Sulammite seated in front, with the shepherd-lover on one side and the king on the other, by whom she is alternately addressed with an utter disregard of dramatic possibilities of time and place, the final taunt at the king, accordingly, hitting him "*en pleine poitrine*," doubtless to the great delight of the audience. In the background a group of men were placed who form a sort of chorus, and alternately represent the friends of the shepherd, the citizens of Jerusalem, or the watchmen of the wall; and a similar band of women, to impersonate either the daughters of Jerusalem or the daughters of Zion. For one great principle in interpreting the song must be carefully observed. The author, in the absence of names to the *dramatis personæ* and in the paucity of actors, takes care to denote who it is that is speaking, by especial methods of accost. The Sulammite, with Solomon, is always "my friend"; with the women of the harem she is the fairest of women: with her lover she is "my sister," "my bride," "my dove," "mine undefiled"; he himself is always "my be-



loved"; Solomon is "the king," or sometimes "King Solomon," or briefly "Solomon"; the ladies of the harem are "the daughters of Jerusalem," "the women of Jerusalem," "the daughters of Zion." But even with these internal guides it seems to us quite impossible to come to any final decision as to the exact form and arrangement of this beautiful ancient epithalamium, which probably was performed during the prolonged marriage feasts of the East.

With regard to the approximate age of the poem, the data are more satisfactory. The poem itself is sufficient to prove that it was not written by Solomon. The great king would certainly not have satirized himself so severely. All the internal evidence points to the poem having its birthplace in the north of the country, whence we also have the Song of Deborah, the prophecies of Hosea, the history of Gideon, of Jephthah, of Samson, of Elijah and Elisha. Not only is the imagery of the poem that of the rich pastoral vine-clad district of Lebanon, but, with the exception of Jerusalem, Heshon and Engedi, all the localities named in the poem,—Saron, Gilead, Thirzah, Senir, Carmel, Sulem, Baal-hamon,—belong to the north of the country. Indeed, it is to this richness of local coloring that we owe an illusion which enables us to fix the date of the poem within narrow limits. The Sulammite is compared for her beauty to Thirzah and to Jerusalem. The author here contrasts the capitals of Judah and Israel. Now we know that Thirzah was the capital of the kingdom of Israel from the reign of Jeroboam to that of Omri, from 975 to 924 B. C. In 923, Omri built Samaria, which thenceforth became the capital of the northern kingdom, Thirzah disappearing from history—its decline and fall being so rapid and complete that its very site is unknown.

This allusion alone, as both Renan and Ewald point out, authorizes us in placing the first redaction of the poem anterior to 924 B. C. But the same evidence places it after the death of Solomon, and the schism which took place in 936 B. C. Other evidence might be adduced, but we think this is sufficient. The Song would be therefore contemporary with the probable date of Homer.\*

But a question of far wider interest and importance is the purpose of the Song of Songs in the sacred canon. How came it in our Bibles? To those of us who recognize the Bible to be emphatically the book of man,

and God revealing Himself in and through man, its presence should be no difficulty. If in the sacred page man is portrayed on all sides of his moral and spiritual nature,—now his wide national and political life, and now the narrow, peaceful life of homesteads set among their golden corn-fields, now in his sickness and sorrow uttering the divine cry, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," and now in his weariness, wailing "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," now pouring forth his aspirations after the unseen in hymns and sacred songs, and now affirming the eternal laws of right and duty in lofty prophecy,—to those, I say, who recognize this, it would be an insuperable difficulty if the master passion, Love, alone found no place, or was but indirectly represented. To all Teutonic nations especially it ought to be a welcome discovery to find that the principles on which we base the purity of our homes, the inviolable sanctity of the love of one man for one woman, should find its recognition in our Bible, and receive the sanction of the "Oracles of God," even though they had their birthplace in the heart of a polygamous nation. We can but echo the words of the illustrious Niebuhr, when a young minister was lamenting the necessity of having to admit a mere love poem into the sacred canon: "For my part," he said emphatically, "I should feel that there was something wanting in the Bible, did I not find in it an expression for the deepest and strongest of the feelings of humanity."

A far more difficult question is the religious use the Church has always made of the Canticles. The limits of this brief sketch will not permit our entering on the curious history of the gradual allegorization of the Song as the true comprehension of it faded out of men's minds. We can only touch upon the question how far the allegorical interpretation of it can be maintained. We believe that any such systematic method of interpretation is incompatible with the nature of the poem, and must be surrendered with so much of the early allegorizing of the fathers. There is no evidence that the poem originally had a mystical meaning, and there is every internal evidence to the contrary.\* But so long as marriage remains the type of the union of the soul

\* "A poem in the northern dialect, with a northern heroine and scenery, contrasting the pure simplicity of Galilee with the corrupt splendor of the Court of Solomon, is clearly the embodiment of one phase of the feeling which separated the ten tribes from the house of David." So writes Prof. W. Robertson Smith, "Enc. Britt.," vol. v., p. 36.—Ed.

\* The allegorical interpretation, it is curious to discover, was not given to the poem by the Alexandrian Jews, who were such devotees of allegory. The symbolical view (beginning in the Jewish Talmud) was brought into the Church by the school of Origen. This interpretation, now apparently obsolescent, was defended in this country by Professor Stuart. It is set forth in the ingenious commentary of Dr. L. Withington (1861). It is vigorously opposed in a work of the late Professor Noyes, of Cambridge.—Ed.



with God, of Christ with the Church; so long as the faithful attachment of one soul to another shadows forth the love of the heavenly Lover who "loved us and gave himself for us," so long will religious feeling express itself

in the language of the Canticles, so long will the soul that "is joined to the Lord" utter, as its deepest cry of adoration to its Redeemer, the words of the Song of Songs, "My Beloved is mine and I am His."

*Ellice Hopkins.*

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NEAR SUNSET.

SOMETIMES, from fields grown sadly strange  
Since robins fled, by woodland path,  
Straight up the valley-head I range  
To reap the day's poor aftermath.

I climb the hill: the top draws nigh;  
The path grows light again, and lo,  
The pale new moon, the crimson sky,  
The village on the plain below!

The spiders spin across my face;  
The startled partridge, fleeing, makes  
A sudden silence in the place  
The rasping cricket scarcely breaks.

And weary huskers, binding long  
On dusky slopes, still bind by night,  
While, like the murmur of a song,  
Their talk is blown across the height.

*L. Frank Tooker.*

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EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

IN one of the tall buildings on lower Broadway,—that rear their fronts of cast-iron with pitiless regularity of design and repetition of ornament before the ever-shifting crowd,—are hundreds of rugs and carpets disposed on bare benches flooded with light from high, bald windows. They have come all the way from Cashmere and Bokhara, from Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, some of them from India and Indo-China. They fill the cold, square rooms with the colors of candied fruits and of those preserves which are made from roses and violets. Deep and rich tones, in which a distinct pattern is often lost and almost never a thing or a living creature certainly imitated, caress the glance with double effect as the eyes come to them weary from the sight of our barbarous iron architecture and the alternately sordid and ungainly garments of our fellow-citizens. A dreary multitude shuffles and scuffles along outside of windows that stand plumb with an irritating exactness. A German Oriental, with a flash coat and with cheap jewelry in his necktie, is crying out in a voice rougher than that of the native American the numbers and prices of an auction which has lately taken place. How comes it that merchants find a profit in importing these bales and bales of Turkish and Persian carpets, rugs, prayer-mats, and shawls? How comes it that the same people that build the iron boxes which line the business thoroughfares have enough taste and discrimination to encourage imports of articles so fine? For hardly three are alike. Every tenth piece is strong in make,

durable, fine in colors; every twentieth is a veritable work of art. And yet these fabrics are not woven by machinery. The vast majority are true hand-made work. Over nearly every one the pale and half-starved children of Persia or of Kurdistan have labored slowly and sadly, letting their fingernails grow long, as the latest traveler through Persia has noticed, in order to separate the colored threads more readily; racking their young memories with the rules by which those threads are laid in place, and breathing an air that gives them one more push toward their early graves. And yet these fabrics take several years to complete, and in the cities where they are made cannot be bought for the price at which they are likely to go when brought to the hammer in New York. How does it happen that the tide of export sets this way so strongly that many reach here only to be disposed of at a loss? Writers not a few, travelers, novelists, poets, have had a hand in bringing this about. Perhaps no one of our time has had more influence in accelerating the movement, if not in initiating it, than the writer and painter, Eugène Fromentin.

Taste for Oriental things rests on sound principles. It is not affectation to value an article because the maker has put the impress of his own individuality on it, and to turn away from another because it is the thousandth out-put of a loom run by steam. At a certain remote period, when only a part of France was Frankish, the architects of churches painted walls, clerestories, ceilings,



and pillars boldly with bright designs, that were copied literally, without much regard to the needs of the decorated surface, from Oriental rugs and hangings. That architecture has disappeared, leaving only an obscure record in history; but the taste remains among the barbarians of the later centuries, chastened, let us hope, by a wider and saner understanding of the fitness of things and of the limitations and proprieties of different branches of the fine arts. At the present day the pictures that reproduce the figures of Orientals, their dresses, horses, arms, implements, and surrounding objects, have a deep interest that cannot be explained merely by love for the picturesque. The Oriental, even when gathered into the net of conquerors like Jengis and Timur, retained his individuality as the modern man of the West does not. He has his national, tribal, individual dress, arms, accouterments; one fashion does not sway a whole country, nor one tailoring establishment clothe a whole army, nor one arsenal turn out the same kind of arms for an entire nation. The variety and profusion of invention, which are the result of labor more loving than acute, that one sees in the work of our later middle ages, re-appear when one searches the Orient. Thence the middle ages got their ideas; there such ideas, such processes, such arts have lingered on and thriven in spite of the asceticism, amounting to stupidity, of which Mohammed was guilty. It is only the cheap steam-fabricated articles of Western Europe that have really undermined and begun to destroy the arts of the East; and as we are apt to begin to appreciate a man to his right measure when we are in danger of losing him, it has not been until late in this century, when the decay of the Orient has startled the traveler, that the remnants of Oriental art have received their proper valuation. Hence the discovery by the poets that the eastern nations are full of sentiment and human emotion; hence the reverential procession of artists to the East, to catch on their canvases the strange scenes of patriarchal life, the wonderful colors of Eastern robes; hence the passion for Eastern furniture, hangings, and bric-à-brac that has increased until the sharp mechanics of Paris and Manchester find it to their profit to fabricate genuine Damascus blades on the Seine and genuine Daghestan carpets on the Irwell. Fromentin was neither the first nor the last to make the pilgrimage to Mecca and return Hadji of Oriental art. Napoleon the Great may be said to have shown the way from political reasons; with him went the scientific men who opened Egypt again to Europe, after whom came Victor Hugo, writing of the

Orient without going thither, and Lamartine, who journeyed to the East in his own ship, surrounded by his family, his library, his works of art. Neither was Fromentin the first or last among the artists. The strange and stirring oil-sketches of poor Marilhat, who ended in madness, and his clear, pure atmospheres in finished work; the deep, robust landscapes and mournful figures of Orientals by Decamps; the singular pictures full of sentiment and impatient handiwork by Delacroix, were made and shown before Fromentin was famous. But when his turn came, what sort of preparation for the task did Fromentin have?

He was bred to the bar, but forsook early the dryest, most Philistine of French professions for what was then considered one of the most Bohemian. The state of the artistic profession has changed widely since then. Nowadays there is none, even in the city where Murger wrote his famous novels of Bohemia, which contains more respectable, steady-going citizens. The Romanticists had fought and won while he was still a boy. Lamartine had sailed on his visits to sultans and sheiks when Fromentin was but twelve years old, and eight years later the youth who was to develop a passion for the scenery of the Sahara was haunting a studio and beginning to study landscape under the painter Louis Cabat. He did not have to wait until he had made his mark, and, by catering to the public, hoard money enough to travel. At the age of twenty-two, an archaeological society sent him to Algiers, where he found the Orient preserved even better as regards its old romantic vigor and color than in Asia Minor. Northern Africa has always been able to escape the worst effects of the great waves of conquest, and has been spared by many that submerged Asia and Europe. When Fromentin arrived, public attention in France was already strongly attracted to Northern Africa. Not so many years before, the Mediterranean had been unsafe through the depredations of the corsairs of that coast. With him came to Algiers a number of scientific men, of the army and not of the army, who were to write the magnificent series of the "*Exploration Scientifique de l'Algérie*,"—a preparation to the foundation of that imperial colony in Africa which the French have never ceased to dream of, and for which it used to be said that they neglected their defenses on the side of Germany. Eighteen months of travel and notes in Algiers made Fromentin decide to devote all his energies to the painting of Oriental subjects. It was characteristic of him that, having soberly made up his mind, he adhered to the



fixed plan until success began to wane at home, and he was convinced that there is an end even to the making of Oriental pictures. Was it that the French no longer cared for Algiers as much as before, or that he had worked out the vein? His critics, being Frenchmen, are apt to take the latter view; to foreigners there is some weight in the former. Whichever be correct,—and it is possible that there is truth in both views,—it was some years after the publication by the Government of the first volumes of the “*Exploration Scientifique*,” and the appearance of books on Algiers by Colonel Daumas and others, that the public began to take heed of the existence of Fromentin. From between 1855 and 1860 dates his influence on the Western world,—an influence which did not disdain to exert itself in other directions, namely, so far as regards the art of Holland and Belgium, and at one time with a glance at Venice, but which held mainly to the Orient. Beginning, in 1847, with the “*Gorges de la Chiffa*,” and two other pictures, the list of thirty or forty pictures shown is closed in 1876 with “*Le Nil*,” and the “*Souvenir d’Esneh*.” In 1849 a second medal was given him, in 1859 a first medal and the cross of the Legion of Honor; in 1867 another first, and in 1869 the officer’s cross of the Legion. In 1876 he died in Rochelle, the city of his birth, at the age of fifty-six.

George Sand described Fromentin in these words: “He is small and delicate in build. His countenance is strikingly expressive, and his eyes are magnificent. His conversation is like his painting and his writing, brilliant and strong, solid, colored, full. You could listen to him all your life. He was held in well-merited consideration because his life, like his temperament, was a model of delicacy, taste, perseverance, and distinction.” The verdict of George Sand is corroborated by the face that appears in the work of Louis Gonse,\* etched by Gilbert. In a few clearly reasoned and clean-cut lines, the portrait describes the character and life of the man. Fromentin was a literary artist in the high sense of the term, not in the mocking sense one hears in the studio. Very much of a painter, and very much of a *littérateur*, though he used his knowledge of art in his books, and turned his literary accomplishments to account in his pictures, he did not mingle and confuse the two. His mind was too

clear and analytical for that. His father was a physician who showed at one time a leaning to the arts. Yet Fromentin did not tend at first to the fine arts so much as to literature. He neglected the law for letters, and letters for art. His biographer, who had access to a great mass of material, consisting of notes, drafts for a book on Egypt which was never written, and early manuscripts, selects from the writings of the period before he left the law a piece that gives a pretty exact and methodical statement of his views on letters and the fine arts. It not only asserts his own leaning toward the latter, but draws an outline of the future. Was Fromentin something of a prophet, or was he a Roman so firm and wise that at twenty-one he could chalk out his future, and then carry through, step by step, the plan of his early life? The piece of verse is not bad. Naturally enough, Victor Hugo is on his mind. Hugo had just passed the ten most prolific years of his life, and had won his way into the French Academy. In this *Mot sur l’Art Contemporain*, the young advocate describes himself as an ardent follower of Hugo, but goes on to say that a greater than Hugo has cast the great literary leader from his throne; that one who is greater is Nature. Listen to a few couplets of the youthful production found among his papers:

“Chantre orphique, éternel, dont la voix nous captive,  
C’est lui qui jour et nuit tient notre âme attentive,  
Lui qui fait, sous ses doigts, sans mesurer les vers,  
Comme un orgue divin, palpiter l’univers.  
La Nature! oh! voilà le seul et le grand maître!  
Diapason auquel il faut monter son mètre;  
Caucase universel où chaque siècle alla  
Diviniser son œuvre; et l’urne est toujours là;  
Et toujours l’homme et Dieu sur la source écumante  
Sont penchés; l’un y puise et l’autre l’alimente.”

Twenty years later Fromentin found in Corot an artist who looked at nature in the way he thought right, and great was his applause of Corot till the day of his death. Would that he had found time to do what he proposed,—write an analysis of and commentary on the paintings of Corot. All we have are the hints of his opinion in “*Les Maîtres d’autrefois*.”

Besides nature and Victor Hugo, the young painter had a passion for Dutch art, already foreshadowing the writing of “*Maîtres d’Autrefois*” and the still unpublished material accumulated during various visits to Holland. Were it not for that keen and charming book it would be hard to realize that he delighted in Ruysdael, Hobbema, Metz, and Franz Hals. To judge only from his brilliant and spirited pictures of Arab life, from his Algerine falconers and Numidian lion-hunters, one would

\* Eugène Fromentin, Peintre et Écrivain. Par M. Louis Gonse. Augmenté d’un Voyage en Égypte. Paris: A. Quantin. New York: J. W. Bouton. This work is to be published in translation in America by James R. Osgood & Co.



hardly imagine that the staid and apparently unideal Dutch painters had been his earliest, as they were his latest, loves. But may we not trace in the sober measure of this early verse what we see in the etched portrait and read in George Sand's paragraph, what we find in "L'Été dans le Sahara," that delightful book of the desert, and in "Une Année dans le Sahel," hardly less pleasing? May we not already find the workman-like spirit joined to the dilettante hand, the thoughtful critic allied to the gentleman-amateur, the man possessed of literary sense conjoined to the lavish rhymester? Fastidiousness and a fine critical faculty are noticed at the outset; for a young writer the verse is above the average. But he dwells too long on one thought, and uses too many words to express it; he is too long in working up to his expression. Might not something very similar be said of Fromentin's painting? His care in the study of preparations are well known; the neatness and delicacy of his work are not to be too much praised. But does he in the end strike the highest note in art? Is he not always the fastidious critic rather than the hot-blooded genius? Without plainly stating it, M. Gonse allows one to guess as much, to infer as much from what he says when trying to define the style of Fromentin in painting. "Beginning to work at art comparatively late in life," remarks M. Gonse, "he never had the early drill that the great masters almost always obtained. Because he was a *littérateur*, to begin with, and at the same time a born painter (*de race*), something complex insinuated itself into his painting, and the result was a kind of art by no means such as the crowd enjoys." It was a kind of art that one needed to taste in small sips. This was particularly the case with his execution. At first it seemed neither very strong nor very striking, but the combination of qualities it contained becomes rarer every year, and perhaps will soon be entirely lost. The landscape-painter has to go to nature again and ever again, and we see what Fromentin says of nature. Hence it is that in landscape he is always marvelous. For the drawing of the human face and of animals a long, patient apprenticeship in the atelier is needed, and that Fromentin did not get. "Impressionism," says M. Gonse, "in the recent sense of the term, is a Utopia. Velasquez is an impressionist. Be it so; but an impressionist whose agile hand worked upon the canvas with an irreproachable skill and science." The biographer states that Fromentin was never satisfied with himself in regard to an animal seldom absent from his pictures, and which certainly adds a great charm

to the scenes. The beauty and movement of the Arabian horses were studied incessantly. He was always watching them in Algiers; he owned several in France. One of his fellow-painters has said that Fromentin drew horses much oftener and much better from memory or intuition than from life. M. Gonse insinuates that he did them better from *chic*, a word that has almost always a slightly disparaging meaning, since it refers to work done quickly, off-hand, without recourse to models. Lack of early drill in the profession is the explanation. Writing to a friend, Fromentin mentions his attempts to master the drawing of horses: "You know I had 'Euloge' and an Arab horse. I have used both, unfortunately without much system, learning everything and studying nothing really to the bottom; so that, after I have worked very, very hard, I am not in the least pleased with myself. I am no further along in the exact knowledge of my animal. He is a whole world in himself to study. I have scarcely begun, not to render a horse, but to comprehend his proportions; as for the knowledge of details most necessary to merely build him up, I am as ignorant of that as possible. Possibly the only use of the many studies and sketches which I bring back is the change I have made in air and in my studio, and the fact that I have had at Paris, under my eyes, in order to support and guide me, something which recalls nature a little bit." He used to have his horses led and ridden up and down before him in the hope of seizing the secret of their motion. Luckily for Fromentin, the photographic secret of the motion of the horse was not yet published when he died. Had he seen the distorted legs of trotters, as the instantaneous photograph faithfully reports them, and had he heard the chorus of wisecracks applauding these curiosities for the good effect they are expected to have on art, it is likely that he would not have waited till 1876 to die. He loved the Arabian mare. "Gentle and courageous beast!" he cries in "Une Année dans le Sahel." "As soon as the rider has placed his hand on her neck to seize the mane, her eye flashes and a thrill passes through her hocks. Once in saddle and the reins raised, the rider has no need to give her the spur. She shakes her head a moment, making the copper or silver of the harness rattle; her neck is thrust backward, and swells in a haughty curve. Then look how she rises under the rider and bears him off with those fine movements of the body which they give to equestrian statues!" Perhaps M. Gonse has laid too much stress on the inadequacy of Fromentin in painting his favorite animal, on the strictures made





THE QUARRY.

(FROM A PAINTING BY EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO.)



on Fromentin and lack of early drill in art. Criticism and explanations are likely to satisfy, or not to satisfy, the reader, according as he belongs to one party or the other,—according as he believes that inspiration can make up for the treadmill work of a profession, or insists that no amount of genius can overcome want of early training. Far be it from us to accept everything that M. Gonse says of Fromentin; for though a clear and agreeable critic, the biographer is by no means a powerful, luminous, or liberal one. But let us hear what are the traits he finds most evident in Fromentin. He is a delicate spirit among the most delicate, and to appreciate him one has to be a delicate person oneself. He is a painter who is sensitive in the finest meaning of the term, and therefore nervous, tender, and a little restless. His aims possess the highest distinction, and he remains purely an idealist while in pursuit of true expressiveness in nature. He never sacrificed the landscape of a picture to its subject or to its human element; nor, on the other hand, did he sacrifice the figure to the landscape. He always and everywhere sought to put his finger on the most intimate point of union between mankind and external nature. His dominant qualities as a painter are a refined sentiment for gesture and movement, a lively imagination, a happy gift of composition, in which he used choice and elegant forms, and the ability to render effects of light in their infinitude of surprises. His virtues consisted of an aristocratic form of private tastes, of reserve in manners, of absolute respect for himself and his talents, and, perhaps, excessive dislike to noise and pugnacity. His special mark will always be an extraordinary power of memory, a power that was at once that of the spirit and that of the hand. As a painter he had more instinct than education, and very often his instinct guided him better than patient studies. The goal he fixed before him was clear and simple—to make men actually live in the life of the nature about them. Seldom is he naïf; but he is always sincere. His influence on the art of his contemporaries was neither very loud nor very apparent, but it was strong and continuous. His words, his counsels, his encouragements, were not lost upon a group of young artists whom he took under his patronage. Perhaps he would have had a wider effect had he lived a few years longer, for he left among his papers a manifesto incomplete, but written with great care and sincerity, on the æsthetics of modern art. It was the basis of a lecture which he at one time projected, and contains many neat and ingenious sayings without evincing great originality or eloquence. The

style is more remarkable than the thought; and while the reader's heart never beats at a great or novel suggestion, it is impossible not to be filled with admiration at the workmanlike spirit, the finely poised temperament, that presided over its unfinished pages.

It was almost at the close of his life that Fromentin wrote "*Les Maîtres d'autrefois*," that most suggestive book,—of an artist, about artists, for artists and amateurs. It has appeared recently at Boston, in English.\* It is a series of brilliant studies of Rubens and Rembrandt, put together in an apparently hasty way and with a good deal of apology on the part of Fromentin. Here are, says he of the works of these two masters, two arts, distinct, perfectly complete, entirely independent of each other, and very brilliant, which require to be studied at once by an historian, a thinker, and a painter. That the work should be properly done requires the union of these three men in one; and I have nothing in common with the first two, while as to the painter, however a man may have a feeling for distances, he ceases to be one when he approaches the least known of the masters of these privileged countries. One may take Fromentin at his word, and yet derive the utmost pleasure from "*Les Maîtres d'autrefois*." It is true enough that his study is incomplete; nay, it is often hasty and in minor points inaccurate; it is sometimes superficial. But there are abundant signs that both Rembrandt and Rubens—the latter, perhaps, more than the former—excited his critical faculties to the utmost, and in consequence his pages are alive with earnestness. One feels him groping for the truth, and groping not merely to show his skill in criticising masters whose work few critics dare to analyze; but with the zeal of a man who may have it on his mind to apply to his own painting some of the discoveries he made. Not the least curious thing in this book is to note the reaction on the style of the critic of the spirit of the master he was writing about. Thus, about Rubens the writing is bold and decided, like the work of that genius; but about Rembrandt it is comparatively timid and sometimes really confused. On the whole the effect of the book is not that of a product of a mind thoroughly informed with its subject and entirely settled in its conclusions. Fromentin distinctly avers this, and in part assumes it intentionally. Yet one cannot avoid the

\* "*The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland (Les Maîtres d'autrefois)*." By Eugène Fromentin. Translated by Mrs. Mary C. Robbins. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1882.





Eug. Fromentin pinx

THE ARAB FALCONER.

Leop. Flameng. sc

(AFTER AN ETCHING BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG. FROM A PAINTING BY EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.)



inference that if he had lived ten years longer, and allowed the effervescence of the powerful impressions made by the old Dutch masters on his lively, responsive, artistic temperament to subside, he would have made of this charming and brilliant series of sketches a work far more rounded, far more profound. We hesitate at his dicta about Franz Hals; we decline to go his lengths concerning Rembrandt as a painter, and even fancy that much that he writes about him is ill-digested and confused. It is picturesque, but not to be thoroughly trusted. Yet what are we saying? It sounds like a piece of flagrant ingratitude to quarrel with a book so full of delicate and independent research as "*Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*." When one reflects that the enthusiast, the sympathetic reporter of Oriental life in Northern Africa, is able to enter into and enjoy the entirely different art of Holland, respect must be felt for Fromentin's breadth of mind and acumen.

If Fromentin did not have a vivifying effect on the painters about him, his pictures and his books on the East told strongly on the public. The books were so charming in their descriptions of scenery, so full of enthusiasm for the Orient, so eloquent, that they made their way without an effort, after having been well received in their less perfect form in the *feuilleton* of the "*Pays*." The pictures won him friends and fame. Three were purchased by the French Government. Duplicates were sold without much scruple, and many of his pictures went to Great Britain and the United States. Their effect was quiet, but it was penetrating. There is no mistaking the earnestness and sincerity of a painter who does not, like Benjamin Constant, for example, use the Orient as an excuse for cloying pictures of odalisks, nor wearies one with an Orientalism that is false. The Eastern paintings of Gérôme, though sometimes cleverer, do not afford so much pleasure to gentle minds. Fromentin had none of the hardness of Gérôme, and lacked some of his smartness. His methods of work, both literary and artistic, may be seen in the fragmentary "*Voyage en Égypte*," which M. Gonse has printed just as he left it, in the short, but apparently far from hurried, notes of a traveler. Only Hawthorne could have exceeded Fromentin in the minuteness of his record, and in the curious fashion of talking to himself in his notes, and jogging his own memory, telling himself to be sure not to forget this or that point. In every Egyptian town he visits the quarter of the Almehs, and jots down the shades of color in their brilliant dresses, notes the effect of the gold coins strung in their hair, and the glittering of their eye-balls and white teeth.

The attention to colors is close and intelligent. This may be taken as a specimen from the Nile trip near Luxor. "Very near the Libyan chain, lofty, rosy, fallow-colored, fully lit by the morning sun, magnificent in outline. The Nile is evidently lower. It has recovered its large banks — (*reflections entire*). A pelican close by. Four shots at him — missed. The Nile like a mirror, all rose and *pale blue*. The greatest possible pallor. Banks should be ochre, bitumen, provided it is in the light. One little sail on a Nile boat shines white in the immensity of that blonde light. As strong as you will, so long as it is blonde, limpid, clear, flat, in every way pure. *Make it pure, never too much so!* Not to fear dryness, avoid it by the modeling of objects, choice of values, *thickness of tone*. Avoid reds. There are none. Measure distances by values, intensity of tones by one or two dominant spots, which are nothing but *blacks*, browns, blues; as a high light, a whitish blue, a cotton white. This on a pale river. Mountains *cendré* or rose, modeled or not, according to the hour. A soft sky. There is the whole of Egypt!" On the journey during which this was written he had the good fortune to witness the *fête* given by the Viceroy of Egypt to the Empress and the Emperor of Austria on the opening of the Suez Canal. The short, telling phrases bring the scenes before one quite as well as a careful rewriting would. It shows how seriously Fromentin took both his writing and his painting. Nothing was neglected that could be done to make each perfect, and the result was that in art he approached the best of his contemporaries, and that in literature he has been placed with justice beside Alfred de Musset and Prosper Mérimée. There was indeed a decided likeness between the personalities of these sensitive and fastidious men. The reward of all this taste, earnestness in work, all this prudence and thoughtfulness, was a quick and substantial appreciation at home and abroad, and the agreeable consciousness on the part of the painter and author that he was helping thousands of people to widen their intellectual horizon and enjoy with him that Orient which he studied and adored.

Nevertheless there are moments when one doubts whether Fromentin looked very deep into the life or the landscape of the East, notwithstanding the pleasant things said of him by his biographers and the delightful passages written by himself in more than one attractive volume. He was more occupied with externals than anything else. The colors of dresses made him give less attention to the expression of faces and the thoughts of the Orientals. The necessity to register in the



memory changing effects of landscape scattered his observation still more. One is inclined to wonder often whether, after all, it was not a loss to Fromentin to have been so highly gifted in two directions; whether, in fact, he did not suffer from dividing his forces. When one broods long over his Oriental paintings, this is what one comes to: they are beautiful, charming, fresh, individual, and most undoubtedly correct in their sweet, elegant, and delicate view. Of course they do not say all; but they do not say the best. They are not profound. They do not grapple with great thoughts or stir great emotions. They please; they do not thrill you with the indescribable feeling that comes at sight of a piece of great art. It would be expecting too much to demand this from Fromentin; but that is not the point. The question is raised by way of defining his position and separating him from other writers and painters who have worked in the same field, and also in order to mark the difference between a man who sets a fashion going and a man who aids a fashion. Fromentin did not discover the East in art, nor did he profoundly understand it; but probably he did more to popularize the Orient and the products thereof than any originator could. His work does not show the sturdy, deep-hued quality of a collection of rugs and carpets from Persia, in which usefulness seems to have been thought of first and beauty second. It is much lighter, finer, more gentlemanly, but it is far more open to the appreciation of Europeans and Americans in general. If not the prophet, then his nephew. Why, indeed, should any one demand of Fromentin the religious fervor and depth of thought of J. F. Millet, or the depth of tenderness and the originality of Corot? He was only too well aware of his own limitations, and he knew how to admire another painter without envy. He began by admiring Marilhat, and perhaps, on the whole, his work is nearer to the effects which Marilhat sought than the paintings of any other. But toward the close of his life it was Corot to whom his heart warmed, when, we may suppose, it was too late to enter the path which Corot pointed out. He loved him, Gonse says; he comprehended and admired him with an enthusiasm which was catching. Without beating about the bush, and almost with violence, he asserted that Corot was the Great Master, the living and generous fountain from which the school should drink. He believed him an innovator of the greatest boldness, a painter who had an incomparable delicacy of sentiment for light, one who possessed the highest degree of sensitiveness for what is just tone in painting. Instead of imitating

Corot, however, Fromentin merely varied his scenes when the public taste, or his own failing powers of invention and work, told him that the Orient of Africa would no longer do. In Europe there is no place, unless it be Constantinople, which has more of the Orient than Venice. The very gondolas one may guess to be imitations of the ancient boats that appear on the bas-reliefs of Egypt and Mesopotamia; the rowers stand, steer, and at the same time propel them in the very way we see them do when the Egyptian prince of five or six thousands of years ago is rowed out for a day's havoc among the cranes and geese in the long reeds of the Nile. So it was to Venice that Fromentin turned for new subjects, making there many sketches and exposing at the Salons for several years very charming pictures. But the public is always a queer monster. It seemed to have had no pity for a man who sought to please it with other fare, now that the old had palled. The Venetian pictures made no special mark. Destructive and humiliating war intervened. Fromentin was not destined to be one of the writers and painters who rode the waves as bravely after that crisis as they did before. His prime was passed as an artist, and, although Government continued to recompense him and the Institute accepted him, it was after the usual fashion of such distributors of rewards,—either as a payment for past merits, or else as an incisive and original critic, not for present eminence as a painter. Only as a critic he remained at a level equal with himself in earlier years, and we may believe that such regret for his loss as is purely selfish should apply to him as a writer, not as a painter. Suppose he had put his cool, clear, delicate mind on the subject of Venetian art? What a delightful pendant to his "*Maitres d'Autrefois*" would he not have composed! In view of his great services as a critic; in view of the intellectual pleasure afforded by his books on the desert and on Holland; finally, in view of the enjoyment he has given through his beautiful pictures, it is a little hard that one should be driven to assume an apologetic tone about him at all. He used his talents to their fullest extent and always aimed at the highest of which he was capable. So, when we enter a shop of bric-à-brac, and see among the tasteless and ugly things articles of real beauty; when we look about us, in the rooms of persons of good taste, at the strange and strangely charming products of Northern Africa, we might do worse than to think of Fromentin as a captain in the cause of the popularization of art.

*Henry Eckford.*



## ANASTASIA.

### I.

MR. FREDERICK HOUSTON entered the world at an inopportune moment, while his father was having dealings with the bankruptcy courts. One or two failures, however, were in Clayville among the normal incidents of a well-regulated existence, and were not even remotely associated with dark visions of ruin and despair. The unfortunate merchant shut his shop with a jolly bang, sold out his old goods at auction prices, closed with his creditors at ten or fifteen cents on the dollar, and within a month or two was again started on the high road to prosperity. The arrival of a son at this juncture seemed to Mr. Houston rather a happy omen; it roused his ambition by reminding him that he had a stake in the future.

The first memorable incident in the career of the youthful Frederick was a concert which Ole Bull chanced to give in the town of which he had the misfortune to be a native. The musician, who knew nothing of this western town except that it was named Clayville and had two thousand inhabitants, succeeded in mustering a sober and stolid-looking audience of about fifty persons, who sat staring before them in apathetic silence, and seemed as unmoved by the alluring melodies as if they had been figures carved in wood or stone. His agent was heard to say the next morning, at the Tompkins House, that they were out of pocket, and that his "boss" was in ill-humor. Nevertheless, I venture to believe that the famous violinist would not have regretted his visit to Clayville if he had known that he had awakened the immortal spark in one youthful bosom, and lifted a humdrum life into a nobler and purer atmosphere. Frederick Houston, who had been admitted to the concert-hall by the special favor of the door-keeper, lay awake all that night rehearsing the *Carnaval de Venise*. Frederick was then fourteen years old, and had just quit-  
ted the public school for the purpose of learning business in his father's store, where all the commodities of life, from dry-goods and ready-made clothing to drugs and groceries, were exchanged for cash, or for grain, flour, pork, or any merchantable product of the surrounding country. Now, however, he took a sudden dislike to "business," and could not be persuaded to entertain the thought of a mercantile career. He devoted himself with greater energy to the construction of certain enigmatical musi-

cal instruments, and finally composed a harp which became the dread of the neighborhood. It was therefore purely in self-defense that his father bought a harmonium of three octaves and a half, which to him represented the final achievement of the race in the way of musical perfection.

It was about this time that Mr. Houston, senior, surprised the community by erecting a palatial residence with a mansard roof, Gothic windows, and a spacious porch supported on Corinthian columns. Possibly this unwonted exertion, and the restless anticipation of his triumph, exhausted his slender vitality, for he had hardly time to move into his new palace before death overtook him. His eldest son was then, at his own request and by the advice of the minister, sent to the East to prepare for college. Mrs. Houston and the second son, Joshua, who for some indefinable reason had accepted the nickname "Bruin," continued the business, and, by shrewd and fortunate investments, rose rapidly in prosperity and social importance. Frederick, in the meanwhile, learned to scan *Arma virumque cano* and *Integer vixit*, perspired profusely over dactyls, anapests, and other metrical intricacies, but failed to extract either comfort or edification from his novel accomplishments. After all, it was but a divided allegiance he could offer to the Greek and Roman classics. He never spent an hour over a book without feeling that it was a loss of time which might be more profitably employed at the piano. Themes for sonatas, nocturnes, and impromptus were continually humming in the background of his mind, and he sometimes found himself unconsciously intoning the text of Livy or Cicero to the air of a Mendelssohnian oratorio. He took two music-lessons daily, and on Sundays three, composed tremendous conglomerations of sound, which he very appropriately styled "fantasias," and made himself an affliction to every one who had the misfortune to reside under the same roof with him, when finally he departed with his piano for Harvard. There was some talk among his fellow-boarders of accompanying him to the depot with a brass band; but the project was in the end abandoned, probably because there was not a person in the house who did not at heart have a liking for the guileless and generous enthusiast.

After a five years' residence in Cambridge,



during which he organized all manner of musical and dramatic diversions, and even composed an overture to Æschylus's "Prometheus," Houston scraped through his examinations and received the long-coveted diploma. He then obtained his mother's consent to visit Europe, where he hoped to spend three or four years and complete his musical education. After a long and not unprofitable sojourn in Leipsic and Paris, he was one day seized with a yearning for Italy, and, having convinced himself that France had nothing new to teach him in his art, he packed his trunks hastily and took the first train for Marseilles, whence again he embarked precipitously for Rome.

## II.

THE *palazzo* opposite to the house in which Houston had installed himself for the winter excited his liveliest curiosity. It had a severe and forbidding air, as if it were gathering up its skirts to avoid contact with its plebeian neighbors. There was a coat-of-arms (and, as he soon learned, a very famous one) carved in stone over the *portone*, and there were heavy iron gratings before all the windows on the first floor. In a niche in the wall stood a weather-stained marble statuette of the Madonna, with two swords (whose gilded hilts were much tarnished) piercing her heart; and at her feet burned a feebly flickering lamp whose yellow flame was completely drowned in the broad glare of the sun. The stucco of the wall, where it had not fallen off, was of a dirty yellowish color; but it had a certain rich tone of venerable decay, which would have made the house an object of benevolent interest if it had not been for the sinister stare of the upper windows, which immediately chilled one's neighborly sympathies.

Houston was fully conscious of the look of haughty reserve which he received in return for every friendly glance which he sent across the street; but he was not in the least discouraged, and always returned with persistent good-humor to his post of observation after his daily excursions among the ruins of the Forum and the Campagna. He became possessed with the idea that this very intangible look, which haunted him early and late, might be expressed in music, and he forthwith resolved to embody it in the introduction to an immortal sonata. It must be an *andante* movement full of vague and remotely expressive chords in some grave and not too complex major key; then, as the theme gathered intensity and fullness, a transition might be made into a more tangible emotion—a

proud and solitary grief which nurses its own misery and scorns the comfort of human pity and fellowship. Whether in the end this frozen sorrow should be dissolved in penitential tears was as yet undecided. Houston believed in a very sparing use of the minor keys, and was inclined to guard the honor of his palace by according it a tearless and unrepentant decay.

One evening, in the middle of November, Frederick was walking up and down in the street in front of his lodgings, laboring desperately with the opening bars of the immortal sonata. His chords, which now and then he stopped to jot down in his note-book, persisted in assuming an air of mere commonplace and ostentatious *hauteur*; and when occasionally he found a combination of notes of a sufficiently ethereal quality, he remembered in the next moment that he was unconsciously echoing Chopin. It was in one of these moments of despairing humility that he turned about and cast a glance of hopeless appeal at the façade of the palace, which rose calm and stately in its decay (like a monarch in a ragged toga) out of the misty, shimmering moonlight. A breath of wind stole down the street, and the long, fine grass which depended from the crevices of the coat-of-arms and half draped the cornice of the *portone*, waved him a silent greeting. The pansies, too, which grew on the ledges of the window-caps, shook in the wind and looked as if they took a modest pleasure in the motion. Houston stood long questioning the unresponsive walls; he felt their character intensely; but the gate of communication between the realm of vision and that of sound seemed absolutely closed. He could not translate the language of the one into that of the other.

Suddenly he became aware of a presence near by; he turned his head and saw a young girl standing at the great gate of the palace, and apparently trying to raise the enormous brass knocker, whose grotesque, faun-like features smiled grimly at her in the moonlight. Houston, without much ceremony, approached her and offered her his assistance, which she readily accepted. He gave two emphatic raps, which startled a mighty resonance from within and rumbled away through the empty halls and corridors. The girl in the meanwhile had stepped into the middle of the street, and stood gazing with a look of anxious expectancy toward the upper windows. She was of middle height, not ungraceful, but almost preternaturally slender. Her face, which was pale and thin, but showed traces of exquisite modeling, wore an expression of pathetic helplessness which could not fail to touch our sympathetic traveler. There was in her large black eyes something of



that ethereal and rather unhealthy glow which he had observed in Carlo Dolce's madonnas. The contrast, moreover, between the refinement of her features and the extreme shabbiness of her attire stirred all the romantic possibilities of his nature.

Presently footsteps were heard from within, the heavy gate creaked on its hinges, and a stout, austere-looking domestic with a powdered wig and a lantern in his hand appeared in the opening.

Houston moved discreetly away, while the girl drew timidly nearer.

"Monsignore is not at home," he heard the servant saying, "and moreover, he does not like to be disturbed at this hour."

"But I must see him, Pietro," the girl pleaded with a pitiful quiver in her voice; "if he is not at home, I shall wait until he arrives."

"A curse on your impudence, wench!" grumbled the servant. "Have I not told you that Monsignore does not wish to be disturbed?"

The girl made hastily the sign of the cross on her forehead and breast, to counteract the effect of the curse.

"We are dying of hunger," she said, bursting into tears. "Monsignore has been away for five months, and he has sent us nothing."

"Why don't you go a-begging then? Better folks than you have taken to it. Bind up one of your legs under your dress, and get a pair of crutches, and nobody will guess that you are not a born cripple. Take your station on the road to San Pietro in Montorio, where all the foreigners go in their carriages. That is an excellent neighborhood. Cry to every carriage that passes, 'I am dying of hunger,' and with your big eyes and piteous face you will make an easy and honest livelihood. Now you must hurry away. *Ecco*, I have counseled you well."

The girl stood weeping silently, but did not stir.

"Quick now, I must close the gate."

"Have pity on me, Pietro, and allow me to speak to Monsignore."

"*Santissima!* A thousand devils have possessed you. If you do not go, I shall strike you,—I shall fling you out into the street!"

The words were accompanied by a threatening gesture; and the girl, expecting a blow, gave a shriek which resounded sharply through the still and empty street. Houston, who was only a few feet distant, turned abruptly about, and yielding to his chivalrous impulse rushed against the portly figure at the gate.

"You contemptible coward!" he cried, clutching the powdered gentleman by the throat. "Get down on your knees, I tell you, and beg the child's pardon."

There was an animated scuffle which lasted several minutes; then the assailed, in his enforced backward march, stumbled over a stone and fell on the marble pavement. His lantern, which had fallen from his hand, had burst open and lay faintly flickering at his side. He breathed heavily and fixed a terrified stare on Houston, whose features were but vaguely defined to him under the dusky archway. Then with a startling suddenness he found his voice, and gave a yell which went careering with increasing violence under the vaults of the stairway and the upper galleries.

"You are at liberty to rise," said Houston quietly. "I don't want to kill you; I only wished to give you a lesson, which I trust you will remember, not to vent your brutal strength on defenseless women and children."

The servant, with a shamefaced air, picked himself up, rubbed his hand over his close-cropped scalp, which he now found to be minus its wig, stooped to re-adjust the wick in his lantern, and finally turned to mount the stairs. But at that moment the glare of a lamp fell from above, and a tall, thin figure in knee-breeches and a short ecclesiastical *talare*, was seen slowly descending. He held in one hand a Roman brass lamp of the Pompeian pattern, and in the other a gold-headed cane, upon which he leaned heavily. He moved with difficulty, and yet with a certain worldly elegance, and there was something extremely genteel in his very decrepitude.

"Pietro," he cried, in a voice which resembled the creaking of a door, "I heard a scream as of one in distress. What has happened?"

He had stopped at the foot of the broad staircase and had lifted the lamp to the level of his head, in which Rembrandt-like illumination the sharp lines of his face became doubly emphasized.

"Pardon me, Monsignore," said Houston, stepping forward and politely lifting his hat, "if I address you without your invitation. I was passing your house by accident, when I heard the shriek of a young girl, and supposing that your servant here had struck her, I took upon myself the duty of chastising him. My name is Mr. Frederick Houston, an American, and I live in No. 134 of this street. If you desire to call me to account, I shall be at your service."

"I desire to have nothing whatever to do with you, sir," answered Monsignore, with a snarl; "if you have no objection, I will bid you good-evening."



Houston lifted his hat once more, and was about to retire, when the young girl, of whose presence he had not been aware, stepped out of the darkness and tremblingly approached the ecclesiastic.

"*Eccellenza*," she said, seizing him by the hem of his robe, "we are dying of hunger. We have been quiet as long as we could, but now death is stealing upon us, and we have no strength nor courage left."

A cloud gathered on Monsignore's forehead, the deep wrinkles of his brow grew deeper, and his lips assumed a fixed and inexorable look. Then, as if by chance, his eyes strayed toward Houston, who had taken his station at the girl's side.

"You have not yet done me the favor to betake yourself away," he said, with studied courtesy.

"Nor do I intend to do you that favor," replied the American firmly, "until I see what becomes of this child. If you do not help her, I shall myself see that she suffers no want."

"It would be cruel to question the probity of your intentions," remarked the other, with a sneer. "But you may safely leave this girl's future to me. A worthy pauper never calls upon me in vain."

So saying, he pulled a very elegant pocket-book from an inner pocket and handed two five-franc notes to the girl. She kissed his hand dutifully and moved away, followed by Houston. He hailed a *fiacre* from a neighboring street-corner, paid the coachman, and, as she showed some reluctance to enter the vehicle, almost lifted her into it. He listened intently to the address she gave to the driver, made a memorandum of it in his note-book, bade his *protégée* a friendly good-night, and crossed the street to his lodgings.

### III.

THREE days had passed since Houston's interview with Monsignore. The immortal sonata was yet unfinished, but the haunting visions of sound, as yet uncrystallized in melodies, had lost something of their tantalizing remoteness, and had approached the domain of definite sensations. The theme itself, as expressed in the opening *andante*, was superbly, yet unaffectedly, original, and had, moreover, that rare poetic afflatus which among modern composers is found only in Chopin and Schubert. It was his preoccupation with this sonata which had prevented him from going in search of the young girl, whose address he still carried in his breast-pocket. To be frank, the personality of the decrepit

ecclesiastic had during these three days exerted a much stronger fascination over his mind than that of the pale, dark-eyed girl. The impression grew upon him that Monsignore was but an epitome or personification of the dismal and haughty palace, and that, on account of his consequent semi-unreality and undeniable picturesqueness, he could hardly be held responsible for his presumable wickedness to the same extent as ordinary mortals. I am ashamed to admit that Houston, on purely æsthetic grounds, found himself on the point of transferring his sympathies from his helpless *protégée* to her supposed persecutor.

It was already deep in the night, and a misty stream of Roman moonlight poured in through the uncurtained windows. Houston was sitting at his piano, his head thrown backward, his fine eyes now half closed, now lifted ecstatically toward the ceiling. The *andante* was completed, and he was giving vent to his happiness in an improvisation full of capricious transitions from bubbling, boyish glee to deep, transcendent joy. He was just in the midst of a jubilant strain, when suddenly a hoarse shriek rose in the night, followed by a long, smothered groan. Houston sprang to the window and gazed across the street. He observed that one of Monsignore's windows was wide open, and that the Venetian blind had apparently been torn down from the top; for it covered only the lower half of the opening, and was at a very acute angle to the frame. This circumstance seemed somewhat suspicious; but the young man still hesitated, hardly knowing whether so slight an irregularity would warrant him in intruding. Several minutes elapsed in silence; only the Venetian blind seemed occasionally to give a sudden jerk, and to strike forcibly against the window-frame. Houston seized his hat and a revolver which his mother had urged upon him at parting, but paused again, irresolute, in the middle of the floor. Then he saw distinctly a head, black-haired and evidently the head of a young man—appearing above the top of the blind. In a few moments he had reached the street, dashed against the *portone* of the palace, which, to his surprise, he found unlocked, and reached breathless the top of the marble staircase. The robber, whoever he was, had taken few precautions; the outer door was ajar, and a dim, moon-like lamp burned under the ceiling in the hall. Houston leveled his pistol and tore open the door which he supposed led to Monsignore's study. A tremendous Italian oath was his greeting; the black-haired youth whom he had observed from beyond the street rushed against him with clenched fists,



but, seeing his weapon, started back with another imprecation.

"Sit down!" commanded Houston, pointing to a large easy-chair in the remotest corner of the room. The young man sulkily obeyed, then buried his face in his hands and burst into tears.

Houston, from his safe station at the door, cast a glance around the apartment, all the appointments of which had an air of grand and scholarly elegance. A splendidly carved desk, which stood between the windows, had been broken open, and the contents of the small drawers had been scattered about on the floor. Near this desk, half hidden under the blind and a heap of papers, a pair of slippered feet were visible, to which was attached the general outline of a long and bony figure. Frederick, still with one eye on his prisoner, approached the window, lifted the blind, and beheld Monsignore lying on his back, with his hands and feet tied, and a handkerchief thrust into his throat. He still breathed, though with much difficulty, and the effort had swelled the veins on his brow, and made his face a dark copper color. He fixed his gray eyes on Houston, not beseechingly, but with an expression of cold reserve, as if he were rather inclined to resent his intrusion. Nevertheless, the American stooped down and snatched the handkerchief from his mouth, being for the moment quite forgetful of the robber, who still sat sobbing in the corner. The situation seemed to Houston most extraordinary: a weeping criminal, who neglected his chance of escape, and a victim who resented his rescue from the jaws of death.

"Vittorio," whispered Monsignore, feebly; and, as there came no response, he cleared his throat and repeated more loudly: "Vittorio!"

The young man arose, wiped away his tears with a large yellow handkerchief, and, with a half defiant, half respectful manner, approached the window where Monsignore was lying. He was a beautiful lad, about twenty years old, of light, graceful build, and with a face of the Masaniello or Fra Diavolo type, as idealized in a romantic opera. There was a sort of reckless, dare-devil expression in his features which was extremely becoming to him, and the *tout ensemble* of his personality reminded one strikingly of a Mercury from the best Greek period.

"Vittorio," said the ecclesiastic, "untie these cords immediately. Then betake thyself away, and we will not further trouble the Signore Americano."

"My one thousand francs, first!" cried Vittorio, flinging out both his hands, with a gesture of defiant appeal. "*Santa Madre*

*di Dio!* I am poorer than St. Anthony in the wilderness; and you, Monsignore, you dine with the Holy Father and ride in a *coupé*, and live in a splendid palace. But the devil has stretched out his claws to grab you, Monsignore, because you have denied your own flesh and blood, and starved your children, and trodden them in the dust. If you think that you can place a gentleman of my pretensions in the world and not pay for it, you make a miscalculation, Monsignore. I want one thousand francs, and not a *soldo* less; and I want them to-night, because your promises, Monsignore, are not worth a puff of smoke."

"Remember the presence of the Signore Americano, Vittorio," said the ecclesiastic, in a warning voice. "I have but five hundred francs in the house, and I will give them to you if you will untie these cords immediately; otherwise I shall ask the Signore Americano to assist me."

"Ah, *Santissima!*" cried Vittorio, with a gesture of passionate remonstrance. "You are a cunning old fox, Monsignore, and if you were not my father I should have plunged a dagger into your throat instead of a handkerchief. There was Anastasia, my sister, the miserable thing, she wept and begged you for money because my mother and the two little ones were starving. And your servant struck her, Monsignore, and you gave her two contemptible five-franc notes, because the Signore Americano refused to go away until she was satisfied."

"*Vittorio mio,*" interrupted Monsignore, in a dry, dispassionate tone, "I have told thee that I have only five hundred francs. Behold, thou shalt have them."

"*Bene, benissimo!*" ejaculated Vittorio, pouncing upon a magnificent bronze figure of the young Narcissus, which stood on a porphyry pedestal, against the wall. "I will take this as security for the remaining five hundred. You can redeem it, Monsignore, within a week; and if you fail to call, you will find it at the '*Monte di Pietà.*'" \*

Monsignore gave a groan, and now, for the first time, looked appealingly at Houston.

"Signore Americano," he said, half hesitatingly, "I am compelled to ask a favor of you. Will you force this young miscreant to replace the Narcissus on its pedestal?"

"He seems to have a claim on you, reverend sir," answered Houston, "and I am not at all sure but that the right is on his side. I came here to protect you from physical maltreatment, and I am willing to free your limbs, if you desire it. Even though I

\* The great municipal pawn-office.



disapprove of the young man's resort to violence, I intend to place no further obstacles in his way."

Monsignore lay silent for a minute or two, during which Vittorio flashed a succession of most significant glances at Houston; the first expressed gratitude, the second contempt for the miserable old miser, the third triumph, and the fourth had apparently a more sinister meaning, which the American failed to interpret.

"Vittorio," began Monsignore at last. "Go out into the hall for a moment and remain there until I call thee."

Vittorio, feeling now a complete confidence in Houston, gave the latter another brilliant look, and did as he was commanded.

"Signore Americano," whispered the old man, beckoning Frederick nearer to him. "I know that you are a *galantuomo*—a man in whom I can trust. You will not abuse the confidence of a helpless old man. Go to the pedestal of the Narcissus and push it aside. Then lift up the tile on the floor and bring me the roll of gold which you will find there. I would do it myself, but the pedestal is too heavy, and I cannot move it without Pietro's assistance; and the vagabond has gone to see his wife to-night, and will not return before morning."

Houston stooped and gently untied the cords, then, without much difficulty, lifted the pedestal and the tile, and uncovered a heap of shining Napoleons; he was just about to put his hand on one of the rolls, when Monsignore, suddenly repenting of his rashness, came creeping rapidly toward him and flung himself, with an air of breathless anxiety, over his treasure. His haughty mien had entirely vanished; he seemed no longer the splendid aristocrat he had been but a few days before, but only a feeble and contemptible old man. Raising himself on his elbow, he took the gold pieces one by one from their hiding-place, counted them slowly and reluctantly, while his eyes now and then sought Houston's face with a frightened and distrustful look which was truly pitiful.

"I will bid you good-night now, Monsignore," said Frederick, when he had lifted the pedestal back into its place. "You need not fear my betraying you, and I hope I shall never incommode you again."

Monsignore stared, but did not speak.

"Wait one moment," he said at last, hoarsely. "Wait till the young miscreant has gone. Do not leave me alone with him."

Houston went to the door and called Vittorio, who, without much ceremony, swept the money into the palm of his hand and then jingled it delightedly in his pockets.

They then both made a profound bow to Monsignore and took their leave.

#### IV.

It was about sunset the next day that Houston found himself strolling across the Ponte Sisto toward that part of the city which is called the Trastevere. The sky was clear and warm, and the saffron gilding of the sunset lingered along the western horizon. A pine to the westward lifted its broad crown against the golden blue air, like a saint in a preraphaelite picture, and seemed ablaze with a deep, subdued glory. The bells of the Santa Maria in Trastevere, sent forth now and then a drowsy and listless sound, which blended well with the calm mood of the evening. Houston had never felt the peculiar fascination of Rome so intensely as he did at this moment. Each successive impression stole with a soft and noiseless tread into his soul, and again glided out to give place to something still rarer and more beautiful. Alured by a tempting vista of crumbling walls, quaint doorways, and ragged children, he turned into a side-street which runs up along the bank of the river and presently loses itself in the labyrinth of narrow *vicoli*. Here there was yet a flavor of the old papal Rome, the gradual disappearance of which foreign artists and tourists are bewailing. Here clotheslines are strung across the street from wall to wall, and the wet linen deposits occasionally a startling drop on the top of your hat; shrines of the most primitive kind, with rude wax figures and ornaments of pathetic tawdriness, meet you at every corner; all species of dirt flourish in broad publicity, and, finally, the streets themselves have been suffered to retain the names of their favorite saints, probably because they are too mean to be honored by those of Italian patriots. There was to Houston something very beautiful in the *naïveté* which enables a Roman without profanity to call the street in which he lives The Street of Jesus (*via del Gesù*) or The Street of the Holy Spirit, and aesthetically it seemed to him a loss to exchange such names for *via Garibaldi* and *Corso Vittorio Emmanuele*, which, after all, belong to the same class as *Franklin* and *Adams* and *Washington Street*. It was some such reflection as this that was passing through his brain as he accidentally stopped to read the inscription on a street corner and found it to correspond exactly with the address which he carried in his pocket-book. It was here, then, that Anastasia lived, and very likely Vittorio too.

"Can you tell me, Signorina," he said to



a young girl who was just passing with a pitcher of water on her head, "if a youth named Vittorio lives in this street?"

"In sooth, Signore, there are two Vittorios living in this street," she answered, with a look and a voice which, it is said, are not found outside of the Trastevere. "Vittorio the Blond and Vittorio the Black."

"Vittorio the Black is undoubtedly my man," replied he, smiling at the ardor of her manner.

"Ah, the Black Vittorio!—he lives in the house there with the gate, and the flower-pots on the wall."

Houston approached the gate which she had pointed out to him and cautiously pushed it open. He saw before him a small rectangular court, in which fragments of ancient marble lay scattered about, and in the corner of which stood a crude statue, apparently of the Emperor Commodus, with a much-battered nose and a generally humid and earth-stained look, as if it had been recently excavated. On the imperial head a piece of baby linen had been hung out to dry, and over the outstretched arm was flung some article of feminine apparel. The walls had once had a coating of stucco, but it seemed a century or more since this had disappeared; the gray stones were now distinctly visible, and the whole house had an aged and time-eaten look. A much-worn stone staircase ran up to the second floor, where there were two windows, protected by wooden lattice-work; but, as far as Houston could discover, there were no window-panes. As he was mounting the steps, he perceived that a thick volume of smoke was issuing from the chimney, and he heard voices in animated conversation.

"We will make St. Magdalen blacker than sin had made her," said a male voice, which he instantly recognized as that of his acquaintance of yesterday. "Her newly discovered modesty needs protection. We will wrap her in a robe of smoke."

"Fie! for shame, Vittorio," cried a softer voice, in rich cadence. "If you don't beware, St. Magdalen will singe your own flesh and burn it with fever, in order to repay you for your mockery."

"The Virgin preserve me from singeing her flesh!" said Vittorio, laughing. "That would be a clear loss to me of at least five hundred francs. I only want to brown her so as to make her look three or four hundred years old, and then sell her to some wealthy American as a Correggio or a Battoni."

"But surely that would be a great sin, Vittorio," said the voice of Anastasia. "If I had known that that was the use you wanted to make of the picture I should never have copied it for you."

"But, Anastasia *mia!*" ejaculated her brother, "if the Holy Virgin did not wish her faithful ones to profit by the ignorance of the heretics, why then should she send them by the thousands to our very doors, with their purses bursting with Napoleons! Does she wish needlessly to tempt us, and to entice us to sin?"

That was a puzzling problem to Anastasia, and she was not equal to its solution.

"Is there, then, another god who takes care of the foreigners, Vittorio?" she asked, in the tone of one who is anxious to be instructed.

"No, you foolish child. The devil takes care of them while they are in this world. How else do you suppose they could get so much money?"

Houston was too much entertained by this conversation to have any scruple about playing the eavesdropper. Now, however, as Anastasia did not seem disposed to continue the argument, he gave three smart raps on the door, whereupon a solitary black eye appeared at a hole in the panel, and three excited voices within were heard exclaiming: "The Signore Americano." Then there came a sound as of hurried sweeping and moving about of furniture, and finally, at the end of a few minutes, the door was opened by Vittorio, who smiled and bowed and showed his white teeth in a very distressing manner.

"Signore must excuse the smoke in the room," he said, blandly. "When the wind is from the east our chimney always smokes."

It occurred to Houston, as he seated himself on a low chair near the door, that his visit must appear very extraordinary to these people. He was just beginning to feel awkward, when fortunately he had a happy inspiration.

"I have heard," he remarked, "that the signorina" (he called every unmarried Italian woman signorina) "is very skillful in copying old paintings. There is in the Borghese Gallery a Danaë by Correggio, of which I am very anxious to procure a good copy. If the Signorina Anastasia would undertake to copy it for me, I should be happy to give her the order."

This proposal was made the subject of a long and lively debate. Anastasia insisted that she was not able to make a really good copy of so great a work; Vittorio was even more emphatic in his assertions to the contrary, and finally the mother, a tall, serious woman, with a four-year-old child on her arm, entered upon the scene, and mildly persuaded her daughter to accept this providential chance of earning some money, of which they were greatly in need. Before Houston took



his leave, it was decided that he was to meet Anastasia the next morning in the Borghese Gallery.

## v.

DURING the month that followed, Frederick became very familiar with the street which, under two different names, leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the Piazza Borghese; and the jewellers and dealers in antiquities, who stood in their doorways as he passed, smoking their morning cigars, began to nod to him as to an old acquaintance, and to hail him with some sonorous Italian greeting. He found it hard to restrain his impatience and wait for the time when the gallery was to be opened, and he was thus frequently compelled to spend a dreary half-hour in one of the curiosity shops around the palace, admiring with one eye an ancient snuff-box or cameo, and with the other casting furtive glances toward the nearest street-corner. He flattered himself that his conduct was the perfection of diplomatic duplicity, and yet there was hardly a tradesman in the Via della Fontanella di Borghese who had not long ago guessed his transparent secret.

Anastasia's appearance had undergone a marked change since the day when he first met her. Her dress, though yet simple, was beginning to show occasional touches of prosperity: a modest little round hat took the place of the unpretending red and yellow kerchief, and bits of picturesqueness, neatly disposed with a view both to economy and effect, and pathetic imitations of fashionable novelties, indicated plainly that her courage and hope were reviving. There was even at times a faint suggestion of color in her pale cheek, and the unearthly glow in her eyes was quenched or receded out of sight; then a touchingly childlike expression of happiness would beam out of her countenance, and she would chat in a gay, but subdued fashion, while she bent over her canvas or stood off to measure an effect, by looking with narrowing eyes over the back of her uplifted hand. At such moments Houston would find her absolutely bewitching. If he succeeded in making her laugh, he felt as pleased with himself as if he had made a witty repartee at a dinner-party. There was in her whole personality something hushed and subdued, from which he inferred that she had been tyrannized over and needed tenderness and cautious encouragement before she could bloom out into her natural self.

Their talk was usually about art and artists; but sometimes, when the opportunity seemed favorable, he would indulge in an au-

tobiographical retrospect, and relate to her scenes and incidents of his early life, hoping thereby to beguile her into similar disclosures. But in these efforts he was signally unsuccessful. She seemed to feel honored by his own confidences, and listened to them with a shy and grateful interest which was charming to behold; but she never volunteered to give parallel passages from her own experience. He hardly knew how to interpret this cautious reserve of hers in all things relating to her personal history. He was at first inclined to attribute it to excessive modesty; but the recollection of her mysterious visit to Monsignore soon convinced him that she had a secret to guard, which perhaps he had no right to pry into. She did not know, of course, that Vittorio in his wrath had betrayed their true relation to Monsignore, and Houston was not the man to allow her to suspect that her efforts at concealment were of no avail.

At the end of five weeks the picture was completed. It was a delicate and conscientious piece of work, minutely studied, exquisitely correct, and yet lacking withal the joyous Pagan spirit of the Renaissance. As a piece of color it was admirable. The beautiful and allusive *chiaro oscuro* was rendered with a skill which was fairly astonishing, and the difficult modeling displayed a feeling and a delicacy of treatment which were far beyond anything which Houston had dared to expect; and, for all that, it was easy to discover that the picture in its *tout ensemble* had remained a riddle to the fair copyist.

"Tell me, Signorina," said the American, as he stood before the completed picture, congratulating himself on the excellence of his investment, "where and how did you learn to paint?"

"I went for four years to Gigi's and learned to draw," she answered in her usual hushed voice. "Then I went for two years more to the *Accademia di San Luca*."

"Pardon me," he said, with a kind of appealing tenderness, "but you need not answer me unless you are perfectly willing. I supposed you were very poor, Signorina."

"So we are," she replied, with an effort, while a deep blush spread over her cheeks. "It was Monsignore who sent me to the drawing-school and to the academy."

He felt as if this first personal confession were an indication that he had made a great advance in her favor; and then for the first time it occurred to him that he had during these five weeks (although he had played the part of a patron) been assiduously endeavoring to establish himself in her confidence and friendship. He was astonished at his own energy and perseverance. He did not belong to the



type of man who conquers by dash and bold assumption of superiority; he had not the slightest pride in his appearance, although he was a refined and fairly good-looking fellow; he rather relied upon his intellectual advantages, in which he did take a little innocent pride, and his unconquerable kindness and good nature.

They lingered for more than an hour before Titian's Earthly and Heavenly Love, not so much because the picture interested them as because they were loth to part. There were no other visitors in the gallery; only the custodian walked up and down on the floor, shaking his keys impatiently.

"I may have chosen an inopportune moment for paying you," said Houston; "but now the picture is mine, and, unless you allow me to come to your house, I may never see you again."

He handed her five hundred lire in Italian paper.

"That is too much of a golden rain!" she exclaimed, smiling with an embarrassed air. "I cannot consent to take so much, Signore. My picture is not worth it."

"It is worth ten times that amount to me," replied he, with ardor. "Your money is well earned, Signorina. Take it and enjoy it. I only regret that by paying you I lose my last hold upon you. I shall have no excuse for going to see you again."

She took the crisp bills half reluctantly, folded them deliberately, and put them into her bosom. At the gate they shook hands and parted. She had never yet allowed him to escort her through the streets, and the way in which she ignored his desire to accompany her was sufficiently pointed to amount to a dismissal.

## VI.

THE rest of that day was intolerably long to Houston. He played, but even Beethoven seemed trite and meaningless. He began to read in an exquisite little vellum-bound copy of Tasso, but Tasso was dull and his sonnets seemed pointless. To kill the time he went down to the American banker's, on the Piazza di Spagna, stared blankly at the newspapers, and now and then exchanged a vapid remark with some compatriot who found that "Rome was a fraud," and that the Coliseum and the Forum had been very much overrated. He lounged for an hour in the bronze shops of the Via del Babuino, drank a cup of chocolate at Nazzari's, and finally went to Spillmann's to dine. Here he met two American friends, who persuaded him, for want of better occupation, to spend the even-

ing with them at a *café chantant*, where the latest French and Italian songs were warbled by young ladies in a variety of airy costumes. It was about nine o'clock when they entered. The café was crowded with Italian officers and foreign pleasure-seekers. Houston sat down with his companions at one of the small round tables, and listened languidly to the shrill and jerky melodies:

"Io vado in gondola, vado a Venezia,  
La mia amorosa vado a trovar."

Just as the song was at an end and he had risen to go, he heard voices in vehement altercation in an adjoining room.

"Let us stay and enjoy the fun," cried one of his comrades. "Let us go and see what the rumpus is."

In jolly humor they pushed through the crowd and forced the door open to a smaller apartment, where a dozen men were gathered about a gaming-table. One young man, in whom Houston instantly recognized his friend Vittorio, had clutched a handful of bank-notes in his left hand, while with the right he was gesticulating furiously, shouting all the while at the top of his voice. The tears flashed in his brilliant eyes as he demonstrated to the bystanders how his opponent—a small, sullen-looking man—had cheated him out of his hard-earned money, and meant to snatch the bread out of the mouth of his poor mother (upon whom he lavished endearing and commiserating adjectives), and his feeble sister, whom he was supporting by the sweat of his brow, etc. He was just in the midst of this touching harangue when his eye suddenly caught Houston's glance; he grew pale, stammered, and cleared his throat with a confused expression. Then, precipitating himself again into the midst of the argument, he advanced boldly toward the American, and shook his hand with extreme cordiality.

"This gentleman here," he said, "can vouch for the truth of what I have been saying. He knows that I am an honest and upright man."

The daring ingenuity of this stratagem quite took Houston's breath away.

"The question is not whether you are honest or not, Vittorio," he said. "If you have lost your money to this man, you must of course pay him; and, as I was not present, I cannot tell who is in the right. By the way," he went on, after a pause, "allow me to look at those bills. I shall return them to you on the spot."

"And why do you want to look at the bills, pray?"



"Just from curiosity. I suppose you had put them up as a stake."

"And how does that concern you, Signore?"

"It might concern me more than you think, Signor Vittorio."

"You shall pay dearly for that, Signor Americano."

A menacing glance shot forth from under the thick, Italian eyebrows, and Houston, having lost all inclination to act as umpire, slipped out through the crowd and into the street. He had no longer any doubt that Vittorio had stolen his sister's money. They were the same bills, all in fifty-lire notes, which she had received from him that very morning.

Frederick walked rapidly down the Ripetta toward the Tiber, crossed the Ponte Sisto, and plunged into the labyrinth of the Trastevere. The streets were almost deserted; only now and then some stately figure in rags would come stalking out of the darkness, loom up for an instant in the moonlight, and again vanish in the dense shadow. The house in which Anastasia lived was situated in a narrow *vicolo*, which ran down to the river, and terminated abruptly in a steep embankment; this embankment had once been surmounted by a low stone wall, of which yet some few scattered fragments remained; underneath, the current ran swift and silent, except when a swirling eddy swung in toward the shore with a fierce serpentine whisper. From the upper part of the street, where Houston was standing, meditating whether he should venture to rouse Anastasia, he could hear the hissing sound of the rapids, as they whirled and seethed and boiled, and then rolled out into the middle of the hurrying current. His indignation was still burning in his veins, and no sobering second thought, or conventional sense of propriety could convince him that it was not his duty to see Anastasia at once, and reveal to her her brother's villainy. He went to the gate and pressed gently against it; with a rusty creak it swung open. In the little court-yard the stately Commodus was still stretching out his arm with an imperial gesture toward the uninviting hen-coop. The moonlight flooded the narrow inclosure, and lent its radiance to the somber stone walls and the earth-stained marble of the emperor. Houston mounted the well-worn stone steps and knocked gently at the door. Light footsteps were heard within, the door was opened, and Anastasia appeared, barefooted, and with her black hair rolling down over her shoulders.

"Holy mother of God!" she cried, drawing her gown up around her neck. "What do you wish at this time of night, Signore Americano?"

"Do not be frightened, Anastasia," he hastened to reassure her. "I'll do you no harm. Put on your dress, please, and come out. I must see you. I have something very important to relate to you."

"I do not comprehend your words, Signore. How can you have any important message for me?"

"Believe me, I pray you, Anastasia. Before God, I would never harm you. I have seen your brother to-night, and what I have to say relates to him."

"Ah! Vittorio," she exclaimed, with a quick look of alarm. "I'll be with you in a moment, Signore."

Within a few minutes she re-appeared, neatly attired in her round hat and her demure little black gown. She led the way rapidly into the street, where she paused, and let her eyes wander uneasily up and down its dusky, tortuous length. "Come this way, Signore," she whispered, as a subdued male voice and a titter of girls reached her from a neighboring court, "this way, quick! or they will see us."

She seized him gently by the arm, and drew him into a narrow *vicolo*, which led down to the embankment of the river. Then she stood still, and riveted her eyes on him, with a gaze of anxious expectancy.

"My message is not a cheerful one," he began, folding his arms, and leaning against a projecting fragment of wall, "and I fear it will grieve you."

"Speak," she gasped! "is Vittorio dead?"

"No, he is not dead; but I saw him an hour ago in a gambling-house, where he was quarrelling violently—"

"Ah! then he is wounded," she interrupted breathlessly. "Tell me at once if it is mortal, —if it is dangerous."

"He is not wounded either," resumed Houston gravely.

She drew a long breath of relief. To her Italian mind there were no misfortunes comparable with physical injuries.

"What is it, then?" she asked in a lighter tone.

"You must pardon me, and allow me to tell you the whole story."

And he described the scene at the *café*, and the part he had himself taken in it.

"I dare hardly say what I think," he concluded by saying; "but I am positive, Signorina, that the bills which Vittorio held in his hand were the very ones I gave you this morning."

"And what if they were?" she whispered tremulously.

"Then I should conclude that he had stolen them from you?"



"No, he did not steal them from me. I gave them to him."

"Willingly, and of your own accord?"

"No, he struck me, and forced me to give them to him."

Here her voice shook still more perceptibly, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Does Vittorio often strike you?"

"Yes, whenever he wants money. I copy pictures and he smokes them and sells them as old masters; or, if I sell the copies, he takes my money."

She began to sob as if her heart would break. Houston seized her hand, drew her up to him, and strove to comfort her.

"Your lot is a hard one, Anastasia," he said, tenderly. "I wish I could help you and protect you."

"You cannot, Signore. No one can help me."

He was about to remonstrate, when he heard rapid footsteps approaching from the upper part of the street. He had hardly time to drop Anastasia's hand and retire to a proper distance (of both of which acts he was inwardly ashamed), when he saw a slender and agile figure rushing against him with uplifted fists. Houston, by a swift movement, evaded the blow, then laid both his hands on Vittorio's shoulders and held him tightly in his grasp. The Italian, hissing out an oath, tore himself loose, and, with a tiger-like leap, sprang back toward the brink of the river; and Anastasia saw something bright flashing in his hand. She started with a cry, and saw instantly that life and death depended upon her choice. And the impulse to choose flashed through her mind with terrible distinctness. She flung herself forward with uplifted arms, and Vittorio, being unprepared for an attack from that side, reeled backward, stumbled, and vanished over the edge of the embankment. It was the work of one breathless moment. There came a stifled cry from below; then a low gurgle.

Houston sprang to the edge of the declivity; the brown waters wrestled and writhed as if in dumb pain. Far out in the whirling liquid chaos a white arm rose for an instant—then vanished. A swift, angrily whispering eddy swept over the spot where it had appeared, and the great river rolled silently onward.

A slow shiver crept through his limbs. He turned sadly away, not feeling where he trod. His feet were benumbed, and his hands, too, seemed strangely dead to his own touch. He had hardly thought of Anastasia; the terrible sight filled his soul to the exclusion of every other thought. He now saw her lying motionless where she had fallen, and with her face down. Stooping over her, he

lifted her up in his arms; she clung close to him, as if for protection from some unseen avenging hand.

"Vittorio," she whispered, hoarsely. "Is Vittorio dead?"

A convulsive shudder shook her slender frame, and she hid her face in the folds of his coat. There was something shy, and yet clinging in her manner, and in her fright something abject and imploring which made him for an instant shrink from her; she seemed to have lost that coy remoteness in which lay her dignity and her chief charm.

"Anastasia," he began—

His voice vibrated through her like an electric shock.

"Do not leave me, Signore," she begged piteously. "They will come and kill me. I shall die if you leave me."

He stood for a moment pondering. Then, with slow deliberation, wound his arm protectingly about her and drew her closely to him.

## VII.

It was three weeks after that day that Houston and Anastasia landed in New York. It was a dreary December day, and the sky was one vast leaden expanse, which sent down, from time to time, cold and dismal showers. Anastasia was quite stunned by the noise of Broadway, and her sweet, pale face wore a puzzled and timid expression. She held Houston's arm very tightly, and sent him now and then an appealing glance as if to implore him not to leave her. They had taken a carriage from the hotel the very morning after their arrival, and were now in search of a minister who would assume the responsibility of pronouncing them man and wife. Anastasia had yielded very reluctantly to this arrangement, not because she was loath to become Frederick's wife, but because, in her Old World simplicity, she feared that his union with one of her lowly birth would ruin his social position and place obstacles in the way of his future success as a musician. She wept a great deal in church during the ceremony, and pronounced her quaint little "Yes," and "I will," which she had been rehearsing all the way up the avenue, in a subdued and frightened whisper. Two days later they arrived, toward evening, in Clayville, and Bruin was at the station with a carriage to receive them. As this was the muddy season of the year, the aspect of the town did not tend to dispel the bride's sadness; she sat gazing at the uncouth Bruin with the most undisguised astonishment, and found it hard to believe that he was her husband's brother.



During the first week of her sojourn in Clayville, three ministers, of different denominations, called on Anastasia and invited her to join their Sunday-schools—an offer which her husband found it hard to paraphrase in the sonorous harmonies of her beautiful mother-tongue. Poor Anastasia smiled in a gentle and conciliatory manner at the zealous gentlemen, and said "Yess," and "I owill," and "Good-by," quite oblivious of the meaning which these words conveyed. It did not flatter her in the least to find herself an object of universal interest in the town, and the incessant stream of female callers who dropped in upon her in the most surprising manner, at all hours of the day, bewildered and distressed her.

"Poor little thing!" they would say, as they went away. "Poor little thing!"

They all pitied her, though they hardly knew why. They did not know the trouble that gnawed at the roots of Anastasia's heart. How could they?

The winter dragged along slowly, with rain and sleet and snow. Anastasia sat at the window of her handsomely furnished room upstairs, and, although there was a cheerful fire in the grate, she shivered. She gazed listlessly at the frost-flowers on the window-pane, traced their outlines with her little finger—and shivered again. Where was Frederick? She saw him so rarely now. His grand piano stood open against the wall, but it was seldom touched. He had developed a passion for horseback riding of late; he rode horseback all day long, scoured the country far and wide, and came home at night besplashed with mud and foam from head to foot. Then he was very tired, he said, and went to bed. She too was weary,—weary unto death, although she had done nothing except note the frost-flowers on the window-pane.

"Why do you sit up so late, Anastasia?" he would say, as he entered, and flung his whip and riding-gloves into a corner. "Why don't you go to bed?"

"I was waiting for you, Frederick," she would answer timidly, watching him all the while anxiously, with her large, lustrous eyes.

"You needn't wait for me," he would say curtly. "I am old enough to take care of myself."

Was that Frederick's voice—the grave and tender voice to which her heart had always responded with a joyous flutter? There was nothing harsh in it now; it was kindly enough—impatient and kindly. How could she expect him to dote on her all his life long, as he had done in those happy, foolish days in the Borghese Gallery? And

yet it seemed, at times, as if he shrank from her, as if her touch made him shudder. But that may have been merely a foolish fancy. He had had her copy of *Danaë* splendidly framed and hung up over the writing-desk in his library. Did not that show that he loved her?

Frederick had asked himself that same question a hundred times. "I certainly do love her," he would reply to his own query. "At all events, I do my duty by her; and what more can she expect? She has all that she wants, and I never yet said an unfriendly word to her. If it were not for that confounded affair with Vittorio, I have no doubt we should be a very happy couple."

Yes, that affair with Vittorio! It had never been even remotely alluded to since the day when he bore her away in his arms from the embankment of the Tiber. And yet the memory of it rose between them like a threatening shadow, every day and every hour of their lives. The brown, writhing waters, and the white arm rising out of the whirling tide,—the picture haunted him like a nightmare; and in the moment when she yearned from the depth of her lonely heart for a caressing touch of his hand, or one of those sweet pet-names in which the Italian tongue is so rich, he would hear the gurgle of the water in Vittorio's throat, and he would turn away from her and wring his hands till each joint seemed on the point of breaking.

"Is she then a murderess?" he would ask himself, shuddering even at the thought,—"because by saving my life she ended that of her miserable brother? I, at any rate, ought to be the last one to accuse her. If she had remained passive, I should myself have been whirled through the dark eddies of the Tiber with a gaping wound in my breast."

The month of March had come. Frederick had been on a long excursion into the country, and had spent the greater part of the day in bidding on a horse which, in the end, he had not ventured to purchase. It was late in the night when he returned, and he was damp and hungry and tired. As he sat down to his cold supper, Bruin, who had been attending to his horse, entered and seated himself at the other end of the table.

"How is Anastasia, Bruin?" asked Frederick, half mechanically, in order to say something. "I suppose you or mother has been up to see her."

Bruin colored slowly to the edge of his hair, and seemed to be collecting himself for the purpose of replying with due emphasis.

"If she aint dead," he blurted out, angrily, "it aint your fault. I once took you to be a kind-hearted, but wrong-headed fellow.



D—— me if I don't now think you are a cold-hearted villain—that is, judging by the way you treat that poor little sick wife of yours!”

Bruin kicked away the chair from under him and marched out, closing the door with a slam. Frederick did not attempt to reply. He was utterly dumbfounded at his brother's manner. That was not the way he had been accustomed to be addressed by the uncouth and unpretending Bruin. And Bruin thought that he maltreated his wife! He had never given Bruin credit for being an acute observer, but the more reason there was for assuming that the observations which he did make were usually correct. He put down his knife and fork and rested his head on his hand, pondering. Could it be possible that Anastasia was ill? She had never complained of illness, and he had himself never observed in her any alarming symptom. An irresistible yearning for her suddenly took possession of him, and the old tenderness began to revive within him. He rose from the table, hurried up the stairs, and softly entered their bed-chamber. He walked on tip-toe up to the bed where she lay in troubled slumber. How pale and wan she looked! Her cheeks were sunken, and her clear brow had a waxen tint, through which the bluish veins were visible. Where had his eyes been, that he had not seen before that she was ill? He bent down over her and heard her muttering in her sleep.

“Vittorio! Vittorio! Vittorio!” she whispered, with a breathless and distressed voice. “I took your life, Vittorio, and—and—you stole mine. You—you—stole his heart away from me, Vittorio.”

Again she struggled and writhed on her pillow, and large drops of perspiration gathered on her brow. Frederick knelt down at the side of the bed, put his hand on her forehead and kissed her.

“Anastasia, my darling!” he murmured, “my sweet wife!”

She opened her eyes and gazed incredulously at him; she put her transparent little finger on his cheek, as if to ascertain that it was really he, then flung her arms about his neck and nestled closely up to him.

“Hold me close, Frederick,” she begged, “I had such a bad dream.”

“My poor little darling!” he whispered, soothingly, and pressed her cheek against his own.

“I want to ask you something, Frederick,” she said, after a pause, filled up with mutual caresses. “Lift me up and put me on your lap. I want to talk to you as in days of old.”

He lifted her up, and her little, supple body

felt in his arms like the body of a child. How she had wasted away under his very eyes, and he had not seen it! The thought wrung his soul with remorse, and an overwhelming love, and pity, and tenderness filled his heart. He stirred up the fire and seated himself before it, holding her close to his breast. Her black, luxuriant hair fell in a wavy stream down over her back, and the thin little face looked doubly white and tiny in its thick, dark frame.

“I have been very cruel to you, Anastasia,” he said, sadly. “I hardly dare ask you to forgive me.”

She was so intent upon her own thoughts that she hardly appeared to hear him.

“Frederick,” she whispered, drawing his head down so that his ear touched her mouth, “You have always looked upon me as—as—a criminal.”

She thrust out the last word with a fearful effort; the veins swelled on her forehead, and a strange glow burned in her eyes.

“No, my sweet child!” he answered, calmly and soothingly. “I have been foolish and restless and unhappy, and I have been a bad husband to you, Anastasia; but now that is all to be changed. From this day we shall live with each other happily and lovingly, and you will regain your strength, and bloom out in health and beauty.”

She smiled mournfully, and shook her head.

“It is too late,” she murmured, “too late.”

The fire was flickering low. He felt a quiver run through her frame, and he carried her back to bed and covered her with blankets.

“Play to me, Frederick,” she begged. “It is so long since you played to me.”

He stooped to kiss her once more; then seated himself at the piano in the twilight, and began the stately *andante* of the sonata in which he had endeavored to express his emotion on the night of his first meeting with her.

“*Roma*,” she whispered, as he struck the opening chords. “*La bella Italia*.”

He played until far into the night. His soul fled to the shores of the Tiber, and strayed in happy oblivion of the present through the tangled labyrinth of the Trastevere. The rusty, time-stained walls, the picturesque confusion of the streets, the isolated pines lifting their dense crowns against the horizon, and the sun-steeped blue of the Italian sky—all blended softly together in his bright, melodious reverie. He wandered away in a light legato movement through the beautiful days of dawning love; then gathered up the theme more forcibly, in an intenser and more accentuated variation; a note



of sadness shivered faintly through the chords, then grew into an audible undertone, and at last became the pervading mood. In his tune-ful retrospect he saw his own life and hers spread out before him, and his passionate repentance of the wrong he had done her became an inspiring force, and gave fervor and grandeur to its utterance.

The "immortal sonata" was completed. He arose slowly; the drowsy logs in the fire-

place flared up with a sudden crackling. He went to the bed and stooped down.

"Anastasia *mia*," he said, in an affectionate whisper, "let us rest now, and to-morrow we will begin our life anew. We have conquered the past, and laid it behind us."

He listened, but there came no reply.

She lay as in deep, happy repose. His music had lulled her into the eternal slumber.

*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*

## PLOTTERS AND PIRATES OF LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," etc.

### I.

#### NEW ORLEANS IN 1803.

NEW ORLEANS had been under the actual sway of the Spaniard for thirty-four years. Ten thousand inhabitants were gathered in and about its walls. Most of the whites were Creoles. Even in the province at large these were three in every four. Immigrants from Malaga, the Canaries, and Nova Scotia had passed on through the town and into the rural districts. Of the thousands of Americans, only a few scores of mercantile pioneers came as far as the town—sometimes with families, but generally without. Free trade with France had brought some French merchants and the Reign of Terror had driven here a few royalists. The town had filled and overflowed its original boundaries. From the mast-head of a ship in the harbor one looked down upon a gathering of from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred dwellings and stores, or say four thousand roofs—to such an extent did slavery multiply outhouses. They were of many kinds, covered with half-cylindrical or with flat tiles, with shingles, or with slates, and showed an endless variety in height and in bright confusion of color and form—verandas and balconies, dormer windows, lattices and belvederes. Under the river bank, "within ten steps of Tchoupitoulas street," where land has since formed and been covered with brick stores for several squares, the fleets of barges and flat-boats from the West moored and unloaded, or retailed their contents at the water's edge. Farther down, immediately abreast of the town, between the upper limits and the Place d'Armes, lay the shipping—twenty or more vessels of from 100 to 200 tons burden, hauled close against the bank. Still farther on, beyond the

Government warehouses, was the mooring-place of the vessels of war. Looking down into the streets—Toulouse, St. Peter, Conti, St. Louis, Royale, Chartres—one caught the brisk movements of a commercial port. They were straight, and fairly spacious, for the times; but unpaved, ill-drained, filthy, poorly lighted, and often impassable for the mire.

The town was fast becoming one of the chief sea-ports of America. Already, in 1802, 158 American merchantmen, 104 Spanish, and 3 French, registering 31,241 tons, had sailed from her harbor, loaded. The incoming tonnage for 1803 promised an increase of over 37 per cent. It exported of the products of the province alone over \$2,000,000 value. Its imports reached \$2,500,000. Thirty-four thousand bales of cotton; 4500 hogsheads of sugar; 800 casks—equivalent to 2,000 barrels—of molasses; rice, peltries, indigo, lumber, and sundries, to the value of \$500,000; 50,000 barrels of flour; 3000 barrels of beef and pork; 2000 hogsheads of tobacco; and smaller quantities of corn, butter, hams, meal, lard, beans, hides, staves, and cordage, had passed in 1802 across its famous levee.

Everywhere the restless American was conspicuous, and, with the Englishman and the Irishman, composed the majority of the commercial class. The French, except a few, had subsided into the retail trade or the mechanical callings. The Spaniards not in military or civil service were generally humble Catalans, keepers of shops, and of the low cabarets that occupied almost every street corner. The Creole was on every side,—handsome, proud, illiterate, elegant in manner, slow, a seeker of office and military commission, ruling society with fierce exclusiveness, looking upon toil as the slave's proper badge, lending



money now at twelve and now at twenty-four per cent., and taking but a secondary and unsympathetic part in the commercial life from which was springing the future greatness of his town. What could he do? The American filled the upper Mississippi valley. England and the Atlantic States, no longer France and Spain, took its products and supplied its wants. The Anglo-Saxon and the Irishman held every advantage; and, ill-equipped and uncommercial, the Creole was fortunate to secure even a third or fourth mercantile rank in the city of his birth. But he had one stronghold. He owned the urban and suburban real estate, and presently took high rank as the seller of lots and as a *rentier*. The confiscated plantations of the Jesuits had been, or were being, gradually laid out in streets. From 1801, when Faubourg St. Mary contained only five houses, it had grown with great rapidity.

Other faubourgs were about springing up. The high roofs of the aristocratic suburb St. Jean could be seen stretching away among their groves of evergreen along the Bayou road, and clustering presently into a village near where a "Bayou bridge" still crosses the stream, some two hundred yards below the site of the old one. Here gathered the larger craft of the lake trade, while the smaller still pushed its way up Carondelet's shoaled and neglected, yet busy canal.

Outwardly the Creoles of the Delta had become a graceful, well-knit race, in full keeping with the freedom of their surroundings. Their complexion lacked color, but it was free from the sallowness of the Indies. There was a much larger proportion of blondes among them than is commonly supposed. Generally their hair was of a chestnut, or but little deeper tint, except that in the city a Spanish tincture now and then asserted itself in black hair and eyes. The women were fair, symmetrical, with pleasing features, lively, expressive eyes, well-rounded throats, and superb hair; vivacious, decorous, exceedingly tasteful in dress, adorning themselves with superior effect in draperies of muslin enriched with embroideries and much garniture of lace, but with a more moderate display of jewels, which indicated a community of limited wealth. They were much superior to the men in quickness of wit, and excelled them in amiability and in many other good qualities. The more pronounced faults of the men were generally those moral provincialisms which travelers recount with undue impatience. They are said to have been coarse, boastful, vain; and they were, also, deficient in energy and application, without well-directed ambition, unskillful in handi-

craft—doubtless through negligence only—and totally wanting in that community feeling which begets the study of reciprocal rights and obligations, and reveals the individual's advantage in the promotion of the common interest. Hence, the Creoles were fonder of pleasant fictions regarding the salubrity, beauty, good order, and advantages of their town, than of measures to justify their assumptions. With African slavery they were, of course, licentious, and they were always ready for the dueling-ground; yet it need not seem surprising that a people so beset by evil influences from every direction were generally unconscious of a reprehensible state of affairs, and preserved their self-respect and a proud belief in their moral excellence. Easily inflamed, they were as easily discouraged, thrown into confusion, and overpowered, and they expended the best of their energies in trivial pleasures, especially the masque and the dance; yet they were kind parents, affectionate wives, tractable children, and enthusiastic patriots.

## II.

### FROM SUBJECTS TO CITIZENS.

LITTLE wonder that it is said the Creoles wept as they stood on the Place d'Armes and saw the standard of a people, whose national existence was a mere twenty-years' experiment, taking the place of that tricolor on which perched the glory of a regenerated France. On that very spot some of them had taken part in the armed repudiation of the first cession. The two attitudes and the two events differed alike. The earlier transfer had come loaded with drawbacks and tyrannous exactions; the latter came freighted with long-coveted benefits and with some of the dearest rights of man. This second, therefore, might bring tears of tender regret; it might force the Creole into civil and political fellowship with the detested *Américain*; but it could not rouse the sense of outrage produced by the cession to Spain. O'Reilly, the Spanish Captain-General, had established a government whose only excellence lay in its strength; Claiborne came to set up a power whose only strength lay in its excellence. His task was difficult mainly because it was to be done among a people distempered by the earlier rule, and diligently wrought upon by intriguing Frenchmen and Spanish officials. His wisest measures, equally with his broadest mistakes, were wordily resented. His ignorance of the French language, his large official powers, Wilkinson's bad habits, a scarcity of money, the introduction of the English tongue, and of a just proportion of American appointees into the new





TOMB OF GOVERNOR CLAIBORNE'S FAMILY.

courts and public offices, the use of bayonets to suppress disorder at public balls, a supposed partiality for Americans in court, the personal character of officials, the formation of American militia companies and their parades in the streets—all alike fed the flames of the Creoles' vehement indignation.

In March, 1804, Congress passed an act dividing the province into two parts on the present northern boundary of Louisiana, giving each a distinct government, and to the lower the title of the territory of Orleans. This act, which was to take effect the following October, interdicted the slave-trade. Then, indeed, anger burned. Insurrectionary sentiments were placarded on the street corners, crowds copied them, and public officers attempting to remove them were driven away. But that was all. Claiborne— young, like Bienville and like Galvez, but benevolent, wise, and patient—soon saw it was not the Government, but only some of its measures, that caused so much heat. The merchants, who in 1768 had incited revolt against legalized ruin, saw, now, on the other hand, that American rule had lifted them out of commercial serfdom, and that, as a port of the United States, and only as such, their crescent city could enter upon the great future which was hers by her geographical position. But we have seen that the merchants were not principally Creoles.

Although the Creoles looked for a French

or Spanish re-cession, yet both interest and probability were so plainly against it that they were presently demanding impatiently, if not imperiously, the rights of American citizens as pledged to them in the treaty. They made no appeal to that France which had a second time cast them off; but at three public meetings, in June and July, petitioned Congress not to rescind the cession but to leave Louisiana undivided, and so hasten their admission into the Union. This appeal was fruitless, and the territorial government went into operation, Claiborne being retained as governor. The partition, the presidential appointment of a legislative council instead of its election by the people, the nullification of certain Spanish land-grants, and an official re-inspection of all titles, were accepted, if not with patience, at least with that grace which the Creole assumes before the inevitable. But his respect was not always forthcoming toward laws that could be opposed or evaded. "This city," wrote Claiborne, "requires a

strict police: the inhabitants are of various descriptions; many highly respectable, and some of them very degenerate." A sheriff and posse attempted to arrest a Spanish officer. Two hundred men interfered; swords were drawn, and resistance ceased only when a detachment of United States troops were seen hurrying to the rescue. Above all, the slave-trade—"all-important to the existence of the country"—was diligently plied through the lakes and the inlets of Barataria.

The winter of 1804-05 was freer from bickerings than the last had been. The intrigues of Spanish officials who lingered in the district were unavailable, and the Governor reported a gratifying state of order. On the 2d of March, with many unwelcome safeguards and limitations, the right was accorded the people to elect a House of Representatives, and "to form for themselves a constitution and State government so soon as the free population of the territory should reach sixty thousand souls, in order to be admitted into the Union."

For a time following there was feverishness rather than events. Great Britain and Spain were at war; Havana was open to neutral vessels; the commerce of New Orleans was stimulated. But the pertinacious lingering of Casa-Calvo, Morales, and others,—whom Claiborne at last had to force away in February, 1806,—the rumors they kept alive, the fear of war with Spain, doubts as to how the



Creoles would or should stand, party strife among the Americans in New Orleans, and a fierce quarrel in the Church between the vicar-general and the famed Père Antoine, pastor of the cathedral, kept the public mind in a perpetual ferment. Still, in all these things there was only restiveness and discord, not revolution. The Creoles had at length undergone their last transplanting, and taken root in American privileges and principles. From

Orleans "an elegant barge," equipped with sails and colors, and impelled by the stroke of ten picked oarsmen. It came down the harbor, drew in to the bank, and presently set ashore a small, slender, extremely handsome man, its only passenger. He bore letters from General Wilkinson, introducing him in New Orleans, and one, especially, to Daniel Clark, Wilkinson's agent, stating that "this great and honorable man would communicate



IN RUE DU MAINE.

the guilt of the plot whose events were now impending the Creole's hand is clean. We have Claiborne's testimony:

"Were it not for the calumnies of some Frenchmen who are among us, and the intrigues of a few ambitious, unprincipled men whose native language is English, I do believe that the Louisianians would be very soon the most zealous and faithful members of our republic."

On the 4th of November, 1811, a convention elected by the people of Orleans Territory met in New Orleans, and on the 28th of the following January adopted a State constitution; and on the 30th of April, 1812, Louisiana entered the Union.

### III.

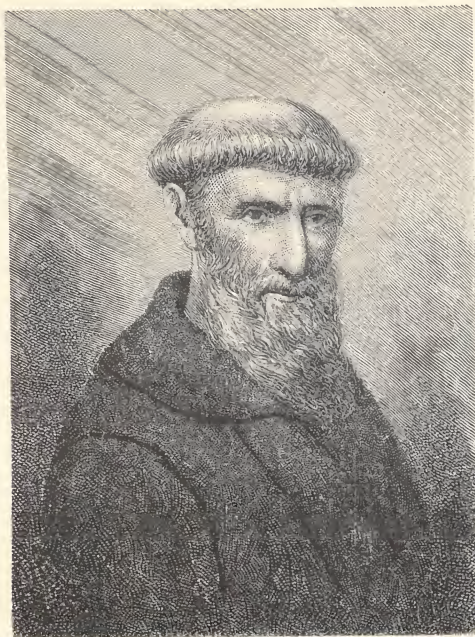
#### BURR'S CONSPIRACY.

ON one of those summer evenings when the Creoles, in the early years of the century, were wont to seek the river air in domestic and social groups under the willow and china trees of their levee, there glided around the last bend of the Mississippi above New

to him many things improper to letter, and which he would not say to any other." Claiborne, the young Virginian whom President Jefferson had made Governor of Louisiana, wrote to Secretary Madison, "Colonel Burr arrived in this city on this evening."

The date was June 26, 1805. The distinguished visitor, a day or two later, sat down to a banquet given to him by the unsuspecting Governor. He was now in full downward career. Only a few years before, he had failed of the presidency by but one electoral vote. Only a few months had passed since, on completing his term, he had vacated the vice-presidency. In the last year of that term Alexander Hamilton had fallen by his hand. Friends and power, both, were lost. But he yet had strength in the West. Its people were still wild, restless, and eager for adventure. The conquest of "Orleans" was a traditional idea. Its banks were full of specie. Clouds of revolution were gathering all around the Gulf. The regions beyond the Red and Sabine rivers invited conquest. The earlier schemes of Adams and Hamilton, to seize Orleans Island and the Floridas for the





PÈRE ANTOINE.

United States; that of Miranda, to expel the Spanish power from the farther shores of the Gulf; the plottings of Wilkinson, to surrender the West into the hands of Spain—all these abandoned projects seem to have cast their shadows on the mind of Burr and colored his designs.

The stern patriotism of the older States had weighed him in its balances and rejected him. He had turned with a vagueness of plan that waited for clearer definition on the chances of the future, and, pledged to no principle, had set out in quest of aggrandizement and empire, either on the Mississippi or among the civilizations that encircle the Gulf of Mexico, as the turn of events might decree. In the West he had met Wilkinson, and was now in correspondence with him.

The Governor who had feasted him moved much in the gay society of the Creoles. It was not giddiness, but anxious thought and care that pushed him into such scenes. Troubles and afflictions marked his footsteps; his wife and child stricken down by yellow fever, her young brother-in-law rashly championing him against the sneers of his enemies, fallen in a duel—but it was necessary to avoid the error—Ulloa's earlier error—of self-isolation. He wisely studied the social side of the people, and so viewed public questions from behind.

The question ever before him—which he was incessantly asking himself, and which he showed an almost morbid wish to be always answering to the heads of departments at

Washington—was whether the Creoles over whom he was set to rule were loyal to the government of the nation. It was a vital question. The bonds of the Union, even outside of Louisiana, were as yet slender and frail. The whole Mississippi valley was full of designing adventurers, suspected and unsuspected, ready to reap any advantage whatever of any disaffection of the people. He knew there were such in New Orleans.

The difficulty of answering this question lay in one single, broad difference between Claiborne himself and the civilization which he had been sent to reconstruct into harmony with North American thought and action. With him loyalty to the state meant obedience to its laws. The Creole had never been taught that there was any necessary connection between the two. The Governor's young Virginian spirit assumed it as self-evident that a man would either keep the laws or overturn them. It was a strange state of society to him, where one could be a patriot and yet ignore, evade, and override the laws. "Occasionally, in conversation with ladies,"—so he writes—"I have denounced smuggling as dishonest, and very generally a reply, in substance as follows, would be returned: 'That is impossible, for my grandfather, or my father, or my husband was, under the Spanish Government, a great smuggler, and he was always esteemed an honest man.'" They might have added, "and loyal to the king."

With some men Claiborne had had no trouble. "A beginning must be made," said Poydras, a wealthy and benevolent Frenchman; "we must be initiated into the sacred duties of freemen and the practices of liberty." But the mass, both high and low, saw in the abandonment of smuggling or of the slave-trade only a surrender of existence—an existence to which their own consciences and the ladies at the ball gave them a clean patent. These, by their angry obduracy, harassed their governor with ungrounded fears of sedition.

In fact, the issue before governor and people was one to which the question of fealty to government was quite subordinate. It was the struggle of a North American against a Spanish American civilization. Burr must have seen this; and probably at this date there was nothing clearly and absolutely fixed in his mind but this, that the former civilization had cast him off, and that he was about to offer himself to the latter. Now events were to answer the Governor's haunting question, and to give a new phase to the struggle between these two civilizations in the Mississippi valley.

Colonel Burr remained in New Orleans



ten or twelve days, receiving much social attention, and then left for St. Louis, saying he would return in October. But he did not appear.

During the winter the question of boundaries threatened war with Spain, and the anger of Spain rose high when, in February, 1806, Claiborne expelled Casa Calvo and Morales, her agents, from the territory. Her governor stopped the transmission of the United States mails through Florida. Outside, the Spaniards threatened; inside, certain Americans of influence did hardly less. The Creoles were again supine. Père Antoine, the beloved pastor of the cathedral, was suspected—unjustly—of sedition; Wilkinson with his forces was unaccountably idle. "All is not right," wrote Claiborne; "I know not whom to censure; but it seems to me that there is wrong somewhere."

The strange character of the Creole people perplexed and wearied Claiborne. Unstable and whimsical, public-spirited and sordid by turns, a display of their patriotism caused a certain day to be "among the happiest of his life"; and when autumn passed and toward its close their enthusiasm disappeared in the passion for money-getting, he "began to despair." But, alike unknown in the Creole town—to money-getters and to patriots—the only real danger had passed. Wilkinson had decided to betray Burr.

Late in September the General had arrived at Natchitoches, and had taken chief command of the troops confronting the Spanish forces. On the 8th of October, one Samuel Swartwout brought him a confidential letter from Colonel Burr. He was received by Wilkinson with much attention, stayed eight days, and then left for New Orleans. On the 21st, Wilkinson determined to expose the plot. He dispatched a messenger to the President of the United States, bearing a letter which apprised him of Colonel Burr's contemplated descent of the Mississippi with an armed force. Eight days later, the General arranged with the Spaniards for the troops under each flag to withdraw from the contested boundary, leaving its location to be settled by the two governments, and hastened toward New Orleans, hurrying on in advance of him a force of artificers and a company of soldiers.

Presently the people of New Orleans were startled from apathetic tranquillity into a state of panic. All unexplained, these troops had arrived, others had reënforced them; there was hurried repair and preparation; and the air was agitated with rumors. To Claiborne, the revelation had at length come from various directions that Aaron Burr was plotting treason. Thousands were said to be

involved with him; the first outbreak was expected to be in New Orleans.

Wilkinson had arrived in the town. In the bombastic style of one who plays a part, he demanded of Claiborne the proclamation of martial law. Claiborne kindly, and with expressions of confidence in the General, refused; but the two met the city's chamber of commerce, laid the plot before it, and explained the needs of defense. Several thousand dollars were at once subscribed, and a transient embargo of the port recommended, for the purpose of procuring sailors for the four gun-boats and two bomb-ketches lying in the harbor.

There were others in whose confidence Wilkinson held no place. The acting-governor of Mississippi wrote to Claiborne: "Should he [Colonel Burr] pass us, your fate will depend on the General, not on the Colonel. If I stop Burr, this may hold the General in his allegiance to the United States. But if Burr passes the territory with two thousand men, I have no doubt but the General will be your worst enemy. Be on your guard against the wily General. He is not much better than Catiline. Consider him a traitor and act as if certain thereof. You may save yourself by it."

On Sunday, the 14th of December, a Dr. Erick Bollman was arrested by Wilkinson's order. Swartwout and one Ogden had already been apprehended at Fort Adams, and were then confined on one of the bomb-ketches in the harbor. On the 16th, a court-officer, armed with writs of *habeas corpus*, sought in vain to hire a boat to carry him off to the bomb-ketch, and on the next day, when one could be procured, only Ogden could be found.

He was liberated, but only to be re-arrested with one Alexander, and held in the face of the *habeas corpus*. The court issued an attachment against Wilkinson. It was powerless. The Judge—Workman—appealed to Claiborne to sustain it with force. The Governor promptly declined, the Judge resigned, and Wilkinson ruled.

One of Burr's intimates was General Adair. On the 14th of January, 1807, he appeared in New Orleans unannounced. Colonel Burr, he said, with only a servant, would arrive in a few days. As he was sitting at dinner, his hotel was surrounded by regulars, an aide of Wilkinson appeared and arrested him; he was confined, and presently was sent away. The troops beat to arms, regulars and militia paraded through the terrified city, and Judge Workman, with two others, were thrown into confinement. They were released within twenty-four hours; but to intensify the general alarm, four hundred Spaniards from Pensa-



cola arrived at the mouth of Bayou St. John, a few miles from the city, on their way to Baton Rouge, and their commander asked of Claiborne that he and his staff might pass through New Orleans. He was refused the liberty.

All this time the Creoles had been silent. Now, however, through their legislature, they addressed their governor. They washed their hands of the treason which threatened the peace and safety of Louisiana, but boldly announced their intention to investigate the "extraordinary measures" of Wilkinson and to complain to Congress.

Burr, meanwhile, with the mere nucleus of a force, had set his expedition in motion, and at length, after twenty years' threatening by the Americans of the West, a fleet of boats actually bore an armed expedition down the Ohio and out into the Mississippi, bent on conquest.

But disaster lay in wait for it. It failed to gather weight as it came, and on the 28th of January the news reached New Orleans that Burr, having arrived at a point near Natchez with fourteen boats and about a hundred men, had been met by Mississippi militia, arrested, taken to Natchez, and released on bond to appear for trial at the next term of the Territorial Court.

This bond Burr ignored, and left the Territory. The Governor of Mississippi offered \$2000 for his apprehension, and on the 3d of March the welcome word came to New Orleans that he had been detected in disguise and re-arrested at Fort Stoddart, Alabama.

About the middle of May, Wilkinson sailed from New Orleans to Virginia to testify in that noted trial which, though it did not end in the conviction of Burr, made final wreck of his designs, restored public tranquillity, and assured the country of the loyalty not only of the West, but also of the Creoles of Louisiana. The struggle between the two civilizations withdrew finally into the narrowest limits of the Delta, and Spanish American thought found its next and last exponent in an individual without the ambition of empire,—a man polished, brave, and chivalrous; a patriot, and yet a contrabandist; an outlaw, and in the end a pirate.

#### IV.

##### THE WEST INDIAN IMMIGRATION.

BETWEEN 1804 and 1810, New Orleans doubled its population. The common notion is that there was a large influx of Americans. This was not the case. A careful estimate shows not more than 3100 of these in the city in 1809, yet in the following year the whole population, including the suburbs, was 24,552. The Americans, therefore, were

numerically feeble. The increase came from another direction.

Napoleon's wars were convulsing Europe. The navies of his enemies fell upon the French West Indies. In Cuba large numbers of white and mulatto refugees who, in the St. Domingan insurrection, had escaped across to Cuba with their slaves, were now, by hostilities between France and Spain, forced again to become exiles. Within sixty days, between May and July, 1809, thirty-four vessels from Cuba set ashore in the streets of New Orleans nearly fifty-eight hundred persons,—whites, free mulattoes, and black slaves in almost equal numbers. Others came later, from Cuba, Guadaloupe, and other islands, until they amounted to ten thousand. Nearly all settled permanently in New Orleans.

The Creoles of Louisiana received the Creoles of the West Indies with tender welcomes. The state of society in the islands from which these had come needs no description. As late as 1871, '72, and '73, there were in the island of Guadaloupe only three marriages to a thousand inhabitants. But they came to their better cousins with the ties of a common religion, a common tongue, much common sentiment, misfortunes that may have had some resemblance, and with the poetry of exile. They were reënforcements, too, at a moment when the power of the Americans—few in number, but potent in energies and advantages—was looked upon with hot jealousy.

The Americans clamored against them, for they came in swarms. They brought little money or goods. They raised the price of bread and of rent. They lowered morals and disturbed order. Yet it was certainly true the Americans had done little to improve either of these. Some had come to stay; many more to make a fortune and get away; both sorts were simply and only seeking wealth.

The West Indians had not come to a city whose civilization could afford to absorb them. The Creole element needed a better infusion, and yet it was probably the best in the community. The Spaniards were few and bad, described by one as capable of the vilest depredations, "a nuisance to the country," and even by the mild Claiborne as "for the most part \* \* \* well suited for mischievous and wicked enterprises." The free people of color were about two thousand, unaspiring, corrupted, and feeble. The floating population was extremely bad. Sailors from all parts of the world took sides, according to nationality, in bloody street riots and night brawls; and bargemen, flat-boatmen, and raftsmen, from the wild banks of the Ohio, Tennessee, and Cumberland, abandoned themselves at



the end of their journey to the most shameful and reckless excesses. The spirit of strife ran up into the better classes. A newspaper article reflecting upon Napoleon all but caused a riot. A public uprising was hardly prevented when three young navy officers released a slave girl who was being whipped. In September, 1807, occurred the "batture riots." The *batture* was the sandy deposits made by the Mississippi in front of the Faubourg St. Marie. The noted jurist, Edward Livingston, representing private claimants, took possession of this ground, and was opposed by the public in two distinct outbreaks. In the second, the Creoles, ignoring the decision of the Supreme Court, rallied to the spot by thousands, and were quieted only by the patient appeals of Claiborne, addressed to them on the spot, and by the recommittal of the contest to the United States Courts, in whose annals it is so well-known a cause. Preparations for war with Spain heightened the general fever. Claiborne's letters dwell on the sad mixture of society. "England," he writes, "has her partisans; Ferdinand the Seventh, some faithful subjects; Bonaparte, his admirers; and there is a fourth description of men, commonly called *Burrites*, who would join any standard which would promise rapine and plunder." These last had a newspaper, "*La Lanterne Magique*," whose libels gave the executive much anxiety.

Now, into such a city—say of fourteen thousand inhabitants, at most—swarm ten thousand white, yellow, and black West India islanders; some with means, others in absolute destitution, and "many \* \* \* of doubtful character and desperate fortune." Americans, English, Spanish, cry aloud; the laws forbid the importation of slaves; Claiborne adjures the American consuls at Havana and Santiago de Cuba to stop the movement; the free people of color are ordered point-blank to leave the country; the actual effort is made to put the order into execution; and still all three classes continue to pour into the streets, to throw themselves upon the town's hospitality, and daily to increase the cost of living and the number of distressed poor.

They came and they staid, all too readily dissolving into the corresponding parts of the native Creole community, and it is easier to underestimate than to exaggerate the silent results of an event that gave the French-speaking Louisianians twice the numerical power with which they had begun to wage their long battle against American absorption.

## V.

## THE PIRATES OF BARATARIA.

THE whole Gulf coast of Louisiana is an immense, wet, level expanse, covered every-

where, shoulder-high, with marsh-grasses, and indented by extensive bays that receive the rivers and larger bayous. For some sixty miles on either side of the Mississippi's mouth, it breaks into a grotesquely contorted shoreline and into bright archipelagoes of hundreds of small, reedy islands, with narrow and obscure channels writhing hither and thither between them. These mysterious passages, hidden from the eye that overglances the seemingly unbroken sunny leagues of surrounding distance, are threaded only by the far-seen white or red lateen-sail of the oystergatherer, or by the pirogue of the hunter stealing upon the myriads of wild fowl that in winter haunt these vast green wastes.

To such are known the courses that enable them to avoid the frequent *culs-de-sac* of the devious shore, and that lead to the bayous which open the way to the inhabited interior. They lead through miles of clear, brown, silent waters, between low banks fringed with dwarf oaks, across pale distances of "quaking prairie," and at length, under the solemn shades of cypress swamps, to the near neighborhood of the Mississippi, from whose flood the process of delta-growth has cut the bayou off. Across the mouths of the frequent bays that indent this marshy coast-line stretch long, slender keys of dazzling, storm-heaped sand—sometimes of cultivable soil.

About sixty miles south from the bank of the Mississippi, opposite New Orleans, lies Grande Terre, a very small island of this class, scarce two miles long, and a fourth as wide, stretching across two-thirds of the entrance of Barataria Bay, but leaving a pass of about a mile width at its western end, with a navigable channel. Behind this island the waters of the bay give a safe, deep harbor. At the west of the bay lies a multitude of small, fenny islands, interwoven with lakes, bays, and passes, named and unnamed, affording cunning exit to the bayous La Fourche and Terre Bonne and the waters still beyond. Northward the bay extends some sixteen miles, and then breaks in every direction into lakes and bayous. Through one of these—the bayou Barataria, with various other local names—a way opens irregularly northward. Now and then it widens into a lake, and narrows again, each time more than the last, until near its head a short canal is entered on the left, and six miles farther on you are stopped abruptly by the levee of the Mississippi. You mount its crown, and see opposite the low-lying city, with its spires peering up from the sunken plain; its few wreaths of manufactory smoke, and the silent stir of its winding harbor. Canal street, its former upper boundary, is hidden two miles and a half away



down the stream. There are other Baratarian routes, through lakes Salvador or Des Allemands, and many obscure avenues of return toward the Gulf of Mexico or the maze of wet lands intervening.

In the first decade of the century the wars of France had filled this gulf with her privateers. Spain's rich commerce was the prey around which they hovered, and Guadaloupe and Martinique their island haunts. From these the English, operating in the West Indies, drove them out, and when in February, 1810, Guadaloupe completed the list of their conquests, the French privateers were as homeless as Noah's raven.

They were exiled on the open Gulf, with the Spaniards lining its every shore, except one, where American neutrality motioned them austere away. This was Louisiana. But this, of all shores, suited them best. Thousands of their brethren already filled the streets of New Orleans, and commanded the sympathies of the native Creoles. The tangled water-ways of Barataria, so well known to smugglers and slavers, and to so few beside, leading by countless windings and intersections to the markets of the thriving city, offered the rarest facilities for their purposes. Between this shelter and the distant harbors of France there could be no question of choice.

Hither they came, fortified Grande Terre, built store-houses, sailed away upon the Gulf, and re-appeared with prizes which it seems were not always Spanish. The most seductive auctions followed. All along this coast there are high, probably natural, heaps of a species of small clam-shell. The aborigines, mound-builders, used them for temple-sites. A notable group of these mounds on one of the islands of Barataria became the privateers' chief place of sale and barter. There was no scarcity of buyers from New Orleans and the surrounding country. Goods were also smuggled up the various bayous, especially La Fourche. Then the captured vessels were burned or refitted, sails were spread again and prows were pointed toward the Spanish Main. The Baratarians had virtually revived, in miniature, the life of the long-extinct buccaneers.

Their fame spread far and wide; and while in neighboring States the scandalous openness of their traffic brought loud condemnation upon Louisiana citizens and officials alike, the merchants and planters of the Delta, profiting by these practices, with the general public as well, screened the contrabandists and defended their character.

Much ink has been spilled from that day to this to maintain that they sailed under letters of marque. But certainly no commission could be worth the unrolling when car-

ried by men who had removed themselves beyond all the restraints that even seem to distinguish privateering from piracy. They were often overstocked with vessels and booty, but they seem never to have been embarrassed with the care of prisoners.

There lived at this time, in New Orleans, John and Pierre Lafitte. John, the younger, but more conspicuous of the two, was a handsome man, fair, with black hair and eyes, wearing his beard, as the fashion was, shaven neatly back from the front of his face. His manner was generally courteous, though he was irascible and in graver moments somewhat harsh. He spoke fluently English, Spanish, Italian, and French, using them with much affability at the hotel where he resided, and indicating, in the peculiarities of his French, his nativity in the city of Bordeaux.

The elder brother was a sea-faring man and had served in the French navy. He appears to have been every way less showy than the other; but beyond doubt both men were above the occupation with which they began life in Louisiana. This was the trade of blacksmith, though at their forge, on the corner of St. Philip and Bourbon streets, probably none but slave hands swung the sledge or shaped the horseshoe.

It was during the embargo, enforced by the United States Government in 1808, that John Lafitte began to be a merchant. His store was in Royal street, where, behind a show of legitimate trade, he was busy running the embargo with goods and Africans. He wore the disguise carelessly. He was cool and intrepid and had only the courts to evade, and his unlawful adventures did not lift his name from the published lists of managers of society balls or break his acquaintance with prominent legislators.

In 1810 came the West Indian refugees and the Guadaloupian privateers. The struggle between the North American and the West Indian ideas of public order and morals took new energy on the moment. The plans of the "set of bandits who infested the coast and overran the country" were described by Government as "extensive and well laid," and the confession made that "so general seemed the disposition to aid in their concealment, that but faint hopes were entertained of detecting the parties and bringing them to justice."

Their trade was impudently open. Merchants gave and took orders for their goods in the streets of the town as frankly as for the merchandise of Philadelphia or New York. Frequent seizures lent zest to adventure without greatly impairing the extravagant profits of a commerce that paid neither duties nor first cost.



John and Pierre Lafitte became the commercial agents of the "privateers." By and by they were their actual chiefs. They won great prosperity for the band; prizes were rich and frequent, and slave cargoes profitable. John Lafitte did not at this time go to sea. He equipped vessels, sent them on their cruises, sold their prizes and slaves, and moved hither and thither throughout the Delta, administering affairs with boldness and sagacity. The Mississippi's "coasts" in the parishes of St. James and St. John the Baptist were often astir with his known presence, and his smaller vessels sometimes pierced the interior as far as Lac des Allemands. He knew the value of popular admiration, and was often at country balls, where he enjoyed the fame of great riches and courage, and seduced many of the simple Acadian youth to sail in his cruises. His two principal captains were Beluche and Dominique You. "Captain Dominique" was small, graceful, fair, of a pleasant, even attractive face, and a skillful sailor. There were also Gambi, a handsome Italian, who died only a few years ago at the old pirate village of Chenière Caminada; and Rigoult, a dark Frenchman, whose ancient house still stands on Grande Isle, the island next to Grande Terre on the west. And yet again Johnness and Johannot, unless—which appears likely—these were only the real names of Dominique and Beluche.

Expeditions went out against these men more than once; but the Government was pre-occupied and embarrassed and the expeditions seemed feebly conceived. They only harassed the Baratarians, drove them to the mouth of La Fourche in vessels too well armed to be attacked in transports, and did not prevent their prompt return to Grande Terre.

The revolution for the independence of the Colombian States of South America began. Venezuela declared her independence in July, 1811. The Baratarians procured letters of marque from the patriots in Carthage, lowered the French flag, ran up the new standard, and thus far and no farther joined the precarious fortunes of the new states, while Barataria continued to be their haunt and booty their only object.

They reached the height of their fortune in 1813. Their moral condition had declined in proportion. "Among them," says the Governor, "are some St. Domingo negroes of the most desperate character, and no worse than most of their white associates." Their avowed purpose, he says, was to cruise on the high seas and commit "depredations and piracies on the vessels of nations in peace with the United States."

One of these nations was the British. Its

merchantmen were captured in the Gulf and sold behind Grande Terre. The English more than once sought redress with their own powder and shot. On the 23d of June, 1813, a British sloop-of-war anchored off the outer end of the channel at the mouth of La Fourche and sent her boats to attack two privateers lying under the lee of Cat Island; but the pirates stood ground and repulsed them with considerable loss.

Spain, England, and the United States were now their enemies; yet they grew bolder and more outrageous. Smuggling increased. The Government was "set at defiance in broad daylight." "I remember," reads a manuscript kindly furnished the present writer, "when three Spanish vessels were brought in to Caillou Islands. They were laden with a certain Spanish wine, and the citizens of Attakapas went out to see them and purchased part of the captured cargoes. There were no traces of the former crews."

In October, 1813, a revenue officer seized some contraband goods near New Orleans. He was fired upon by a party under John Lafitte, one of his men wounded, and the goods taken from him. The Governor offered \$500 for Lafitte's apprehension, but without avail.

The shell-mound where the Baratarians held their sales was called "the Temple." In January, 1814, four hundred and fifteen negroes, consigned to John and Pierre Lafitte, were to be auctioned at this place. An inspector of customs and twelve men were stationed at the spot. John Lafitte attacked them, killed the inspector, wounded two men, and made the rest prisoners.

Still he was not arrested. His island was fortified, his schooners and feluccas were swift, his men were well organized and numbered four hundred, the Federal Government was getting the worst of it in war with Great Britain, and, above all, the prevalence of West Indian ideas in New Orleans was a secure shelter. He sent his spoils daily up La Fourche to Donaldsonville on the Mississippi, and to other points. Strong, well-armed escorts protected them. Claiborne asked the legislature to raise one hundred men for six months' service. The request was neglected. At the same time a filibustering expedition against Texas was only stopped by energetic measures. The Federal courts could effect nothing. An expedition captured both Lafittes, but they disappeared, and the writs were returned "not found."

But now the tide turned. Society began to repudiate the outlaws. In July, 1814, a grand jury denounced them as pirates, and exhorted the people "to remove the stain that has fallen on all classes of society in the minds of the



good people of the sister States." Indictments were found against one Johnness and one Johannot for piracies in the Gulf, and against Pierre Lafitte as accessory. Lafitte was arrested, bail was refused, and he found himself at last shut up in the calabozo.

## VI.

## BARATARIA DESTROYED.

WEIGHING all the facts, it is small wonder that the Delta Creoles coquetted with the Baratarians. To say no more of Spanish American or French West Indian tincture, there was the embargo. There were the war-ships of Europe skimming ever to and fro in the entrances and exits of the Gulf. Rarely in days of French or Spanish rule had this purely agricultural country and non-manufacturing town been so removed to the world's end as just at this time. The Mississippi, northward, was free; but its perils had hardly lessened since the days of Spanish rule. Then it was said, in a curious old Western advertisement of 1797, whose English is worthy of notice:

"No danger need be apprehended from the enemy, as every person whatever will be under cover, made proof against rifle or musket balls, and convenient port-holes for firing out of. Each of the boats are armed with six pieces, carry a pound ball, also a number of muskets, and amply supplied with plenty of ammunition, strongly manned with choice hands, and masters of approved knowledge."

Scarcely any journey, now, outside of Asia and Africa, is more arduous than was then the trip from St. Louis to New Orleans. Vagabond Indians, white marauders, Spanish-armed extortion and arrest, and the natural perils of the stream, made the river little, if any, less dangerous than the Gulf. Culbert and Maglibray were the baser Lafittes of the Mississippi, and Cottonwood Creek their Barataria.

And the labors and privations were greater than the dangers. The conveyances were keel-boats, barges, and flat-boats. The flat-boats, at New Orleans, were broken up for their lumber, their slimy gunwales forming along the open gutter's edge in many of the streets a narrow and treacherous substitute for a pavement. The keel-boats and barges returned up-stream, propelled now by sweeps and now by warping or by *cortelle* (hand tow-ropes), consuming "three or four months of the most painful toil that can be imagined." Exposure and bad diet "ordinarily destroyed one-third of the crew."

But on the 10th of January, 1812, there had pushed in to the landing at New Orleans a sky-blue thing with a long bowsprit, "built after the fashion of a ship, with port-holes in the side," and her cabin in the hold. She

was the precursor of the city's future greatness, the *Orleans*, from Pittsburg, the first steam vessel on the Mississippi.

Here was a second freedom of the great river mightier than that wrested from Spain. Commercial grandeur seemed just at hand. All Spanish America was asserting its independence; Whitney's genius was making cotton the world's greatest staple; immigrants were swarming into the West; the Mississippi valley would be the provision-house of Europe, the importer of untold millions of manufactures; New Orleans would keep the only gate. Instead of this, in June, 1812, Congress declared war against Great Britain. Barataria seemed indispensable, and New Orleans was infested with dangers.

In 1813, Wilkinson, still commanding in the West, marched to the Mobile; in April he drove the Spaniards out of Fort Charlotte and raised a small fortification, Fort Bowyer, to command the entrance of Mobile Bay. Thus the Spanish, neighbors only less objectionable than the British, were crowded back to Pensacola. But, this done, Wilkinson was ordered to the Canadian frontier, and even took part of his few regulars with him.

The English were already in the Gulf; the Indians were growing offensive; in July seven hundred crossed the Perdido into Mississippi; in September massacred three hundred and fifty whites at Fort Mimms, and opened the Creek war. Within New Orleans bands of drunken Choctaws roamed the streets. The Baratarians were seen daily in the public resorts. Incendiary fires became alarmingly common, and the *batture* troubles again sprang up. Naturally, at such a junction, Lafitte and his men reached the summit of power.

In February, 1814, four hundred country militia reported at Magazine Barracks, opposite New Orleans. The Governor tried to force out the city militia. He got only clamorous denunciation and refusal to obey. The country muster offered their aid to enforce the order. The city companies heard of it, and only Claiborne's discreetness averted the mortifying disaster of a battle without an enemy. The country militia, already deserting, was disbanded. Even the legislature withheld its support, and Claiborne was everywhere denounced as a traitor. He had to report to the President his complete failure. Still, he insisted apologetically, the people were emphatically ready to "turn out in case of actual invasion." Only so patient a man could understand that the Creoles were conscientious in their lethargy. Fortunately the invasion did not come until the Creek war had brought to view the genius of Andrew Jackson.

In April, Government raised the embargo.



But the relief was tardy; the banks suspended. Word came that Paris had fallen. Napoleon had abdicated. England would throw new vigor into the war with America, and could spare troops for the conquest of Louisiana.

In August the Creeks made peace. Some British officers landed at Apalachicola, Florida, bringing artillery. Some disaffected Creeks joined them and were by them armed and drilled. But now, at length, the Government took steps to defend the South-west.

General Jackson was given the undertaking. He wrote to Claiborne to hold his militia ready to march—an order very easy to give. In September he repaired to Mobile, which was already threatened. The British Colonel Nicholls had landed at Pensacola with some companies of infantry, from two sloops-of-war. The officers from Apalachicola and a considerable body of Indians had joined him, without objection from the Spaniards.

Suddenly attention was drawn to the Baratarians. On the third of September an armed brig had appeared off Grande Terre. She fired on an inbound vessel, forcing her to run aground, tacked, and presently anchored some six miles from shore. Certain of the islanders went off in a boat, ventured too near, and, turning to retreat, were overhauled by the brig's pinnace, carrying British colors and a white flag. In the pinnace were two naval officers and a captain of infantry. They asked for Mr. Lafitte, one officer speaking in French for the other.

"He is ashore," said the chief person in the island boat, and received a packet addressed "To Mr. Lafitte, Barataria." The officers asked that it be carefully delivered to him in person. The receiver of it, however, induced them to continue on, and when they were plainly in his power revealed himself.

"I, myself, am Mr. Lafitte." As they drew near the shore, he counseled them to conceal their business from his men. More than two hundred Baratarians lined the beach clamoring for the arrest of the "spies," but Lafitte contrived to get them safely to his dwelling, quieted his men, and opened the packet.

There were four papers in it. First, Colonel Nicholls's appeal to the Creoles to help restore Louisiana to Spain; to Spaniards, French, Italians, and Britons, to aid in abolishing American usurpation; and to Kentuckians, to exchange supplies for money, and neutrality for an open Mississippi. Second, his letter to Lafitte offering a naval captain's commission to him, lands to all his followers, and protection in persons and property to all, if the pirates, with their fleet, would put themselves under the British naval commander,

and announcing the early invasion of Louisiana with a powerful force. Third, an order from the naval commander in Pensacola Bay, to Captain Lockyer, the bearer of the packet, to procure restitution at Barataria for certain late piracies, or to "carry destruction over the whole place"; but also repeating Colonel Nicholls's overtures. And fourth, a copy of the orders under which Captain Lockyer had come. He was to secure the Baratarians' coöperation in an attack on Mobile, or, at all events, their neutrality. According to Lafitte, the captain added verbally the offer of \$30,000 and many other showy inducements.

Lafitte asked time to consider. He withdrew; when in a moment the three officers and their crew were seized by the pirates and imprisoned. They were kept in confinement all night. In the morning Lafitte appeared, and, with many apologies for the rudeness of his men, conducted the officers to their pinnace, and they went off to the brig. The same day he addressed a letter to Captain Lockyer asking a fortnight to "put his affairs in order," when he would be "entirely at his disposal." It is noticeable for its polished dignity and the purity of its English.

Was this anything more than stratagem? The Spaniard and Englishman were his foe and his prey. The Creoles were his friends. His own large interests were scattered all over Lower Louisiana. His patriotism has been overpraised; and yet we may allow him patriotism. His whole war, on the main-land side, was only with a set of ideas not superficially fairer than his own. They seemed to him unsuited to the exigencies of the times and the country. Thousands of Louisianians thought as he did. They and he—to borrow from a distance the phrase of another—were "polished, agreeable, dignified, averse to baseness and vulgarity." They accepted friendship, honor, and party faith as sufficient springs of action, and only dispensed with the sterner question of right and wrong. True, Pierre, his brother, and Dominique, his most intrepid captain, lay then in the calabozos. Yet should he, so able to take care of himself against all comers and all fates, so scornful of all subordination, for a paltry captain's commission and a doubtful thirty thousand, help his life-time enemies to invade the country and city of his commercial and social intimates?

He sat down and penned a letter to his friend Blanque, of the legislature, and sent the entire British packet, asking but one favor, the "amelioration of the situation of his unhappy brother"; and the next morning one of the New Orleans papers contained the following advertisement:



## \$1000 REWARD

WILL be paid for the apprehending of PIERRE LAFITTE, who broke and escaped last night from the prison of the parish. Said Pierre Lafitte is about five feet ten inches height, stout made, light complexion, and somewhat cross-eyed, further description is considered unnecessary, as he is very well known in the city.

Said Lafitte took with him three negroes, to wit: [giving their names and those of their owners]; the above reward will be paid to any person delivering the said Lafitte to the subscriber.

J. H. HOLLAND,  
*Keeper of the Prison.*

On the 7th, John Lafitte wrote again to Blanque,—the British brig and two sloops-of-war still hovered in the offing,—should he make overtures to the United States Government? Blanque's advice is not known; but on the 10th, Lafitte made such overtures by letter to Claiborne, inclosed in one from Pierre Lafitte—who had joined him—to M. Blanque.

The outlawed brothers offered themselves and their men to defend Baratania, asking only oblivion of the past. The high-spirited periods of John Lafitte challenge admiration, even while they betray tinges of sophistry that may or may not have been apparent to the writer. "All the offense I have committed," wrote he, "I was forced to by certain vices in our laws."

The heads of the small naval and military force then near New Orleans were Commodore Paterson and Colonel Ross. They had organized and were hurriedly preparing a descent upon the Baratarians. A general of the Creole militia was Villeré, son of the unhappy patriot of 1768. Claiborne, with these three officers, met in council, with the Lafittes' letters and the British overtures before them, and debated the question whether the pirates' services should be accepted. Villeré voted yea, but Ross and Paterson stoutly nay, and thus it was decided. Nor did the British send ashore for Lafitte's final answer; but lingered distantly for some days and then vanished.

Presently the expedition of Ross and Paterson was ready. Stealing down the Mississippi, it was joined at the mouth by some gun-vessels, sailed westward into the Gulf, and headed for Baratania. There was the schooner *Carolina*, six gun-vessels, a tender, and a launch. On the 16th of September they sighted Grande Terre, formed in line of battle, and stood for the entrance of the bay.

Within the harbor, behind the low island, the pirate fleet was soon descried forming in line. Counting all, schooners and feluccas, there were ten vessels. Two miles from shore the *Carolina* was stopped by shoal water, and the two heavier gun-vessels grounded.

But armed boats were launched, and the attack entered the pass and moved on into the harbor.

Soon two of the Baratarians' vessels were seen to be on fire; another, attempting to escape, grounded, and the pirates, except a few brave leaders, were flying. One of the fired vessels burned, the other was boarded and saved, the one which grounded got off again and escaped. All the rest were presently captured. At this moment, a fine, fully-armed schooner appeared outside the island, was chased and taken. Scarcely was this done when another showed herself to eastward. The *Carolina* gave chase. The stranger stood for Grande Terre, and ran into water where the *Carolina* could not follow. Four boats were launched; whereupon the chase opened fire on the *Carolina*, and the gun-vessels in turn upon the chase, firing across the island from inside, and in half an hour she surrendered. She proved to be the *General Bolivar*, armed with one eighteen, two twelve, and one six-pounder.

The nest was broken up. "All their buildings and establishments at Grande Terre and Grand Isle, with their telegraph and stores at Chenière Caminada, were destroyed. On the last day of September, the elated squadron, with their prizes,—seven cruisers of Lafitte, and three armed schooners under Carthaginian colors,—arrived in New Orleans harbor amid the peal of guns from the old barracks and Fort St. Charles.

But among the prisoners the commanding countenance of John Lafitte and the cross-eyed visage of his brother Pierre were not to be seen. Both men had escaped up Bayou La Fourche to the "German Coast." Others who had had like fortune by and by gathered on Last Island, some sixty miles west of Grande Terre, and others found asylum in New Orleans, where they increased the fear of internal disorder.

Paterson and Ross struck the Baratarians just in time. The fortnight asked of the British by Lafitte expired the next day. The British themselves were far away eastward, drawing off from an engagement of the day before, badly worsted. A force of seven hundred British troops, six hundred Indians, and four vessels of war had attacked Fort Bowyer, commanding the entrances of Mobile Bay and Mississippi Sound. Its small garrison had repulsed them and they retired again to Pensacola with serious loss, including a sloop-of-war grounded and burned.

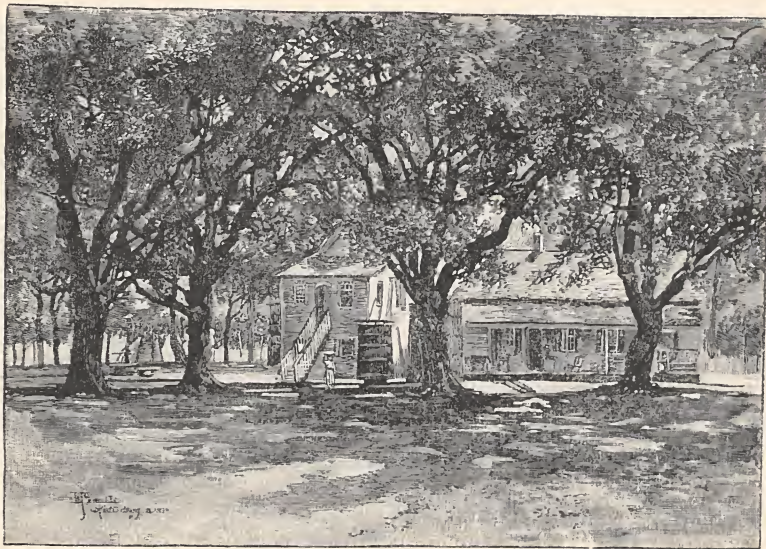
Now General Jackson gathered four thousand men on the Alabama River, regulars, Tennesseans, and Mississippi dragoons, and early in November attacked Pensacola with



great spirit, took the two forts,—which the Spaniards had allowed the English to garrison,—drove the English to their shipping and the Indians into the interior, and returned to Mobile. Here he again called on Claiborne

under "Captains" Beluche and Dominique. One of the general's later reports alludes to the Baratarians as "these gentlemen." The battle was fought on the 8th of January.

New Orleans emerged from the smoke



THE VILLERÉ PLANTATION HOUSE, HEAD-QUARTERS OF PACKENHAM.

to muster his militia. Claiborne convened the legislature and laid the call before it.

It was easy to count up the resources of defense: Patterson's feeble navy, the weak Fort St. Philip on the river, the unfinished Fort Petites Coquilles on the Rigolets, Ross's seven hundred regulars, a thousand militia, mustered at last after three imperative calls, a wretchedly short supply of ammunition—nothing more. "Our situation," says La Carrière Latour, "seemed desperate." Twelve thousand chosen British troops were known to have sailed for Louisiana.

Measures of defense were pushed on. Forts and stockades were manned, new companies and battalions were mustered, among them one of Choctaw Indians and two of free men of color. Jails were emptied to swell the ranks.

And now John Lafitte, encouraged by Claiborne and the legislature, came forward again. Jackson, in one of his proclamations, had called the Baratarians "hellish banditti," whose aid he spurned. But now these two intrepid leaders met face to face in a room that may still be pointed out in the old cabildo, and the services of Lafitte and his skilled artillerists were offered and accepted for the defense of the city. All proceedings against them were suspended; some were sent to man the siege-guns of Forts Petites Coquilles, St. John, and St. Philip, and others were enrolled in a body of artillery

of General Jackson's great victory comparatively Americanized. Peace followed, or rather the tardy news of peace, which had been sealed at Ghent more than a fortnight before the battle. With peace came open ports. The highways of commercial greatness crossed each other in the custom-house, not behind it, as in Spanish or embargo days, and the Baratarians were no longer esteemed a public necessity. Scattered, used, and pardoned, they passed into eclipse—not total, but fatally visible where they most desired to shine. The ill-founded tradition that the Lafittes were never seen after the battle of New Orleans had thus a figurative reality.

In Jackson's general order of January 21st, Captains Dominique and Beluche, "with part of their former crew," were gratefully mentioned for their gallantry in the field, and the brothers Lafitte for "the same courage and fidelity." On these laurels Dominique You rested and settled down to quiet life in New Orleans, enjoying the vulgar admiration which is given to the survivor of lawless adventures. It may seem superfluous to add that he became a leader in ward politics.

In the spring of 1815, Jackson, for certain imprisonments of men who boldly opposed the severity of his prolonged dictatorship in New Orleans, was forced at length to regard the decrees of court. It was then that his "hellish banditti," turned "Jacksonites," did





OLD SPANISH COTTAGE IN ROYALE STREET, SCENE OF ANDREW JACKSON'S TRIAL.

their last swaggering in the famous Exchange Coffee-house, at the corner of St. Louis and Chartres streets, and when he was fined \$1000 for contempt of court, aided in drawing his carriage by hand through the streets.

Of Beluche or of Pierre Lafitte little or nothing more is known. But John Lafitte continued to have a record. After the city's deliverance a ball was given to officers of the army. General Coffee was present. So, too, was Lafitte. On their being brought together and introduced, the General showed some hesitation of manner, whereupon the touchy Baratarian advanced haughtily and said, with emphasis, "Lafitte, the pirate." Thus, unconsciously, it may be, he foretold that part of his life which still lay in the future.

That future belongs properly to the history of Texas. Galveston Island had early been

one of Lafitte's stations, and now became his permanent depot, whence he carried on extensive operations, contraband and piratical. His principal cruiser was the *Jupiter*. She sailed under a Texan commission. Under the filibuster Long, who ruled at Nacogdoches, Lafitte became governor of Galveston.

An American ship was robbed of a quantity of specie on the high seas. Shortly afterward the *Jupiter* came into Galveston with a similar quantity on board. A United States cruiser accordingly was sent to lay off the coast, and watch her maneuvers. Lafitte took offense at this, and sent to the American commander to demand explanation. His letter, marked with more haughtiness, as well as with more ill-concealed cunning than his earlier correspondence with the British and Americans, was not answered.



THE BATTLE-GROUND.



In 1818 a storm destroyed four of his fleet. He sent one Lafage to New Orleans, who brought out thence a new schooner of two guns, manned by fifty men. He presently took a prize; but had hardly done so, when he was met by the revenue cutter *Alabama*, answered her challenge with a broadside, engaged her in a hard battle, and only surrendered after heavy loss. The schooner and prize were carried into Bayou St. John, the crew taken to New Orleans, tried in the United States Court, condemned and executed.

Once more Lafitte took the disguise of a Colombian commission and fitted out three vessels. The name of one is not known. Another was the *General Victoria*, and a third the schooner *Blank*—or, we may venture to spell it *Blanque*. He coasted westward and southward as far as Sisal, Yucatan, taking several small prizes, and one that was very valuable, a schooner that had been a slaver. Thence he turned toward Cape Antonio, Cuba, and in the open gulf disclosed to his followers that his Colombian commission had expired.

Forty-one men insisted on leaving him. He removed the guns of the *General Victoria*, crippled her rigging, and gave her into their hands. They sailed for the Mississippi, and after three weeks arrived there and surrendered to the officers of the customs. The Spanish Consul claimed the vessel, but she was decided to belong to the men who had fitted her out.

Lafitte seems now to have become an open pirate. Villeré, Governor of Louisiana after

Claiborne, and the same who had counseled the acceptance of Lafitte's first overtures in 1819, spoke in no measured terms of "those men who lately, under the false pretext of serving the cause of the Spanish patriots, scoured the Gulf of Mexico, making its waves groan," etc. It seems many of them had found homes in New Orleans, making it "the seat of disorders and crimes which he would not attempt to describe."

The end of this uncommon man is lost in a confusion of improbable traditions. As late as 1822 his name, if not his person, was the terror of the Gulf and the Straits of Florida. But in that year the United States navy swept those waters with vigor, and presently reduced the perils of the Gulf—for the first time in its history—to the hazard of wind and wave.

A few steps down the central walk of the middle cemetery of those that lie along Claiborne street, from Custom-house down to Conti, on the right-hand side, stands the low, stuccoed tomb of Dominique You. The tablet bears his name surmounted by the emblem of Free Masonry. Some one takes good care of it. An epitaph below proclaims him, in French verse, the intrepid hero of a hundred battles on land and sea; who, without fear and without reproach, will one day view, unmoved, the destruction of the world. To this spot, in 1830, he was followed on his way by the Louisiana Legion (city militia), and laid to rest with military honors, at the expense of the town council.

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## AT SEA.

ONE does not seem really to have got out of doors till he goes to sea. On the land he is shut in by the hills, or the forests, or more or less housed by the sharp lines of his horizon. But at sea he finds the roof taken off, the walls taken down; he is no longer in the hollow of the earth's hand, but upon its naked back, with nothing between him and the immensities. He is in the great cosmic out-of-doors, as much so as if voyaging to the moon or to Mars. An astronomic solitude and vacuity surrounds him; his only guides and landmarks are stellar; the earth has disappeared; the horizon has gone; he has only the sky and its orbs left; this cold, vitreous, blue-black liquid through which the ship plows is not water, but some denser form of

the cosmic ether. He can now see the curve of the sphere which the hills hid from him; he can study astronomy under improved conditions. If he was being borne through the interplanetary spaces on an immense shield, his impressions would not perhaps be much different. He would find the same vacuity, the same blank or negative space, the same empty, indefinite, oppressive out-of-doors.

For it must be admitted that a voyage at sea is more impressive to the imagination than to the actual sense. The world is left behind; all standards of size, of magnitude, of distance, are vanished; there is no size, no form, no perspective; the universe has dwindled to a little circle of crumpled water, that journeys with you day after day, and to which you





AT SEA.



seem bound by some enchantment. The sky becomes a shallow, close-fitting dome, or else a pall of cloud that seems ready to descend upon you. You cannot see or realize the vast and vacant surrounding; there is nothing to define it or set it off. Three thousand miles of ocean space are less impressive than three miles bounded by rugged mountain walls. Indeed, the grandeur of form, of magnitude, of distance, of proportion, etc., are only upon shore. A voyage across the Atlantic is a ten-day sail through vacancy. There is no sensible progress; you pass no fixed points. Is it the steamer that is moving, or is it the sea? or is it all a dance and illusion of the troubled brain? Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, you are in the same parenthesis of nowhere. The three hundred or more miles the ship daily makes is ideal, not real. Every night the stars dance and reel there in the same place amid the rigging; every morning the sun comes up from behind the same wave, and staggers slowly across the sinister sky. The eye becomes a-hunger for form, for permanent lines, for a horizon wall to lift up and keep off the sky, and give it a sense of room. One understands why sailors become an imaginative and superstitious race; it is the reaction from this narrow horizon in which they are put—this ring of fate surrounds and oppresses them. They escape by invoking the aid of the supernatural. In the sea itself there is far less to stimulate the imagination than in the varied forms and colors of the land. How cold, how merciless, how elemental it looks!

The only things that look familiar at sea are the clouds. These are messengers from home, and how weary and disconsolate they appear, stretching out along the horizon, as if looking for a hill or mountain top to rest upon,—nothing to hold them up,—a roof without walls, a span without piers. One gets the impression that they are grown faint, and must presently, if they reach much farther, fall into the sea. But when the rain came, it seemed like mockery, or irony on the part of the clouds. Did one vaguely believe, then, that the clouds would respect the sea, and withhold their needless rain? No, they treated it as if it was a mill-pond, or a spring-run, too insignificant to make any exceptions to.

One bright Sunday, when the surface of the sea was like glass, a long chain of cloud-mountains lay to the south of us all day, while the rest of the sky was clear. How they glowed in the strong sunlight, their summits shining like a bouquet of full moons, and making a broad, white, or golden path upon the water! They came out of the south-west, an endless procession of them, and tapered

away in the east. They were the piled, convoluted, indolent clouds of mid-summer—thunder-clouds that had retired from business; the captains of the storm in easy undress. All day they filed along there, keeping the ship company. How the eye reveled in their firm, yet ever-changing forms! Their under or base line was as straight and continuous as the rim of the ocean. The substratum of air upon which they rested was like a uniform layer of granite rock, invisible, but all-resisting; not one particle of these vast cloud mountains, so broken and irregular in their summits, sank below this aerial granite boundary. The equilibrium of the air is frequently such that the under surface of the clouds is like a ceiling. It is a fair-weather sign, whether upon the sea or upon the land. One may frequently see it in a mountainous district, when the fog-clouds settle down, and blot out all the tops of the mountains without one fleck of vapor going below a given line which runs above every valley, as uniform as the sea level. It is probable that in fair weather the atmosphere always lies in regular strata in this way, and that it is the displacement and mixing up of these by some unknown cause that produces storms.

As the sun neared the horizon these cloud masses threw great blue shadows athwart each other, which afforded the eye a new pleasure.

Late one afternoon the clouds assumed a still more friendly and welcome shape. A long, purple, irregular range of them rose up from the horizon in the north-west, exactly simulating distant mountains. The sun sank behind them, and threw out great spokes of light as from behind my native Catskills. Then gradually a low, wooded shore came into view along their base. It proved to be a fog-bank lying low upon the water, but it copied exactly, in its forms and outlines, a flat, umbrageous coast. You could see distinctly where it ended, and where the water began. I sat long on that side of the ship, and let my willing eyes deceive themselves. I could not divest myself of the comfortable feeling inspired by the prospect. It was to the outward sense what dreams and reveries are to the inward. That blind, instinctive love of the land,—I did not know how masterful and involuntary the impulse was, till I found myself warming up toward that phantom coast. The empty void of the sea was partly filled, if only with a shadow. The inhuman desolation of the ocean was blotted out for a moment in that direction at least. What phantom-huggers we are upon sea or upon land. It made no difference that I knew this to be a sham coast. I could feel its friendly influence all the same, even when my back was turned.



In summer, fog seems to lie upon the Atlantic in great patches, looking, perhaps, like spots of mold or mildew from an elevation of a few miles. One may see these patches far ahead looking so shallow that it seems as if the great steamer must carry her head above them. But she does not quite do it. When she enters this obscurity there begins the hoarse bellowing of her great whistle. As one dozes in his berth or sits in the cabin reading, there comes a vague impression that we are entering some port or harbor, the sound is so welcome, and is so suggestive of the proximity of other vessels. But only once did our loud and repeated hallooing awaken any response. Everybody heard the answering whistle out of the thick obscurity ahead and was on the alert. Our steamer instantly slowed her engines and redoubled her tootings. The two vessels soon got the bearing of each other, and the stranger passed us on the starboard side, the hoarse voice of her whistle alone revealing her course to us.

Late one afternoon, as we neared the Banks, the word spread on deck that the knobs and pinnacles of a thunder-cloud sunk below the horizon, that deeply and sharply notched the western rim of the sea, were icebergs. The captain was quoted as authority. He probably encouraged the delusion. The jaded passengers wanted a new sensation. Everybody was willing, even anxious, to believe them icebergs, and some persons would have them so, and listened coldly and reluctantly to any proof to the contrary. What we want to believe, what it suits our convenience, or pleasure, or prejudice, to believe, one need not go to sea to learn what slender logic will incline us to believe. To a firm, steady gaze, these icebergs were seen to be momentarily changing their forms, new chasms opening, new pinnacles rising; but these appearances were easily accounted for by the credulous: they were rolling over, or splitting asunder. One of the rarest things in the average cultivated man or woman is the capacity to receive and weigh evidence touching any natural phenomenon, especially at sea. If the captain had deliberately said that the shifting forms there on the horizon were only a school of whales playing at leap-frog, all the women and half the men among the passengers would have believed it.

In going to England in early May, we encountered the fine weather, the warmth, and the sunshine as of June that had been "central" over the British Islands for a week or more, five or six hundred miles from shore. We had come up from lower latitudes, and it was as if we had ascended a hill and found summer at the top, while a cold, backward spring yet lingered in the valley. But on our return in

early August, the positions of spring and summer were reversed. Scotland was cold and rainy, and for several days at sea you could in the distance hardly tell the sea from the sky, all was so gray and misty. In mid-Atlantic we ran into the American climate. The great continent, basking there in the western sun, and glowing with midsummer heat, made itself felt to the center of this briny void. The sea detached itself sharply from the sky and became like a shield of burnished steel, which the sky surrounded like a dome of glass. For four successive nights the sun sank clear in the wave, sometimes seeming to melt and mingle with the ocean. One night a bank of mist seemed to impede his setting. He lingered a long while partly buried in it, then slowly disappeared as through a slit in the vapor, which glowed red-hot, a mere line of fire for some moments afterward.

As we neared home the heat became severe. We were going down the hill into a fiery valley. Vast stretches of the sea were like glass bending above the long, slow heaving of the primal ocean. Sword-fish lay basking here and there on the surface, too lazy to get out of the way of the ship. Occasionally a whale would blow, or show his glistening back, attracting a crowd to the railing. One morning a whale plunged spitefully through the track of the ship but a few hundred yards away.

But the prettiest sight in the way of animated nature was the shoals of dolphins occasionally seen during these brilliant torrid days, leaping and sporting, and apparently racing with the vessel. They would leap in pairs from the glassy surface of one swell of the steamer across the polished chasm into the next swell, frisking their tails and doing their best not to be beaten. They were like fawns or young kine sporting in a summer meadow. It was the only touch of mirth, or youth and jollity, I saw in the grim sea. Savagery and desolation make up the prevailing expression here. The sea-fowls have weird and disconsolate cries, and appear doomed to perpetual solitude. But these dolphins know what companionship is, and are in their own demesne. When one sees them bursting out of the waves, the impression is that school is just out; there come the boys, skipping and laughing, and, seeing us just passing, cry to one another: "Now for a race! Hurrah, boys! We can beat 'em!"

One notices any change in the course of the ship by the stars at night. For nearly a week Venus sank nightly into the sea far to the north of us. Our course coming home is south-south-west. Then, one night, as you promenade the deck, you see, with a keen



pleasure, Venus through the rigging, dead ahead. The good ship has turned the corner, she has scented New York Harbor, and is making straight for it, with New England far away there on her right. Now sails and smoke-funnels begin to appear. All ocean paths converge here; full-rigged ships, piled with canvas, are passed, rocking idly upon the polished surface; sails are seen just dropping below the horizon, phantom ships without hulls, while here and there the black smoke of some steamer tarnishes the sky. Now we pass steamers that left New York but yester-

day; the *City of Rome*—looking, with her three smoke-stacks and her long hull, like two steamers together—creeps along the southern horizon, just ready to vanish behind it. Now she stands in the reflected light of a great white cloud which makes a broad track upon the water like the full moon. Then she slides on into the dim and even dimmer distance, and we slide on over the tropic sea, and, by a splendid run, just catch the tide at the moment of its full early the next morning, and pass the bar off Sandy Hook without a moment or an inch of water to spare.

*John Burroughs.*



### MOTHER AND CHILD.

BITTER blasts and vapors dim—  
What had they to do with him?  
Spring, though she was far away,  
Took dominion for a day,  
Filled the air with breathings soft,  
Bade a skylark sing aloft,  
When we laid him in his bed,  
Cloudless blue above his head.

It was not for him to reach  
Manly height, and thought, and speech,  
Not to climb untrodden steeps,  
Not to search out unknown deeps,  
Not through warring joy and pain  
Kingliness of soul to gain.  
He had only baby words,  
Little music, like the birds,  
Sweetly inarticulate,  
Nothing wise, nor high, nor great.  
Sunny smiles and kisses sweet—  
White and softly childish feet—  
Curls that floated on the breeze—  
We remember him for these.

They are weary who are wise.  
He looked up with happy eyes,  
Little knowing, little seeing,  
Only praising God by being.

Oh, the life we could not save!  
Do not say, above his grave,  
That the fair and darling face  
Was but lent a little space  
Till the Father called him back,  
By an unknown homeward track.  
No, though Death came darkly chill—  
Bade the beating heart be still,

Touching him with fingers cold—  
What was given still we hold;  
Though he died, as die the flowers,  
He for evermore is ours.

Ours, though we must travel soon  
Onward through Life's afternoon;  
Shadows, falling long and gray,  
Gather round the western day,  
And our twilight visions show  
How the years shall come and go.

Little maids, with tangled curls,  
Change to slender, dreamy girls;  
Chubby rogues grow tall, and then  
Go their way as bearded men.  
And the mother stands aside,  
With an ache beneath her pride,  
And a sorrow 'mid her joys,  
For the vanished babes and boys;  
So the earlier gladness wanes—  
But the little one remains.

For a house that once has known  
Tiny feet on stair and stone—  
Steps that never more shall sound,  
Feet at rest beneath the ground—  
Keeps remembrance of the dead,  
And the music of their tread.  
Not at noonday, busy, bright,  
Only in the quiet night,  
With a thrill of sweetest pain,  
Comes that music once again,  
Heard in stillness and apart  
Echoed from his mother's heart.

*Margaret Veley.*



## EMERSON.

THE grasses have scarcely taken root on Emerson's grave among the pines, yet so instant and continuous has been the discussion of his genius that we already are asking Lowell's question concerning Shakspeare,—Can anything new be said of him? One thing, it seems to me, may be said at least in a new way, and as a clew to his work as a poet. While, of all his brotherhood, he is the radiant exemplar of his own statement, that in spirit "the true poet and the true philosopher are one," nevertheless, of all verse his own shows most clearly that the Method of the poet not only is not one with that of the philosopher, but is in fact directly opposed to it. The poet, as an artist, does not move in the direction which was Emerson's by instinct and selection. The Ideal philosophy scrutinizes every phase of Nature to find the originating sense, the universal soul, the pure identity; it follows Nature's trails to their common beginning, inverting her process of evolution, working back from infinite variety to the primal unity. This, too, is the spirit of the poet,—to find the soul of things. But in method he is an artist: his poetry is an art that imitates Nature's own habit. He works from unity to countless results and formations, from the pure thought to visible symbols, from the ideal to the concrete. As a poet, Emerson found himself in a state, not of distraction, but often of indecision, *between the methods of philosophy and art*. To bear this in mind is to account more readily for the peculiar beauties and deficiencies of his verse,—and thus to accept it as it is, and not without some understanding of its value.

Hermann Grimm recurs to the dispute whether our sage was a poet, a philosopher, or a prophet. The fact is that he was born with certain notes of song; he had the poet's eye and ear, and was a poet just so far as, being a philosopher, he accepted poetry as the expression of thought in its rare and prophetic moods, and just so far as, in exquisite moments, he had the mastery of this form of expression.

Emerson's prose is full of poetry, and his poems are light and air. But this statement, like so many of his own, gives only one side of a truth. His prose is just as full of everyday sense and wisdom; and something different from prose, however sublunary and imaginative, is needed to constitute a poem. His verse, often diamond-like in contrast

with the feldspar of others, at times is ill-cut and beclouded. His prose, then, is that of a wise man, plus a poet; and his verse, by turns, light and twilight, air and vapor. Yet we never feel, as in reading Wordsworth, that certain of his measures are wholly prosaic. He was so careless of ordinary standards, that few of his own craft have held his verse at its worth. It is said that his influence was chiefly, like that of Socrates, upon the sensitive and young, and such is the case with all fresh influences; but I take it that those who have fairly assimilated Emerson's poetry in their youth have been not so much born poets as born thinkers of a poetic cast. It is inevitable, and partakes of growth by exercise, that poets in youth should value a master's sound and color and form, rather than his priceless thought. They are drawn to the latter by the former, or not at all. Yet when poets, even in this day of refinement, have served their technical apprenticeship, the depth and frequent splendor of Emerson's verse grow upon them. They half suspect that he had the finest touch of all when he chose to apply it. It becomes a question whether his discords are those of an undeveloped artist, or the sudden craft of one who knows all art and can afford to be on easy terms with it. I think there is evidence on both sides;—that he had seasons when feeling and expression were in circuit, and others when the wires were down, and that he was as apt to attempt to send a message at one time as at the other. But he suggested the subtilty and swiftness of the soul's reach, even when he failed to sustain it.

I have said that of two poets, otherwise equal, the one who acquires the broadest knowledge will draw ahead of him who only studies his art, and the poet who thinks most broadly and deeply will draw ahead of all. There can be little doubt of Emerson as a thinker, or as a poet for thinkers satisfied with a deep but abstract, and not too varied, range. Yet he did not use his breadth of culture and thought to diversify the purpose, form, symbolism, of his poems. They are mostly in one key. They teach but one lesson; that, to be sure, is the first and greatest of all, but they fail to present it, after Nature's method, in many forms of living and beautiful interest,—to exemplify it in action, and thus bring it within universal sympathy. That this should be so was, I say, inevitable from the field of



Emerson's research,—that of pure rather than of applied philosophy. Thus far, however, he represents Thought in any adjustment of our poetic group, and furthermore,—his thought being independent and emancipatory,—the American conflict with superstition, with servility to inherited usage and opinion.

We shall see that he had himself a noble and comprehensive ideal of what a typical poet should be, and was aware that his own song fell short of it. Still, he called himself a poet, and the consent of the best minds has sustained him in his judgment. His prose alone, as Lowell said, showed that he was essentially a poet; another with reason declared of his spoken essays that they were "not so much lectures as grave didactic poems, theogonies," adorned with "odes" and "eclogues." Thirty years later a cool and subtle writer looks back to find them the "most poetical, the most beautiful productions of the American mind." For once the arbiters agree, except in a question akin to the dispute whether all things consist solely of spirit or solely of matter. Common opinion justified Mr. Sanborn's fine paradox that, instead of its being settled that Emerson could not write poetry, it was settled that he could write nothing else. We know his distaste for convention, his mistrust of "tinkle" and "efficacious rhymes." But his gift lifted him above his will; even while throwing out his grapnel, clinging to prose as the firm ground of his work, he rose involuntarily and with music. And it well may be that at times he wrote verse as an avowal of his nativity, and like a noble privileged to use the language of the court. Certainly he did not restrict himself to the poet's calling with the loyalty of Tennyson and Longfellow. In verse, however careful of his phrase, he was something of a rhapsodist, not apt to gloss his revelations and exhortings with the nice perfection of those others. He must be reviewed as one whose verse and parable and prophecy alike were means to an end,—that end not art, but the enfranchisement and stimulation of his people and his time. When Longfellow, the poet of graceful art and of sympathy as tender as his voice, took his departure, there went up a cry as from a sense of fireside loss. People everywhere dwelt upon the story of his life and recalled his folk-songs. Emerson glided away almost unperceived under the shadow of the popular bereavement. But soon, and still multiplying from the highest sources, tributes to his genius began to appear,—searching, studying, expounding him,—as when a grand nature, an originating force, has ceased to labor for us. This is the best of fame: to impress the selected minds, which redistribute

the effect in steadfast circles of extension. More than his associates, Emerson achieved this fame. He had the great man's intellect, which, according to Landor, "puts in motion the intellect of others." He was, besides, so rare a personage, that one who seeks to examine his writings apart from the facts and conduct of his life, needs must wander off in contemplation of the man himself. Yet anything that others can write of him is poor indeed beside a collect of his own golden sayings. He felt his work to be its own and best interpreter, and of recent authors who have justly held this feeling he doubtless was the chief.

## II.

It is not my province to take part in the discussion of Emerson's philosophy, his system or lack of system. Some notion of this, however, must affect our thoughts of him as a poet, since of all moderns he most nearly fulfilled Wordsworth's inspired prediction, uttered sixty years ago, of the approaching union of the poet and the philosopher. He deemed the higher office that of the poet,—of him who quaffs the brook that flows fast by the oracles,—yet doubtless thought himself not so well endowed with melody and passion as that his teaching should be subordinate to his song. But the latter was always the flowering of his philosophic thought, and it is essential to keep in view the basis of that pure reflection. He looked upon Nature as pregnant with Soul; for him the Spirit always moved upon the face of the waters. The incomprehensible plan was perfect: whatever is, is right. Thus far he knew, and was an optimist with reverent intent. It was in vain to ask him to assert what he did not know, to avow a creed founded upon his hopes. If a theist, with his intuition of an all-pervading life, he no less felt himself a portion of that life, and the sense of omnipresence was so clearly the dominant sense of its attributes, that to call him a theist rather than a pantheist is simply a dispute about terms; to pronounce him a Christian theist is to go beyond his own testimony. Such a writer must be judged by the concurrence of his books; they are his record, and the parol evidence of no associate can weigh against his written manifest for an instant. His writings assure us that he accepted all bibles and creeds for what good there was in them. One thing for him was "certain": "Religions are obsolete when lives do not proceed from them." He saw that "unlovely, nay frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world;" but the creeds and dogmas of an-



thropomorphic theology were merely germinal. "Man," thus far, has "made all religions, and will yet make new and even higher faiths."

Emerson, a man of our time, while a transcendentalist, looking inward rather than to books for his wisdom, studied well the past, and earlier sages were the faculty of his school. A latter-day eclectic, he took from all literatures their best and essential. A Platonic idealist, he was not averse to the inductive method of Aristotle; he had the Alexandrian faith and ecstasy, the Epicurean zest and faculty of selection; like the Stoics, he observed morals, heroism, self-denial, and frugality. There is much in his teachings that recalls the beautiful ethics of Marcus Aurelius, and the words of Epictetus, as reported by Arrian. His spiritual leanings never stinted his regard of men and manners. He kept a sure eye on the world; he was not only a philosopher, but the paragon of gentlemen, with something more than the Oriental, the Grecian, or the Gallic, tact. He relished to the full the brave distinctions, the portraiture and tests of Plutarch, and found the best of all good company in the worldly wise, the cheery and comfortable Montaigne. One may almost say that he refined and digested what was good in all philosophies, and nothing more. He would get hold of Swedenborg, the mystic, yet not be Swedenborg exclusively, nor imitate the rhetoric of the Sophists, the pride of the Cynics. From all he learned what each confesses in the end,—the limitations of inquiry,—that the Finite cannot measure, though it may feel, the Infinite. No more would he formulate a philosophy, but within it he could recognize nature, art, taste, morals, laws, religion, and the chance of immortality. When it was said that he had no new system, he thought that he needed none, and was skeptical of classification.

It appears that he found the key to his own nature in Plato, being an idealist first of all. His intuitive faculty was so determined, that ideality and mysticism gave him the surest promise of realities; his own intellect satisfied him of the power of intellect. Plainly hearing an interior voice, he had no doubt that other men were similarly monished. Plato, the guide of his youth, remained his type of philosopher and man. To Plato's works alone should Omar's saying of the Koran be applied: "Burn the libraries, for their value is in this book." Nowhere else was there such a range of speculation. "Out of Plato come all things." And thus he held to the last. "Of Plato," he said, years afterward, "I hesitate to speak, lest there should

be no end. \* \* \* Why should not young men be educated on this book? It would suffice for the tuition of the race." Yet Emerson's philosophy was a greater advance from Neo-Platonism than the Alexandrians were able to make upon the lines indicated by their elemental master. In personal life and bearing, Plotinus, with whom our poet seems to have been most in sympathy, was very closely his prototype. There is first to be noted the curious resemblance between the eclectic, investigating Alexandrian age and our present time; and secondly, it is Plotinus of whom we are told that "He lived at the same time with himself and with others, and the inward activity of his spirit only ceased during his hours of sleep. \* \* \* His written style was close, pregnant, and richer in thought than in words, yet enthusiastic, and always pointing to the main object. He was more eloquent in his oral communications, and was said to be very clever in finding the appropriate word, even if he failed in accuracy on the whole. Besides this, the beauty of his person was increased when discoursing; his countenance was lighted up with genius." Taylor's translation of selections from the Works of Plotinus, published in London, 1834, must have fallen into Emerson's hands, and I am satisfied of their impression upon his mind. As one examines the lives and writings of the two men, the likeness is still more notable, especially with respect to their views of fate, will, ethics, the "higher law," the analysis of the beautiful, and in the ardor with which young students, and many of the elderly and wise, listened to their respective teachings. Emerson was a Plotinus reanimate after the lapse of sixteen centuries of Christianity. He has now, like the Neo-Platonist, "led back the Divine principle within 'him' to the God who is all in all."

To the great thinkers of the past, the New England teacher, without fear or boasting, well might feel himself allied. The accepted great, free of the ordinary bounds of place and time, recognize one another across the vague, like stars of the prime magnitude in the open night. Emerson knew the haps and signs of genius: "Whenever we find a man higher by a whole head than any of his contemporaries, it is sure to come in doubt what are his real works." We cannot say "What is master, and what school." "As for their borrowings and adaptings, they know how to borrow. \* \* \* A great man is one of the affinities, who takes of everything." But they are not above the law of perfect life; virtue, simplicity, absolute sincerity, these are their photosphere. "Live as on a mountain. Let men see, let them know, a real man,



who lives as he was meant to live." To this Roman standard the New Englander subjoined the shrewd, kindly wisdom of his stock and region. He was eminent among those whose common sense is the most telling point to be made against Locke's negation of innate ideas,—whose judgment is so apt that, granting Locke's theory, it can be accounted for only by the modern theory of ideas prenatal and inherited. His written wisdom is more effective than Montaigne's, being less dependent on citations. He knew by instinct what our novelists learn from observation and experience; or is it that they study chiefly their own time and neighborhood, while he sat aloof and with the ages? Thus strong in equipment, sound in heart, and lofty of intellect, we find him revered by his pupils, and without a living peer in the faculty of elevating the purpose of those who listened to his buoyant words. We must confess that a differentiation between master and school, and between members of the school, after awhile became manifest. That such a process was inevitable is plain, when Emerson's transcendental and self-reliant laws of conduct are kept in mind.

One may say, in illustration, that his philosophical method bears to the inductive or empirical a relation similar to that between the poetry of self-expression and the poetry of æsthetic creation,—a relation of the subjective to the objective. The former kind of verse often is the more spontaneous, since it has its birth in the human need for utterance. It is the cry of adolescence and femininity, the resource of sensitive natures in which emotion outvies the sense of external beauty or power. It was the voice of Shakspeare's youth, nor was it ever quieted throughout the restless careers of Byron, Heine, and De Musset. But we accept as the great works of the poets their intellectual and objective creations, wherein the artist has gone beyond his own joy and pain, his narrow intro-vision, to observe, combine, transfigure, the outer world of nature and life. Such the epics, idols, dramas, of the masters. When subjective poetry is the yield of a lofty nature, or of an ideal and rapturous womanhood like Mrs. Browning's, it is a boon and revelation to us all; but when, as too often, it is the spring-rise of a purling, commonplace streamlet, its egotism grows pitiful and repulsive. This lesson has been learned, and now our minor poets, in their fear of it, strive to give pleasure to our sense of the beautiful, and work as artists,—though somewhat too delicately,—rather than to pose as exceptional beings, "among men, but not of them."

As with the subjective poets, so with many

of the transcendental acolytes. The force of Emerson lay in the depth and clearness of his intentions. He gave us the revelation and prophecy of a man among millions. Such a teacher aids the self-development of noble minds; his chief peril is that of nurturing a weaker class that cannot follow where he leads. Some of its enthusiasts will scarcely fail to set too high a value upon their personal impulses. They "still revere," but forget to "still suspect" themselves "in lowliness of heart." For the rest, the down-East instinct is advisory and homiletic; New Englanders are prone to teach, and slower to be taught. Emerson, however, grew to be their superior man, the one to whom all agreed to listen, and from whom all quote. His example, also, has somewhat advanced the art of listening, in which he was so perfect, with forward head and bright, expectant visage. His inculcations were of freedom, of the self-guidance that learns to unlearn and bears away from tradition; yet this, too, will breed false liberty of conceit in minor votaries, whose inward light may do well enough for themselves, yet not suffice for the light of the world. Hence the public, accepting Emerson, has been less tolerant of more than one Emersonian, with his *ego, et rex meus*. After all is said, we must see that our transcendentalists were a zealous, aspiring band of seekers after the true, the beautiful, and the good; what they have lacked in deference they have made up in earnestness and spirituality. There have been exquisite natures among them, upon whom, as indeed upon the genius of his people far and wide, the tonic effect of Emerson's life and precept has been immeasurable. Goethe's declaration of himself that he had been "to the Germans in general, and to the young German poets in particular, their liberator," may, with perfect truth, be applied to Emerson, and to a generation that has thriven on his word. He has taught his countrymen the worth of virtue, wisdom, courage,—above all, to fashion life upon a self-reliant pattern, obeying the dictates of their own souls.

### III.

RECOGNIZING Emerson's high mood as that of a most original poet, I wish chiefly to consider his relations to poetry and the poetic art. His imaginative essays are not poems. Speech is not song; the rarest mosaic lacks the soul of the canvas swept by the brush. The credentials that he presented from time to time, and mostly in that dawn when poets sing if ever, are few and fragment-



ary, but they will suffice. They are the trophies, the wreaths and golden vessels, the *spolia opima*, which he set before the shrine of the goddess. They are the avowal of a rare spirit that there are things which cannot be rendered in prose; that Poetry claims a finer art, a supream utterance, for her service, and that she alone can stamp the coins and bronzes which carry to the future the likeness of her viceroy.

In his verse, Emerson's spiritual philosophy and laws of conduct appear again, but transfigured. Always the idea of Soul, central and pervading, of which Nature's forms are but the created symbols. As in his early discourse he recognized two entities, Nature and the Soul, so to the last he believed Art to be simply the union of Nature with man's will—Thought symbolizing itself through Nature's aid. Thought, sheer ideality, was his sovereign; he was utterly trustful of its guidance. The law of poetic beauty depends on the beauty of the thought, which, perforce, assumes the fittest, and therefore most charming, mode of expression. The key to art is the eternal fitness of things; this is the sure test and solvent. Over and again he asserted his conviction: "Great thoughts insure musical expression. Every word should be the right word. \* \* \* The Imagination wakened brings its own language, and that is always musical. \* \* \* Whatever language the poet uses, the secret of tone is at the heart of the poem." He cites Möller, who taught that the building which was fitted accurately to answer its end would turn out to be beautiful, though beauty had not been intended. (The enforced beauty of even the rudest sailing craft always has seemed to me the most striking illustration of this truth.) In fine, Emerson sees all forms of art symbolizing but one Reason, not one mind, but The Mind that made the world. He refers "all production at last to an aboriginal Power." It is easy to discern that from the first he recognized "the motion and the spirit," which to Wordsworth were revealed only by the discipline of years; but his song went beyond the range of landscape and peasant, touching upon the verities of life and thought. "Brahma" is the presentation of the truth manifest to the oldest and most eastern East, and beyond which the West can never go. How strange that these quatrains could have seemed strange! They reveal the light of Asia, but no less the thought of Plato—who said that in all nations certain minds dwell on the "fundamental Unity," and "lose all being in one Being." Everywhere one stuff, under all forms, this the woven symbolism of the universal Soul, the only reality, the single and subdivided Identity that alone can "keep

and pass and turn again," that is at once the doubter and the doubt, the slayer and the slain, light and shadow, the hither and the yon. Love is but the affinity of its portions, the desire for reunion, the knowledge of soul by soul, to which the eyes of lovers are but windows. Art is the handiwork of the soul, with materials created by itself, building better than it knows, the bloom of attraction and necessity.

Thus far the theory of Emerson's song. It does not follow that he composed upon a theory. At times I think him the first of our lyric poets, his turns are so wild and unexpected. And he was never commonplace, even when writing for occasions. His verse changes unawares from a certain tension and angularity that were congenital, to an ethereal, unhampered freedom, the poetic soul in full glow, the inner music loosed and set at large. Margaret Fuller wrote that his poems were "mostly philosophical, which is not the truest kind of poetry." But this depends upon the measure of its didacticism. Emerson made philosophical poetry imaginative, elevating, and thus gave new evidence that the poet's realm is unbounded. If he sought first principles, he looked within himself for them, and thus portrays himself, not only the penetrative thinker, but the living man, the citizen, the New England villager, whose symbols are drawn from the actual woods and hills of a neighborhood. Certainly he went to rural nature for his vigor, his imagery and adornments. An impassioned sense of its beauty made him the reverse of the traditional descriptive poet. Most poetry of nature justly is termed didactic; most philosophical verse the same. Miss Fuller failed to make distinctions. All feel what didacticism signifies, but let us try to formulate it.

Didacticism is the gospel of half-truths. Its senses are torpid; it fails to catch and convey the soul of truth, which is beauty. Truth shorn of its beauty is tedious and not poetical. We weary of didactic verse, therefore, not because of its truth, but because of its self-delusive falsehood. It flourishes with a dull and prosaic generation. The true poet, as Mrs. Browning saw, is your only truth-teller, because he gives the truth complete in beauty or not at all.

Emerson doubts his power to capture the very truth of nature. Its essence—its beauty—is so elusive; it flees and leaves but a corpse behind; it is the pearly glint of the shells among the bubbles of the latest wave:

"I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, slightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."



But such poems as the "Forerunners" show how closely he moved, after all, upon the trail of the evading sprite. He seemed, by the first intention, and with an exact precision of grace and aptness, to put in phrases what he saw and felt,—and he saw and felt so much more than others! He had the aboriginal eye, and the civilized sensibility; he caught both the external and the scientific truth of natural things, and their poetic charm withal. As he triumphed over the untruthfulness of the mere verse-maker, and the dullness of the moralist, his instant, sure, yet airy transcripts gave his poems of nature a quality without a counterpart. Some of his measures had at least the flutter of the twig whence the bird has just flown. He did not quite fail of that music music-born,

"—a melody born of melody,  
Which melts the world into a sea.  
Toil could never compass it;  
Art its hight could never hit."

He infused his meditations with the sheen of Day itself,—of

"—one of the charmed days  
When the genius of God doth flow,  
The wind may alter twenty ways,  
A tempest cannot blow;  
It may blow north, it still is warm;  
Or south, it still is clear;  
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;  
Or west, no thunder fear."

He returns with delight to Nature's blending of her laws of beauty and use, perceiving that she

—"beats in perfect tune,  
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,  
Whether she work in land or sea,  
Or hide underground her alchemy.  
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,  
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,  
But it carves the bow of beauty there,  
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

"Woodnotes" is full of lyrical ecstasy and lightsome turns and graces. To assimilate such a poem of nature, or "The Problem," that masterpiece of religion and art, is to feed on holy dew, and to comprehend how the neophytes who were bred upon it find the manna of noontide somewhat rank and in-nutritious. "May-Day" is less lyrical, more plainly descriptive of the growth and meaning of the Spring, but not in any part didactic. It is the record of the poet's training, a match to Wordsworth's portrayal of his subjective communing with nature in youth; its spirit is the same with Lowell's woodland joyousness, one of child-like and unquestioning zest. Finally, this poet's scenic joinery is so true, so mortised with the one apt word,

as where he says that the wings of Time are "*pie'd* with morning and with night," and the one last word or phrase is so unlooked for, that, as I say, we scarcely know whether all this comes by grace of instinct, or with search and artistic forethought. It seems "the first fine careless rapture"; the labor, which results in the truth of Tennyson's landscape and the pathos of Longfellow's, may be there, but is not to be detected, and in these touches, if not otherwise, he excelled his compeers. His generalizations pertain to the unseen world; viewing the actual, he puts its strength and fineness alike into a line or epithet. He was born with an unrivaled faculty of selection. Monadnoc is the "constant giver," the Titan that "heeds his sky-affairs"; the tiny humming-bee a "voyager of light and noon," a "yellow-breeched philosopher," and again an "animated torrid zone"; the defiant titmouse, an "atom in full breath." For a snow-storm, or the ocean, he uses his broader brush, but once only and well. His minute truth and sense of values are held in honor by his pupils Whitman and Burroughs, our poetic familiars of the field, and by all to whom the seasonable marvels of the pastoral year are not unwelcome or unknown.

Thus keenly Emerson's instinct responded to the beauty of Nature. I have hinted that her secure laws were the chief promoters of his imagination. It coursed along her hidden ways. In this he antedated Tennyson, and was less didactic than Goethe and kindred predecessors. His foresight gave spurs to the intellect of Tyndall and other investigators,—to their ideal faculty, without which no explorer moves from post to outpost of discovery. Correlatively, each wonder-breeding point attained by the experimentalists was also occupied by our eager and learned thinker from the moment of its certainty. Each certainty gave him joy; reasoning *a priori* from his sense of a spiritual Force, the seer anticipated the truths demonstrated by the inductive workers, and expected the demonstration. Even in "The Sphinx," the first poem of his first collection, the conservation of force, the evolution from the primordial atom, are made to subserve his mystical faith in a broad Identity. Here, thirty years before Tennyson made his most compact expression of the central truth,—

"Flower in the crannied wall \* \* \*  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

Emerson had put it in this wise :



"Thorough a thousand voices  
Spoke the universal dame:  
'Who telleth one of my meanings,  
Is master of all I am.'"

The reference, in "Bacchus," to the ascent of life from form to form, still remains incomparable for terseness and poetic illumination:

"— I, drinking this,  
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;  
Kings unborn shall walk with me;  
And the poor grass shall plot and plan  
What it will do when it is man."

And in "Woodnotes" he discoursed of

"— the genesis of things,  
Of tendency through endless ages,  
Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages,  
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,  
Of the old flood's subsiding slime;"

but always thinks of the universal Soul as the only reality,—of creation's process as simply the metamorphosis which

"Melts things that be to things that seem,  
And solid nature to a dream."

Even in the pathetic "Threnody" he stays his anguish with faith in the beneficence of Law. With more passion and less method than afterward gave form to "In Memoriam," he declared that the "mysteries of Nature's heart" were "past the blasphemies of grief." He saw

"— the genius of the whole,  
Ascendant in the primal soul,  
Beckon it when to go and come."

Such a poet was not like to go backward. The "Song of Nature" is his pæan to her verities, still more clearly manifest in his riper years. This superb series of quatrains, cumulative as thunder-heads and fired with lyric glory, will lend its light to whatsoever the poetry of the future has in reserve for us.

It should be noted that Emerson's vision of the sublime in scientific discovery increased his distaste for mere style, and moved him to contentment with the readiest mode of expression. It tempered his eulogy of "Art," and made him draw this contrast: "Nature transcends all moods of thought, and its secret we do not yet find. But a gallery stands at the mercy of our moods, and there is a moment when it becomes frivolous. I do not wonder that Newton, with an attention habitually engaged on the paths of planets and suns, should have wondered what the Earl of Pembroke found to admire in 'stone dolls.'"

Right here we observe (deferring matters of construction) that our seer's limitations as

a poet are indicated by his dependence on out-door nature, and by his failure to utilize those higher symbols of the prime Intelligence which comprise the living, acting, suffering world of man. With a certain pride of reserve, that did not lessen his beautiful deference to individuals, he proclaimed "the advantage which the country life possesses for a powerful mind over the artificial and curtailed life of cities." He justified solitude by saying that great men, from Plato to Wordsworth, did not live in a crowd, but descended into it from time to time as benefactors. Above all he declared—"I am by nature a poet, and therefore must live in the country." But here a Goethe, or De Musset, or Browning might rejoin: "And I am a poet, and need the focal life of the town." If man be the paragon of life on this globe, his works and passions the rarest symbols of the life unseen, then the profoundest study is mankind. Emerson's theorem was a restriction of the poet's liberties. One can name great poets who would have been greater but for the trammels of their seclusion. I believe that Emerson's came from self-knowledge. He kept his range with incomparable tact and philosophy. Poets of a wider franchise—with Shakspeare at their front—have found that genius gains most from Nature during that formative period when one reads her heart, if ever, and that afterward he may safely leave her, as a child his mother, to return from time to time, but still to do his part among the ranks of men.

Emerson makes light of travel for pleasure and observation, but ever more closely would observe the ways of the inanimate world. Yet what are man's works but the works of Nature by one remove? To one poet is given the ear to comprehend the murmur of the forest, to another the sense that times the heart-beats of humanity. Few have had Emerson's inward eye, but it is well that some have not been restricted to it. He clung by attraction, no less than by circumstance, to "a society in which introspection," as Mr. James has shrewdly written, "thanks to the want of other entertainment, played almost the part of a social resource." His verse, in fact, is almost wholly void of the epic and dramatic elements which inform the world's great works of art. Action, characterization, specific sympathy, and passion are wanting in his song. His voice comes "like a falling star" from a skyey dome of pure abstraction. Once or twice, some little picture from life,—a gypsy girl, a scarcely outlined friend or loved one,—but otherwise no personage in his works except, it may be, the poet himself, the Saadi of his introspective song: even



that wise and joyous bard restored in fragments, suggested rather than portrayed. Emerson would be the "best bard, because the wisest," if the wisdom of his song illustrated itself in living types. He knew the human world, none better, and generalized the sum of its attainments,—was gracious, shrewd, and calm,—but could not hold up the mirror and show us to ourselves. He was that unique songster, a poet of fire and vision, quite above the moralist, yet neither to be classed as objective or subjective; he perceived the source of all passion and wisdom, yet rendered neither the hearts of others nor his own. His love poetry is eulogized, but wants the vital grip wherewith his "Concord Fight" and "Boston Hymn" fasten on our sense of manhood and patriotism. It chants of Love, not of the beloved; its flame is pure and general as moon-light and as high-removed. "All mankind love a lover," and it is not enough to discourse upon the philosophy of "Love," "Experience," "Power," "Friendship." Emerson's "Bacchus" must press for him

"—wine, but wine which never grew  
In the belly of the grape."

His deepest yearnings are expressed in that passionate outburst,—the momentary human wail over his dead child,—and in the human sense of lost companionship when he tells us,

"In the long sunny afternoon,  
The plain was full of ghosts."

Often he moves apart; his blood is ichor, not our own; his thoughts are with the firmament. We reverence his vocation, and know ourselves unfitted for it. He touches life more nearly in passages that have the acuteness, the practical wisdom of his prose works and days; but these are not his testimonials as a poet. His laying on of hands was more potent; a transmitted heat has gone abroad through the ministry of his disciples, who practice as he preached, and sometimes transcend both his preaching and his practice. All the same, the originator of a force is greater than others who add four-fold to its momentum. They are never so manifestly his pupils as when they are "scarifying" and "sounding and exploring" him, "reporting where they touch bottom and where not," on ground of their own, but with a pleasant mockery of the master's word and wont. There was a semblance between the poets Emerson and Rossetti, first, in the small amount of their lyrical work, and again in the positive influence which each exerted upon his pupils. In quality the Concord seer, and the English

poet who was at once the most spiritual and sensuous of his own school, were wholly unlike. Rossetti was touched with white fire, but dreamed of souls that meet and glow when disembodied. The spirits of his beatified thrill with human passion. Our seer brought something of heaven to earth, while Rossetti yearned to carry life through death to heaven.

The technical features of Emerson's verse correspond to our idea of its meaning. In fact, his view of personal culture also applied to his metrical style. "Manners are not to be directly cultivated. That is frivolous; leave it to children. \* \* \* We must look at the mark, not at the arrow, and perhaps the best rule is Lord Bacon's,—that to attain good forms one only needs not to despise them." Delicate and adroit artisans, in whose eyes poetry is solely a piece of design, may find the awkwardness of Emerson's verse a bar to right comprehension of its frequent beauty and universal purpose. I am not sure but one must be of the poet's own country and breeding to look quite down his vistas and by-paths: for every American has something of Emerson in him, and the secret of the land was in the poet,—the same Americanism that Whitman sees in the farmer, the deck-hand, the snag-toothed hostler, atoning with its humanities for their sins past and present, as for the sins of Harte's gamblers and diggers of the gulch. It may be, too, that other conditions are needed to open the ear to the melody, and to shut out the discords, of Emerson's song. The melody is there, and though the range be narrow, is various within itself. The charm is that of new-world and native wood-notes wild. Not seldom a lyrical phrase is the more taking for its halt,—helped out, like the poet's own speech, by the half-stammer and pause that were wont to precede the rarest or weightiest word of all. The true artist has somewhat to say, and would make his art say it; a curious workman may fail of the spirit of art. One tires, moreover, of artificers who through long lives merely repeat and perfect their method. A few sure lines, bits of essential matter, and, as elder races know, you have the features of a subject,—all that is absolutely valuable and to be expressed.

Among the followers of any art there are those whose compositions are effective in the mass, their treatment broad, the beauty pervasive; again, those who with small constructive feeling are rich in detail, and whose work is interspersed with fine and original touches; lastly, the complete artists, in whom, however vivid their originality and great their special beauties, the general design is always kept in hand. Emerson never felt the strength of



proportion that compels the races to whom art is a religion and a law. He has given many a pang to lovers of the beautiful, who have endured his irreverence by allowing for his supposed disabilities. He satisfied his conscience in the same easy way, declaring that he was from his "very incapacity of mechanical writing" a "chartered libertine." But his speech bewrayeth him. Who sounds one perfect chord can sound again. His greater efforts in verse, as in prose, show that he chose to deprecate the constructive faculty lest it might limit his ease and freedom. And his instinct of personality, not without a pride of its own, made him a nonconformist. We are told of his mode of preparing an essay,—of the slow-growing medley of thoughts on a topic, at last brought out and strung at random, like a child's variegated beads. But I do not find that his best essays read backward as well as forward; I suspect an art beneath their loose arrangement, and I see at times the proof of continuous heat. His early critic declared that he had not "written one good work, if such a work be one where the whole commands more attention than the parts." But again we see that she too rarely qualified her oracles. At that time he had written poems of which the whole and the parts were at least justly related masterpieces,—lyrical masterpieces, of course, not epic or dramatic; of such were the "Threnody" and "Woodnotes," to which was afterward added the "May-Day." Breadth and proportion, in a less degree, mark "The Problem," "Monadnock," "Merlin," and a few other pieces. But working similarly he falls short in the labored dithyrambic, "Initial, Dæmonic, and Celestial Love." He was formal enough in youth, before he struck out for himself, and at the age of eleven, judging from his practice-work, was as precocious as Bryant or Poe. But he soon gave up construction, putting a trade-mark upon his verse, and trusting that freedom would lead to something new. So many precious sayings enrich his more sustained poems as to make us include him at times with the complete artists. Certainly, both in these and in the unique bits so characteristic that they are the poet himself,—"Terminus," "Character," "Manners," "Nature," etc.,—he ranks with the foremost of the second class, poets eminent for special graces, values, sudden meteors of thought. In that gift for "saying things," so notable in Pope and Tennyson, he is the chief of American poets. From what other bard have so many original lines and phrases passed into literature,—coins that do not wear out, of standard value, bright and current gold? It is worth while, for the mere effect,

to group some of them together, and especially those which, appearing in his first book forty years ago, long since became a constituent part of our literary thought and expression:

"'Tis the law of bush and stone,  
Each can only take his own."

"The thoughts that he shall think  
Shall not be forms of stars, but stars,  
Nor pictures pale, but Jove and Mars."

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?"

"Heartily know,  
When half-gods go  
The gods arrive."

"What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent;  
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain."

"Born for the future, to the future lost."

"Not for all his faith can see  
Would I that cowed churchman be."

"Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
\* \* \* \* \*

Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old."

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome  
\* \* \* \* \*

Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew;—  
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
As the best gem upon her zone;  
And Morning opes with haste her lids,  
To gaze upon the Pyramids."

"One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost."

"Or ever the wild Time coined itself  
Into calendar months and days."

"Set not thy foot on graves."

"Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home."

"What are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

"—If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

"Leave all thy pedant lore apart,  
God hid the whole world in thy heart."

"And conscious Law is King of kings."

"—Mount to paradise  
By the stairway of surprise."

"Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

"Great is the art,  
Great be the manners, of the bard."

"The silent organ loudest chants  
The master's requiem."



Verses from Emerson's later poems,—which came at rare intervals, after the public had learned to seek for the sweet kernel in every nut that fell from his tree,—are scarcely less familiarized and put to use :

"Deep in the man sits fast his fate  
To mold his fortunes mean or great:  
Unknown to Cromwell as to me  
Was Cromwell's measure or degree."

"O tenderly the haughty day  
Fills his blue urn with fire!"

"I hung my verses in the wind,  
Time and tide their faults may find;  
All were winnowed through and through,  
Five lines lasted sound and true."

"Winters know  
Easily to shed the snow,  
And the untaught Spring is wise  
In cowslips and anemones."

"It is time to be old,  
To take in sail,—  
\* \* \* \* \*

Obeys the voice at eve obeyed at prime:  
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,  
Right onward drive unharmed;  
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
And every wave is charmed.'"

"He spoke, and words more soft than rain  
Brought the Age of Gold again;  
His action won such reverence sweet  
As hid all measure of the feat."

The poet's rhythm and gift of compression made verse like the foregoing a kind of ambrosial pemmican, easily carried for spiritual sustenance. Phrases in his prose, which have become more current, move in foot-beats, such as,—*"Hitch your wagon to a star," "Nature is loved by what is best in us,"* and *"The hues of sunset make life great."* He thought rhythm indispensable, and rhyme most efficacious, as the curators of poetic thought. "Every good poem I know I recall by its rhythm also."

Popular instinct, recognized by those who compile our anthologies, forbid an author to be great in more than one way. These editors go to Emerson for point and wisdom, and too seldom for his truth to nature and his strictly poetic charm. Yet who excels him in quality? That Margaret Fuller had a fine ear, and an independent one, is proved by her admission that "in melody, in subtilty of thought and expression," he took the highest rank. He often captures us with absolute beauty, the poetry that poets love,—the lilt and melody of Shelley (whose vagueness irked him) joined to precision of thought and outline. Poe might have envied "Uriel" his lutings of the spangled heaven; he could not have read "Woodnotes," or he would

have found something kindred in the bard who said,

"Quit thy friends as the dead in doom,  
And build to them a final tomb;  
Let the starred shade that nightly falls  
Still celebrate their funerals,  
And the bell of beetle and of bee  
Knell their melodious memory."

Emerson "listened to the undersong," but rejoiced no less in the "divine ideas below" of the Olympian bards,

"Which always find us young  
And always keep us so."

His modes of expression, like his epithets, are imaginative. The snow is "the north-wind's masonry;" feeling and thought are scarcely deeper than his speech; he puts in words the "tumultuous privacy of storm," or the "sweet varieties of chance." With what high ecstasy of pain he calls upon the deep-eyed boy, the hyacinthine boy, of his marvelous "Threnody"! Time confirms the first impression that this is the most spontaneous, the most elevating, of lyrical elegies,—that it transcends even the divine verse of Bishop King's invocation to his entombed wife. How abrupt, how exquisitely ideal, the opening phrase! Afterward, and throughout, the pure spirit of poetry rarefied by the passion of its theme: the departed child is the superangelic symbol of the beauty, the excellence, that shall be when time ripens and the harmonies of nature are revealed,—when life is no longer a dream within a dream. Read the "Threnody" anew. What grace! What *Æolian* music, what yearning! What prophecy and exaltation! See how emotion becomes the soul of art. Or is it that true passion cannot but express itself in verse at once simple and sensuous, thus meeting all the cardinal points of Milton's law?

One readily perceives that "Merlin" conveys Emerson's spirited conception of the art and manners of the bard. His should be no trivial harp:

"No jingling serenader's art,  
Nor tinkle of piano strings;  
\* \* \* \* \*

The kingly bard  
Must smite the cords rudely and hard,  
As with hammer or with mace;  
\* \* \* \* \*

He shall not his brain encumber  
With the coil of rhythm and number;  
But leaving rule and pale forethought,  
He shall aye climb  
For his rhyme."

Thus fearlessly should a poet compel the Muse, and even to a broader liberty of song one, at least, of Emerson's listeners, pushed



with deliberate zeal. Walt Whitman was stimulated by this teaching, and by the rugged example of Carlyle, to follow resolutely the method which suited his bent and project; and Emerson's "Mithridates," we may say, is at once the key-note and best defense of Whitman's untrammelled, all-heralding philosophy. The descriptive truth, the lusty Americanism, of the democratic chanter took hold upon the master's expectant heart. A later modification of the first welcome, and the omission of the new songs from "Parnassus," had no bearing upon the question of their morals or method; Emerson was moved solely by his taste,—and New England taste has a supreme dislike of the unsavory. The world, even the Concord world, is not wholly given over to prudery. It has little dread, nowadays, of the voluptuous in art, ancient or modern. But to those of Puritan stock cleanliness is even more than godliness. There is no "fair perdition" tempting us in the "Song of Myself" and the "Children of Adam." But here are things which, whether vessels of honor or dishonor, one does not care to have before him too often or too publicly, and which were unattractive to the pure and temperate seer, whose race had so long inhabited the clean-swept keeping-rooms of the land of mountain breezes and transparent streams. The matter was one of artistic taste and of the inclinations of Emerson's nature, rather than of prudery or censorship.

As for his own style, Emerson was impressed in youth by the free-hand manner of the early dramatists, whom he read with avidity. He soon formed his characteristic measure, varying with "sixes," "sevens," and "eights," resembling Ben Jonson's lyrical style, but even more like that of Milton, Marvell, and other worthies of the Protectorate. In spirit and imagery, in blithe dithyrambic wisdom, he gained much from his favorite Orientals—Saadi and Hafiz. One stately and various measure he rarely essayed, but showed that it was well suited to his genius. In "Muskuetaquid" and "Sea-shore" we see the aptness of his ear and hand for blank verse. The little poem of "Days," imitated from the antique, is unmatched, outside of Landor, for compression and self-poise:

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will,  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

We could wish that Emerson had written more blank verse,—a measure suited to express his highest thought and imagination. Probably, however, he said all that he had to say in verse of any kind. He was not one to add a single line for the sake of a more liberal product.

He is thought to have begun so near the top that there was little left to climb. None of his verse is more pregnant than that which came in the first glow, but the later poems are free from those grotesque sayings which illustrate the fact that humor and a lively sense of the absurd often are of slow development in the brain of an earnest thinker. There was, it must be owned, a tinge of provincial arrogance, and there were expressions little less than ludicrous, in his early defiance of usage. He was too sincere a personage to resort to the grotesque as a means of drawing attention. Of him, the leader, this at least could not be suspected. Years afterward he revised his poems, as if to avoid even the appearance of affectation. On the whole, it is as well that he left "The Sphinx" unchanged; that remarkable poem is a fair gauge of its author's traits. The opening is strongly lyrical and impressive. The close is the flower of poesy and thought. The general tone is quaint and mystical. Certain passages, however, like that beginning "The fiend that man harries," are curiously awkward, and mar the effect of an original, almost an epochal, poem. This would not be admitted by the old-fashioned Emersonian,—never, by any chance, a poet pure and simple,—who makes it a point of faith to defend the very passages where the master nods. Just so the thick-and-thin Browningite, who testifies his adoration by counting the *m's* and *n's* of the great dramatist's volumes, and who, also, never is a poet pure and simple, celebrates Mr. Browning's least poetic experiments as his masterpieces. I think that the weakness of "transcendental" art is as fairly manifest in Emerson's first and chief collection of verse as were its felicities,—the former belonging to the school, the latter to the seer's own genius. Poe, to whom poetry was solely an expression of beauty, was irritated to a degree not to be explained by contempt for all things East. He extolled quaintness, and justly detested obscurity. He was prejudiced against the merits of such poets as Channing and Cranch by their prophetic bearing, which he berated soundly as an effort to set up as poets "of *unusual* depth and *very* remarkable powers of mind." Admitting the grace of one, he said that it was "laughable to see that the transcendental poets, if beguiled for a minute or two into



respectable English and common-sense, are always sure to remember their cue just as they get to the end of their song, and round off with a bit of doggerel." Their thought was the "cant of thought," in adopting which "the cant of phraseology is adopted at the same time." This was serviceable criticism, *et ab hoste*, though Poe's lack of moral, and keenness of artistic, sense made him too sure of the insincerity of those who place conviction above expression. And Mr. James sees that Emerson's philosophy was "drunk in by a great many fine moral appetites with a sense of intoxication." The seer himself was intoxicated at times, and spoke, like the hasheesh-eaters, with what then seemed to him music and sanity. In a more reflecting season he excluded from his select edition certain pieces from which too many had taken their cues,—for example, the "Ode" to W. H. Channing, "The World-Soul," and "Tact." The Ode begins finely with a manner caught from Ben Jonson's ode "To Himself," and we can ill spare one passage ("The God who made New Hampshire"); but was it the future compiler of "Parnassus" who preceded this with laughter-stirring rhymes, and shortly avowed that "Things are of the snake," and again that "Things are in the saddle, And ride mankind?" Well, he lived to feel that to poets, "of all men, the severest criticism is due," and that "Poetry requires that splendor of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts."

But the forte of bardlings is the foible of a bard. Emerson became his own censor, and did wisely and well. We have seen that his art, even now, upon its constructive side, must often seem defective,—unsatisfactory to those whose love of proportion is a moral instinct. Many poets and critics will feel it so. The student of Emerson learns that he, too, moved upon their plane but would not be confined to it. More than other men, he found himself a vassal of the unwritten law, whether his impulse lifted him above, or sent him below, the plane of artistic expression. If he could not sustain the concert-pitch of his voice at his best, he certainly knew what is perfection, and said of art much that should be said. He was not, he did not wish to be, primarily an artist: he borrowed Art's aid for his lofty uses, and held her at her worth. His essay on Art would be pronounced sound by a Goethe or a Lessing, though such men probe less deep for the secret principle of things, and deal more fealty with the exterior. Elsewhere he insists that we must "disabuse us of our superstitious associations with place and time, with number and size.

\* \* \* Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn. \* \* \* A great man makes his climate genial in the imagination of man, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits." And again (like Arnold) he speaks of the modernness of all good books: "What is well done, I feel as if I did; what is ill done, I reckon not of." He revised his prose less carefully, for republication, than his verse, and doubtless felt surer of it. He himself would have been the first to declare, as to the discordant and grotesque portions of his verse or prose, that the thought was proportionately defective,—not strong and pure enough to insure the beauty of the art which was its expression. Above all he knew, he confessed, that it is the first duty of a poet to express his thoughts naturally, counting among "the traits common to all works of the highest art,—that they are universally intelligible, that they restore to us the simplest states of mind." This was his own canon. Where he failed of it, he might not surely know; where he knew, there he rebuked himself. He struck out, in his self-distrust, many things of value to those who loved his verse. We dwell with profit on the fact that he retained so little that should be stricken out.

## IV.

It is but a foolish surmise whether Emerson's prose or verse will endure the longer, for they are of the same stuff, warp and woof, and his ideality crosses and recrosses each, so that either is cloth-of-gold. Of whichever a reader may first lay hold, he will be led to examine the whole fabric of the author's work. Few writers, any one of whose essays, met with for the first time, seems more like a revelation! It will not be, I think, until that time when all his prose has passed into a large book, such as the volume we call *Montaigne*, that its full strength and importance can be felt. In certain respects it dwarfs other modern writing, and places him among the great essayists. These are not the efforts of a reviewer of books or affairs, but chapters on the simplest, the greatest, the immemorial topics, those that lie at the base of life and wisdom: such as Love, Experience, Character, Manners, Fate, Power, Worship—lastly, Nature herself, and Art her ideal counterpart. If to treat great themes worthily is a mark of greatness, the chooser of such themes begins with the instinct of great design. Bacon's elementary essays excepted, there are none in English of which it can be more truly averred that there is nothing superfluous in them. Compare them with the rest in theme



and method. Carlyle, outside of "Sartor Resartus" and "Hero-Worship," usually reviews books, histories, individuals, at extreme length, and with dramatic comment and analysis. Emerson treats of the principles behind all history, and his laconic phrases are the very honey-cells of thought. There are let-downs and surplusage even in Landor. Throughout Emerson's writings each word is of value; they are the discourse of one who has digested all the worthy books, and who gives us their results, with latter-day discoveries of his own. He is the citizen of a new world, observing other realms and eras from an unrestricted point of view.

The intent of our essayist is the highest, and by no means that of writing for the exercise or glory of authorship. "Fatal," he declares, "to the man of letters is the lust of display. \* \* \* A mistake of the main end to which they labor is incidental to literary men, who, dealing with the organ of language \* \* \* learn to enjoy the pride of playing with this splendid engine, but rob it of its almightiness by failing to work with it." He estimates books at their worth. They "are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system."

Thus the thought of Style, it may be, should enter into the mind of neither writer or reader. Style makes itself, and Emerson's is the apothegmatic style of one bent upon uttering his immediate thoughts,—hence strong in sentences, and only by chance suited to the formation of an essay. Each sentence is an idea, an epigram, or an image, or a flash of spiritual light. His letters to Carlyle show that he was at one time caught by the manner of the author whose character, at least, seemed of the most import to him. This was but a passing trace. When he was fresh from the schools, his essays were structural and orderly, but more abstract than in latter years. During his mature and haply less spiritual period, had he cared to write a history, the English would have been pure English, the narrative racy and vigorous. Portions of the "English Traits" make this plain. Since De Foe, where have we found anything more idiomatic than his account of Wordsworth delivering a sonnet?

"This recitation was so unlooked for and surprising,—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in a garden-walk, like a schoolboy declaiming,—that I at first was near to laugh; but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to hear."

Note also his account of an ocean voyage. For charm of landscape-painting, take such a passage as that, in the second essay on Nature, beginning: "There are days which occur in this climate." But terseness is the distinctive feature of his style. "Men," he says, "descend to meet." "We are all discerners of spirits." "He [a traveler] carries ruins to ruins." No one has compressed more sternly the pith of his discourse.

No poet, let us at once add, has written prose and shown more incontestably his special attribute. Emerson's whole argument is poetic, if that work is poetic which reaches its aim through the analogies of things, and whose quick similitudes have the heat, the light, the actinism, of the day-beam, and of which the language is rhythmic without degeneracy,—clearly the language of prose, always kept from weakness by the thought which it conveys. No man's writing was more truly his speech, and no man's speech so rhythmic: "There are Muses in the woods to-day, and whispers to be heard in the breezes"; and again, "Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night." As he spoke, so he wrote: "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous"; "The conscious ship hears all the praise"; of young idealists, "The tough world had its revenge the moment they put the horses of the sun to plough in its furrow"; of Experience, "was it Boscovich who found out that bodies never come in contact? Well, souls never touch their objects. An innavigable sea washes with silent waves between us and the things we aim at and converse with." In the same essay,— "Dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion. Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and as we pass through them, they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue."\* And of Love's world, with the cadences of Ecclesiastes,— "When the day was not long enough, but the night, too, must be consumed. \* \* \* When the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song; when all business seemed impertinence, all the men and women running to and fro in the streets mere pictures." But to show the poetry of Emerson's prose is to give the whole of it; these essays are of the few which make us tolerate the conceit of "prose poems." Their persistent recourse to imagery and metaphor, their suggestions of the secret relations of things, at

\* "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity."  
Shelley's "Adonais."



times have subjected them to the charge of being obscure. The fault was not in the wine:

"Hast thou a drunken soul?

Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!"

In mature years the essayist pays more regard to life about him, to the world as it is; he is more equatorial, less polar and remote. His insight betrays itself in everyday wisdom. He is the shrewd, the benignant, the sagacious, Emerson, writing with pleasant aptitude, like Hesiod or Virgil, of domestic routine, and again of the Conduct of Life, of Manners, Behavior, Prudence, Grace. This is in the philosophic order of progress, from the first principles to the application of them. Some of his followers, however, take him to task, unwilling that the master should venture beyond the glory of his cloud. As for his unique treatises upon Behavior, it was natural that he should be led to think upon that topic, since in gentle bearing, in his sweetness, persuasiveness, and charm of smile and voice, he was not excelled by any personage of our time, and what he said of it is of more value than the sayings of those who think such a matter beneath his regard. His views of civic duty and concerning the welfare of the Republic are the best rejoinder to his early strictures upon Homer and Shakspeare for the temporal and local features of their master-works. As a critic he was ever expectant, on the lookout for something good and new, and sometimes found the one good thing in a man or work and valued it unduly. When he made a complete examination, as in his chapter on Margaret Fuller, he excelled as a critic and delineator. "Parnassus" is not judicial, but oddly made up of his own likings, yet the best rules of criticism are to be found in its preface. With the exception of "English Traits," he published no long treatise upon a single theme. His general essays and lectures, however, constitute a treatise upon Man and Nature, and of themselves would serve as America's adequate contribution to the English literature of his period. We are told of an unprinted series of his essays that may be grouped as a book on the Natural History of the Intellect. Should these see the light, it would be curious to compare them with the work of some professional logician—with the standard treatise of President Porter, for instance—upon a similar theme. Much in quantity may yet be added to Emerson's literary remains. But it will not differ in quality; we have had the gist of it: for he was a writer who, though his essays were the fruit of a prolonged life, never wrote himself out.

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Often an author has gained repute by one or two original works, while his ordinary efforts, if not devoted to learned or scientific research, have been commonplace. The flame of Emerson's intellect never fades or flickers, and never irks us. It burns with elemental light, neither of artifice nor of occasion, serene as that of a star, and with an added power to heat the distance which receives it.

V.

IN summing up the traits of Emerson one almost ceases to be critical, lest the highest praise may not be quite undue. More than when Bion died, the glades and towns lament him, for he left no heir to the Muse which he taught his pupils. In certain respects he was our most typical poet, having the finest intuition and a living faith in it,—and because there was a sure intellect behind his verse, and because his influence affected not simply the tastes and emotions, but at last the very spirit, of his countrymen. He began where many poets end, seeking at once the upper air, the region of pure thought and ideality. His speech was wisdom, and his poesy its exhalation. When he failed in either, it seemed to be through excess of divining. His triumphs were full of promise for those who dare to do their best. He was as far above Carlyle as the affairs of the soul and universe are above those of the contemporary, or even the historic, world. His problem, like that of Archimedes, was more than the taking of cities and clash of arms. The poet is unperturbed by temporal distractions; yet poets and dreamers, concerned with the ideal, share in the world's battle equally with men of action and practical life. Only, while the latter fight on the ground, the idealists, like the dauntless ghosts of the Huns and Romans, lift the contest to the air. Emerson was the freest and most ideal of them all, and what came to him by inheritance or prophetic forecast he gave like a victor. He strove not to define the creeds, but to stimulate the intellect and purpose of those who are to make the future. If poetry be that which shapes and elevates, his own was poetry indeed. To know the heart of New England you must hear the songs of his compeers; but listening to those of Emerson, the east and west have yielded to the current of its soul.

The supreme poet will be not alone a seer, but also a persistent artist of the beautiful. Of those who come before the time for such a poet is ripe, Longfellow on the whole has done the most to foster the culture of poetry among us as a liberal art. Emerson has given



us thought, the habit of thinking, the will to think for ourselves. He drained the vats of politics and philosophy, for our use, of all that was sweet and fructifying, and taught his people, seeing their vital needs, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." He set chief value upon those primitive laws which are the only sure basis of national law and letters. And as a poet, his verse was the sublimation of his rarest mood, that changed as water into cloud, catching the first beams of sunrise on its broken edges, yet not without dark and vaguely blending spots between. Emerson and Longfellow came at the parting of the ways. They are of the very few whom we now recognize as the true founders of an American literature. No successors with more original art and higher imagination can labor to more purpose. If the arrow hits its mark, the aim was at the bowstring; the river strengthens and broadens, but the sands of gold wash down from near its source.

Not a few are content with that poetry which returns again and again to its primal conceptions, yet suggests infinite pathways and always inspires,—the poetry of a hermitage whose Lar is Nature, and whose well-spring flows with clear and shining Thought. To such,—who care less for sustained flights of objective song, who can withdraw themselves from passion and dramatic life, who gladly accept isolated cadences and scattered, though exquisite, strains of melody in lieu of symphonic music "wandering on as loth to die,"—Emerson will seem the most precious of our native poets. He will not satisfy those who look for the soul incarnate in sensuous

and passionate being. Such readers, with Professor Dowden, find him the type of the New World transcendentalist, the creature of the drying American climate, one "whose nervous energy has been exalted," so "that he loves light better than warmth." He is not the minstrel for those who would study men in action and suffering, rather than as heirs to knowledge and the raptured mind. He is not a warrior, lover, recounter, dramatist, but an evangel and seer. The greatest poet must be all in one, and I have said that Emerson was among the foremost to avow it. Modern singers poorly satisfy him, being meager of design, and failing to guide and console. Wordsworth was an exception, yet he had "written longer than he was inspired." Tennyson, with all his tune and color, "climbs no mount of vision." Even Shakspeare was too traditional, though one learns from him that "tradition supplies a better fable than any invention can." In face of the greatest he felt that "the world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakspeare the player, nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner; but who shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration." Thus clearly he conceived of the poet's office, and equally was he assured that he himself was not, and could not be, the perfect musician. He chose the part of the forerunner and inspirer, and when the true poet shall come to America, it will be because such an one as Emerson has gone before him and prepared the way for his song, his vision, and his recognition.

*Edmund C. Stedman.*



### FORSAKEN.

I WATCH the budding lilac leaves  
This March with jealous eye:  
The birds all past me fly  
Nor stay to build beneath my eaves.

This time last year it was not so—  
Then was cheery chirp and twitter  
About a pretty sitter  
Under my roof-tree brown and low.

A stir of little wings quite near,  
And trills of tender song,  
That still would wake a throng  
Of happy thoughts my heart to cheer.

Their last year's nest hangs from the eaves  
All ragged and forlorn,  
Half from the rafter torn,  
Inside, for birds, some withered leaves.

The lilac tree is in full leaf,  
I watch and wait in vain,  
They will not come again—  
Who told the birds about my grief?

*E. A. M.*



## A WOMAN'S REASON.\*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

### VI.

"WHAT perplexed me the most about it," said the Captain to Mrs. Butler, when he came home the day after the sale, "was that the auctioneer had so misrepresented his first talk with me. He never asked me to withdraw the property at all; he knew I couldn't; he merely offered to bet me that he would get thirty thousand for it. Well! I don't see what I could do about it. I couldn't have proved that the bids were fictitious, and the attempt to try would have made a great scandal. That's the way Hibbard looks at it; I went to him for advice; I put the case to him, and he says that there's no way of going back of the fact, for the auctioneer would swear, to save himself, that he heard the bids, or thought he did. *Most* probably he *did*; it was all confusion; and my not having heard them proves nothing at all. Besides, Everton was not obliged to bid thirty-five thousand, and he *did* get a great bargain. The property is worth fifty, in any decent times. And that extra five thousand is a perfect godsend for Helen, poor girl! It's all she'll have in the world. I tell you, my dear, I haven't had many things in life that gave me more satisfaction than meeting the principal creditors to-day. You see, when I looked into his affairs with Joshua the day he died I was very badly discouraged. They were all in confusion; he seemed to have lost his grip of them; I suppose it was his failing health, but he couldn't make head or tail of anything; and when I was appointed administrator I reported the estate insolvent. It was precipitate—"

"It was like you, my dear," said Mrs. Butler. "You never believe that anything is wrong till you believe that everything is wrong."

"Well, well—very likely," returned the Captain. "I had what I thought very good reason for my course. But afterward I set a shrewd hand at work on the books, and we found out that things were very much better, as I told you at the time. When a man's affairs are in such confusion as Joshua's, the confusion is usually against him, but in this

case it was mostly for him. There wasn't a day after I reported the estate insolvent that the case didn't brighten. If it had been any other case I should have been mortified at the way things turned out. To be sure, I didn't believe there'd be anything for Helen; but before the sale, I saw that unless the property went for nothing the estate would pay all Joshua's debts, dollar for dollar. This morning we called a meeting of the creditors. They had the notion they were going to lose, and they were prepared for that. When I told them how matters really stood they were tremendously taken aback. But they had behaved very handsomely all along, out of respect for Joshua's memory, and they came out strong now about him, and said such things—well, *I* can't tell you," said the Captain. "But," he added, confusedly, "I wish Harkness could have been there!"

"Perhaps he was," said Mrs. Butler, devoutly.

"Eh?" cried the Captain sharply. "Ah! Yes! Well, perhaps. Old Rogers asked me to wait a minute, and they had a little confabulation among themselves, and then Rogers came forward and asked if there would be anything left for Helen. Then I told them the estate had yielded five thousand dollars more than the indebtedness, so far as I knew of it; and we had congratulations all round, and if Joshua had been alive to resume, he might have started business again on a better basis than ever he had in his life. I wish—confound it!—I could be sure about those bids."

"Why, my dear!" cried his wife, "you talk as if some fraud had been really committed. Can't you look at it as Mr. Hibbard does? Probably the man *did* hear the bids. He wouldn't have *dared* to pretend that he heard them; it wouldn't have been safe for him."

"No," said the Captain, thoughtfully. "Why, of course not," he added briskly, after a moment. "Of course you're right about it. He wouldn't have dared. Where's Helen?"

He went down and found Helen on the rocks by the sea, where she often strayed apart from the others; they did not follow



her; they respected her right to what solitude she would. Her sorrow was no longer a thing of tears and sobs; but it was no more comprehensible than at first; her bereavement still seemed the one great unreasoned fact of the universe. She turned the pathos of her bewildered smile upon the Captain, as she heard him climbing the rocks behind her, and rose to meet him.

"No, sit down," he said. "I want to have a little talk with you, Helen, as your man of business."

"You're my man of business as—as—papa was," said Helen, with a grateful look.

"Thank you, my dear, for that," answered the Captain. "I've only tried to do what he would have done for my girls. I don't know, my dear, whether I had ever given you the idea that your father was in embarrassed circumstances?"

"Oh, yes; I knew that," said Helen.

"Well, we wont enlarge upon the fact. It isn't necessary. Would you like me to go into particulars about the settlement of the estate?"

"No," answered Helen, "that isn't necessary either. I shouldn't be any the wiser if you did. Tell me whatever you think I ought to know, Captain Butler."

"I was very much afraid, my dear," said the Captain, "when I began to look into your father's affairs that there would be nothing, or worse than nothing, left." This did not seem to affect Helen as a matter of personal concern, and the Captain went on: "There was a time when I was afraid that the creditors would not get more than seventy-five per cent. of their money, and might be very glad to get that." Helen looked round at the Captain with a quick glance, as if here were something that touched her. "But as I got along toward the bottom, things looked better, and I saw that unless the sale turned out very badly, we should save ourselves. The sale turned out far beyond my expectations. Helen," cried the Captain, "the prospect now is that I shall pay up every cent that your father owed in the world, and have some five thousand dollars left for you."

"Oh, Captain Butler!"

"It isn't a great sum——"

"It's more than I dared to dream of!"

"But if it's carefully handled, it can be made to go a great way."

"Oh, it's ample, ample! But I don't care for that. What I think of—and I feel like going down on my knees for it—is that no one loses anything by papa. He would rather have died than wronged any one, and that any one should have suffered by him after he was helpless to repair the wrong, *that* would

have been more than the bitterness of death to me. Oh, I'm so happy about this, Captain Butler; you can't think how much more of a comfort it is than anything else could have been!"

"You're a good girl, Helen," said the Captain, with a reverent fondness; "you're your father's girl, my dear. He would have died a rich man if he had not stood by people whom he knew to be in a bad way because they had helped him long ago, when it was no risk for them to do so."

"He was right!" cried Helen. "He would not have been papa if he had done less."

"I should not have said he was right," said Captain Butler, "if he had not believed that he had already put you beyond want. He had insured his life for twenty-five thousand dollars in the Metropolitan Reciprocal; but that went to pieces two years ago."

"That's nothing. I couldn't have managed so much money," promptly answered Helen. "The five thousand will be enough, and more than enough, for my utmost desires. I'm not extravagant. I can get on with very little, and this is wildly abundant."

The Captain, from rejoicing in her mood, suddenly looked aghast, as if a terrible idea had presented itself. "You understand, Helen," he said, "that it will be some time yet—six months at least—before I can place the money due you at your disposal. It isn't certainly due you till all the creditors have had full notice to present their claims and these have been passed upon by the commissioners."

"Oh, that makes no difference," said Helen. "I'm in no haste for the money."

"And you understand," pursued the Captain, as if this were really the point he wished to insist on, "that it is only five thousand."

"Oh, yes, I understand perfectly," quickly answered the girl, and then she stopped, and cast a keen glance at the Captain, without, however, seeming to perceive his chop-fallen aspect: she was, perhaps, looking deeper.

"You haven't brought any more letters for me, I suppose?" she said.

"No, I must have got everything the last time," replied the Captain. "I went carefully through all the drawers again before the sale began."

"I shall ask you to take care of those law-papers for me, Captain Butler; I don't know what to do with them. The letters were all recent ones. I thought there might have been some old ones. Not that I have missed any. But you did sometimes lose home letters when you were off on those long voyages of yours, didn't you?"



"No, very few," the Captain responded. "We get them nearly all, sooner or later."

"But sometimes they had to wander about after you?"

"Yes, sometimes. And sometimes they waited."

"It must have been terribly distressing," said Helen, "to wait for them."

"Well," returned the Captain, "that depended a good deal on whom the letter was from." Helen flushed a little. "There were some letters that I shouldn't have cared if I'd never got. But, generally speaking, the fellows in the navy had the advantage of us in the merchant service."

"I don't see why," said Helen.

"Oh, their letters were addressed to them through the Navy Department, and of course they came the straightest and safest way. I recollect once at Singapore," and the Captain went on with much circumstance to give a case in point. Helen had furnished him a thread of associations which the Captain never willingly dropped. She listened at first with interest, then patience, then respect. At last she said it was getting a little chilly, and Captain Butler agreed that it was. They went back to the house together, and parted on the piazza, where Helen paused a moment to say:

"I haven't thanked you, Captain Butler, because it seemed no use to try. Where should I end?"

"Don't begin," said the Captain, with the smile which he kept for Helen; she was as dear to him as his own daughters, and just strange enough to be a color of romance in his thoughts. It always astonished him, and slightly abashed him that she should be a young lady; she had so long been a little girl.

She looked fondly into his kind eyes. "It is too much—too much!" she cried, and slipped away with a fallen head.

The words made the Captain think of the money again, and the smile went and the trouble came back to his face as he walked away to find his wife.

"Well?" said Mrs. Butler.

"Catharine," said the Captain, "I'm afraid she thinks it's five thousand a year."

"Oh, *no*, she doesn't!" pleaded his wife.

"Yes, she does, my dear. She spoke of it as an enormous sum, and I hadn't the courage to make the thing clear. I began to, and then gave it up. I don't see what's to be done about it. I'm afraid it's going to be a dreadful blow when she finds out what it really is." Captain Butler looked ruefully at his wife.

"I think you're mistaken," said Mrs. Butler. "It's her ignorance of money that makes her

think of five thousand, and not the income from it; but as you've raised the doubt, she must be told that it is not five thousand a year, and she must be told just how much it is." The Captain groaned. "But you needn't tell her, John. You've gone through quite enough. I will tell her."

Captain Butler looked ashamed, but relieved. "Well, my dear, I must let you. It's shirking, but I can't help it. You can manage it better than I can. When I think of telling that poor child how very little better than a beggar she is, my tongue turns to a chip in my mouth."

"Yes, it's hard. But suppose she'd had nothing?"

"Then something better than this might have been done with the creditors. Some were old friends. But you can't ask people to help a girl who has five thousand dollars. It sounds preposterous."

"I doubt whether Helen would have allowed herself to be helped in that way if she had known it, and how could it have been kept from her?" Mrs. Butler rose to go to another room.

"Catharine," asked the Captain, "was it at Singapore that I got that first letter of yours, after it had chased me round so long?"

"No; it was at Cape Town," said Mrs. Butler. "Why?"

"I told Helen it was at Singapore."

"How in the world came you to be talking to Helen of our old love-letters, my dear?"

"Oh, she was asking if letters to the East didn't often get lost. I don't know why she should have happened to ask; but she did."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Butler simply, "she is going to write to Robert Fenton."

A light dawned upon Captain Butler; he laughed in a shamefaced way, and then he frowned a little. "Why didn't she ask me outright which was the best way to address him?"

"How *could* she? She couldn't have asked her own father. You wouldn't have wished your own daughter to do it."

"Yes, I should," defiantly answered the Captain.

"Well, she wouldn't," replied Mrs. Butler. The Captain was silenced, but not satisfied. He suffered Mrs. Butler to go, but remained still with that duped smile, and did not half like it.

That night Helen came rather late and tapped at Mrs. Butler's door. "It's I—Helen—Mrs. Butler. May I speak with you?"

"Yes, come in, Helen."

She pushed in impetuously. "I came to ask Captain Butler's pardon for the mean little intriguing way I got out of him how to



address a letter to Robert Fenton. He must have told you!"

"He said you asked him if his letters from home weren't lost sometimes," said Mrs. Butler, with a little smile. "*I* understand, my dear," she added, leaning forward to smooth Helen's hair, where she had sunk on the cricket at her feet. "It was a perfectly natural thing."

"Oh, yes, only *too* natural with *me*! But I hate and detest all that beating round the bush, in me, even when I'm doing it; and what I came for *now*, Mrs. Butler, is to ask you *how* I had better write to Robert." Neither found anything worthy of remark in this second avowal of purpose, which might be said in a manner to supersede the first. "If it hadn't been for my wretched shilly-shallying ways, I shouldn't have to write to him at all. But now I must. There is something—something—that I must tell him for his own sake, and—for his peace of mind. For if a person hates any one, especially if it's through a mistake, I don't think we ought to let any foolish pride interfere; do you, Mrs. Butler?"

"No, Helen," said Mrs. Butler, with perfect intelligence.

"That's what I think, too, and it would be perfectly easy—more than easy—to write and tell him that, and take the consequences, whatever they were. You see it is just this: we had a quarrel before we went away,—or not a quarrel, but a misunderstanding; that is, *he* misunderstood—and he was so vexed with me that he wouldn't come to say good-bye. I don't care for that. He did perfectly right. But what I can't forgive is his not trying to see papa, and bid *him* good-bye. I can't bear to have him think any longer that I was trifling with him, and yet I can't write to him, when I think of the way he treated papa. It seems very bad-hearted in him. Of course, I didn't see how he *could* have borne to see papa under the circumstances, and feeling the way he did toward me; and, of course, if papa had lived it would have been different, and if it hadn't been for me, I know Robert wouldn't have done it, for he's one of the best and kindest—" Helen stopped, and Mrs. Butler waited a moment before she answered.

"Did you ever think, Helen, that Robert loved your father like—not like you, not like a daughter—but like a son?"

"Why, papa had always *been* a father to him!" cried Helen. "Why shouldn't he?"

"And were *you* never remiss with your father, because you trusted that somehow, sometime, the love you felt for him would more than make it up to him?"

"Oh, a thousand times!" cried Helen, bowing her head on Mrs. Butler's knees.

The pale hand continued to stroke her hair.

"That's a risk we all take with those we love. It's an earnest of something hereafter, perhaps. But for this world it isn't safe. Go, and write your letter, my dear, and give Robert all our love."

Mrs. Butler leaned forward and kissed the beautiful head good-night, and Helen, after a silent embrace, went back to her room again. It was easy now to write the letter which she had found so hard before, and a deep peace was in her heart when she read it over, and found no shadow of resentment or unkindness in it. She was glad to have abased herself so utterly before him, to have put herself so completely in his power. Now he might do as he pleased, but he never could have it to say that he had misunderstood her, or that he had cause to think her proud or cruel.

"Dear Robert," the letter ran, "it is five weeks now since papa died. I wrote you a line to tell you the sad news as soon as I could bring myself to put it in words, and I suppose you will get that letter before this reaches you. But for fear that it may fail (I sent you a newspaper with the account, too), I will tell you again that it was very sudden, and while I was away here at Beverly, where he expected to join me in a day or two. It was at his office; Captain Butler was there with him. I thought I could tell you more about it; but I cannot. He died of disease of the heart. I will send a cutting from another newspaper that will tell you more.

"The day before papa died I told him everything about that last letter I wrote you, and he took your part. The last words he spoke of you were full of affection and sympathy. I thought you would like to know this. You were mistaken about that letter. Read it again, and see if it doesn't mean something different. But I'm afraid you tore it up in your disgust with me. Well, then, I must tell you *I did love you all the time*. There,—I don't care what you think of me. You can't think less of me than I do.

"The house has been sold, and everything in it. Papa did not leave a will, but I know he would have liked you to have his watch, and I am keeping that for you.

"I am with the Butlers at Beverly. They have been everything to me, and are everything.

"HELEN."

In Helen's tall hand it took three sheets of note-paper to hold this letter; the paper was very thin, but she put on double postage



to make perfectly sure. Then she decided to keep the letter till she should go up to Boston, and post it herself in the general post-office.

## VII.

HELEN had been three weeks at the Butlers', and, in spite of their goodness, which guarded her freedom, as well as all her wishes, she began to feel a constraint which she could not throw off. Life had come to a pause with her, and when it should move forward it must be seriously, and even sadly; and she was morbidly conscious that she somehow clogged the joyous march of Marian Butler's days. There had been an effort to keep out of her sight the preparations for the wedding, till she had protested against it, and demanded to see every dress. But this very demand emphasized the dark difference between her fate and her friend's, and Marian was apologetically happy in Helen's presence; however they both tried to have it otherwise. Once Marian had explained with tears that she would like to put it off for Helen's sake, if she could, but the time of the marriage had been fixed with regard to so many other matters that it could not be postponed. Helen had answered that Marian made her very wretched talking of such a thing, and that she must go at once if Marian spoke of it again. They had embraced with perfect tenderness and sympathy, and Helen had remained with the helpless feeling of her incongruity in a house of rejoicing. It seemed to her intolerable that she must bring her sorrow thither; she suffered till she could get away with it; all they did to make her feel at ease could only heighten her trouble. She had waited with a painful patience till the Captain should report to her on the settlement of her father's affairs, and she could begin to shape her future; now that he had spoken, she need wait no longer.

She found Mrs. Butler in the parlor the morning after she had written to Robert.

"Mrs. Butler," she said, "I want you to let me go away next week."

"I can't bear to have you talk of leaving us, Helen!" cried Mrs. Butler, with a wistful trouble in her eyes and voice, yet as if she had expected this.

"Yes, I know," returned Helen; "but I must go. It's foolish and useless to keep staying on; and now that I've made up my feeble mind about it, don't try to stop me."

"Helen," said Mrs. Butler, "don't go! We all want you to stay. We want you to go to Europe with us—to be our guest, our

child. Put away your scruples, my dear—I understand them, and honor them—and go with us."

"You know I can't, Mrs. Butler."

"But if your father had been living you would have felt free to accept our invitation."

"Perhaps. But it would have been different then. Don't press me."

"I'm sorry, Helen," sighed Mrs. Butler. "I won't press you. But stay with us, my dear. It does us good to have you. Mr. Butler and I often talk of it; we all feel it. Say that you'll stay till we go away, and then we'll feel as if we had parted because we must." Helen was standing before Mrs. Butler, who had the girl's hands in her's, as she sat in her easy-chair, and looked up into her evasive face.

"No," said Helen, gently taking away her hands, and sitting down near the other, "I couldn't. *Don't* let us deceive ourselves. I'm a shadow in the house; we all know it and feel it. Nobody's to blame. nobody can help it," she added quickly, to stay a protest from Mrs. Butler; "but it's true. You see how I have to take my blackness out of the room when your friends come; I give them a painful shock when they catch sight of me; it checks the pleasant things they would like to say; and I hate myself for glooming about the house in secret; I feel that I must cast a shadow on them even through the walls and floors."

"Helen, dear, there's no friend we have who is so precious to us as you are!"

"Oh, yes—yes! I know how kind you are. But you see it can't be. I should have to go away at the time of the wedding, and you had better let me go before."

"Go away at the time of Marian's wedding? Not be—Why, Helen!"

"Yes. Think, Mrs. Butler! It couldn't be." Mrs. Butler was silent. "I shouldn't care for myself, and I know you wouldn't care for yourselves; but the others have some rights which we mustn't overlook. I should throw a chill over everything. I couldn't endure that, and you can't persuade me, Mrs. Butler; you mustn't try."

Mrs. Butler looked really disconsolate. Helen was right; there was no possibility of gainsaying her, much less of outreasoning her; and Mrs. Butler was one of those feminine temperaments, rather commoner in New England than elsewhere, whom a good reason absolutely silences: they may not often have it themselves, but their reverence for truth and a clear conclusion is such that they must bow to it in others. The most that she could say was, "But you will come back to us afterward, Helen? You will come after



Marian is gone, to comfort us, wont you? It will be a month before we shall sail, and we should so like to have you with us. We shall not be gay ourselves, then, and you will feel more at home. I wont oppose you now, dear, but you'll promise me that!"

"Yes," answered Helen, "I'll come back, then, if you want me."

"And where are you going, now? Where do you mean to stay?"

"I don't know. I thought I should go to the Miss Amys—you remember them, don't you?—and ask them to let me stay with them for the present. I know they sometimes take people to board."

"Oh, yes, I remember them—on West Pomegranate street; one of those pleasant old houses, with the threshold level with the sidewalk. It will be a good place," said Mrs. Butler, cheered with the thought. "You must let Mr. Butler arrange for you. He—"

"No," said Helen, promptly; "I am not going to trouble Captain Butler any more. I must begin taking care of myself now, and I can't begin too soon. I have my own money, and I ought to know how to use it." Human nature is such a very simple as well as complex thing, that Helen could feel a childish pride in being absolute mistress of a certain sum, and for the moment could forget the loss that had endowed her with it. "I am going to be very saving of it, Mrs. Butler." She smiled, but the smile took away all hope from Mrs. Butler. She looked at Helen in despair, and did not know how to begin what she felt it on her conscience to say at once.

"Oh, Helen!" she broke out, and then checked herself.

"What, Mrs. Butler?" asked the girl, startled by her accent.

"Oh, nothing! I mean—has Mr. Butler told you how much it is?" Mrs. Butler was ashamed of her flighty reluctance and indecision, and now took herself firmly in hand.

"Yes, it's five thousand dollars—so much more than I ever—"

"Did you understand," interrupted Mrs. Butler, "that it's only five thousand in all? Not—not five thousand a year?" Mrs. Butler was prepared for the worst dismay that Helen could show, but Helen showed none. On the contrary, she gave a little laugh.

"Five thousand a *year*? No, indeed! Why, Mrs. Butler, what have you been thinking of? That would be insanity."

Mrs. Butler looked like one to whom the worst dismay might have been welcomer than this cheerfulness: this might be a far more hopeless condition than the realization of the fact that the sum of five thousand dollars was

not a fortune; Helen might be thinking it was. Mrs. Butler felt obliged to ask, "Do you know how much that will give you to live on?"

"Not exactly," said Helen, "but not much, I suppose."

Perhaps she thought a thousand a year. Mrs. Butler must still go on. "Some of Mr. Butler's Chicago mortgages bring him nine per cent. That would be five times ninety—four hundred and fifty?"

"Oh, I should never send *my* money away to Chicago. I want it where I can put my hand on it at once. I shall deposit it in savings-banks—like Margaret—at six per cent., and then I shall get three hundred dollars a year from it."

"But, poor child! you can't live upon that," Mrs. Butler besought her.

"No, I must do something. I'm determined *never* to encroach upon the principal, whatever happens. Don't you think that's the right way? I've always heard that its perfectly ruinous to live upon your principal."

Mrs. Butler could not combat these just conceptions. "Have you thought what you shall do, Helen?" she asked.

"Yes, I've been thinking about it nearly all night. I couldn't sleep, and I thought I might as well think. I couldn't decide. But one thing I have made up my mind I shall not do: I shall not paint holly-wood boxes." They both laughed, the elder lady pityingly and reluctantly. "In the first place, I paint horridly; but that wouldn't make any difference. What I couldn't do would be to ask the outrageous prices which holly-wood boxes bring from sympathizing friends when painted by young ladies in need. Beside, I think the market must be overstocked. Only consider, Mrs. Butler, how many holly-wood boxes must have been painted by this time, and what stores of them people must have laid by, that they couldn't give away if Christmas came twice a year from now to the millennium. And all so much alike, too: a farmhouse very deep in the snow; the moon monopolizing the sky, and Santa Claus, very fuzzy all over, and much too large for his sleigh, with his reindeers and his pipe just of a size; and fat robins at each end of the box. No, you needn't be afraid of holly-wood boxes from *me*, Mrs. Butler."

"Oh, Helen, you queer child!" laughed Mrs. Butler helplessly.

"But I *will* confess that when I thought of doing something for myself, holly-wood boxes popped into my head the first thing. I suppose there's really no getting away from them. And, oh, yes! I thought of something else; I thought of parlor-readings. What



should you think of parlor-readings, Mrs. Butler?"

Mrs. Butler visibly cowered under the proposition, and Helen gave a wild laugh.

"How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," don't you know? and Poe's 'Bells,' and 'Curfew Shall not Ring To-night.' How would that do? Don't you believe that if it could be generally given out, I might be handsomely bought off by public subscription? But I really needn't do anything at once, Mrs. Butler," Helen went on, seriously. "I've got clothes enough to last me indefinitely, for I shall expect to make over and *make* over, now; and I shall take a very cheap little room at the Miss Amys', and think it all over very carefully, and look about before I attempt anything. I'm not afraid: I can do all sorts of things. Don't—don't sympathize with me!" she added, suddenly breaking. "That *kills* me! It disheartens me more than anything."

"She understands perfectly well how much she's got," Mrs. Butler reported to her husband. "She had worked out just how much income it would be, and she says she expects to do something to help herself. But she is so cheerful about it that I don't believe she does. There's something between her and Robert Fenton."

"It would be the best thing that could happen," said the Captain, with a sigh of relief. "I hope to the Lord it's so! But he's off for three years!" he added, with dismay.

"She doesn't think of that. Or perhaps she hopes he can get leave to come home—or something. Besides, such a girl as Helen could wait thirty years," said Mrs. Butler, viewing the affair in the heroical abstract. "Her hope and her trust will support her."

"Morally, perhaps. But she would have to be supported otherwise," said the Captain.

He refused to be wholly comforted by his wife's manner. Still, its probability, in the absence of anything more substantial, afforded him a measure of consolation. At any rate it was, to his thinking, the sole hopeful outlook for Helen. Since the hard times began he had seen so much futile endeavor by able and experienced men to get something to do for even a scanty living, that he had grown skeptical of all endeavor at self-help. Every year he was called upon to assist at the disillusion of a score or more of bright young spirits fresh from the University, with their academic honors still green upon their brows, and eager for victory in the battle of life. He knew the boys' fathers and mothers, and of what excellent stock they came, what honest fellows they were, and what good reason there was to believe them capable of bearing

their part with distinction in any place demanding quality, and talent, and training. But there seemed to be no such place for them; the world in which their sires had prospered did not want them, did not know what to do with them. Through the strange blight which had fallen upon a land where there should be work for every one, and success for every one willing to work, there seemed to be nothing but idleness and defeat for these young men in the city of their ancestry and birth. They were fit to lead in any commonwealth, but the commonillness apparently would not have them; they were somehow anachronisms in their own day and generation; they were too far before or far behind their time. The Captain saw them dispersed in a various exile. Some tried cattle-raising in Colorado; some tried sheep-farming in Virginia, and some sheep-ranching in California. There were others who tried cotton-planting in the South, and orange-culture in Florida; there were others yet, bolder and more imaginative, who tried milk-farming in Massachusetts. The Captain heard of their undertakings, and then he saw them with their hats scrupulously on, at the club, which a few of their comrades had in a superior wisdom never abandoned.

They had got back, and they were not to blame. Perhaps there was some error in the training of these young gentlemen, which had not quite fitted them to solve the simple yet exacting problem of making a living. But then, people who had worked hard all their lives were not now solving this problem. Captain Butler thought of these nice fellows, and how willing and helpless they were; and then he thought, with compassion too keen for any expression but grim laughter, of such a girl as Helen, and what her training was for the task of taking care of herself. It was probably the same as Marian's, and he knew what that was. They had, in fact, gone to the same schools, and grown through the same circumstances into the same society,—in which everything they had been and had done fitted them to remain, and which was very charming and refined, and good in a good sense, and so very, very far from doing anything for anything but culture's, or pleasure's, or kindness' sake.

At five or six years of age, Helen had begun to go with the other little girls of her station in life to a school in which the established language was French, and in which she acquired a graceful and lady-like use of that tongue. It stood her in good stead when she went abroad one summer with her father, and she found that she spoke it as correctly as most English girls she met, and a great deal



more readily. But she had too much sense to be sure of her accent or her syntax; at Paris she found that her French was good, but with a difference, and she would not have dreamt of such a thing as teaching it. In fact she had not thought of that at any time, and she had no such natural gift for languages as would have enabled her to master it without such a design.

From this school she went to others, where she was taught what people must learn, with thoroughness and with an intelligence very different alike from the old-fashioned methods of young ladies' establishments, and from the hard, mechanical processes of the public schools. She was made to feel an enlightened interest in her studies; she liked some of them very much, and she respected those she did not like. Still she had not shown a passionate preference for any particular branch of learning; she had a lady-like ease and kindness withal; if she really hated anything it was mathematics, but because she hated this she had been the more conscientiously attentive to it. She had a good taste in music, and fair skill. After she left school, she had a musical enthusiasm, in the height of which she devoted herself, under her German instructor, to many hours of practice every day, and had her own ideas of becoming a great performer. But these gave way to clearer conceptions of her powers, and she remained an impassioned amateur of musical genius in others. She went devotedly to all the private *musicales*; she was unflinching at the rehearsals of the symphony concerts and of the Handel and Haydn Society. She made her father join the Apollo Club for her, and she made him go to some of the concerts with her. In those days her talk was of Bach and Beethoven; she thought poorly of Italian music, though she was very fond of the Italian operas.

It was to this period that her passion for German language also belonged. She had studied German at school, of course, but it was not till after leaving school that French was relegated to its true place as something charming enough, but not serious; and German engrossed her. She read Goethe's and Schiller's plays with her teacher, and Heine's songs with one of her girl-friends. She laid out a course of reading in German, which was to include Schopenhauer's philosophy, already familiar to her through the talk of a premature Harvard man, who rarely talked of anything else. But it never really came to this; German literature presently took the form of drama, and after Helen's participation in a certain number of German plays, it yielded to the pleasing dance of the same name; though not till it had superseded

Italian as well as French in her affections. Dante, of course, one must always respect, but after Dante, there was so little in Italian as compared with German! The soft throat from which the southern vowels came so mellow roughed itself with gutturals. But this, like music, was only for a time. In the end, Helen was always a girl of sense. She knew that she was not a German scholar, any more than a great performer, and she would have shrunk with astonished modesty from the notion of putting such acquirements as she had in either to practical use. She hid them away, when her frenzy for them was past, as really so little that one ought to be ashamed of them.

It was the same with painting—or Art, as she then called it—in which it has already been represented that she at one time took a great interest. She really liked it very much; she had that feeling for form and color without which no dress-maker can enable a young lady to dress exquisitely, and she enjoyed form and color in painting. But by and by, as the class fanned itself down to the grains of wheat in its large measure of amiable and well-meaning chaff, Helen found that her place was with the chaff. It did not need the eye of the great painter, glancing with a humorous gleam from her work to her, to teach her this; she had felt it before, and she gave it up before she had conspicuously disgraced herself. She was always very glad to have taken to it; the attempt to paint for herself had cleared and defined her taste in painting, and indefinitely enlarged the bounds of her knowledge and enjoyment. But it had not done anything more, and all that Helen had learnt and done had merely had the effect that was meant—to leave her a cultivated and agreeable girl, with bright ideas on all sorts of pleasant subjects. She was, as the sum of it, merely and entirely a lady,—the most charming thing in the world,—and, as regards anything but a lady's destiny, the most helpless.

It was the fact that Helen's life now seemed wrenched and twisted so far from its rightful destiny which bowed Captain Butler over it in such despair, and which well might strike pity into the hardiest beholder. Her old friend saw no hope for her but in the chance of there being something, as his wife suggested, between her and Robert Fenton. Yet it was against this hope that Helen herself had most strenuously steeled her heart. She had not the least doubt of Robert. He was a gentleman, and he would take what she had written in the right way. She rested in such absolute faith in his generosity, that she shrank from the possibility of abusing it as from



something like sacrilege. If Robert were that moment to come and ask her to marry him, she would not take him till she had fairly won him again; and if, when he had got her letter, and thought it all over, he decided that she was too light and flippant a girl to trust with his happiness, she should know just how to take it. She should not blame him; she should not think him less kind and true; he should be none the less her hero. In fact, it seemed as if his willingness to forget her folly would somehow mar the perfection of her self-sacrifice. So, while she clung the most fondly to the thought of him, it was with the austere readiness to give him up, and even a sort of impatience. Women seldom reason, it is said; when they do so, it must be owned that it is with passionate largeness. The sum of Helen's emotional logic was that she must plan her future with as much severity and seriousness, as much will to venture and to endure, as if there were no Robert Fenton, or ever had been, in the world. Her sole difficulty was to imagine her future, and to begin to imagine it she must first escape from the affectionate restraint of these kind friends of hers. She had no purpose more definite than that.

When she went from Mrs. Butler to her own room, the chamber did not seem spacious enough for the tumult in her mind; and now that she had resolved to go up to Boston that afternoon, and was, as it were, already in motion, the inertness of the place was intolerable. She put on a wrap and a hat, and stole out to her accustomed place on the rocks. It was a very still morning late in September, after the first autumn gales had blown themselves away, and a glistening calm, with a deep heart of mellow warmth, had followed. The sea sparkled and shone with a thousand radiances in its nearer levels, and in its distance was a blue that melted into a hardly more ethereal heaven, a few white sails that might have been wings showing palely at its confluence with the sky. It washed languidly up the little beach of the cove with a slow, shouldering action, and softly heaved against the foot of the rocks where the sea-weed flung up by the storm hung drying its masses in the sun and trailing its ribbons in the tide. The air seemed to sparkle and burn like the sea, and was full of the same pungent saline odors.

Helen came round a knot of twisted cedars that hid her haunt from the house, and, climbing to the perch where she was used to sit, found herself confronted by a gentleman apparently in as great trouble as herself at their encounter. She could not mistake those sloping shoulders, that long neck, and that inef-

fective chin: it was Lord Rainford, not now in the blue yachting-stuff in which she had last seen him, but in a morning costume which seemed to make even less of him in point of personal attractiveness. Helen held the only pass by which he could have escaped, and, much as she would have liked to let him go, it was impossible for her to yield without speaking.

"Ah—good-morning. I'm intruding here, I'm afraid, Miss—Harkness," he began.

"Oh, no," she said, and paused, not knowing just what else to say.

"The fact is," the Englishman continued, "that I had been calling with Mr. Ray, and he went back a moment, and I stepped down here on the rocks, and—" Helen perceived that he had taken in the fact of her crapes, visiting them with a glance of wistful pity, as if he would like to say something fit and due about her bereavement. But he only asked, after his abrupt pause, "Have you been always well since I saw you?"

She remembered Ray's praises of Lord Rainford, and would have liked to put herself right with him. She hated to have him thinking her flippant and unfeeling, though she might have proved that it was his fault she had been so. But she could think of nothing more than "Thank you" to say; and then she asked, "Have *you* been well?"

"Oh, very," answered Lord Rainford. "My American summer has quite set me up."

This seemed to imply that he had not been very well when he came, but Helen did not ask. She was thinking that when he should have a heavier mustache and a beard to that feeble chin his face and neck might be helped off a little; but nothing could ever do anything for those shoulders. She settled this in her mind before she said, rather absently, "I am glad of that. You will be going soon, I suppose," she added, from mere dearth, though it occurred to her that this might be set down as an instance of the Yankee inquisitiveness that Englishmen are always in quest of.

"Yes, I'm going to sail to-morrow," said Lord Rainford. "Your friends have promised to come and see me in England."

"They told me," assented Helen.

"I'm sure they owe me a revenge in that way," continued the young man. "Mr. Ray has done me no end of kindness. In fact, everybody's been most uncommonly kind. I couldn't say enough of it!"

"I'm glad you have enjoyed your stay here," said Helen. "We Americans are rather weak about our country. We like people to like it, and take it a personal favor when they do. I suppose none of us," she added, "does anything to set even the least important per-



son in it before a stranger in a false light, without feeling sorry."

She examined Lord Rainford's face for an instant before she dropped her eyes, and saw it kindle with a delicate intelligence.

"I wish," he answered, "that I could be sure I leave everybody in America as well pleased with me as I am with all Americans."

"Good-bye," said Helen, "we shall be making international allusions to the language of Shakspere and Milton in another minute."

"No," said Lord Rainford; "it seems to me you don't care to do that any more. Very curious," he added; "I can't get the people I meet to say a good word for their country. They all seem ashamed of it, and abuse it, no end."

"That's because they want you to praise it," suggested Helen.

"Ah, but they won't let you praise it! They'll let you join them in crying it down."

"But you had better not."

"Ah, yes; very likely. I can't think that a country where I've met so many nice people, and seen scarcely anything but order and comfort even in these very bad times, can be going to the dogs; but I can't get anybody *here* to agree with me—that is, in society. I don't understand it."

"I can't explain," said Helen, with a little smile, "except by 'the settled opposition to our institutions which pervades the British mind.'"

"Ah, Chuzzlewit; I know. But you'll excuse my saying that I think your institutions have changed for the worse in this respect since Mr. Pogram's time. I think Pogramism is better than this other thing."

"What other thing?" asked Helen, not a great deal interested.

"Why, this not talking of America at all. I find your people—your best people, I suppose they are—very nice, very intelligent, very pleasant—only talk about Europe. They talk about London, and about Paris, and about Rome; there seems to be quite a passion for Italy; but they don't seem interested in their own country. I can't make it out. It isn't as if they were cosmopolitan; that isn't quite the impression, though—excuse my saying so—they try to give it. They always seem to have been reading the 'Fortnightly,' and the 'Saturday Review,' and the 'Spectator,' and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and the last French and English books. It's very odd! Upon my word, at one dinner the Americans got to talking to one another about some question of local finance in pounds, shillings, and pence. I don't understand it."

Lord Rainford seemed to find nothing ridiculous, but only something mysterious in this, and reddened a little when Helen laughed.

"Perhaps you are embittered because experience has destroyed your ideal. You expected us all to call you a Britisher, and to flaunt Bunker Hill Monument in your face."

"Ah, now, do you think that's quite fair, Miss Harkness?"

Helen stooped a little sidewise and felt about her skirts with her left hand for the loop of her train, in that peculiar clawing and grappling manner which once had its fascination for the idle spectator. "We American women are accused of not caring anything about our institutions," she said. She secured the loop now, and, erecting herself, gave Lord Rainford her right hand for good-bye.

A deeper red dyed the young man's face as he took her hand and detained it a moment.

"Are you going?" he asked, and hesitated before he added, with an abrupt change of tone: "I can't let you go, Miss Harkness, without saying—without saying—without trying to say how very sorry I have felt at—at—your bereavement. It came so soon after I saw you that—that I—thought you—thought myself not altogether wrong to tell you. But I suppose I shouldn't have spoken. I beg your pardon!"

"You are very, very kind, Lord Rainford," answered Helen steadily, "and I thank you for speaking of it. I know people usually avoid speaking to others in—mourning—about it to spare them; but it's better to recognize it. I like it better than trying to ignore it."

"I've always felt," pursued Lord Rainford, "that I was painfully associated in your mind—I mean—I don't know—I hope you won't always think of me as a particularly disagreeable part of that day's experience." Lord Rainford still spoke with an awkward halt and hesitation, but the genuine feeling with which he seemed eager to leave Helen a better impression dignified his manner. "If you won't think it egotistical," he hastened to add, "I'll say that I believe I'm rather a serious man; at least I'm a heavy one; and when I attempt anything else, I—I know I'm disgusting—more disgusting than ordinarily. I was shocked—I can't tell you how much I was shocked—to think I had followed you up almost to the moment of that—intelligence, with imbecilities that must have been a—in distressing contrast. I don't know whether I make myself clear—whether I ought to speak —"

"Oh, yes!" cried Helen, touched at his as-



sumption of all the blame. "I'm so glad you have spoken of that, if only for the selfish reason that it gives me a chance to say how ashamed I am of my own part in it. I never thought of yours"—this was not quite true, but we cannot be very generous and quite true at the same time—"but it was the thought of my own frivolity that sometimes helped to make what followed so hard to bear. I was very rude."

"Oh, no, no!" answered the young man. "You said nothing but what I richly deserved. If you'd only said more, I should have liked it much better—afterward. But what I want you to think is, that I shouldn't have done so badly, perhaps, if I'd been acting quite naturally, or in my own character. That is——"

"I'm afraid," said Helen, "that I can't ask you to think that I was acting out of *my* character—or *all* of my characters: I seem to have so many——"

"Yes," interrupted Lord Rainford, "that's what I meant."

"It seems to me that it was only too much like one of mine—the one I'm most ashamed of. You will have a pleasant time to cross, Lord Rainford," she added, and took away her hand.

"Well, I don't know," said the other, accepting the close of this passage of their interview, and answering from the conscientiousness in talk which serves the English so well instead of conventional politeness, and is not so pleasant; "there are apt to be gales at this season, you know."

"Oh, yes, yes!" returned Helen, a little vexed at herself. "Gales, yes. But I was thinking of the equinoctial storm being past. They say it's past now."

"I'm a good sailor," said Lord Rainford. "I think I shall take a run over again next year."

"You've not got enough of America in three months?"

"No. I hope it hasn't got too much of me."

He looked at Helen as if he expected her to say something civil on the part of her hemisphere. But she refused to be the national voice, except very evasively.

"Oh, we ought to be flattered that people care to come back."

"You know," said Lord Rainford, "that I've seen almost nothing of the country yet. I've not even been in Washington, and I want to see Chicago and San Francisco." Helen did not say that she could not understand why, and Lord Rainford went on: "I'd only a few weeks in Canada, you know, before I came down to Orchard Beach—I think they

call it—with some Montreal people, and then I came to Boston, and I've been about Boston and Newport ever since. People have been extraordinarily kind. I couldn't really get away, and as I'm going away rather prematurely now, I must come back."

From this outline of his experience, Helen knew quite accurately all its details. She could have told just what had happened to him at Newport, going thither with Boston introductions, what lawn-parties, lunches, and dinners had been made for him, and in whose carriage he had first driven to the polo grounds. He had been perhaps once to the Town and Country Club; and he had been a good deal at the bathing-beaches, although early assured that nobody bathed there any more; and the Manhattan Yacht Club had sailed him over all the neighboring waters. He had seen the decay of the custom of Fort Day, and had been told what numbers of people used to go to the music in Fort Adams before polo began. When he returned to Boston, it was too soon for society to have come back in full force, but enough of it had got back to show him with what intensity of hospitality the sojourning Englishman, distinguished by rank or otherwise, or simply well accredited, is used among us. Helen knew, without asking, the houses and their succession, in which Lord Rainford had been entertained, and she could have guessed pretty well at what semi-civic feasts he had assisted. The Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Evening Clubs had all shared in him, and he had listened to part of a lecture at the Woman's Club. He had been taught much more about the charitable, penal, and educational establishments of Boston than any one Bostonian could endure to know, and he had kept his original impression that Boston reminded you of an English town. If he was at all astonished, as a young man, at the attentions heaped upon him, he must, as a lord, have been too much used to consideration in his own country to be surprised at it in ours. Men vastly his superiors in everything but birth liked to speak casually of him as that very nice young Englishman who had dined with them, and to let the fact of his rank rather patronizingly escape them in talk. People whose secret pride and dearest prejudices he had unwittingly trodden into pulp in his plump expressions of crude opinion professed rather to like his frankness. They said that there was something in his bearing—a simplicity, a directness, an unconsciousness—which showed the advantage of a standard of manners. The fact that you might often think him, at first glance, the most plebeian-looking person in



company, showed his extraordinary qualities of race; the persistence, through so many hundred years, of the ancestral traits which, in the attrition of a democratic society like our own, must have been obliterated long ago, was held to be a peculiar triumph of aristocratic civilization. One distinguished gentleman had proved himself much better versed in the Rainford pedigree than Lord Rainford himself. "Talked to me about my great-grandmother," said the nobleman afterward to Ray, "and my maiden step-aunts."

"Good-bye," said Helen once more; and nodding, she turned away, and went down the rocks.

Lord Rainford bowed, and said "Good-bye," too, following her with his eyes, but not otherwise pursuing her.

"You're back soon," he said to Mr. Ray, when the latter presently joined him.

At Salem that afternoon he came into the car where Helen sat. The place beside her was the only vacant one, and he stood leaning against the seat while he explained that he had been left by his train at that station in the morning. He looked as if he would like to be asked to take the vacant place, Helen thought; but she was perturbed and preoccupied. She could not endure the thought of talking all the way to Boston, and she made no sign of invitation. She was sorry, but she could not help it. He hesitated an instant, and, bidding her good-bye once more, said he was going forward into the smoking-car, and she did not see him again.

She went first to the post-office, where she had never been before, and which was so vast, and looked so hurried and careless with those throngs of people sweeping through its corridors, that she began to question whether it could be safely intrusted with a letter for Robert. Through one of the windows opening in the long façade of glass above the stretch of brass drawers which people were unlocking and locking up, all about, she saw a weary-looking clerk toss a little package into the air for relaxation and then throw it into a distant corner, and she thought, with a shudder, what if that had been her letter, and it had slipped under something and been lost! Besides, now that she had come to the post-office, she did not know in which of the many letter-holes to trust, and she studied the neighboring inscriptions without being able to make up her mind. At last she asked an old gentleman who was unlocking his box, and he showed her. She feigned to drop her letter according to his instructions, but waited till he went away, and then asked the clerk at the nearest window. He confirmed the statement of the old gentleman, and Helen had almost allowed her letter to go when she bethought herself to say to the clerk that it was to the care of the Navy Department. He smiled—sarcastically, Helen fancied—and said it was quite the same thing. Then she dedicated a final blush to the act, and posted her letter, and found herself quite at a distance from the post-office, walking giddily along, with a fluttering heart full of delicious shame. She was horrified to think she had done it, and was so glad it was done.

(To be continued.)



## THE PRIMITIVE FISH-HOOK.

I HAVE before me an illustrated catalogue of modern fish-hooks and angling implements, and in looking over its pages I find an *embarras de choix*. I have no need for rods, for mine, like well-kept violins, have rather improved by age. A lashing may be frayed, or a ferrule loose, but fifteen minutes' pleasant work will make my rods all right

again. Lines are sound, for I have carefully stretched them after use. But my hooks! They are certainly the worse for wear. I began my season's fishing with a meager stock. Friends borrowed from me, and in replenishing my fly-book in an out-of-the-way place, the purchase was unsatisfactory. As I lost more than one fish from badly tempered



or worse fashioned hooks, I recalled a delightful paper by Mr. Froude. Rod in hand, he was whipping some pleasant trout-stream, near an historic site, the home of the Russells, and, breaking his hooks, commenced from that very moment to indulge in the gloomiest forebodings as to the future of England.

Fairly familiar with the general character of fishing-gear, either for business or amusement, I see in my book, Kirby, Limerick, Dublin, O'Shaughnessy, Kinsey, Carlisle, Harrison, Central Draught, as somewhat distinct families of hooks, used for sea or river fishing, and from these main stocks there grow many varieties, with all conceivable twists, quirls, and crookednesses. I discard all trap-hooks, infernal machines working with springs, as only adapted for the capture of land animals. Somehow I remember an aggressive book, given to me at an early age, which, containing more than one depressing passage, had one of extraordinary malevolence. This was couched nearly as follows: "Suppose you were translated only some seven hundred years back, then pray what would you be good for? Could you make gunpowder? You have, perhaps, a vague idea that sulphur, saltpeter, and charcoal are the component parts, but do you know where or how they are procured?" I forget whether this spooking author was not equally harrowing in regard to the youthful reader's turning off a spectroscope at a minute's notice, or wound up with the modest request that you should try your hand among the Crusaders with an aneroid barometer of your own special manufacture.

Still this question arises: Suppose you were famishing, though fish were plenty in a stream, and you had neither line nor hook. What would you do? Now, has a condition of this kind ever occurred? Yes, it has, and certainly thousands of times. Not so many years ago, the early surveyors of the Panama route suffered terrible privations from the want of fishing implements. The rains had rendered their powder worthless: they could not use their guns. Had they only been provided with hooks and lines, they could have subsisted on fish. Then there are circumstances under which it would be really necessary for a man to be somewhat of a Jack-of-all-trades, and to be able to fashion the implements he might require, and so this crabbed old book might, after all, act in the guise of a useful reminder. There was certainly a period, when every man was in a condition of comparative helplessness, when his existence depended on his proficiency in making such implements as would catch fish or kill animals. He must fashion hooks or something else to take fish with, or die.

Probably man, in the first stage of his existence, took much of his food from the water, although whether he did or not might depend upon locality. If on certain portions of the earth's surface there were stretches of land, intersected by rivers, dotted by lakes, or bordering on the seas, the presence of shell-fish, the invertebrates or the vertebrates, cetaceans and fish, to the exclusion of land animals, might have rendered primitive man ichthyophagous, or dependent for subsistence upon the art of fishing. But herein we grapple at once with that most abstruse of all problems, the procession of life. Still it is natural to suppose, so far as the study of man goes, when considered in relation to his pursuits, that in the early dawn of humanity, animals, birds, and fish must have been synchronous.

After brute instinct, which is imitativeness, then came shiftiness and adaptiveness. The rapid stride of civilization, considered in its material sense, is due solely to the use of such implements as are specially adapted for a particular kind of work. With primitive man this could never have been the case. Tools of the Paleolithic or Neolithic age (which terms indicate stages of civilization, but are not chronological), whether they were axes, hammers, or arrows, must have served river-drift or cave-men for more than a single purpose. People with few tools do manage, by skill alone, to adapt these to a variety of ends. The Fijian and the Russian peasant, one with a stone adze, the other with a hatchet, bring to their trades the minimum of tools. The Kafir, with his assegai, fights his battles, kills cattle, carves his spoons, and shaves himself. It was only as man advanced that he devised special tools for different purposes.

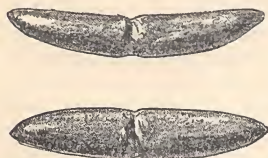
According to our present acquaintance with primitive habits, if man existed in the later Miocene age, and used a lance or spear for the killing of land animals, he probably employed the same weapons for the destruction of the creatures—possibly of gigantic form—inhabiting the seas, lakes, and rivers. The presence of harpoons made of bone, found in so many localities, belonging to a later period, may not in all cases point to the existence of animals, but to the presence of large fish.

Following, then, closely the advance of man, when his fishing implements are particularly considered, we are inclined to believe that he first used the spear for taking fish; next the hook and line; and lastly, the net. There might have been an intermediate stage between the spear and the hook, when the bow and arrow were used.

Interesting as is the whole subject of



primitive fishing, we are, however, to occupy ourselves principally with the form of the primitive fish-hook. To-day there are some careful archæologists who are not willing to accept that particular form which is presented below. I believe, from the many



STONE FISH-GORGE, FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SOMME. (NEW YORK MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.)

reasons which can be advanced, that this simple form was the first device used by man in taking fish with a line. The argument I shall use is in some respects a novel one. These illustrations, exactly copied as to size, represent a small piece of dark, polished stone. It was found in the valley of the Somme, in France, and was dug out of a peat-bed twenty-two feet below the surface. The age of this peat-bed has been variously estimated. M. Boucher de Perthes thought that thirty thousand years must have elapsed since the lowest layer of peat was formed. The late Sir Charles Lyell and Sir John Lubbock, without too strict an adherence to date, believed that this peat-bed represented in its formation, "that vast lapse of time which began with the commencement of the Neolithic period." Later authorities deem it not older than seven thousand years B. C.

Wonderful changes have come to pass since this bit of polished stone was lost in what must have been a lake. Examining this piece of worked stone, which once belonged to a prehistoric man living in that valley, we find it fairly well polished, though the action of countless years has slightly "weathered" or disintegrated its once smooth surface. In the center a groove has been cut, and the ends of the stone rise slightly from the middle. It is rather crescent-shaped. It must have been tied to a line, and this stone gorge was covered with a bait. The fish swallowed it, and, the gorge coming crosswise with the gullet, the fish was captured.

The evolution of any present form of implement from an older one is often more cleverly specious than logically conclusive; nevertheless, I believe that, in this case, starting with the crude fish-gorge, I can show, step by step, the complete sequence of the fish-hook, until it ends with the perfected hook of to-day. It can be insisted upon even that there is persistence of form in the descendants of this fish-gorge, for, as Professor Mitchell writes in his "Past in the Present," "an old art may long refuse to disappear wholly, even in the midst of conditions which seem to be necessarily fatal to its continued existence."

In the Swiss lakes are found the remains of the Lacustrine dwellers. Among the many implements discovered are fish-gorges made of bronze wire. When these forms are studied, the fact must be recognized at once that they follow in shape and principle of construction the stone gorges of the Neolithic period. Now, it is perfectly well known that the early bronze-worker invariably followed the stone patterns. The Lacustrine gorges have had the name of *bricole* given them.



BRICOLE, FROM THE LAKE OF NEUCHÂTEL.

This is a faithful copy of a bronze bricole found in the Lake of Neuchâtel. It is made of bronze wire, and is bent in the simplest way, with an open curve allowing the line to be fastened to it. The ends of the gorge are very slightly bent, but they were probably sharpened when first made.

The bricole below varies from the rather straight one found in the Lake of Neuchâtel, and belongs to a later period. It is possible to imagine that the lake-dweller, according to his



BRICOLE OF A LATER PERIOD.

pleasure, made one or the other of these two forms of fishing implements. As the double hook required more bronze, and bronze at first was very precious, he might not have had material enough in the early period to make it. This device is, however, a clever one, for a fisherman of to-day, who had lost his hook, might imitate it with a bit of wire. Had any member of the hungry Isthmus party mentioned above known of this form of Lacustrine hook, he might have twisted some part of a suspender buckle, providing there were no thorny plants at hand, and have caught fish.



DOUBLE HOOK, FROM THE LAKE OF NEUCHÂTEL.



PREHISTORIC FORMS.

When we compare the four forms, showing only their outlines, the evolution of the fish-hook can be better appreciated. Returning to the stone fish-gorge, the work of the Neolithic period, it is evident that the man of that time followed the shape handed down to him by his ancestors; and as this fashioned stone from the valley of the Somme is of a most remote period, how much older must have been the paleolithic fish-gorge of rough stone? It might have been with a splinter of



flint attached to some tendril in lieu of a line, the first fish was taken.

It is very curious to learn that in France a modification of this gorge-hook is in use to-day for catching eels. A needle is sharpened at its eye-end, a slight groove is made in the middle of it, and around this some shreds of flax are attached. A worm is spitted, a little of the line being covered with the bait.

Not eels alone are taken with this needle, for M. de la Blanchere informs us that many kinds of fish are caught with it in France.

Any doubts as to the use of the Neolithic form of fish-gorge must be removed when it can be insisted upon that precisely this form of implement was in use by our Indians not more than forty years ago. In 1878, when studying this question of the primitive hook, I was fortunate enough to receive direct testimony on the subject. My informant, who in his younger days had lived among the Indians at the head-waters of Lake Superior, said that in 1846 the Indians used a gorge made of bone to catch their fish. My authority, who had never seen a prehistoric fish-gorge, save the drawing of one, said that the Indian form was precisely like the early shape, and that the Chipewew was fished some with the hook of civilization, others with bone gorges of a primitive period.

In tracing the history of the fish-hook, it should be borne in mind that an overlapping of periods must have taken place. By this is meant, that at one and the same time an individual employed tools or weapons of various periods. To-day the Western hunter lights his fire with a match. This splinter of wood, tipped with phosphorus, the chlorates, sulphur, or paraffine, represents the progress made in chemistry from the time of the alchemists. But this trapper is sure to have stowed away in his pouch, ready for an emergency, his flint and steel. The Esquimaux,

the Alaskan, shoots his seal with an American repeating rifle, and, in lieu of a knife, flays the creature with a flint splinter. The net of the Norseman is to-day sunk with stones or buoyed with wood,—certainly the same devices as were used by the earliest Scandinavian,—while the net, so far as the making of the thread goes, is due to the best modern mechanical appliances. Survival of form requires some consideration apart from that of material, the first having much the stronger reasons for persistence. It is then very curious to note that hooks not made of iron and steel, but of bronze, or alloys of copper, are still in use on the coast of Finland, as I have quite recently obtained brass hooks from Northern Europe, such as are commonly in use by fishermen there.

The origin of the double hook having been, I believe, satisfactorily explained, to make the barb on it was readily suggested to primitive man, as he had used the same device on fish-spears and harpoons.

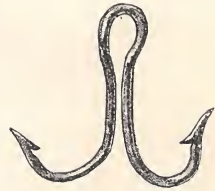
This double-barbed hook from the Swiss lakes is quite common. Then, from the double to the single hook the transition was rapid. Single bronze hooks of the Lacustrine period sometimes have no barb. Such differences as exist are due to the various methods of attaching the line.

In Professor A. A. Mayer's collection there is a Lacustrine bronze hook, the shank of which is bent over parallel with the stem of the hook. This hook is a large one, and must have been used for big fish—probably the trout of the Swiss lakes.

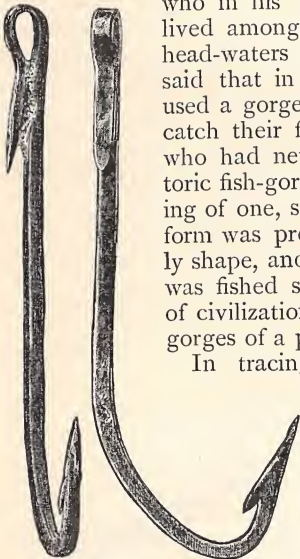
Hooks made of stone are exceedingly rare, and though it is barely possible that they might have been used for fish, I think this has not been conclusively shown. Wilson gives,



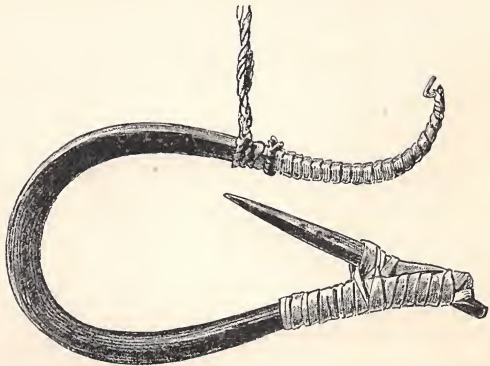
SHARPENED NEEDLE  
USED FOR CATCHING  
FISH IN FRANCE.



DOUBLE HOOK, BARBED.  
FROM SWISS LAKES.



BRONZE FISH-HOOK. (MAYER  
COLLECTION.)



ALASKAN HALIBUT HOOK.

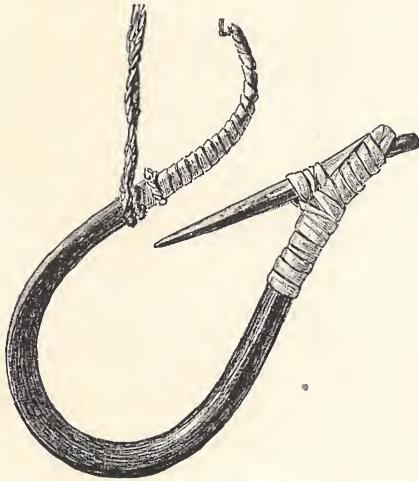


in his work, drawings of two stone hooks, which were found in Scandinavia. Though the theory that these stone objects were fashioned for fishing is supported by so good an authority as Mr. Charles Rau, the archæologist of the United States National Museum at Washington, it does not seem to

always be cited. In the examples of hooks which illustrate works of travel, a good many errors arise from the simple fact that the writers are not fishermen. Although the outline of a hook be accurately given, the method of securing it to the line is often incorrectly drawn.

In THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July, 1882, an Alaskan halibut-hook is represented. The form is a common one, and is used by all the savage races of the Pacific; but the main interest lay in the manner of tying the line to this hook. Since the fish to be caught was the halibut, the form was the best adapted to the taking of the *Hippoglossus Americanus*; but, had the line been attached in any other way than exactly as represented, this big fish could hardly have been caught with such a hook.

In the drawing, the halibut-hook hangs but slightly inclining toward the sea-bottom, the weight of the bait having a tendency to lower it. In this position it can be readily taken by the fish; but should it be suspended in a different way, it must be at once seen how difficult it would be for the fish to swallow it. In this Alaskan hook must be recognized the very first idea of what we call to-day the center-draught hook. A drawing is also given of a steel hook of a peculiar form, coming from Northern Russia. The resemblance between the Alaskan and this Russian hook is, at first, apparently slight, but they both are, nevertheless, constructed on the same principle. When this Russian hook is seized by the fish, and force is applied to the line by the fisherman, the point of the barb and the line are almost in one and the same direction. Almost the same may be said of the Alaskan hook. Desirous of testing the capabilities of this hook, I had a gross made after the Russian model,

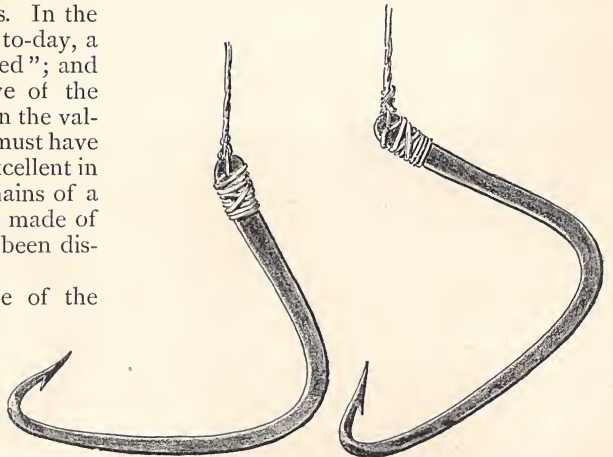


ALASKAN HALIBUT HOOK.

me possible that these hooks could have been made for fishing. Such forms, from the nature of the material, would have been exceedingly difficult to fashion, and, even if made, would have presented few advantages over the primitive gorge.

This, however, must be borne in mind: that, in catching fish, primitive man could have had no inkling of the present curved form of fish-hook, which, with its barb, secures the fish by penetration. A large proportion of sea-fish, and many river-fish, swallow the hook, and are caught, not by the hook entering the jaws of the fish, but because it is fastened in their stomachs. In the Gloucester fisherman's language of to-day, a fish so captured is called "poke-hooked"; and accordingly, when the representative of the Neolithic period fished in that lake in the valley of the Somme, all the fish he took must have been poke-hooked. A bone hook, excellent in form, has been found near the remains of a huge species of pike (*Esox*). Hooks made of the tusks of the wild boar have also been discovered with Lacustrine remains.

In commenting on the large size of the bone hook figured in Wilson's work, its proximity to the remains of large fish was noticed. When the endless varieties of hooks belonging to savage races are subjects of discussion, the kind of fish they serve for catching should



RUSSIAN FISH-HOOK.



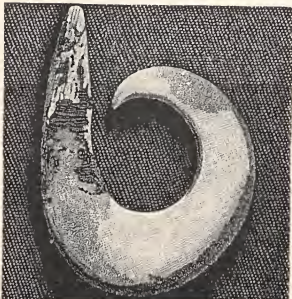


THE BEGINNING OF A SHELL-HOOK. (WEST COLLECTION.)

and sent them to Captain J. W. Collins, of the United States Fish Commission, stationed at Gloucester, requesting him to distribute them among the fishermen. While writing this article, I am in receipt of a letter from Captain Collins, informing me that these hooks are excellent, the captains of fishing-smacks reporting that a great many deep-sea fish were taken with them.

A study of these hooks—the Alaskan and Russian—with reference to the method of attaching the line, explains, I think, the peculiarity of certain shell-hooks of great antiquity found in California, which have puzzled archæologists. These hooks, the originals of which are to be found in the National Museum, at Washington, are shown in accompanying engravings. The notch cut in one of the hooks seems to show that the line was attached at that place. Hang the hooks in any other position and they would catch no fish,—for one could hardly suppose that the blunt barb could penetrate the mouth of the fish.

If there be some doubt entertained by American archæologists as to the use of these shell-hooks (page 904), there can be none in regard to their having barbs. The barbs turn outward, in which respect they differ from all the primitive European hooks I have seen. In confirmation of the idea advanced as to the proper place of attaching the line, Professors C. C. Abbott and F.



SHELL-HOOK. (NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON.)

W. Putnam, in a chapter entitled "Implementments and Weapons made of Bone and Wood," in the United States Geographical Survey, west of the hundredth meridian, write, referring to these hooks: "These hooks are flattened, and are longer than wide. \* \* \* The barbs in these specimens are judged by fishermen of to-day to be on the wrong side of a good fish-hook, and the point is too near the shank. By having the line so fastened that the point of tension is at the notch at the base of the shank, instead of at the extreme end of the stem, the defect of the design of the hook would be somewhat remedied, as the barb would be forced down, so that it might possibly catch itself in the lower jaw of the fish that had taken the hook." The summing up of this is, I think, that in an imperfect way the maker of this Santa Barbara hook had some idea of the efficiency of a center-draught hook. As the first step in manufacturing this hook, a hole was drilled in the shell, and the hook finished up afterward by rounding the outside. Dr. West, of Brooklyn, has a whole series of such primitive work in his collection.

It is quite obvious that, in a study of this

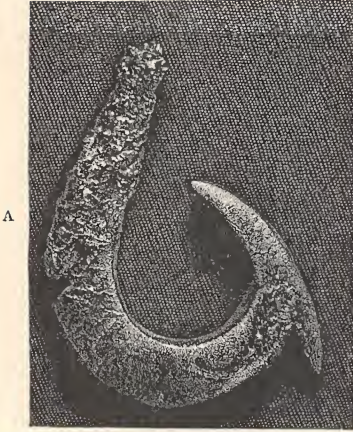


SHELL-HOOK. (NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON.)

character, it becomes necessary to understand the implements now in use by uncivilized man. To advance the idea that in all cases hooks have been improved by slightly increased culture among semi-civilized races, would be a source of error. It is quite possible that, in many instances, there has been retrogression from the better forms of fishing implements once in use. This relapse might have been brought about, not so much by a decrease of intelligence, as changes due to fortuitous causes. A fishing race might have been driven away from a shore or a river-bank, and replaced by an inland people ignorant of fishing.

Some primitive races still use a hook made from a thorn, and in this practice we find to-day a most wonderful survival. On the coast of France hooks made of thorns are still used to catch fish, the fishermen repre-





SHELL-HOOK FROM SANTA BARBARA. (NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON.)

senting that they possess the great advantage of costing nothing, and of not fouling on the sea-bottom. The Piutes take the spine of a cactus, bending it to suit their purpose, and very simple barbless hooks of this kind may be seen in the collections of the National Museum at Washington.

Undoubtedly, in primitive times, hooks of a compound character were used. Just as men tipped a deer's antler with a flint, they combined more than one material in the making of their hooks, lashing together a shank of bone or wood with a bronze barb. It would be almost impossible in a magazine article to follow all the varieties of hooks used and the ingenuity displayed in their manufacture. Occasionally a savage will construct a lure for fish which rivals the daintiest fly ever made

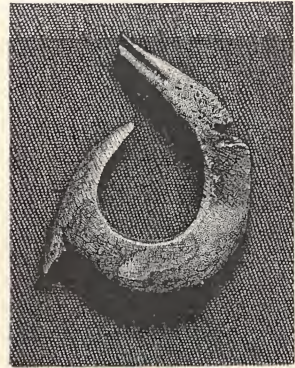


ARTIFICIAL STONE SHRIMP. (MAYER COLLECTION.)

by the most fastidious of anglers. In Professor Mayer's collection there is an exceedingly clever hook coming from the North-western coast, which shows very fine lapidary work. A small red quartzose pebble of great hardness has been rounded, polished, and joined to a piece of bone. The piece is small, not more than an inch and three-quarters in length, and might weigh an ounce and a half. In the shank of bone a small hook is hidden. It somewhat imitates a shrimp. The parts are joined together by lashings of tendon, and

these are laid in grooves cut into the stone. It must have taken much toil to perfect this clever artificial bait, and, as it is to-day, it might be used with success by a clever striped-bass fisherman at Newport.

In this necessarily brief study of primitive fishing I have endeavored to show the genesis of the fish-hook, from the stone gorge to the more perfected implement of to-day. Simple as it may seem, it is a subject on which a good deal of research is still requisite. "It is not an acquaintance with a single series of things which can throw light on any subject, but a thorough comprehension of the whole of them." If in the Swiss lakes there are found bronze hooks of a very large size, out of proportion to the fish which swim there to-day, it is but just to suppose that, many thousands of years ago, long before history had its dawn, the aquatic fauna



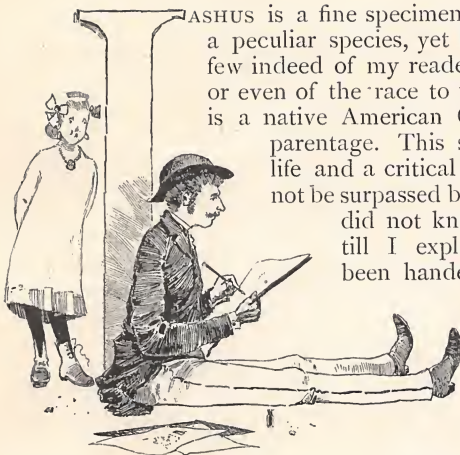
SHELL-HOOK. FROM SANTA BARBARA. (NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON.)

were then of greater bulk than in 1883. Considerations on the primitive form of the fish-hook must even comprehend examination of prior geological conditions, differences of land and water, or such geographical changes as may have taken place. Then ichthyology becomes an important factor, for by the character of the hook the kind of fish taken, in some instances, may be understood. We are fast coming to this conclusion: that, putting aside what can only be the merest speculations as to the condition of man when he is said to have first diverged from the brute, he was soon endowed with a wonderful degree of intelligence. And, if I am not mistaken, primitive man did not confine himself in his fishing to the rivers and lakes alone, but went out boldly to sea after the cod; and so the fishing instincts of the men of Cape Ann to-day go backward to that indefinite period the exact date of which is so far distant that no human mind has yet been able to fix it.

*Barnet Phillips.*



## VISITING THE GYPSIES.



LASHUS is a fine specimen of a native American, of a peculiar species, yet I venture to say that very few indeed of my readers know much about him, or even of the race to which he belongs,—for he is a native American Gypsy, of English Gypsy parentage. This stock, for vigorous faith in life and a critical knowledge of horses, cannot be surpassed by any in the world. Lashus did not know what his name meant till I explained to him that it had been handed down with many other

words in Romany from a Slavonian origin. It means Louis, which in Eastern Europe is called Lajos. When the Gypsies came, in the fifteenth century, to England, they brought with them no French words, but a number borrowed from Slavonic sources, such as *shuba*, a cloak or flowing skirt; *mass*, meat;



A HUNGARIAN ROMANY.

*adosta*, enough; and from Greek the words for a kettle, a bone, and a chair.

Not long ago, when Lashus was bidding me good-bye, just before folding his tents like the Arabs and silently stealing away, he said:

"There is a large camp of Romanies just now over in Oakdale Park, near Broad street. They are Lovels—Kamlos—you know?"

"It's a mistake," I confidently asserted. "There wasn't a Romany there three days ago. I should have heard of their arrival as soon as you."

"Will you bet *panj lil* [five dollars] on it?" said Lashus. "*No*,—well, that's five dollars saved to you, *rye* [sir]. For they *are* there, and very nice, deep, old-fashioned Romanies they are. Only be careful when you call, for I heard that the old grandmother, who is full a hundred years old, is dying. She's the Queen of the Gypsies, and knows a lot about old times. But—I say, *rye*—don't let on to them at first that you can *rokker* [talk Romany]."



AN OUT-DOOR KITCHEN.



*Play 'em*—have some fun out of 'em. They've never so much as heard of you, nor of the *tāni rāni*. It'll be a new sensation for 'em."

The *tāni rāni*, or young lady referred to, was Miss Elizabeth Robins, who is well known to most of the Gypsies who visit Philadelphia. It was only on Sunday that we could make our visit to the newly arrived, since on week-days the women, at least, are rarely at home in a Gypsy camp. So, on Sunday morning, we found ourselves at the Park.



A GYPSY DIANA.

"Why, it's quite a little Gypsy town of tents and vans," said L., as she looked at the camp. "I never saw so many here before. *Jasa tu sig-ān* [go on before, quickly!]"

I went on and found myself among the tents, where we were politely welcomed by a very striking-looking, middle-aged, and thorough Gypsy woman. We sat down on some wood, and I began:

"Why, what singular-looking persons you are? Are you foreigners?"

"We are Gypsies, sir," replied the woman.

"Gypsies—*Gypsies*!" I answered, reflectively. "I think I've read about Gypsies in books. Ah, yes—I remember! How strange, though, that I should really meet with one. Did you ever see a Gypsy before?" I said, turning to L., who looked innocent ignorance. "And is it true," I continued, to the woman, "that you can tell fortunes?"

"Yes, sir."

"How wonderful! But I am afraid that is very wrong. And can you tell a Gypsy when-ever you see one?"

"Always, sir."

"And have you a language of your own?"

"We have a broken one, sir, called Romany."

"Romany—Roman—why it must be like Latin. I know Latin. I will give you some words first in English, and then in Latin, and if you know what any of them means you must tell me."

There was great curiosity expressed to hear Latin. I began, and exclaimed with great solemnity:

"This is the English: 'Tiglath-Pileser said unto Nebuchadnezzar, Thou art the man,—for he played upon the harp of a thousand strings, spirits of the just made perfect.'"

There was no doubt of it. I was a moral missionary, and it was with a manifestation of great respect that the Latin was now solicited. Changing my expression, I said in Romany, or Gypsy:

"*Tutes a bori dinneli that dont jin tiri noki foki vanka tu diks a lende* [You are a great fool not to know your own people when you see them]."

There was a general spasm of amazement, and then a roar of laughter. No one enjoyed the joke more than a very venerable and picturesque woman in whom I at once recognized the hundred-year-old queen. But instead of lying at death's door, as I had been led to expect, she was now sitting up all alive, and enjoying a pipe, as I sincerely hope that all my readers may when they, too, achieve their centuries.

The sheep had proved to be a wolf, but there was a forlorn hope left in L. Turning to her, the Gypsy said:

"Shall I tell your fortune?"

"Tell *my* fortune, indeed!" returned L., in fluent Romany. "Hold up your hand and let me tell yours, or let us tell them one against another for a dollar——"

"And see who can tell the most lies in ten minutes," I added.

The Gypsy shook her head and said, seriously:

"Between such as we are there can be no lying. *Patserus*."

"And do *you* tell fortunes?" said the Queen to L., in amazement.

When Arbaces, the arch sorcerer, wished to reveal himself to the Witch of Vesuvius as belonging to her order, he exhibited the burning girdle. When my niece was thus questioned, she drew from her pocket a small book bound in old red morocco, and opening it, said:

"Here's my *dukkerin-lil*."

The reader must understand that, among the women Gypsies, there is no treasure so coveted as a so-called *dukkerin-lil*, or fortune-telling book. By this is not meant a dime



dream-book or a cheap fortune-teller, such as are generally to be found associated with cent-broadside ballads, but some quaint and ancient little work on chiromancy or magic, garnished with pictures of hands and strange cabalistic devices, such as abound in Agrippa and Trithemius. Such a book is to a fortune-teller what a wand was to a sorcerer or a broom to a witch. The possession of a really remarkable specimen of such literature in Gypsy circles confers a species of renown. One hears that a certain family owns it as one hears of another's owning a famous horse or a superior wagon. This which my niece had was a curiosity in its way, being filled with marvelous illuminated hands, dragons, and other monsters, in vermilion, gold, or silver, and looked as well able to raise Mephistopheles as any specimen of occult philosophy which eyes ever beheld. It was gazed at by a deeply appreciative audience with intense admiration, but by none so much as the Queen, who knew by nearly a century of experience what an aid such a work could be in all manner of secrecy. I need not say that she expressed a fervid desire to become the possessor of the volume, which was to her all that the book of gramarye of Michael Scott was to the Lady in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; but when I was asked its value, and I replied in rhymes,

"Miri dye,  
Mukela grai,  
Or a chai"—

that is, "It is worth a horse or a girl"—there was no further question of buying it.



A TYPE.

Then we talked of Gypsies known to us in England long ago, of the living and the dead, of races run lang syne, and of all the affairs of Egypt; how they had traveled far and wide in America, and of all the band of Gypsies from Providence, who had visited Philadelphia the week before, and bought many horses,—yes—two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar horses. There was much similar gossip, and many quaint confidences.

There is nothing in Gypsy life which is remarkable to an indifferent person, but there is certainly much in it which is very different from household ways to a keen perceiver. I could amuse myself all day in a Romany camp by watching the animals. They live



A HARD CASE.

on such familiar terms with such singular people of odd ways, that anybody can understand why the Hindoos, the ancestors of the Gypsies, believed as a matter of course that animals had souls. What duck, except a duck brought up in a family, would ever put its head in through a hole in the tent, quack to those in there in all but human fashion, and then retire shaking that head with such a meaning air? And the poultry! Why, Gypsy cocks and hens are as different in their demeanor from the ordinary denizens of the barn-yard as are their mistresses from the Gentile farm-wives. Just watch them, and mark their superior familiarity with man.

I had noticed lying at my feet a mysterious, large, fluffy ball, a thing of woolliness and mystery, which might have been photographed for an enormous tarantula, or octopus, or hedgehog, or hairy crab,—or as a mixture of them all. This thing growled as I at first sat down,—not angrily, but in tones which plainly said: "Um—m! What sort of folk be these here?" But when I spoke in Romany, it opened two awful eyes, fixed them steadily on me with a superhuman stare, and grunted with an expression distinct as words: "Well, *you're* all right—I shouldn't have thought it—but *you'll* bear watching."

"That's a *fino jucko*! [a fine dog]" remarked a younger woman. This was Mrs. Lovel, junior. The *fino jucko* opened his eyes and winked affirmatively. There was a sound from within the tent like *Auwa*, or yes, uttered in a cawing tone. I looked up inquiringly, and Mrs. Lovel said:

"It's our *rakkerin chillico* [talking-bird or parrot]." She should have said *chiriclo*, which



is more correct. In the Thug slang of India, the word *chiricea* is applied to a small owl, whose cry formed a most significant omen which encouraged or deterred them from the most desperate enterprises.

"And the parrot talks Romany?"

"Yes."

I wondered if it had occurred to any people who had seen this bird on its constant

scarlet red, she seemed the very ideal of Gypsy and sorceress. There are not many left at the present day of the old *kālo-ratt*—the black, or unmixed blood; and the Gypsies of this generation are losing all their old ways so rapidly, that one like the Queen is becoming a curiosity. By strange chance I also knew very well, in England, old Charlotte Cooper of Bow Common, whom the reader may find



A GYPSY CAMP.

travels, that, though American-born, its native tongue, acquired in America, was a dialect of the old Hindi Persian Urdu or camp-language formed during the tremendous struggle which centered round the fierce Mahmoud of Ghazneh? But it did not seem strange to me when I looked at the half-Indian faces before me, at the old Queen, who, with her daughter, would have passed unobserved in Calcutta as a Northern native, or even the children, who evidently had more Gentile blood in them than there was in the mothers.

The parrot, by speaking Romany, had a right to be called a Gypsy-bird, or would have, were not the word already preëmpted by another. In England, the water-wagtail has this name, from a strange superstition that he who beholds one will soon after meet with Gypsies. There is some cause for the belief. The wagtail haunts solitary places, near water, and in such spots Gypsies love to camp. In folk-lore it is an unearthly, witch-like bird, owing to its eccentric ways and haunts, and therefore it is not an inapt symbol for such weird people as the Romany. But the greatest living curiosity in the *tan*—that is, the place or *tent*—was the old Queen. Dark as an Indian, with gold ear-rings, and many strings of well-worn coral beads around her neck, and all her head attire and neck-wraps of

described in George Borrow's "*Romano Lavo-Lil*." Charlotte is dark, and is supposed by the people to be also a hundred years old; but when I asked her if this was the case, she, with the natural instinct of her sex to appear as young as possible, replied, "Indeed I'm not; I'm only ninety-four." This was five or six years ago. Should any of the residents of London who read these lines take the pains to ascertain whether Charlotte be still alive, as I think she is, he may see not only a veritable centenarian, but also one whom George Borrow, as he told me, he believed to be the last Gypsy of absolutely pure blood in England. I think this is, however, very doubtful. From their habits of intermarrying there are, I think, still many who are, in all probability, perfectly *kālo-ratt*, and of these the Queen seems to be a good specimen. That she is an accomplished fortune-teller, not without faith in her own powers to ban or bless, I was subsequently well assured. As we sat in the tent by the smoldering fire, whose smoke gave a delicate chiaro-oscuro to the scene, and I looked at the old woman, so unlike anybody whom I meet in ordinary life, my mind wandered to the strange people and scenes which she must have lived among long, long ago. She had known the chiefs of her people in the



days when they were really fierce and law-defying men who died on the gallows-tree, or in some form of violent death,—the days when the Rom was a leader in the prize-ring, or noted as a highwayman, and wore hunting-boots, and green coats with spade-guineas for buttons, and always carried the tremendous *chuknee* or jockey-whip, characteristic of his people. She was a living link with all that was wildest in England before the days of railroads and gas, steamboats and telegraphs.

\* \* \* It is a curious coincidence that, as I write, and since I wrote that last line, I have received a note from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in which he says: "I remember, by the way, that Cooper, the Gypsy, was one of the heroes and portraits of Boxiana. You may have known the very fellow in his old age." This was Jack Cooper, the husband of Charlotte, to whom I alluded. I did not know him, because he was sent lang syne as a convict to Australia. If still existing, he must be as old as his wife, but it is a strange thing that the Gypsies are all certain that he is yet alive. He abandoned his wife when young, and went off with another girl. But to the very last, old Charlotte always believed, as she still believes, if alive, that Jack will yet return to England and to her. I shall never forget how truly touched I was when this old woman, well-nigh at the end of her century, spoke with trembling, loving tones of her long-lost husband, and said that she knew he was not dead—she had dreamed it so often—and that he would yet return. Even among the Lovels, when I visited the Gypsy Queen, I found that they believed that Jack was yet of this world. I well remember my last visit to old Charlotte. I was accompanied by a lady who spoke Romany perfectly, and who took to the old woman a warm winter jacket for a present. After duly admiring it and uttering *paraco tute*, or "thank you," many times, the ancient Gypsy remarked to me roguishly:

"It's a beautiful coat, *rye* [master],—but—how perfect it would be—if the pocket wasn't quite empty." As she said this her attention was diverted, and by a dexterous exertion of *hanki panki*, or legerdemain, I slipped a shilling into the empty *putsi* [pocket], and bade her search again. I think that she was as much pleased with the gypsy way in which the money was given as with the coin itself.

After a most entertaining call, we took our



THE QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES.

departure. A few days after, I determined to pay the Queen another visit, in company with Mr. Pennell, the artist. Miss Robins did not accompany us, but, with great generosity, sent her magic book as a present to her majesty. "The dear old soul," she said, "was really dying to get it. Did you ever see anybody gaze at anything with such longing eyes? You will astonish her with it!" So I took the volume with me. We found all the family at home, the parrot preaching away in Romany or the unknown tongues, the children charmed to see us. I need not say that her majesty was also charmed to receive her present. But when she was told that the *tāni rāni*, or young lady, wished, in return, to have her picture and that of the others taken by Mr. Pennell, there was great reluctance, it being well known that it is a very unlucky thing to have one's picture taken, unless, indeed, it be done by the sun. I had in Egypt a friend named Mahomet, who was a strict Mussulman. He even considered it to be a great sin to have one's likeness painted. "How is it, then, that you have your daughter's photograph?" I asked. To which Mahomet gravely replied: "Him man no takee; Sun takee that portraits." Fortunately I had, foreseeing this reluctance, provided myself with a red string, it being well known that anybody's portrait may be taken with full exemption from harm if the sitter be presented with a shoe-string or a red cord. This being duly given, the sittings commenced. It was a good picture of itself to see the artist seated almost on the ground in the darkened tent near the fire, over which leaned the *sarshta*, or kettle-iron, with its pendent kettle, grimed with smoke. Everything seemed so gypsy and witchlike, as if one were living in one of Hoffmann's "*Phantasie-stücke*." The spout of the kettle looked to me like a long nose; I fancied I saw a goblin face in the soot-marks on it. I began to think that the



A GYPSY WOMAN.



Queen-Witch had lost no time with the red book of gramarye, but had already begun to raise something *bengalo* or diabolical. There was a forked radish lying on the ground, and I at once recalled the Mandrake and the Queen of the Gypsies, who form part of the unearthly company in the carriage, in "Isabella of Egypt." As for Pennell, what with visiting Voodoo queens in New Orleans, and consorting with Gypsies, he, too, is becoming over-familiar with uncanny folk, and would, I fear, sit down to paint the Father of Lies himself as coolly as ever did the Spanish artist famed in Southey's song.

While speaking of Gypsies and unearthly things, I may interest the reader by remarking that their language is full of strange hints, which they themselves do not now understand. The Romany word for a bone, borrowed from the modern Greek, is *kokalos* or *kuklos*. But it also means a dwarf, a puppet, a doll, a fairy, a goblin, and unquestionably refers us to many old Greek and Indian stories in which a bone is renewed by a sorcerer into humanity, or in which it changes to a diminutive being. So, too, the word *mullo* (*moolo*), or "dead," is applied not only to corpses and ghosts, but also to the shadow of a man, to bubbles which dance and break on rapid rivulets, and to rings of smoke. The



"LIKE AN INDIAN."

on his breast. So it is in talking with very old people, who being, of course, by reason of their age, much nearer heaven than we, are continually rising beyond us in memory. So when I spoke with the Queen of Plato Buckland, she at once remembered him, but we soon discovered that my Plato is the grandson of the one whom her majesty knew in her youth, and who was a famous Romany in his day. Witness the following song, or its incident, for the truth of which nobody vouches:

"Two Romany fellows were banished afar,  
Far away over the dark rolling sea,  
Lasho for robbing,  
And Plato for fobbing,  
The purse of a lady as grand as could be.

"And when they came to the far-away land,  
The land that is over the dark rolling sea,  
One came to the halter,  
But one at the altar  
Soon married a lady as fair as could be.

"Would you like to know who the lady was?  
'Twas the lady whose purse he had stolen, d'ye  
see;  
For the chap had an eye,  
Black, witch-like, and sly,  
And she'd followed him over the dark rolling sea."

While I was singing this in the original Romany, it was not to an attentive audience, since I was accompanied by the parrot with a hymn in the unknown tongues, into which a Gypsy word now and then peeped like a dark heathen through a window upon a white congregation, and the three Mrs. Lovel, three children, and three dogs maintained, each in their way, a running conversation as Pennell sketched, and exclaimed at regular intervals: "Turn your head that way!"—"Look to one side!"—"Look up!"—"Keep still!" Even



THE BELLE OF THE CAMP.

connection between these is obvious, but their connection by a single word is poetical.

I once said of an interview with the giant Chang that I was continually startled when turning my head toward him, as we were seated in conversation, and expecting to meet his eyes, to find myself looking at the buttons



the fire seemed to be sociable, for it emitted its volumes like an author who, unable to talk in society, inflicts his opinions on it in puffs, and in fact with much the same result, since the smoke soon obliged me to look out-of-doors and get fresh air. Reëntering, I distributed Havanas,—for as fire may be used to fight fire, smoke also neutralizes smoke, as I found,—a good cigar being specially appreciated among the Gypsies, who are all right valiant smokers. Of which I may, by the way, remark that the Latin writer, who made *fumum vendere* or selling smoke a synonym for that which is without value, never foresaw cigars nor their present price.

One of the children was a pretty, sturdy little miss, named Madonna. It is a part of the quaint picturesque life and nature of the Gypsies that they generally take strange names, particularly for women. One of those present was called Shéva—in my book, “The Gypsies,” the reader may find such appellations as Alabina, Marbelenni, Starlina, Otchamé, and Catseye. Madonna was occupied with a spitz, holding it at one minute and pulling it by the tail the next.

It is a curious fact that no people put more faith in quaint observances and magical practices than those who live by them, though one would think that, like the augurs of old, there would be no great exchange of magic between them out of business hours. But when I showed the Queen a very large pocket-knife, which I have had for many years, and as I mentioned to her, had carried even in Egypt, and when I told her I esteemed it highly, she bade me hold it in my right hand. Then, having uttered the appropriate words in Romany, I was told to make a wish. I asked if I might not have three wishes, for it was a very strong *dukke*, and three being allowed I made them. This is a charm which never fails when granted by a very old woman, and it was a great favor to bestow it on me. The secret of this spell is beautifully set forth by Heine in the “Pictures of Travel,” where he declares that objects long worn or carried become as it were inspired with our life, or magical, and give to us again, in another form, the life we gave them. This, he thinks, is the origin of the German tales in which spoons and staves and chairs think and talk, and the bean and straw go forth on their travels. Who is there that has not felt the nameless charm attached to some old coin or gem which he has got into the habit of carrying, he hardly knows how? I read recently in the newspapers of a gentleman in the West, who believes there is a spirit in his cane; still more recently, I read of a large tribe in the East—I think it

is in Borneo—who worship their walking-sticks. Thus amber beads long worn become each the shrine of a little guardian sprite, while in every cherished cross there dwells a little Christian fairy. Whether the Gypsy charm given to me is not some remote transmission of the Hindoo oath on the knife, esteemed so sacred by the Thugs, who were also a species of Gypsies, I do not know, but the Gypsies, even in America, have exactly the same word for knife—*chûri*—as that used in India; and taking all things into consideration, I am inclined to think that this “blessing of the poignards” is an extremely ancient and curious incantation. It was indeed the oath by the knife and the cord which was the great adjuration not only of the Indian sect, and of the Assassins of Syria, but also of the Vehmgericht of Germany; and the reader may remember how, only an hour before the spell of the knife, I had removed ill-luck from portrait taking or giving, by bestowing a string.

There was an outlying encampment of the Lovel family, a mile distant, by the rising sun, and there I went with “our artist,” after sketching the Queen and her court. Here, too, we were unknown, and there was only a little girl about, who evidently had never heard of us, since when I asked her where her mother was, she went up to a closed van, and said in a low voice in Romany: “*Dai, shan dui mushi akai* [Mother, here are two men],” and then ran aside. I began to ask her what the language was in which she had spoken, but of course she kept silence. “Was it French?” Great was her astonishment when the mother came forth and I spoke to her in the secret tongue. We were most cordially received, the *dai* being a lady-like woman of middle age, with fine features, much resembling those of a high-caste Hindoo. Her style was reflected by the neatness of her person, the cleanliness of her children, and the remarkable luxury of a carpet on the floor or earth of her tent, while there were coverings on the boxes or furniture on which to sit.

The family had just come from Florida, and had brought with them a black goat who looked as if he should have been the property of the Witch Queen. I never saw an animal so suggestive of the Brocken. He was very tame, however, and did not object to be ridden by the youngest child, a very pretty boy, who, when mounted, reminded me of many a picture of fairies or sylvan *amoretti* on similar steeds.

In conclusion, I may briefly answer a question which many persons have put—“Who and what are the Gypsies?” To this, I reply,



that they are of a mixed Aryan and non-Aryan stock from Northern India, where they have been known since prehistoric times. In their own language they call themselves *Rom*, meaning husband; but the word may also have some affinity with *ramna*, meaning to roam or wander. I believe that I have been the first to prove that there is at the present day in India, among the one hundred and fifty kinds of wandering castes of that country, which are all Gypsies, one in particular which is there regarded as specially Gypsy, and which calls itself *Rom*, and which uses words not collected in any other Indian dialect, but which are used by the Gypsies of Syria, Turkey, and Europe. This tribe is allied to, and is most probably, only a more widely wandering branch of the Dom, who are also known as outcasts and Gypsies. When I speak of so many kinds of wanderers as Gypsies, and yet not identical with our own, I may make my meaning clearer by saying, that as all the tramps, peddlers, etc., who roam in our roads, are still not Romany, so of all the Indian nomads, there is but one which in every partic-



"AULD MON LOVEL."

ular, especially that of language, exactly corresponds to those whom I have described.

*Charles G. Leland.*



## LOVE.

If thou would'st truly love—love when the stars  
 Look down upon thee from their crystal homes;  
 When o'er the caverned night their swelling domes  
 Rise up the purple ether with their spars  
 Of burning beauty; when the trivial jars  
 Of earth and all its "must be" vanish dim  
 In hushed serenity, and, save the hymn  
 Of night and loneliness, naught earthly mars  
 Thy soul's deep gratitude: 'tis then unbars  
 The shrine of thy religion; the strong heart  
 Of thy stirred aspirations, worn apart  
 Like missals from the world—the spell that wars  
 With aught inconsonant to heart or eye;  
 The midnight's challenge and thy soul's deep-breathed reply!

*William M. Briggs.*





## THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

THE stir the Passion Play brings does not begin in Oberammergau till the Friday afternoon before the Sabbath of the play. Then, gradually, as a hum begins and swells in a disturbed hive of bees, begins and swells the bustle of the incoming of strangers into the little place. By sunset the crooked lanes and streets are swarming with people who have all fancied they were coming in good season, before the crowd. The open space in front of George Lang's house was a scene for a painter as the sun went down on Friday, September 5th, 1880. The village herd of cows was straggling past on its easy homeward way, the fifty bells tinkling even more sleepily than in the morning; a little goat-herd, with bright brown eyes, and bright brown partridge feathers in his hat, was worrying his little flock of goats along in the jam; vehicles of all sorts—einspanners, diligences, landaus—all pulling, twisting, turning, despairing, were trying to go the drivers did not know where, and were asking the way helplessly of each other. To heighten the confusion, a load of hay upset in the middle of the crowd. Twenty shoulders were under it in a twinkling, and the cart was rolled on, limping, on three wheels, friendly hands holding up the corner. Thirty-four vehicles, one after another, halted in front of George Lang's door; out of many of them the occupants jumped confidently, looking much satisfied at sight of so comfortable a house, and presenting little slips of white paper consigning them to Mr. Lang's care. Much crestfallen, they reëntered their vehicles, to be driven to the quarters reserved for them elsewhere. Some argued; some grumbled; some entreated; all in vain. The decrees of the house of Lang are like those of the Medes and Persians.

It was long after midnight before the sound of wheels and voices, and the cracks of postilions' whips ceased under my windows; and it began again before daylight the next morning. All was hurry and stir; crowds going to the early mass; still greater crowds, with anxious faces, besieging the doors of the building where were to be issued the numbered tickets for seats at the Play; more crowds coming in, chiefly pedestrians; peasant men and women in all varieties and colors of costume; Englishmen in natty traveling clothes, with white veils streaming from their hats; Roman Catholic priests in squads,

their square-brimmed hats and high black coats white with dust. Eager, intent, swift, by hundreds and hundreds they poured in. Without seeing it, one can never realize what a spectacle is produced by this rushing in of six thousand people into a little town in the space of thirty-six hours. There can be nothing like it except in the movements of armies. Being in the streets was like being in a chorus or village fair scene on an opera stage a mile big, and crowded full from corner to corner. The only thing to do was to abandon oneself to currents, like a ship afloat, and drift, now down this street, and now down that, now whirl into an eddy and come to a stop, and now hurry purposelessly on, just as the preponderating push might determine. Mingled up in it all, in everybody's way and under all the horses' feet, were dozens of little mites of Oberammergauers, looking five, six, seven years of age, like lost children, offering for sale "books of the Passion Play." Every creature above the age of an infant is busy at this time in other ways in Oberammergau, so it is left for the babies to hawk the librettos round the streets, and very shrewdly they do it. Little tots that are trusted with only one book at a time, all they can carry, as soon as it is sold, grab the pennies in chubby hands and toddle home after another.

As the day wore on, the crowd and the hum of it increased into a jam and a racket. By four o'clock it was a din of wheels, cracking whips, and postilions' cries. Great diligences, loaded down till they squeaked and groaned on their axles; hay-wagons of all sizes, rigged with white cloth stretched on poles for a cover, and rough planks fastened to the sides for seats, came in procession, all packed with the country people; hundreds of shabby einspanners bringing two or three, and sometimes a fourth holding on behind, with dangling feet; fine traveling carriages of rich people, their postilions decked in blue and silver, with shining black hats, and brass horns swung over their shoulders by green and white cords and tassels—on they came into the twist and tangle, making it worse, minute by minute.

Most remarkable among all the remarkable costumes to be seen was that of an old woman from Dachau. She was only a peasant, but she was a peasant of some estate and degree. She had come as escort and maid for four young women belonging to a Roman Cath-



olic institution, and wearing its plain uniform. The contrast between the young ladies' conventional garb of black and white and the blazing toilet of their guide and protector was ludicrous. She wore a jacket of brocade stiff with red, green, and silver embroidery. The sleeves puffed out big at the shoulder, straight and tight below to the wrist. It came down behind only a little lower than her shoulder-blades, and it was open in front from the throat to the waist-belt, showing beneath a solid mass of gold and silver braid. Nine enormous silver buttons were sewed on each side the fronts; a scarf of soft black silk was fastened tight round her throat by a superb silver ornament, all twists and chains and disks. Her black woolen petticoat was laid in small, close flutings straight from belt to hem, edged with scarlet, and apparently was stiff enough to stand alone. It was held out from her body, just below the belt, by a stiff rope coil underneath it, making a tight, hard, round ridge just below her waist, and nearly doubling her apparent size. All the women in Dachau must be as "thick" as that, she said—and "lovers must have long arms to reach round them!" The jacket, petticoat, and scarf, and all her ornaments, had belonged to her grandmother. What a comment on the quality of the fabrics and the perpetuity of a fashion! She was as elegant to-day as her ancestor had been nearly a century before her. On her head she wore a structure of brocaded black ribbon, built up into high, projecting horns or towers, and floating in streamers behind. As she herself was nearly six feet tall, this shining brocade fortress on the top of her head moved about above the heads of the crowd like something carried aloft for show in a procession.

Another interesting sight was the peasants who had come bringing edelweiss and blue gentians to sell,—great bunches of the lovely dark blue chalices, drooping a little, but wonderfully fresh to have come two days, or even three, from home; the edelweiss blossoms were there by sheaves, and ten pfennigs a flower seemed none too much to pay to a man who had climbed among dangerous glaciers to pick it, and had walked three whole days to bring it to market.

The very poor people, who had walked, were the most interesting. They came in groups, evidently families, two women to one man—carrying their provisions in baskets, bundles, or knapsacks, worn and haggard with dust and fatigue, but wearing a noticeable look of earnestness, almost of exaltation. Many of them had walked forty or fifty miles; they had brought only black bread to eat; they would sleep the two

nights on hay in some barn—those of them who had had the great good fortune to secure such a luxury; the rest, and that meant hundreds, would sit on the ground, anywhere where they could find a spot clear and a rest for their heads; and after two nights and a day of this, they trudged back again their forty miles or fifty, refreshed, glad, and satisfied for the rest of their lives. This is what the Passion Play means to the devout, ignorant Catholic peasant of Bavaria to-day, and this is what it has meant to his race for hundreds of years.

The antagonism and enlightenment of the Reformation did not reach the Bavarian peasant; did not so much as disturb his reverence for the tangible tokens and presentations of his religion. He did not so much as know when Miracle Plays were cast out and forbidden in other countries. In Chester, England, one of their early strongholds, they were played for the last time in 1574, and a curious old chronicle, written twenty years later, and still preserved in Chester, says that this last performance of them took place:

"Sir John Savage Knight, being Mayor of Chester, which was the last time they were played, and we praise God, and praye that we see not the like profanation of Holy Scripture: but O, the mercie of God for the time of our ignorance!"

But it was sixty-one years later than this that the Oberammergau people, stricken with terror at a plague in their village, knew no better device to stay it than to vow to God the performance of a Play of the Divine Passion of Christ. It is as holy a thing to the masses of them now as it was then, and no one can do justice to the Play, even as a dramatic spectacle, who does not look at it with recognition of this fact.

The early history of the Play itself is not known. The oldest text-book of it now extant bears the date 1662, nearly a generation later than the first performance of it in Oberammergau. This manuscript is still in possession of the Lang family, and is greatly amusing in parts. The prologue gives an account of the New Testament plan of salvation, and exhorts all people to avail themselves of it with gratitude and devotion. At this juncture in rushes a demon messenger from the devil, bearing a letter, which he unfolds and reads. In this letter the devil requests all the people not to yield to the influence of this play, asks them to make all the discordant noises they can while it is going on, and promises to reward them well if they will do so. The letter is signed: "I, Lucifer, Dog of Hell, in my hellish house, where the fire pours out of the windows." The demon having read the letter



aloud, folds it up, and addresses the audience, saying: "Now you have heard what my master wishes. He is a very good master, and will reward you! Hie, Devil! up and away!" with which he leaps off the stage, and the play at once begins, opening with a scene laid in Bethany, a meeting between Christ and his disciples. These grotesque fancies, quips, and cranks were gradually banished from the Play. Every year it was more or less altered, priest after priest revising or rewriting it, down to the time of the now venerable Daisenberger, who spent his youth in the monastery of Ettal, and first saw the Passion Play acted at Oberammergau in 1830.

In 1845 the Oberammergau people, in unanimous enthusiasm, demanded to have Daisenberger appointed as their pastor. He at once identified himself warmly with the dramatic as well as the spiritual life of the community; and it is to his learning and skill that the final admirable form of the Passion Play, and the villagers' wonderful success in rendering it, are due. He has written many biblical dramas and historical plays founded on incidents in the history of Bavaria. Chief among these are "The Founding of the Monastery of Ettal," "Theolinda," "King Heinrich and Duke Arnold of Bavaria," "Otto Von Wittelsbach at the Veronese Hermitage," "The Bavarians in the Peasants' War," "Luitberge, Duchess of Bavaria." He has also dramatized some of the legends of the saints, and has translated the "Antigone" of Sophocles and arranged it for the Oberammergau stage. A half-century's training under the guidance of so learned and dramatic a writer, who added to his learning and fine dramatic faculty a profound spirituality and passionate adherence to the faiths and dogmas of the Church, might well create, in a simple religious community, a capacity and a fervor even greater than have been shown by the Oberammergau people. To understand the extent and the method of their attainment, it is needful to realize all this; but no amount of study of the details of the long process can fully convey or set forth the subtle influences which must have pervaded the very air of the place during these years. The acting of plays has been not only the one recreation of their life, otherwise hard-worked, somber, and stern—it has been their one channel for the two greatest passions of the human heart—love of approbation and the instinct of religious worship; for the Oberammergau peasant, both these passions have centered on and in his chance to win fame, please his priest, and honor God, by playing well some worthy part in the Passion Play. The hope and the ambition for this have been

the earliest emotions roused in the Oberammergau child's breast. In the tableaux of the Play even very young children take part, and it is said that it has always been the reward held up to them as soon as they could know what the words meant: "If thou art good, thou mayest possibly have the honor of being selected to play in the Passion Play when the year comes round." Not to be considered fit to take any part in the Play is held, in Oberammergau, to be disgrace; while to be regarded as worthy to render the part of the Christus is the greatest honor which a man can receive in this world. To take away from an actor a part he has once played is a shame that can hardly be borne; and it is on record that once a man to whom this had happened sank into a melancholy which became madness.

When the time approaches for the choice of the actors and the assignment of the parts, the whole village is in a turmoil. The selections and assignments are made by a committee of forty-five, presided over by the priest and by the venerable "Geistlicher Rath" Daisenberger, who, now in his eightieth year, still takes the keenest interest in all the dramatic performances of his pupils. The election day is in the last week of December of the year before the Play, and the members of the committee, before going to this meeting, attend a mass in the church. The deciding as to the players for 1880 took three days' time, and great heart-burnings were experienced in the community. In regard to the half-dozen prominent parts there is rarely much disagreement; but as there are some seven hundred actors required for the play, there must inevitably be antagonisms and jealousies among the minor characters. However, when the result of the discussions and votes of the committee is made public all dissension ceases. One of the older actors is appointed to take charge of the rehearsals, and from his authority there is no appeal. Each player is required to rehearse his part four times a week; and as early in the spring as the snow is out of the theater the final rehearsals begin. Thus each Passion Play year is a year of very hard work for the Oberammergauers. Except for their constant familiarity with stage routine and unbroken habit of stage representation through the intervening years, they would never be able to endure the strain of the Passion Play summers; and as it is, they look wan and worn before the season is ended.

It is a thankless return that they have received at the hands of some travelers, who have seen in the Passion Play little more than a show of mountebanks acting for money. The truth is that the individual per-



formers receive an incredibly small share of the profits of the Play. There is not another village in the world whose members would work so hard, and at so great personal sacrifice, for the good of their community and their Church. Every dollar of the money received goes into the hands of a committee selected by the people. After all the costs are paid, the profits are divided into four portions; one quarter is set aside to be expended for the Church, for the school, and for the poor; another for the improvement of the village, for repairs of highways, public buildings, etc.; a third is divided among the tax-paying citizens of the town who have incurred the expense of preparing for the Play, buying the costumes, etc. The remaining quarter is apportioned among the players, according to the importance of their respective parts; as there are seven hundred of them, it is easy to see that the individual gains cannot be very great.

The music of the Play, as now performed, was written in 1814, by Rochus Dedler, an Oberammergau schoolmaster. It has for many years been made a *sine qua non* of this position in Oberammergau that the master must be a musician, and, if possible, a composer, and Dedler is not the only composer who has been content in the humble position of schoolmaster in this village of peasants. Every day the children are drilled in chorus singing and in recitative; with masses and other church music they are early made familiar. Thus is every avenue of training made to minister to the development of material for the perfection of the Passion Play.

Dedler is said to have been a man of almost inspired nature. He wrote often by night, and with preternatural rapidity. The music of the Passion Play was begun on the evening of Trinity Sunday; he called his six children together, made them kneel in a circle around him, and saying, "Now I begin," ordered them all to devote themselves to earnest prayer for him that he might write music worthy of the good themes of the Play. The last notes were written on the following Christmas Day, and they are indeed worthy of the story for which they are at once the expression and the setting. The harmonies are dignified, simple and tender, with movements at times much resembling some of Mozart's Masses. Many of the chorals are full of solemn beauty. A daughter of Dedler's is still living in Munich, and to her the grateful and honest-minded Oberammergau people have sent, after each performance of the Passion Play, a sum of money in token of their sense of indebtedness to her father's work.

The Passion Play cannot be considered solely as a drama; neither is it to be con-

sidered simply as a historical panorama, presenting the salient points in the earthly career of Jesus called Christ. To consider it in either of these ways, or to behold it in the spirit born of either of these two views, is to do only partial justice to it. Whatever there might have been in the beginning of theatrical show and diversion and fantastic conceit about it, has been long ago eliminated. Generation after generation of devout and holy men have looked upon it more and more as a vehicle for the profoundest truths of their religion, and have added to it, scene by scene, speech by speech, everything which in their esteem could enhance its solemnity and make clear its teaching. However much one may disagree with its doctrines, reject its assumptions, or question its interpretations, that is no reason for overlooking its significance as a tangible and rounded presentation of that scheme of the redemption of the world in which to-day millions of men and women have full faith. It is by no means distinctively a Roman Catholic presentation of this scheme; it is Christian. The Holy Virgin of the Roman Catholic Church is, in this play, from first to last, only the mother of Jesus: the mother whom all lovers and followers of Jesus,—wherever they place him or her, however they define his nature and her relations to him,—yet hold blessed among the women who have given birth to leaders and saviors of men.

This presentation of the scheme of redemption seeks to portray not only the scenes of the life of Jesus on earth, but the typical foreshadowing of it in the Old Testament narratives: its prophecy as well as its fulfillment. To this end there are given before each act of the Play, tableaux of Old Testament events, supposed to be directly typical, and intended to be prophetic, of the scenes in Christ's life which are depicted in the act following. These are selected with skill, and rendered with marvelous effect. For instance, a tableau of the plotting of Joseph's brethren to sell him into Egypt is given before the act in which the Jewish priests in the full council of the Sanhedrim, plot the death of Jesus; a tableau of the miraculous fall of manna for the Israelites in the wilderness, before the act in which is given Christ's Last Supper with his Disciples; the sale of Joseph to the Midianites before the bargain of Judas with the priests for the betrayal of Jesus; the death of Abel, and Cain's despair, before the act in which Judas, driven mad by remorse, throws down at the feet of the priests the "price of blood," and rushes out to hang himself; Daniel defending himself to Darius, before the act in which Jesus is



brought into the presence of Pilate for trial; the sacrifice of Isaac, before the scourging of Jesus and his crowning with the thorns: these are a few of the best and most relevant ones.

The Play is divided into eighteen acts, and covers the time from Christ's entry into Jerusalem, at the time of his driving the money-changers out of the temple, till his ascension. The salient points, both historical and graphic, are admirably chosen for a continuous representation. In the Second Act is seen the High Council of the Jewish Sanhedrim plotting measures for the ruin and death of Jesus. This is followed by his Departure from Bethany, the Last Journey to Jerusalem, the Last Supper, the Final Interview between Judas and the Sanhedrim, the Betrayal in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The performance of the Play up to this point consumes four hours; and as there is here a natural break in the action, an interval of an hour's rest is taken. It comes none too soon, either to actors or spectators, after so long a strain of unbroken attention and deep emotion.

The next Act is the bringing of Jesus before the High Priest Annas: Annas orders him taken before Caiaphas, and this is the ninth act of the Play. Then follow: The Despair of Judas and his Bitter Reproaches to the Sanhedrim, The Interview between Jesus and Pilate, His Appearance before Herod, His Scourging and Crowning with Thorns, The Pronouncing of his Death Sentence by Pilate. The Ascent to Golgotha, The Crucifixion and Burial, The Resurrection and Ascension. The whole lesson of Christ's life, the whole lesson of Christ's death, are thus shown, taught, impressed with a vividness which one must be callous not to feel. The quality or condition of mind which can remain, to the end, either unmoved or antagonistic is not to be envied. But, setting aside all and every consideration of the moral quality of the Play, looking at it simply as a dramatic spectacle, as a matter of acting, of pictorial effects, it is impossible to deny to it a place among the masterly theatrical representations of the world. One's natural incredulity as to the possibility of true dramatic skill on the part of comparatively unlettered peasants melts and disappears at sight of the first Act, the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem.

The stage, open to the sky, with a background so ingeniously arranged as to give a good representation of several streets of the city, is crowded in a few moments by five hundred men and women and children: all waving palm branches, singing hosannas, and crowding around the

central figure of Jesus riding on an ass. The verisimilitude of the scene is bewildering. The splendor of the colors is dazzling. Watching this crowd of five hundred actors closely, one finds not a single man, woman or little child performing his part mechanically or absently. The whole five hundred are acting as if each one regarded his part as the central and prominent one; in fact, they are so acting that it does not seem acting; this is characteristic of the acting throughout the play. There is not a moment's slighting or tameness anywhere. The most insignificant part is rendered as honestly as the most important, and with the same abandon and fervor. There are myriads of little by-plays and touches, which one hardly recognizes in the first seeing of it, the interest is so intense and the movement so rapid; but, seeing it a second time, one is almost more impressed by these perfections in minor points than by the rendering of the chief parts. The scribes who sit quietly writing in the foreground of the Sanhedrim Court; the disciples who have nothing to do but to appear to listen while Jesus speaks; the money-changers picking up their coins; the messengers who come with only a word or two to speak: the soldiers drawing lots among themselves in a group for Jesus's garments, at a moment when all attention might be supposed to be concentrated on the central figures of the Crucifixion—every one of these acts with an enthusiasm and absorption only to be explained by the mingling of a certain element of religious fervor with native and long-trained dramatic instinct.

This dramatic instinct is shown almost as much in the tableaux as in the acting. The poses and grouping are wonderful, and the power of remaining a long time motionless is certainly a trait which the Oberammergau people possess to a well-nigh superhuman extent. The curtain remained up, during many of these tableaux, five and seven minutes, and there was not a trace of unsteadiness to be seen in one of the characters. Even through a powerful glass, I could not detect so much as the twitching of a muscle. This is especially noticeable in the tableau of the Fall of Manna in the Wilderness, which is one of the finest of the Play. There are in it more than four hundred persons: one hundred and fifty of them are children, some not over three years of age. These children are conspicuously grouped in the foreground, many of them are in attitudes which must be difficult to keep: bent on one knee, or with outstretched hand, or with uplifted face; but not one of the little creatures stirs head or foot or eye. Neither is there to be seen, as



the curtain begins to fall, any tremor of preparation to move. Motionless as death they stand till the curtain shuts even their feet from view. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the fidelity, accuracy, and beauty of the costumes. They are gorgeous in color and fabric, and have been studied carefully from the best authorities extant, and are not the least among the surprises which the Play affords to all who go to see it expecting it to be on the plane of ordinary theatrical representations. The splendor of some of the more crowded scenes is rarely equaled: such a combination of severe simplicity of outlines and contours, classic models of drapery, with brilliancy of coloring, is not to be seen in any other play now acted.

The high-water mark of the acting in the Play seems to me to be reached, not in the Christus, but by Judas. This part is played by an old man, Gregory Lechner. He is over sixty years of age, and his snowy beard and his hair have to be dyed to the red hue which is desired for the crafty Judas's face. From the time when, in Simon's house, he stands by, grumbling at the waste of the precious ointment poured by Mary Magdalene on the feet of Jesus, to the last moment of his wretched existence, when he is seen wandering in a desolate wilderness, about to take his own life in his remorse and despair, Judas's acting is superb. Face, attitudes, voice, action—all are grandly true to the character, and marvelously full of life. It would be considered splendid acting on any stage in the world. Nothing could surpass its subtlety and fineness of conception, or the fire of its rendering. It is a conception quite unlike those ordinarily held of the character of Judas; ascribes the betrayal neither to a willful, malignant treachery, nor, as is sometimes done, to a secret purpose of forcing Jesus to vindicate his claims to divine nature by working a miracle of discomfiture to his enemies, but to pure, unrestrained avarice, the deadliest passion which can get possession of the human soul. This theory is tenable at every point of Judas's career as recorded in the Bible, and affords far broader scope for dramatic delineation than any other theory of his character and conduct. It is, in fact, the only theory which seems compatible with the entire belief in the supernatural nature of Jesus. Expecting up to the last minute that supernatural agencies would hinder the accomplishment of the Jews' utmost malice, he thought to realize the full benefit of the price of the betrayal, and yet not seriously imperil either the ultimate ends or the personal safety of Jesus. The struggle between the insatiable demon of avarice in

his heart, and all the nobler impulses restraining it, is a struggle which is to be seen going on in his thoughts and repeated in his face in every scene in which he appears. And his final despair and remorse are but the natural culmination of the deed which he did only under the temporary control of a passion against which he was all the time struggling, and which he himself held in detestation and scorn. The gesture and look with which he at last flings down the bag of silver in the presence of the assembled Sanhedrim, exclaiming:

"Ye have made me a betrayer!  
Release again the innocent One! My  
Hands shall be clean,"

are a triumph of dramatic art never to be forgotten. His last words as he wanders, distraught, in the dark wastes, among barren trees, are one of the finest monologues of the play. It was written by the priest Daisenberger:

"Oh, were the Master there! Oh, could I see  
His face once more! I'd cast me at his feet,  
And cling to him, my only saving hope.  
But now he lieth in prison,—is, perhaps,  
Already murdered by his raging foe—  
Alas, through my own guilt, through my own guilt!  
I am the outcast villain who hath brought  
My benefactor to these bonds and death!  
The scum of men! There is no help for me!  
For me no hope! My crime is much too great!  
The fearful crime no penance can make good!  
Too late! Too late! For he is dead—and I—  
I am his murderer!"

Thrice unhappy hour  
In which my mother gave me to the world!  
How long must I drag on this life of shame,  
And bear these tortures in my outcast breast?  
As one pest-stricken, flee the haunts of men,  
And be despised and shunned by all the world?  
Not one step farther! Here, oh, life accursed,  
Here will I end thee!"

The character of Christ is, of necessity, far the most difficult part in the Play. Looking at it either as a rendering of the supernatural, or a portraying of the human Christ, there is apparent at once the well-nigh insurmountable difficulty in the way of actualizing it in any man's conception. Only the very profoundest religious fervor could carry any man through the effort of embodying it on the theory of Christ's divinity; and no amount of atheistic indifference could carry a man through the ghastly mockery of acting it on any other theory. Joseph Maier, who played the part in 1870, '71, and '80, is one of the best-skilled carvers in the village, and, it is said, has carved never anything but figures of Christ. He is a man of gentle and religious nature, and is, as any devout Oberammergau would be, deeply pervaded by a sense of the solemnity of the function he performs in the Play. In the main, he acts the part with wonderful dignity and pathos. The only



drawback is a certain undercurrent of self-consciousness which seems ever apparent in him. Perhaps this is only one of the limitations inevitably resulting from the over-demand which the part, once being accepted and regarded as a supernatural one, must, perforce, make on human powers. The dignity and dramatic unity of the Play are much heightened by the admirable manner in which a chorus is introduced, somewhat like the chorus of the old Greek plays. It consists of eighteen singers, with a leader styled the "Choragus." The appearance and functions of these "Schutzgeister," or guardian angels, as they are called, has been thus admirably described by a writer who has given the best detailed account ever written of the Passion Play:

"They have dresses of various colors over which a white tunic with gold fringe and a colored mantle are worn. Their appearance on the stage is majestic and solemn. They advance from the recesses on either side of the proscenium, and take up their position across the whole extent of the theater, forming a slightly concave line. After the chorus has assumed its position, the choragus gives out in a dramatic manner the opening address or prologue which introduces each act; the tone is immediately taken up by the whole chorus which continues either in solo, alternately, or in chorus, until the curtain is raised in order to reveal a tableau vivant. At this moment the choragus retires a few steps backward, and forms with one-half of the band a division on the left of the stage, while the other half withdraws in like manner to the right. They thus leave the center of the stage completely free, and the spectators have a full view of the tableau thus revealed. A few seconds having been granted for the contemplation of this picture, made more solemn by the musical recitation of the expounders, the curtain falls again, and the two divisions of the chorus coming forward resume their first position, and present a front to the audience, observing the same grace in all their motions as when they parted. The chanting still continues, and points out the connection between the picture which has just vanished, and the dramatic scene which is forthwith to succeed. The singers then make their exit. The task of these Spirit-singers is resumed in the few following points: They have to prepare the audience for the approaching scenes. While gratifying the ear by delicious harmonies, they explain and interpret the relation which shadow bears to substance—the connection between the type and its fulfillment. And as their name implies, they must be ever present as guardian spirits, as heavenly monitors, during the entire performance. The addresses

of the choragus are all written by the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger. They are written in the form of the ancient strophe and antistrophe, with the difference that while in the Greek theater they were spoken by the different members of the chorus, they are delivered in the Passion Play by the choragus alone."

It is impossible for any description, however accurate and minute, to give a just idea of the effects produced by this chorus. The handling of it is, perhaps, the one thing which, more than any other, lifts the play to its high plane of dignity and beauty. The costumes are brilliant in color, and strictly classic in contour; a full white tunic, edged with gold at hem and at throat, and simply confined at the waist by a loose girdle. Over these are worn flowing mantles of either pale blue, crimson, dull red, grayish purple, green, or scarlet. These mantles or robes are held in place carelessly by a band of gold across the breast. Crowns or tiaras of gold on the head complete the dress, which, for simplicity and grace of outline and beauty of coloring could not be surpassed. The rhythmic precision with which the singers enter, take place, open their lines, and fall back on the right and left, is a marvel, until one learns that a diagram of their movement is marked out on the floor, and that the mysterious exactness and uniformity of their positions are simply the result of following each time the constantly marked lines on the stage. Their motions are slow and solemn, their expressions exalted and rapt; they also are actors in the grand scheme of the Play.

On the morning of the Play, the whole village is astir before light; in fact, the village proper can hardly be said to have slept at all, for seven hundred out of its twelve hundred inhabitants are actors in the play, and are to be ready to attend a solemn mass at daylight.

Before eight o'clock every seat in the theater is filled. There is no confusion, no noise, the proportion of those who have come to the play with as solemn a feeling as they would have followed the steps of the living Christ in Judea is so large, that the contagion of their devout atmosphere spreads even to the most indifferent spectators, commanding quiet and serious demeanor.

The firing of a cannon announces the moment of beginning. Slow, swelling strains come from the orchestra; the stately chorus enters on the stage; the music stops; the leader gives a few words of prologue or argument, and immediately the chorus breaks into song.

From this moment to the end, eight long



hours, with only one hour's rest at noon, the movement of this play is continuous. It is a wonderful instance of endurance on the part of the actors; the stage being entirely uncovered, sun and rain alike beat on their unprotected heads. The greater part of the auditorium also is uncovered, and there have been several instances in which the play has been performed in a violent storm of rain, thousands of spectators sitting drenched from beginning to end of the performance.

How incomparably the effects are, in sunny weather, heightened by this background of mountain and sky, fine distances, and vistas of mountain and meadow, and the canopy of heaven overhead, it is impossible to express; one only wonders, on seeing it, that outdoor theaters have not become a common summer pleasure for the whole world.

When birds fly over they cast fluttering shadows of their wings on the front of Pilate's and Caiaphas's homes, as naturally as did Judean sparrows two thousand years ago. Even butterflies flitting past cast their tiny shadows on the stage; one bird paused,

hovered, as if pondering what it all could mean, circled two or three times over the heads of the multitude, and then alighted on one of the wall-posts and watched for some time. Great banks of white cumulus clouds gathered and rested, dissolved and floated away, as the morning grew to noonday, and the noonday wore on toward night. This closeness of nature is an accessory of illimitable effect; the visible presence of the sky seems a witness to invisible presences beyond it, and a direct bond with them. There must be many a soul, I am sure, who has felt closer to the world of spiritual existences, while listening to the music of the Oberammergau Passion Play, than in any other hour of his life; and who can never, so long as he lives, read without emotion, the closing words of the venerable Daisenberger's little "History of Oberammergau":

"May the strangers who come to this Holy Passion Play become by reading this book more friendly with Ammergau, and may it sometimes, after they have returned to their homes, renew in them the memory of this quiet mountain valley."

*H. H.*

#### YEARS AFTER.

I KNOW the years have rolled across thy grave  
Till it has grown a plot of level grass,—  
All summer does its green luxuriance wave  
In silken shimmer on thy breast, alas!  
And all the winter it is lost to sight  
Beneath a winding-sheet of chilly white.

I know the precious name I loved so much  
Is heard no more the haunts of men among;  
The tree thou plantedst has outgrown thy touch,  
And sings to alien ears its murmuring song;  
The lattice-rose forgets thy tendance sweet,  
The air thy laughter, and the sod thy feet.

Through the dear wood where grew thy violets,  
Lies the worn track of travel, toil and trade;  
And steam's imprisoned demon fumes and frets,  
With shrieks that scare the wild bird from the shade  
Mills vex the lazy stream, and on its shore  
The timid harebell swings its chimes no more.

But yet—even yet—if I, grown changed and old,  
Should lift my eyes at opening of the door,  
And see again thy fair head's waving gold,  
And meet thy dear eyes' tender smile once more,  
These years of parting like a breath would seem,  
And I should say, "I knew it was a dream!"

*Elizabeth Akers.*



## THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

THE last words of his half-reluctant, half-exultant confession had scarcely left Richard Amory's lips when Tredennis rose from his chair.

"If you can," he said, "tell me the literal truth. Blundel is at your house with your wife. There is something she is to do. What is it?"

"She is to hand him an envelope containing a slip of paper," said Richard, doggedly. "That is what she is to do."

Tredennis crossed the room, and took his hat from its place.

"Will you come with me," he said, "or shall I go alone?"

"Where?" asked Richard.

Tredennis glanced at his watch.

"He would not call until late, perhaps," he said, "and she would not give it to him at once. It is ten now. We may reach there in time to spare her that, at least."

Richard bit his lip.

"There seems to be a good deal of talk of sparing her," he said. "Nobody spares me. Every folly I have been guilty of is exaggerated into a crime. Do you suppose that fellow isn't used to that sort of thing? Do you suppose I should have run the risk if he had not shown his hand this afternoon? She knows nothing of what she is to give him. There is no harm done to her."

"How is he to know she is not in the plot?" said Tredennis. "How is he to guess that she is not—what she has been made to seem to be? What insult is he not at liberty to offer her if he chooses?"

"She will take care of herself," said Richard. "Let her alone for that."

"By heaven!" said Tredennis. "She has been let alone long enough. Has she ever been anything else but alone? Has there been one human creature among all she knew to help or defend or guide her? Who has given her a thought so long as she amused them and laughed with the rest? Who——"

Richard got up, a devouring curiosity in his face.

"What is the matter with *you*?" he said. "Have you been——"

The words died away. The Colonel's gleaming eye stopped him.

"We will go at once, if you please," said Tredennis, and strode out of the room before him.

When they reached the house, Bertha was still standing where her guest had left her a few moments before, and but one glance at her face was needed to show both of them that something unusual had occurred.

"You have had Blundel here?" Richard asked, with an attempt at his usual manner, which ill-covered his excitement. "We thought we saw him crossing the street."

"Yes," she answered. "He has just left me."

She turned suddenly and walked back to the hearth.

"He left a message for you," she said. "That is it——" and she pointed to the last bit of tinder flickering on the coals.

"The—letter!" exclaimed Richard.

"Yes," she answered. "Do you want Colonel Tredennis to hear about the letter, Richard, or does he know already?"

"He knows everything," answered Richard, "as every one else will to-morrow or the day after."

For a moment his despair made him so reckless that he did not make an effort at defense. He flung himself into a chair and gave up to the misery of the hour.

"You knew," said Bertha, looking toward Tredennis, "and did not tell me. Yes, I forgot," with a bitter little smile, "there was something you warned me of once and I would not listen, and perhaps you thought I would not listen now. If you know will you tell me what was in the letter? I do not know yet, and I want to hear it put into words. It was money—or an offer of money? Tell me, if you please."

"It was money," said Richard, defiantly. "And there are others who have taken the same thing peacefully enough."

"And I was to give it to him because—because he was a little more difficult, and seemed to be my friend. Do all female lobbyists do such things, Richard, or was I honored with a special service?"

"It is not the first time it has been done," he answered, "and it won't be the last."

"It is the first time I have done it," she returned, "and it will be the last. The—risk is too great."



Her voice shook a little, but it was perfectly cold; and though her eyes were dilated, such fire as might have been in them was quenched by some light to which it would have been hard to give a name.

"I do not mean the risk to myself," she said to Richard. "I do not count. I meant risk to you. When he burned the letter he said, 'Tell them I did it for your sake, and that it is safer for them that I did it.'"

"What else did he say?" asked Richard, desperately. "He has evidently changed his mind since this afternoon."

"He told me you had a reason for your interest in the scheme, which was not the one you gave me. He told me you had invested largely in it, and could not afford to lose."

Richard started up, and turned helplessly toward Tredennis. He had not expected this, just yet at least.

"I—I—" he faltered.

The Colonel spoke without lifting his eyes from the floor.

"Will you let me explain that?" he asked. "I think it would be better."

There was a moment's silence, in which Bertha looked from one to the other.

"You?" she said.

Richard's lids fell. He took a paper-knife from the table he leaned against, and began to play with it nervously. He had become a haggard, coarsened, weakened copy of himself; his hair hung in damp elf-locks over his forehead; his lips were pale and dry; he bit them to moisten them.

"The money," said Tredennis, "is mine. It was a foolish investment, perhaps, but the money—is mine."

"Yours!" said Bertha. "You invested in the Westoria lands!"

She put her hand in its old place on the mantel, and a strange laugh fell from her lips.

"Then I have been lobbying for you too," she said. "I—wish I had been more successful."

Richard put his hand up, and pushed back the damp, falling locks of hair from his forehead restlessly.

"I made the investment," he said, "and I am the person to blame, as usual; but you would have believed in it yourself."

"Yes," she answered; "I should have believed in it, I dare say. It has been easy to make me believe, but I think I should also have believed in a few other things,—in the possibility of there being honor and good faith——"

She paused an instant, and then began again.

"You told me once that you had never

regarded me seriously. I think that has been the difficulty—and perhaps it was my fault. It will not be necessary to use me any more, and I dare say you will let me go away for a while after a week or so. I think it would be better."

She left her place to cross the room to the door. On her way there she paused before Colonel Tredennis.

"I beg your pardon," she said, and went on.

At the door she stopped again one moment, fronting them both, her head held erect, her eyes large and bright.

"When Senator Blundel left me," she said, "he told me to go to my children. If you will excuse me, I will go."

And she made a stately little bow, and left them.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE great social event of the following week was to be the ball given yearly for the benefit of a certain popular and fashionable charity. There was no charity so fashionable, and consequently no ball so well attended; everybody was more or less interested, everybody of importance appeared at it, showing themselves for a few moments at least. Even Mrs. Merriam, who counted among the privileges earned by a long and unswervingly faithful social career, the one of immunity from all ordinary society duties, found herself drawn into the maelstrom, and enrolled on the list of patronesses.

"You may do all the work, my dear," she said to Mrs. Sylvestre, "and I will appropriate the credit."

But she was not so entirely idle as she professed to be, and indeed spent several mornings briskly driving from place to place in her comfortable carriage, and distinguished herself by exhibiting an executive ability, a promptness and decision in difficulty, which were regarded with secret awe and admiration by her younger and less experienced colleagues. She had been out doing such work on the afternoon of the day before the ball, and returned home at her usual hour. But not in her usual equable frame of mind. This was evident when she entered the room where Mrs. Sylvestre sat talking to Colonel Tredennis, who had called. There were indeed such signs of mental disturbance in her manner, that Mrs. Sylvestre, rising to greet her, observed them at once.

"I am afraid you have had an exciting morning," she said, "and have done too much work."

"My dear," was the reply, "nothing could be more true than that I have had an exciting morning."



"I am sorry for that," said Agnes, "I am sorry for it," said Mrs. Merriam; "more sorry than I can say." Then turning to Tredennis, "I am glad to find you here. I have been hearing some most extraordinary stories; perhaps you can tell me what they mean?"

"Whom do they concern?" asked Agnes. "We are entertained by many stories."

"They will disturb you as much as they have disturbed me," Mrs. Merriam answered. "They have disturbed me very much. They concern our little friend, Mrs. Amory."

"Bertha!" exclaimed Agnes.

Her tender heart beat quietly, and a faint flush showed itself on her cheek; she looked up at Colonel Tredennis with quick, questioning eyes. Perhaps she was not as unprepared for the statement as she might have been. She had seen much during the last few weeks which had startled and alarmed her. Mrs. Merriam looked at Tredennis also.

"You may be able to guess something of what the rumors form themselves upon," she said. "Heaven knows there has been enough foundation for anything in that miserable Westoria land scheme."

"You have heard something of it this morning?" said Tredennis.

"I have heard nothing else," was the answer. "The Westoria land scheme has come to an untimely end, with a flavor of scandal about it which may yet terminate in an investigation. The whole city is full of it, and stories of Mrs. Amory and her husband are the entertainment offered you on all sides. I say 'Mrs. Amory and her husband,' because it is Mrs. Amory who is the favorite topic. She has been making the most desperate efforts to influence people; her parlors have been filled with politicians and lobbyists all the season; the husband was deeply involved in the matter; bribes have been offered and taken; there are endless anecdotes of Senator Planefield and his infatuation, and the way in which it has been used. She would have accomplished wonders if it had not been for Senator Blundel, who suspected her and led her into betraying herself. It is Senator Blundel who is credited with having been the means of exploding the whole affair. He has been privately investigating the matter for months, and had an interview with Mrs. Amory the other night, in which he assured her of the most terrible things, and threatened her with exposure. That is the way the stories run."

"Oh! this is very cruel," said Agnes. "We must do something! We must try! We cannot let such things be said without making an effort against them."

"Whatever is done must be done at once,"

replied Mrs. Merriam. "The conclusion of the matter is that there seems actually to be a sort of cabal formed against her."

"You mean——" began Agnes, anxiously.

"I mean," said Mrs. Merriam, "that my impression is that if she appears at the ball there are those who will be so rude to her that she will be unable to remain."

"Aunt Mildred!" exclaimed Agnes in deep agitation. "Surely such a thing is impossible."

"It is not only not impossible, returned Mrs. Merriam, "but it is extremely probable. I heard remarks which assured me of that."

"She must not go!" said Agnes. "We must manage to keep her at home. Colonel Tredennis——"

"The remedy must go deeper than that," he answered. "The fact that she did not appear would only postpone the end. The slights she avoided one night would be stored up for the future, we may be sure."

He endeavored to speak calmly, but it was not easy, and he knew too well that such a change had come upon his face as the two women could not but see. Though he had feared this climax so long, though he had even seen day by day the signs of its approach, it fell upon him as a blow at last, and seemed even worse than in his most anxious hour he had thought it might be.

"She has friends," he said; "her friends have friends. I think there are those—besides ourselves—who will defend her."

"They must be strong," remarked Mrs. Merriam.

"There are some of them," he answered, "who are strong. I think I know a lady whose opinion will not go for nothing, who is generous enough to use her influence in the right direction."

"And that direction?" said Mrs. Merriam.

"If the opposing party finds itself met by a party more powerful than itself," he said, "its tone will change—and as for the story of Senator Blundel, I think I can arrange that he will attend to that himself."

"Mere denial would not go very far, I am afraid," said Mrs. Merriam. "He cannot deny it to two or three score of people."

"He can deny it to the entire community," he answered, "by showing that their intimacy remains unbroken."

"Ah!" cried Agnes, "if he would only go to the ball, and let people see him talking to her as he used to—but I am sure he never went to a ball in his life!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Merriam, "that is really a very clever idea—if he could be induced to go."



"He is an honest man," said Tredennis, flushing. "And he is her friend. I believe that sincerely—and I believe he would prove it by going anywhere to serve her."

"If that is true," said Mrs. Merriam, "a great deal will be accomplished—though it is a little difficult to figure to one's self how he would enjoy a ball."

"I think we shall have the pleasure of seeing," replied the Colonel. "I myself——" He paused a moment, and then added: "I chance to have a rather intimate acquaintance with him—he has interested himself in some work of mine lately, and has shown himself very friendly to me. It would perhaps be easier for me to speak to him than for any other friend of Mrs. Amory."

"I think you would do it better than any other friend," Mrs. Merriam said, with a kindly look at him.

The truth was that, since his first introduction to Colonel Tredennis, Blundel had taken care that the acquaintance should not drop. He had found the modest warrior at once useful and entertaining. He had been able to gather from him information which it was his interest to count among his stores, and, having obtained it, was not ungrateful, and, indeed was led by his appreciation of certain good qualities he recognized in him into something bordering on an attachment for his new friend.

"I like that fellow," he used to say, energetically.

And realizing something of this friendliness, and more of the honor and worth of his acquaintance, the Colonel felt that he might hope to reach his heart by telling his story simply and with dignity, leaving the rest to him. As for the lady of whom he had spoken, he had but little doubt that that kind and generous heart might be reached; he had seen evidences of its truth and charity too often to distrust them. It was of course the wife of the Secretary of State he was thinking of,—that good and graceful gentlewoman whose just and clear judgment he knew he could rely upon, and whose friendship would grant him any favor.

"She is very generous and sympathetic," he said, "and I have heard her speak most kindly of Mrs. Amory. Her action in the matter must have weight, and I have confidence that she will show her feeling in a manner which will make a deep impression. She has always been fond of Professor Herrick."

"That is as clever an idea as the other," said Mrs. Merriam. "She has drawn her lines so delicately heretofore that she has an influence even greater than was wielded by most of those who have occupied her position.

And she is a decided and dignified person, capable of social subtleties."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Sylvestre, "it seems very hard that it should be Bertha who should need such defense."

"It is miserable," said Mrs. Merriam, impatiently. "It is disgraceful when one considers who is the person to blame. It is very delicate of us not to use names, I suppose, but there has been enough delicacy—and indelicacy—and I should like to use them as freely as other people do. I think you remember that I have not been very fond of Mr. Richard Amory."

When Colonel Tredennis left them, he turned his steps at once toward the house of the woman who was his friend and upon whose assistance so much depended. To gain her sympathy seemed the first thing to be done, and one thought repeated itself again and again in his mind,—*"How shall I say it best?"*

But fortune favored him and helped him to speak as he had not anticipated that it would.

The lady sat alone in her favorite chair in her favorite room, when he was ushered into her presence, as he had frequently happened to be before somewhere about the same hour. A book lay open upon her lap, but she was not reading it, and he fancied had not been doing so for some time. He also fancied that when she saw him her greeting glance had a shade of relief in it, and her first words seemed to certify that he was not mistaken.

"I am more than usually glad to see you," she said. "I think that if you had not appeared so opportunely, I should have decided in about half an hour that I must send for you."

"I am very fortunate to have come," he answered, and he held her kind hand a moment, and there came into his face a look so anxious that, being in the habit of observing him, she saw it.

"Are you very well?" she asked, gently. "I am afraid not. You are rather pale. Sit down by my chair and let me look at you."

"Am I pale?" said the Colonel. "You are very good to notice it, though I am not ill. I am only—only——"

She looked at him with grave interest.

"Have you," she said, "have you heard of the illness of some friend? Is that it? I am afraid it is!"

"Yes," he answered, "that is it—and I am afraid you have heard of it, too."

"I am afraid I have," she returned. "Such things travel quickly. I have heard something which has distressed me very much. It is something I have heard faint



rumors of before, but now it has taken on a definite form. This morning I was out, and this afternoon I have had some callers who were not averse to speaking plainly. I have heard a great many things said which have given me pain and which embarrass me seriously. That was the reason I was wishing to see you. I felt that you would at least tell me a story without prejudice. There is a great deal of prejudice shown—of course. We need expect nothing else. I am sure Professor Herrick can know nothing of this. Will you tell me what you yourself know?"

"That is what I came to do," said the Colonel, still paler, perhaps. "There is a great deal to tell—more than the world will ever know. It is only—to such as you that it could be told."

There was more emotion in his voice and face than he had meant to reveal; perhaps something in the kind anxiousness of his companion's eyes moved him—he found that he could not sit still and speak as if his interest was only the common one of an outsider, so he rose and stood before her.

"I cannot even tell you how it is that I know what I do to be true," he said. "I have only my word, but I *know* you will believe me."

"You may be sure of that," she answered.

"I *am* sure of it," he returned, "or I should not be here, for I have no other proof to offer. I came to make an appeal to you in behalf of a person who has been wronged."

"In behalf of Mrs. Amory?" she said.

"Yes," he replied, "though she does not know I am here, and will never know it. It scarcely seems my business, perhaps; she should have others to defend her; but there are no others who, having the interest of relationship, might not be accused of self-interest too. There is a slight tie of kinship between us, but it is only a slight one, and—we have not always been very good friends, perhaps, though it must have been my own fault. I think I never pleased her very well, even when I saw her oftenest. She was used to brighter companionship. But her father liked me; *we* were friends, warm and close. I have felt almost as if I was his son, and have tried to spare him the knowledge of what would have hurt him. During the last few weeks I think he has had suspicions which have disturbed him, but they have not been suspicions of trouble to his child."

"I felt sure of that," the lady remarked.

"*She* has no suspicions of the true aspect of affairs," he continued, "though she has lately gained knowledge of the wrong done

her. It has been a great wrong. She has not been spared. Her inexperience made her a child in the hands of those who used her as their tool. She understands now that it is too late—and it is very bitter to her."

"You knew her when she was a girl," his companion said, with her kind eyes on his sad, stern face.

"Yes," he answered, "when she was a girl and happy, and with all of life before her, and—she did not fear it."

"I knew her, too," she replied. "She has greatly changed since then."

"I saw that when I returned here," he said. And he turned his head aside and began to take up and set down a trifle on the mantel. "At first I did not understand it," he added. "Now I do. She has not changed without reason. If she has seemed light, there are women, I suppose, who hide many a pain in that way. She has loved her children, and made them happy—I know that, at least—and—and she has been a kind wife and an innocent woman. It is her friends who must defend her."

"She needs their defense," said his hearer.

"I felt that when I was out this morning, and when my callers were with me, an hour ago." She held out her hand with sympathetic frankness. "I am her friend," she said, "and her father's—and yours. I think you have some plan—there is something you wish me to do. Tell me what it is."

"Yes," he answered, "there is something I wish you to do. No one else can do it so well. There are people who intend to testify to their belief in the stories they have heard by offering her open slights. It is likely that the attempt will be made to-morrow night at the ball. If you testify to your disbelief and disapproval by giving her your protection, the popular theory will be shaken, and there will be a reaction in her favor."

"It is not to be denied," she said, "that it is only women who can aid her. It is women who say these things, as a rule, and who can unsay them. The actions of men in such matters are of less weight than they should be—though it is true there is one man who might do her a service——"

"You are thinking of Senator Blundel," he said. "I—we have thought of that. We think—hope that he will come to the ball."

"If he does, and shows himself friendly toward her," she returned, "nothing more can be said which could be of much importance. He is the hero of the story, as I dare say you have heard. If he remains her friend, that proves that he did not accuse her of plotting against him, and that he has no cause for offense. If the story of the grand scene



between them is untrue, the foundation-stone is taken away, and, having the countenance of a few people who show their confidence with tact and discretion, she is safe. I will go to the ball, my friend, and I will use what influence I possess to insure that she is not badly treated."

"I knew you would be kind to her," Tredennis said, with kindling eyes. "I have seen you kind before to those who needed kindness, even to those who did not deserve it—and she does!"

"Yes, yes, I am sure she does!" she answered. "Poor child! Poor child!"

And she gave him her hand again, and, as he wrung it in his, her eyes were fuller of sympathy than ever.

He reached Senator Blundel's rooms an hour later, and found him in the midst of his papers and pigeon-holes—letters and pamphlets to right of him, to left of him, before and behind him.

"Well," he said, by way of greeting, "our Westoria friends are out of humor this morning."

"So I have heard," Tredennis answered.

"And they may well be—they may well be," he said, nodding sharply. "And there are some fine stories told, of course."

"I have come to tell you one myself, sir," said Tredennis.

"What!" cried Blundel turning on his chair, "you have a story?"

"Yes," returned the Colonel, "not a pleasant one, and as it concerns you, I will waste as few words as possible."

He wasted no words at all. The story was a brief one, but as forcible as simple words could make it. There was no effort to give it effectiveness, and yet there were touches here and there which appealed to the man who heard it, as he had been rarely appealed to before. They brought before him things which had found a lodging in corners of his practical political mind, and had haunted him rather pathetically since the night he had shrugged himself into his overcoat, and left the slight, desolate-looking figure behind him. He had enjoyed his friendship too much not to regret it now that he felt it was a thing of the past; he had felt the loss more than once of the new element it had introduced into his life, and had cast about in his mind in vain for a place where he could spend a spare hour or so as pleasantly as he had often spent such hours in a bright parlor he knew of. Before Tredennis had half finished his relation he was moving restlessly in his chair, and uttering occasional gruff ejaculations, and when it

came to an end he sprang up looking not a trifle heated.

"That's it, is it?" he exclaimed. "They have been inventing something new about her, have they, and dragged me into it into the bargain? And they are making up plots against her, poor little woman, as if she hadn't been treated badly enough. A lot of gossips, I'll wager!"

"Some of them are good enough," said the Colonel. "They only mean to signify their disapproval of what they would have the right to condemn, if it were a truth instead of a lie."

"Well, they shall not do it at my expense, that's all," was the answer. "It is a lie from beginning to end, and I will do something toward proving it to them. I don't disapprove of her, they shall see that! She's a genuine good little thing! She's a lady! Any fool can see that! She won *me* over, by George, when everything was against her! And she accused nobody when she might have said some pretty hard true things, and nine women out of ten would have raised the very deuce. She's got courage, and—yes, and dignity, and a spirit of her own that has helped her to bear many a bitter thing without losing her hold on herself, I'd be willing to swear. Look here!" he added, turning suddenly and facing Tredennis. "How much do you know of her troubles? Something, I know, or you wouldn't be here?"

"Yes," answered the Colonel. "I know something."

"Well," he continued, in an outburst of feeling, "I don't ask how much. It's enough, I dare say, to make it safe for me to speak my mind—I mean safe for her, not for myself. There's a fellow within a hundred miles of here I should like to thrash within an inch of his life, and an elegant, charming, amiable fellow he is too, who, possibly, persuaded himself that he was doing her very little injury."

"The injury has been done nevertheless," said Tredennis gravely. "And it is her friends who must right it."

"I'm willing to do my share," said Blundel. "And let that fellow keep out of my way. As to this ball—I never went to a ball in my life, but I will appear at this one, and show my colors. Wait a minute!" As if an idea had suddenly struck him. "Go to the ball?—I'll *take her* there myself."

The spirit of combat was aroused within him; the idea presented itself to him with such force, that he quite enjoyed it. Here arraigned on one side were these society scandalmongers and fine ladies; here on the other was himself, Samuel Blundel, rough and blunt, but determined enough to scatter them and their lies to the four winds. He



rather reveled in the thought of the struggle, if struggle there was to be. He had taken active part in many a row in the House in which the odds had been against him, and where his obstinate strength had outlived the subtle readiness of a dozen apparently better equipped men. And his heart was in this deed of valor too; it glowed within him as he thought how much really depended upon him. Now, this pretty, bright creature must turn to him for protection and support. He almost felt as if he held her gloved hand resting upon his burly arm already with a clinging touch.

"I'll take her myself," he repeated. "I'll go and see her myself, and explain the necessity of it—if she does not know all."

"She does not know all yet," said Tredennis, "and I think she was scarcely inclined to go to the ball; but I am sure it will be better that she should go."

"She will go," said Blundel, abruptly. "I'll make her. She knows *me*. She will go if I tell her she must. That is what comes of being an old fellow, you see, and not a lady's man."

He had not any doubt of his success with her, and, to tell the truth, neither had Colonel Tredennis. He saw that his blunt honesty and unceremonious, half-paternal domineering would prove to her that he was in the right, even if she were at first reluctant; and this being settled and the matter left in Blundel's hands, the Colonel went away. Only before going he said a few words, rather awkwardly:

"There would be nothing to be gained by mentioning my name," he said. "It is mere accident that—that I chance to know what I have spoken of. She does not know that I know it. I should prefer that she should not."

"What!" said Blundel. "She is not to know how you have been standing by her?"

"She knows that I would stand by her if she needed me. She does not need me; she needs you. I have nothing to do with the matter. I don't wish to be mentioned."

When he was gone Blundel rubbed his hair backward and then forward by way of variety.

"Queer fellow!" he said, meditatively. "Not quite sure I've exactly got at him yet. Brave as a lion and shy as a boy. Absolutely afraid of women."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN less than an hour his card was brought to Bertha as she sat with her children. She read it with a beating heart, and, having done so, put down Meg and her picture-book.

"I will go down at once," she said to the servant.

In two minutes she was standing in the middle of the parlor, and her guest was holding her hand in his, and looking at her earnestly and curiously.

"You didn't expect to see me here, did you?" he said.

"No," she answered; "but you are kind to come."

"I didn't expect to be here myself," he said. "Where is your husband? Somebody told me he had gone away."

"He is in New York," she replied.

He gave her one of his sharp glances and drew her toward a chair.

"Sit down by me," he said. "You are in no condition to be kept standing. I want to talk to you. You mustn't look like that," he said. "It won't do. You are worn out, but you mustn't give up. I have come to order you to do something."

"I will do anything you tell me," she answered.

"You will? Well, that's good! I thought you would, too. I want you to take me to this ball that is to be given to-morrow night."

She started in amazement.

"To the ball!" she exclaimed.

"Surprises you, doesn't it? I supposed it would; it surprises me a little, but I want to go nevertheless, and I have a reason."

"I am sure it is a good one," she said.

"It is," he answered. "None but the best would take me there. I never went to a ball in my life. *You* are the reason. I am going to take care of *you*."

A faint, sad smile touched her lips.

"Some one has said something more against me," she said, "and you want to defend me. Don't take the trouble. It is not worth while."

"The place is full of lies about you," he answered, suddenly and fiercely. "And I *am* going to defend you. No one else can: They are lies that concern me as well as you."

"Will you tell me what they are?" she asked.

He saw there was no room for hesitation, and told her what the facts were. As he spoke he felt that they did not improve in the relation, and he saw the blood rise to her cheeks, and a light grow in her eyes. When he had finished the light was a brilliant spark of fire.

"It is a charming story," she said.

"We will show them what sort of a story it is," he answered, "to-morrow night!"

"You are very good to me," she said.

Suddenly she put her hand to her side.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "it seems very



strange that they should be saying these things of—Bertha Amory!”

She looked at him with a hopeless appeal in her eyes.

“Do they all believe them?” she said. “Ah, how can they? They know I was not—like that! I have not done anything! I have been unhappy, but—but I —”

She stopped a moment—or was stopped by her breaking voice.

“This has been too much for you,” he said. “You are ill, child!”

“I have been ill for some time,” she answered. “And the last few days have been very hard.”

She made an effort to recover herself.

“I will go to the ball,” she said, “if you think it best.”

“It *is* best,” he replied. “And you need not be afraid —”

“I am not afraid,” she interposed quickly, and the spark of fire showed itself in her eyes again. “I might allow myself to be beaten, if it were not for my children; but, as it is, you will see that I will not be beaten. I will be well for to-morrow night at least. I will not look like a victim. They will see that I am not afraid.”

“It is they who will be beaten,” said Blundel, “if anything depends on me! Confound it! I shall *like* to do it.”

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

HE went home quite eager for the fray, and his eagerness was not allowed to flag. The favorite story came to his ears again and again. Men met him in the streets, and stopped to speak of it; others dropped into his rooms to hear the truth from himself, when he went to his hotel to dine; talkers standing in groups in the lobbies turned to look at him, and when he had passed them returned to their conversation with renewed interest. To the first man who referred to the matter he listened until he had said his say. Then he answered him.

“You want to hear the truth about that,” he said, “don’t you?”

“That of course,” was the reply.

“And you want to be able to *tell* the truth about it when you are asked questions.”

“Most certainly.”

“Well, then, the truth is that there isn’t a word of truth in it from beginning to end; and if you want to *tell* the truth, say it’s a lie, and add that I said so, and I am prepared to say so to every man who wants to interview me; and what is more, every man who tells

another that it is a lie does me a favor that gives him a claim on me.”

He repeated the same thing in effect each time an opportunity presented itself, and as these opportunities were frequent and each time he gained something of heat and lost something of temper and patience, he was somewhat tired and by no means in the best of humors when he sat down to his dinner, in the big, glaring, crowded hotel dining-room, amid the rattle of knives, forks and crockery, the rushing to and fro of excited waiters, and the incoming and outgoing of hungry people. His calmness was not added to by observing that the diners at the tables near him discovered him as with one accord almost as soon as he entered, and cast glances of interest at him between the courses.

“Perfectly dreadful scene, they say,” he heard one lady remark, with an unconscious candor born of her confidence that the clatter of dishes would drown all sound. “Went down on her knees to him and wrung her hands, imploring him to have mercy on her. Husband disappeared next day. Quite society people too. She has been a great deal admired.”

What further particulars the speaker might have entered into there is no knowing, as she was a communicative person and plainly enjoyed her subject; but just at this juncture the lady to whom she was confiding her knowledge of the topics of the hour uttered an uneasy exclamation.

“Gracious! Maria!” she said. “He has heard you! I am sure he has! He has turned quite red—redder than he was—and he is looking at us! Oh, Maria!” in accents sepulchral with fright, “he is getting up! He is coming to speak to us! Oh!—Mari —!”

He was upon them at that very moment. He was accustomed to public speaking, and his experience led him to the point at once. He held his newspaper half folded in his hand, and, as had been said, he was a trifle redder than usual; but his manner was too direct to be entirely devoid of dignity.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, “but my name is Blundel.”

The most hopelessly terrified of the ladies found herself saying that he “was very kind,” and the one who had told the story gasped faintly, but with an evident desire to propitiate, that she “had heard so.”

“I take the liberty of mentioning it,” he added, “because I have been sitting quite near to you and chanced to overhear what you were saying, and as you are evidently laboring under an impression I am interested in correcting, I felt obliged to intrude on



you with a view to correcting it. I have been denying that story all day. It isn't true. Not a word of it. I never said an unkind word to the lady you mention, and I never had an unkind thought of her. No one has any right to speak ill of her. I am her friend. You will excuse my interrupting you. Here is my card." And he laid the card on the table, made a bow not so remarkable for grace, perhaps, as for perfect respectfulness, and marched back to his table.

There were few people in the room who did not turn to look at him as he sat down again, and nine out of ten began to indulge in highly colored speculations as to why he had addressed the women and who they were. There had never been a more popular scandal than the Westoria land scheme; the magnitude of it, the element of romance connecting itself with it, the social position of the principal schemers, all endeared it to the public heart. Blundel himself had become a hero, and had the rumors regarding his irreproachable and dramatic conduct only been rife at a time of election, they would have assured him an overwhelming majority. Perhaps as he approached the strangers' table there had been a fond, flickering hope cherished that these two apparently harmless women were lobbyists themselves, and that their disguise was to be rent from them and their iniquities to be proclaimed upon the spot. But the brief episode ended with apparent tameness and the general temperature was much lowered, the two ladies sinking greatly in public opinion, and the interest in Blundel himself flagging a little. There was one person, however, who did not lose interest in him. This was a little, eager, bird-like woman who sat at some distance from him, at a small table alone. She had seen his every movement since his entrance, and her bright, dark eyes followed him with an almost wistful interest. It was Miss Jessup; and Miss Jessup was full to the brim and pressed down and running over with anecdotes of the great scandal, and her delicate little frame almost trembled with anxious excitement as she gazed upon him and thought of what might be done in an interview.

He had nearly finished his dinner before he caught sight of her, but as he was taking his coffee he glanced down the room, saw and recognized her.

"The very woman!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Why didn't I think of that before?" And in five minutes Miss Jessup's heart was thrilled within her, for he had approached her, greeted her, and taken the seat she offered him.

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"I have come," he said, "to ask a favor of you."

"Of me!" said Miss Jessup. "That does not sound exactly natural. I have generally asked favors of you. I have just been looking at you and making up my mind to ask one."

"Wanted to interview me?" he asked. "Didn't you?"

She nodded her head, and her bright eyes brightened.

"Well," sturdily, "I *want* you to interview me. Go ahead and do it."

"You *want* to be interviewed!" she exclaimed, positively radiant with innocent joy. "No! Really?"

"I am here for that purpose," he answered. She left her seat instantly.

"Come into the parlor," she said. "It is quiet there at this time. We can sit where we shall not be disturbed at all."

They went into the parlor and found at the far end of it the quiet corner they needed, and two chairs. Miss Jessup took one and Blundel the other, which enabled him to present his broad back to all who entered. Almost before he was seated Miss Jessup had produced her neat note-book and a pencil.

"Now," she said, "I am ready for anything; but I must say I don't see how I am favoring *you*."

"You are going to favor me by saving me the trouble of contradicting a certain story every half-hour," he said.

"Ah!" ejaculated Miss Jessup, her countenance falling a little; "it is not true?"

"Not a word of it."

Humane little creature as she was, as she glanced down at her note-book, Miss Jessup felt that some one had been a trifle defrauded.

"And there was no scene?"

"No."

"And you did not threaten to expose her?"

"No."

"And you wish me to tell people that?"

"Yes, as pointedly as possible, in as few words as possible, and without mentioning names if possible."

"Oh, it would not be necessary to mention names; everybody would understand the slightest reference."

"Well, when you have done that," said Blundel, "you have granted me my favor."

"And you want it to be brief?" said Miss Jessup.

"See here," said Blundel; "you are a woman. I want you to speak the truth for another woman as plainly, and—as delicately as a woman can. A man would say too much or too little—that is why I come to you."

She touched her book with her pencil, and evidently warmed at once.



"I always liked her," she said, with genuine good feeling, "and I could not help hoping that the story was not true, after all. As it was public property, it was my business to find out all about it if I could; but I couldn't help being sorry. I believe I *can* say the right thing, and I will do my best. At any rate, it will be altogether different from the other versions."

"There won't be any other versions if I can prevent it," returned Blundel. "I shall have some interviews with newspaper men to-night, which will accomplish that end, I hope."

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Jessup, "then mine will be the only statement."

"I hope so," he answered. "It will if I have any influence."

"Oh, then," she said, "you have done me a favor, after all."

"It won't balance the favor you will have done me," he replied, "if you do your best in this matter. You see, I know what your best is, and I depend on it."

"Well," she said, "it is very kind of you to say so, and I will try to prove myself worth depending on, but—" And she scribbled a little in her note-book. "I don't mind telling you that the reason that is strongest in my mind is quite an unprofessional one. It is the one you spoke of just now. It is because I am a woman, too."

"Then she is safe," he returned. "Nothing could make her safer. And I am grateful to you beforehand, and I hope you will let me say so."

And they shook hands and parted the best of friends, notwithstanding that the interview had dwindled down into proportions quite likely to be regarded by the public as entirely insignificant.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

It had certainly been expected by the public that the morning papers would contain some interesting reading matter, and in some respects these expectations were realized. The ignominious failure of the Westoria land scheme was discussed with freedom and vigor, light being cast upon it from all sides, but upon the subject which had promised most there was a marked silence. Only in one paper there appeared a paragraph—scarcely more—written with much clearness and with a combined reserve and directness which could not fail to carry weight. It was very well done, and said so much in little and with such unmistakable faith in its own statements and such suggestions of a foundation for that faith, that it was something of a shock to those who had delighted in the most elabo-

rate ornamentation of the original story. In effect it was a denial not only of the ornamentation, but of the story itself, and left the liberal commentator not a fact to stand upon, so that he became temporarily the prey of discouragement and spiritual gloom, which was not a little added to by the events of the day.

There was, however, no sense of discouragement in the mind of Senator Blundel as he attired himself for the fray when night arrived. His mood was a fine combination of aggressiveness, generous kindness, hot temper, and chivalric good feeling. He thought all day of the prospect before him, and in the afternoon went to the length of calling at a florist's and ordering a bouquet to be sent to Mrs. Amory, choosing it himself and feeling some pride in the good taste of his selection. He was so eager, indeed, that the day seemed quite long to him, and he dressed so early after dinner that he had two or three hours to wait before his carriage arrived.

But it did arrive at last, and he went down to it, drawing on with some difficulty an exceedingly tight pair of gloves, the obduracy of whose objections to being buttoned gave him something to combat with and suited his frame of mind to a nicety.

He was not called upon to wait very long after his entrance into the parlor. A few moments after his arrival Bertha came down. She was superbly dressed in white, she carried his roses and violets, and there burned upon her cheeks a color at once so delicate and brilliant that he was surprised by it. He had, indeed, rather expected to see her paler.

"Upon my soul," he said, "you don't look much frightened!"

"I am not frightened at all," she answered.

"That is a good thing," he returned. "We shall get on all the better for it. I never saw you with a brighter color."

She touched her cheek with her gloved finger.

"It is not rouge," she said. "I have been thinking of other parties I have attended—and of how these ladies will look at me to-night—and of what they possibly said of me yesterday—and it has been good for me."

"It was not so good for them, however," he suggested, regarding her with new interest. Her spirit pleased him; he liked it that she was not ready to allow herself to be beaten down, that she held her head erect and confronted her enemies with resolute eyes; he had a suspicion that there were women enough who would have been timorous and pathetic.

"I could not hurt them," she replied. "It



would matter very little what I thought or said of them—it is only they who can harm me.”

“They shall none of them harm you,” he said, stoutly. “I will see to that—but I’m glad you are looking your best.”

But she could not help seeing that he was a trifle anxious about her. His concern manifested itself in occasional touches of half-paternal kindness which were not lost upon her. He assisted her to put on her wrap, asked her if it was warm enough, ordered her to draw it closely about her, and tucked her under his arm as he led her out to the carriage with an air of determined protection not to be mistaken.

Perhaps his own views as to what form of oppression and opposition they were to encounter were rather vague. He was sufficiently accustomed to the opposition of men, but not to that of women; but, whatever aspect it assumed upon this occasion, he was valiantly determined not to be moved by it.

“I can’t dance with you,” he said, “that’s true—I wish I could—but I will see that you have plenty of partners.”

“I don’t think the difficulty will be in the partners,” Bertha replied, with a faint smile. “The men will not be unkind to me, you will see.”

“They won’t believe it, eh?” said Blundel.

Her eyes met his, and the faint smile had a touch of bitterness.

“Some of them will not believe it,” she answered; “and some will not care.”

There was not the slightest shade of any distrust of herself or her surroundings, either in her face or manner, when, on reaching their destination, she made her way into the cloak-room. The place was already crowded—so crowded that a new-comer was scarcely noticeable. But, though she seemed to see nothing, glancing to neither right nor left, and occupying herself with the removal of her wraps, and with a few calm last touches bestowed upon her toilet before a mirror, scarcely a trifle escaped her. She heard greetings, laughter, gay comments on the brilliancy and promise of the ball; she knew where stood a woman who would be likely to appear as an enemy, where stood another who might be neutral, and another who it was even possible might be a friend. But she meant to run no risks, and her long training in self-control stood her in good stead; there was neither consciousness nor too much unconsciousness in her face; when the woman whom she had fancied might lean toward friendliness saw and bowed to her, she returned the greeting with her pretty, inscrutable smile, the entire composure of which

so impressed the matron who was disposed to neutrality, that she bowed also, and so did some one near her. But there were others who did not bow, and there were those who, discovering the familiar, graceful figure, drew together in groups, and made an amiable comment or so. But she did not seem to see them. When, taking up her flowers and her white ostrich-feather fan, she passed down the little lane, they expressed their disapproval by making way for her as she turned toward the door. She was looking at two ladies who were entering, and, general attention being directed toward them, they were discovered to be Mrs. Sylvestre and Mrs. Merriam.

“Now,” it was asked, “what will *they* do?”

What they did was very simple in itself, but very remarkable in the eyes of the lookers-on. They paused and spoke to the delinquent in quite their usual manner.

“We would ask you to wait for us,” Mrs. Merriam was heard to say, finally, “but there are so many people here to be attended to, and we saw Senator Blundel waiting for you at the door. May I tell you how pretty your dress is, and how brilliant you are looking?”

“Senator Blundel!” was repeated by the nearest groups. “It could not be Senator Blundel who is with her.”

But those who were near enough to the door were subjected to the mental shock of seeing that it was Senator Blundel himself. He appeared in festal array, rubicund, and obstinately elate, and, stepping forward, took his charge’s hand, and drew it within his portly arm.

“What!” he said, “you are not pale yet—and yet there were plenty of them in there. What did they do?”

“Three of them were good enough to bow to me,” she answered, “and the rest drew away and discussed me in undertones. The general impression was, I think, that I was impudent. I did not feel impudent, and I don’t think I looked so.”

“Poor little woman!” he said. “Poor little woman!”

“No! no!” she exclaimed, looking straight before her, with dangerously bright eyes; “don’t say that to me. Don’t pity me, please—just yet—it isn’t good for me. I need—I need——”

There was a second or so of dead silence. She did not tell him what she needed.

When they entered the ball-room a waltz was being played, and the floor was thronged with dancers; the ladies who formed the committee of reception stood near the door; a party of guests had just received the usual



greetings and retired. The Commandress-in-chief turned to meet the new-comers. She was a stately and severe dowager, with no intention of flinching from her duty; but her sudden recognition of the approaching senatorial figure was productive of a bewilderment almost too great for her experience to cope with. She looked, caught her breath, lost it and her composure at one and the same time, cast a despairing glance at her aides, and fell a victim to circumstances. Here was the subject under ban calmly making the most graceful and self-possessed obeisance before her—and her escort was the man of whom it had been said that a few days ago he had exposed her infamous plotting. This was more than even the most experienced matron could be prepared for. It must be admitted that her presence of mind deserted her, and that her greetings were not marked by the ready tact which usually characterized them.

"My first ball, Madam," remarked the Senator, scenting difficulty in the breeze, and confronting it boldly. "But for my friend, Mrs. Amory, I am afraid I should not be here. I begin to feel indebted to her already."

"It promises very well," said Bertha. "I never saw the room gayer. How pretty the decorations are."

They passed on to make room for others, leaving the estimable ladies behind them pale with excitement, and more demoralized than they would have been willing to admit.

"What does it mean?" they asked one another. "They appear to be the best of friends! What are we to understand?"

There was one kindly matron at the end of the line who looked after the pair with an expression of sympathy which was rather at variance with the severity of the rôle she had been called upon to enact.

"It appears," she said, "as if the whole story might be a fabrication, and the Senator determined to prove it so. I hope with all my heart he will."

By the time they reached their seats the news of their arrival had made the circle of their room. Bertha herself, while she had listened with a smile to her escort's remarks, had seen amazement and recognition flash out upon a score of faces; but she had preserved her smile intact, and still wore it when she took her chair. She spoke to Blundel, waving her fan with a soft, even motion.

"We have run the gauntlet," she said, "and we have chosen a good position. Almost everybody in the room has seen us—almost every one in the room is looking at us."

"Let them look!" he answered. "I have no objection to it."

"Ah, they will look!" she returned. "And we came to be—to be looked at. And it is very good of you to have no objections. Do I seem perfectly at ease? I hope so—though I am entirely well aware that at least a hundred people are discussing me. Is the expression of my eyes good—careless enough?"

"Yes, child, yes," he answered, a little uneasily. There was an undertone in her voice which troubled him, much as he admired her spirit and self-control.

"Thank you," she said. "Here is a bold man coming to ask me to dance. I told you the men would not be afraid of me. I think, if you approve of it, I will dance with him."

"Go and dance," he answered.

When her partner bore her away, he took charge of her flowers and wrap in the most valiant manner, and carried them with him when he went to pay his respects to the matrons of his acquaintance who sat against the wall discussing with each other the most exciting topic of the hour; and who, when he addressed them, questioned him as closely as good-breeding would permit, upon all subjects likely to cast light upon this topic.

"Never was at a ball in my life before," he admitted. "Asked Mrs. Amory to bring me. Wanted to see how I should like it."

"With Mrs. Amory?" remarked matron No. 1. "She is dancing, I believe."

"Yes," he said good-naturedly. "She will be dancing all night, I suppose, and I shall be carrying her flowers; but I don't mind it—in fact, I rather like it. I dare say there are two or three young fellows who would be glad enough to be in my place."

"I have no doubt," was the reply. "She has been very popular—and very gay."

"She is very popular with me," said the Senator, "though I am an old fogey, and don't count. We are great friends, and I am very proud to be her escort to-night. I feel I am making my *début* under favorable circumstances."

There could be no doubt of his sentiments after that. He was her friend. He admired her. He even made a point of saying so. What became of the story of the scandal? It seemed to have ended in nothing and worse than nothing; there was something a little ridiculous about such a tame termination to such an excitement. One or two of the ladies who had found it most absorbing looked aimlessly into space, and an embarrassed silence fell upon them.

Bertha ended her dance and returned to her seat. Her color was even brighter than before, and her smile was more brilliant. For a few moments a little group surrounded her, and her programme was half full. Blundel



came back to his post like a sentinel. If she had been looked at before, she was regarded now with a double eagerness. Those who were not dancing watched her every movement; even those who danced asked each other questions. The group about her chair was added to and became gayer, but there were no women numbered in the circle. The general wonder was as to what would be done in the end. So far, round dances only had been danced. The next dance was a quadrille. The music struck up, and the dancers began to take their places. As they did so a party entered the room and made its way toward the end where the group stood about the chair. Bertha did not see it; she was just rising to take her station in the set nearest to her. The matron of the party, who was a figure so familiar in social circles as to be recognized at once by all who saw her, was accompanied by her daughter and an escort. It was the wife of the Secretary of State, and her cavalier was Colonel Tredennis.

"There is Mrs. Amory," she said to him as they approached. "She is taking her place in the quadrille. One moment, if you please."

Experience had taught her all that might be feared, and a quick eye showed her that something was wrong. Bertha advanced to her place, laughing a little at some jest of her partner's. She had not seen who the dancers were. The jest and the laugh ended, and she looked up at her *vis-à-vis*. The lady at his side was not smiling; she was gazing steadily at Bertha herself. It seemed as if she had been waiting to catch her eye. It was the "great lady," and, having carried the figurative pebble until this fitting moment, she threw it. She spoke two or three words to her partner, took his arm, turned her back, and walked away.

Bertha turned rather pale. She felt the blood ebb out of her face. There was no mistaking the significance of the action, and it had not escaped an eye. This was more than she had thought of. She made a movement, with what intention she herself was too much shaken to know, and, in making it, her eyes fell upon a face whose expression brought to her an actual shock of relief. It was the face of the kind and generous gentlewoman who had just entered, and who, at this moment, spoke to her daughter.

"My dear," she said, "I think you promised Colonel Tredennis the first quadrille. Go and take that vacant place, and when you speak to Mrs. Amory ask her to come and talk to me a little as soon as the dance is over."

There was a tone of gentle decision in her

voice and a light in her eye which were not lost upon the by-standers. She gave Bertha a bow and smile and sat down. The most fastidious woman in Washington,—the woman who drew her lines so delicately that she had even been called almost too rigorous, the woman whose well-known good taste and good feeling had given her a power mere social position was powerless to bestow,—had taken the subject of the hour's scandal under her protection, and plainly believed nothing to her discredit.

In five minutes the whole room was aware of it. She had greeted Mrs. Amory cordially, she had openly checkmated an antagonist, she had sent her own daughter to fill the place left vacant in the dance.

"She would not have done that if she had not had the best of reasons," it was said.

"And Senator Blundel would scarcely be here if the story had been true."

"He has told several of his friends that he is here to prove that it is *not* true!"

"He denied it again and again yesterday."

"It was denied in one of the morning papers, and they say he kept it out of the rest because he was determined she should not be more publicly discussed."

"She is not one of the women who have been in the habit of giving rise to discussion."

"She is a pretty, feminine-looking little creature."

"Poor girl! It must have been bitter enough for her."

"Rather fine of old Blundel to stand by her in this way."

"He would not do it if there was not something rather fine in her. He is not a ladies' man, old Sam Blundel. Look at him! How he looms up behind his bouquet!"

The tide of public opinion had taken a turn. Before the dance had ended two or three practical matrons who were intimately known to Colonel Tredennis's friendly supporter had made their way to her and asked her opinion and intentions frankly, and had received information calculated to set every doubt at rest.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to speak of my opinion of the matter," the lady said, "when we have the evidence of Senator Blundel's presence here with Mrs. Amory to-night. I should feel myself unpardonably in the wrong if I did not take the most open measures in the defense of the daughter of my old friend, who has been treated most unjustly. And I cannot help hoping that she will have other defenders than myself."

Several of the matrons so addressed were seated within speaking range when Bertha came to her friend at the close of the dance,



and she recognized at once on approaching them that she need fear them no longer. But she could not say much in response to their greetings; she answered them briefly, bowed slightly, and sat down in the chair near the woman who had protected her. She could even say but little to her; the color had died out of her face at last; the strain she had borne so long had reached its highest tension to-night, and the shock of the moment, received through an envious woman's trivial spite, slight as it might have been in itself, represented too much to her. As he had passed her in the dance and touched her hand, Tredennis had felt it as cold as ice, and the look of her quiet, white face had been almost more than he could bear to see.

"Bertha," he had said to her once, "for God's sake, take courage!"

But she had not answered him. A few months ago she would have given him a light, flippant reply if her very soul had been wrung within her, but now she was past that. As she sat by her friend, her hand shook as she held her fan.

"You were very kind to me just now," she said, in a low voice. "I cannot express my thanks as I wish."

"My dear," was the reply, "do not speak of it. I came to take care of you. I think you will have no more trouble. But I am afraid this has been too much for you. You are shivering a little."

"I am cold," Bertha answered, "I—feel as if—something strange had happened to me. It was not so before. I seem—to have lost courage."

"But you must not lose courage yet," he said, with a manner at once soft and firm. "A great many people are looking at you. They will be very curious to know how you feel. It is best that you should not let them see."

He spoke rather rapidly, but in a low voice. No one near could hear. He was smiling as if the subject of the conversation was the least important in the world.

"Listen to me," he said, in the same manner, "and try to look as if we were speaking of ordinary topics. I dare say you feel as if you would prefer to go away, but I think you must remain. Everybody here must understand that you have friends who entirely disbelieve all that has been said against you, and also that they wish to make their confidence in you public. I should advise you to appear to enjoy yourself moderately well. I think I wish you to dance several times again. I think there will be no difficulty in arranging the next square dance. When the presidential party arrives, the President will, I have no doubt, be pleased

to talk to you a little. It would be republican to say that it is absurd to consider that such a thing can be of consequence; but there are people with whom it will have weight. As soon as possible, I shall send you down to the supper-room with Senator Blundel. A glass of wine will do you good. Here is Senator Blundel now. Do you think you can talk to him in your usual manner?"

"I will try," said Bertha. "And if I do not, I think he will understand."

He did understand. The little incident had been no more lost upon him than upon others. He was glowing with repressed wrath, and sympathy, and the desire to do something which should express his feeling. He saw at once the change which had come upon her, and realized to the full all that it denoted. When he bore her off to the supper-room, he fairly bristled with defiance of the lookers-on who made way for them.

"Confound the woman!" he said. "If it had only been a man!"

He found her the most desirable corner in the supper-room, and devoted himself to her service with an assiduity which touched her to the heart.

"You have lost your color," he said. "That won't do. We must bring it back."

"I am afraid it will not come back," she answered.

And it did not, even though the tide had turned, and that it had done so became more manifest every moment. They were joined shortly by Colonel Tredennis and his party, and by Mrs. Merriam and hers. It was plain that Mrs. Amory was to be alone no more; people who had been unconscious of her existence in the ball-room, suddenly recognized it as she sat surrounded by her friends; the revulsion of feeling which had taken place in her favor expressed itself in a hundred trifles. But her color was gone, and returned no more, though she bore herself with outward calmness. It was Colonel Tredennis who was her first partner when they returned to the ball-room. He had taken a seat near her at the supper-table, and spoken a few words to her.

"Will you give me a place on your card, Bertha," he had said, and she had handed it to him in silence.

He was not fond of dancing, and they had rarely danced together, but he wished to be near her until she had had time to recover herself. Better he than another man who might not understand so well; he knew how to be silent, at least.

So they went through their dance together, exchanging but few words, and interested spectators looked on, and one or two remarked to each other that, upon the whole,



it appeared that Mrs. Amory was rather well supported, and that there had, evidently been a mistake somewhere.

And then the Colonel took her back to her seat, and there were new partners; and between the dances one matron after another found the way to her, and, influenced by the general revulsion of feeling, exhibited a cordiality and interest in marked contrast with the general bearing at the outset of the evening. Perhaps there were those who were rather glad to be relieved of the responsibility laid upon them. When the presidential party arrived, it was observed that the President himself was very cordial when he joined the group at the end of the room, the center figure of which was the wife of his friend and favorite cabinet officer. It was evident that he, at least, had not been affected by the gossip of the hour. His greeting of Mrs. Amory was marked in its kindness, and before he went away it was whispered about that he also had felt an interest in the matter when it had reached his ears, and was not sorry to have an opportunity of indirectly expressing his opinion.

The great lady took her departure in bitterness of spirit, the dances went on, Bertha went through one after another, and between her waltzes held her small court and was glanced at askance no more. Any slight opposition which might have remained would have been overpowered by the mere force of changed circumstances. Before the evening was at an end, it had become plain that the attempt to repress and overwhelm little Mrs. Amory had been a complete failure, and had left her better defended than it had found her.

"But she has lost something," Senator Blundel said to himself, as he watched her dancing. "Confound it!—I can see it—she is not what she was three months ago—she is not what she was when she came into the room."

Tredennis also recognized the change which had come upon her, and before long knew also that she had seen his recognition of it, and that she made no effort to conceal it from him. He felt that he could almost have better borne to see her old, careless gayety, which he had been wont to resent in secret bitterness of heart.

Once, when they chanced to stand alone together for a moment, she spoke to him quickly.

"Is it late?" she asked. "We seem to have been here so long! I have danced so much Will it not soon be time to go home?"

"Do you want to go home?" he asked.

"Yes!" she answered, almost breathlessly; "the music seems so loud it bewilders me a

little. How gay it is! How the people dance! The sound and motion make me blind and dizzy. Philip!"

The tone in which she uttered his name was so low and tense that he was startled by it.

"What is it?" he asked.

"If there are many more dances, I am afraid—I cannot go through them—I think—I am breaking down, and I must not—I must not! Tell me what to do!"

He made a movement so that he stood directly before her and shielded her from the observation of those near them. He realized the danger of the moment.

"Look up at me!" he said. "Try to fix your eyes on me steadily. This feeling will pass away directly. You will go soon and you must not break down. Do not let yourself be afraid that you will."

She obeyed him like a child, trying to look at him steadily.

"Tell me one more dance will be enough," she said, "and say you will dance it with me if you can."

"I will," he answered, "and you need not speak a word."

When the Senator found himself alone in the carriage with her his sense of the triumph achieved found its expression in words.

"Well," he said, "I think we have put an end to *that* story."

"Yes," Bertha answered, "they will not say anything more about me. You have saved me from that."

She leaned forward and looked out of the window. Carriages blocked the street, and were driving up and driving away; policemen were opening and shutting doors and calling names loudly; a few street-Arabs stood on the pavement and looked with envious eyes at the bright dresses and luxurious wraps of the party passing under the awning; the glare of gas-light fell upon a pretty face upturned to its companions, and a girl's laugh rang out on the night air. Bertha turned away. She looked at Senator Blundel. Her own face had no color.

"I think," she said, "I think I have been to my last ball."

"No,—no," he answered. "That's nonsense. You will dance at many a one."

"I think," she said, "I think this is the last."

Senator Blundel did not accompany her into the house when they reached it. He left her at the door, almost wringing her small cold hand in his stout warm one.

"Come!" he said. "You are tired now, and no wonder, but to-morrow you will be



better. You want sleep and you must have it. Go in, child, and go to bed. Good-night. God bless you! You will—be better to-morrow."

She went through the hall slowly, intending to go to her room, but when she reached the parlor she saw that it was lighted. She had given orders that the servants should not sit up for her, and the house was silent with the stillness of sleep. She turned at the parlor door and looked in. A fire still burned in the grate, her own chair was drawn up before it, and in the chair sat a figure, the sight of which caused her to start forward with an exclamation—a tall, slender, old figure, his gray head bowed upon his hand.

"Papa!" she cried. "Can it be you, papa? What has happened?"

He rose rather slowly, and looked at her; it was evident that he had been plunged in deep thought; his eyes were heavy, and he looked aged and worn. He put out his hand, took hers, and drew her to him.

"My dear," he said. "My dear child!"

She stood quite still for a moment, looking up at him.

"You have come to tell me something," she said at length, in a low, almost monotonous voice. "And it is something about Richard. It is something—something wretched."

A slight flush mounted to his cheek—a flush of shame.

"Yes," he answered, "it is something wretched."

She began to shake like a leaf, but it was not from fear.

"Then do not be afraid," she said, "there is no need! Richard—has not spared me!"

It was the first time through all she had borne and hidden, through all the years holding, for her, suffering and bitterness and disenchantment which had blighted all her youth—it was the first time she had permitted her husband's name to escape her lips when she could not compel herself to utter it gently, and that at last he himself had forced such speech from her was the bitterest indignity of all.

And if she felt this, the Professor felt it keenly, too. He had marked her silence and self-control at many a time when he had felt that the fire that burned in her must make her speak; but she had never spoken, and the dignity of her reserve had touched him often.

"What is it that Richard has done now, papa?" she said.

He put a tremulous hand into his pocket, and drew forth a letter.

"Richard," he said—"Richard has gone abroad."

She had felt that she was to receive some blow, but she had scarcely been prepared for this. She repeated his words in bewilderment.

"Richard has gone abroad!"

The Professor put his hand on her shoulder. "Sit down, my dear," he said. "You must sit down."

There was a chair near her; it stood by the table on which the Professor had been wont to take his cup of tea; she turned and sat down in this chair, and resting her elbows on the table, dropped her forehead upon her hands. The Professor drew near to her side, his gentle, refined old face flushed and paled alternately; his hands were tremulous; he spoke in a low, agitated voice.

"My dear," he said, "I find it very hard to tell you all—all I have discovered. It is very bitter to stand here upon your husband's hearth, and tell you—my child and his wife—that the shadow of dishonor and disgrace rests upon him. He has not been truthful; we have—been deceived."

She did not utter a word.

"For some time I have been anxious," he went on, "but I blame myself that I was not anxious sooner. I am not a business man—I have not been practical in my methods of dealing with him; the fault was in a great measure mine. His nature was not a strong one—it was almost impossible for him to resist temptation; I knew that, and should have remembered it. I have been very blind. I did not realize what was going on before my eyes. I thought his interest in the Westoria scheme was only one of his many whims. I was greatly to blame."

"No," said Bertha; "it was not you who were to blame. I was more blind than you—I knew him better than—than any one else."

"A short time ago," said the Professor, "I received a letter from an old friend who knows a great deal of my business affairs. He is a business man, and I have been glad to intrust him with the management of various investments. In this manner he knew something of the investment of the money which was yours. He knew more of Richard's methods than Richard was aware of. He had heard rumors of the Westoria land scheme, and had accidentally, in the transaction of his business, made some discoveries. He asked me if I knew the extent to which your fortune had been speculated with. Knowing a few facts, he was able to guess at others —"

Bertha lifted her face from her hands.

"My money!" she exclaimed. "My fortune!"

"He had speculated with it at various



times, sometimes gaining, sometimes losing—the Westoria affair seems to have dazzled him—and he invested largely——”

Bertha rose from her chair.

“It was Philip Tredennis’s money he invested,” she said. “Philip Tredennis——”

“It was not Philip’s money,” the Professor answered; “that I have discovered. But it was Philip’s generosity which would have made it appear so. In this letter—written just before he sailed—Richard has admitted the truth to me—finding what proof I had against him.”

Bertha lifted her hands and let them fall at her sides.

“Papa,” she said, “I do not understand this—I do not understand. Philip Tredennis! He gave money to Richard! Richard accepted money from him—to shield himself, to——! This is too much for me!”

“Philip had intended the money for Janey,” said the Professor, “and when he understood how Richard had involved himself, and how his difficulties would affect you and your future, he made a most remarkable offer: he offered to assume the responsibility of Richard’s losses. He did not intend that you should know what he had done. Such a thing would only have been possible for Philip Tredennis, and it was because I knew him so well, that, when I heard that it was his money that had been risked in the Westoria lands, I felt that something was wrong. He was very reticent, and that added to my suspicions. Then I made the discoveries through my friend, and my accusations of Richard forced him to admit the truth.”

“The truth!” said Bertha—“that I was to live upon Philip Tredennis’s money—that, having been ruined by my husband, I was to be supported by Philip Tredennis’s bounty!”

“Richard was in despair,” said the Professor, “and in his extremity he forgot——”

“He forgot *me!*” said Bertha. “Yes, he forgot—a great many things.”

“It has seemed always to be Philip who has remembered,” said the Professor, sadly. “Philip has been generous and thoughtful for us from first to last.”

Bertha’s hand closed itself.

“Yes,” she cried; “always Philip—always Philip!”

“What could have been finer and more delicate than his care and planning for you in this trouble of the last few days, to which I have been so blind!” said the Professor.

“His care and planning!” echoed Bertha, turning slowly toward him. “His! Did you not hear that Senator Blundel——”

“It was he who went to Senator Blundel,” the Professor answered. “It was he who

spoke to the wife of the Secretary of State. I learned it from Mrs. Merriam. Out of all the pain we have borne, or may have to bear, the memory of Philip’s faithful affection for us——”

He did not finish his sentence. Bertha stopped him. Her clenched hand had risen to her side, and was pressed against it.

“It was Philip who came to me in my trouble in Virginia,” she said. “It was Philip who saw my danger and warned me of it when I would not hear him; but I could not know that I owed him such a debt as this!”

“We should never have known it from him,” the Professor replied. “He would have kept silent to the end.”

Bertha looked at the clock upon the mantel.

“It is too late to send for him now,” she said, “it is too late, and a whole night must pass before——”

“Before you say to him—what?” asked the Professor.

“Before I tell him that Richard made a mistake,” she answered, with white and trembling lips, “——that he must take his money back—that I will not have it.”

She caught her father’s arm and clung to it, looking into his troubled face.

“Papa,” she said, “will you take me home again? I think you must if you will. There seems to be no place for me. If you will let me stay with you until I have time to think.”

The Professor laid his hand upon hers and held it closely.

“My dear,” he said, “my home is yours. It has never seemed so much mine since you left it; but this may not be so bad as you think. I do not know how much we may rely upon Richard’s hopes—they are not always to be relied upon—but it appears that he has hopes of retrieving some of his losses through a certain speculation he seems to have regarded as a failure, but which suddenly promises to prove a success.”

“I have never thought of being poor,” said Bertha; “I do not think I should know how to be poor. But, somehow it is not the money I am thinking of—that will come later, I suppose. I scarcely seem to realize yet——”

Her voice and her hand shook, and she clung to him more closely.

“Everything has gone wrong,” she said wildly, “everything must be altered. No one is left to care for me but you! No one must do it but you. Now that Richard has gone, it is not Philip who must be kind to me—not Philip—Philip last of all!”

“Not Philip!” he echoed. “*Not* Philip?”

And as he said it, they both heard feet ascending the steps at the front door.



"My child," said the Professor, "that is Philip now. He spoke of calling in on me on his way home. Perhaps he has been anxious at finding me out so late. I do not understand you—but must I go and send him away?"

"No," she answered, shuddering a little, as if with cold, "it is for me to send him away. But I must tell him first about the money. I am glad he has come—I am glad another night will not pass without his knowing. I think I want to speak to him alone—if you will send him here, and wait for a little while in the library."

She did not see her father's face as he went away from her; he did not see hers; she turned and stood upon the hearth with her back toward the door.

She stood so when a few minutes afterward Philip Tredennis came in; she stood so until he was within a few feet of her. Then she moved a little and looked up.

What she saw in him arrested for the moment her power to speak, and for that moment both were silent. Often as she had recognized the change which had taken place in him, often as the realization of it had wrung her heart, and wrung it all the more that she had understood so little, she had never before seen it as she saw it then. All the weariness, the anxious pain, the hopeless sadness of his past seemed to have come to the surface; he could endure no more; he had borne the strain too long, and he knew too well that the end had come. No need for words to tell him that he must lose even the poor and bitter comfort he had clung to; he had made up his mind to that when he had defended her against the man who himself should have been her defense.

So he stood silent and his deep eyes looked out from his strong, worn, haggard face, holding no reproach, full only of pity for her.

There was enough to pity in her. If she saw anguish in his eyes, what he saw in hers as she uplifted them he could scarcely have expressed in any words he knew; surely there were no words into which he could have put the pang their look gave him, telling him as it did that she had reached the point where he could stand on guard no more.

"Richard," she said at length, "has gone away."

"That I knew," he answered.

"When?" she asked.

"I had a letter from him this morning," he said.

"You did not wish to tell me?" she returned.

"I thought," he began, "that perhaps—" and stopped.

"You thought that he would write to me too," she said. "He—did not."

He did not speak, and she went on.

"When I returned to-night," she said, "Papa was waiting for me. He had received a letter too, and it told him—something he suspected before—something I had not suspected—something I could not know——"

Her voice broke, and when she began again there was a ring of desperate appeal in it.

"When I was a girl," she said, "when you knew me long ago, what was there of good in me that you should have remembered it through all that you have known of me since then—there must have been something—something good or touching—something more than the goodness in yourself—that made you pitiful of me, and generous to me, and anxious for my sake? Tell me what it was."

"It was," he said, and his own voice was low and broken too, and his deep and sad eyes wore a look she had never seen before—the look that in the eyes of a woman would have spoken of welling tears, "it was—yourself."

"Myself!" she cried. "Oh, if it was myself—and there were goodness and truth, and what was worth remembering in me, why did it not save me from what I have been—and from what I am to-day? I do not think I meant to live my life so badly then; I was only careless and happy in a girlish way. I had so much faith and hope, and believed so much in all good things—and yet my life has all been wrong—and I seem to believe no more, and everything is lost to me; and since the days when I looked forward there is a gulf that I can never, never pass again."

She came nearer to him, and a sob broke from her.

"What am I to say to you," she said, "now that I know all that you have done for me while I—while I—Why should you have cared to protect me? I was not kind to you—I was not careful of your feelings——"

"No," he answered. "You—were not."

"I used to think that you despised me," she went on; "once I told you so. I even tried to give you reason. I showed my worst self to you—I was unjust and bitter—I hurt you many a time."

He seemed to labor for his words, and yet he labored rather to control and check than to utter them.

"I am going away," he said. "When I made the arrangement with Richard, of which you know, I meant to go away. I gathered, from what your father said, that you mean to render useless my poor effort to be of use to you."

"I cannot—" she began, but she could go no farther.



"When I leave you—as I must," he said, "let me at least carry away with me the memory that you were generous to me at the last."

"At the last," she repeated after him, "the last!"

She uttered a strange, little, inarticulate cry. He saw her lift up one of her arms, look blindly at the bracelet on her wrist, drop it at her side, and then stand looking up at him.

There was a moment of dead silence.

"Janey shall take the money," she said. "I cannot."

What the change was that he saw come over her white face and swaying figure he only felt, as he might have felt a blow in the dark from an unknown hand. What the great shock was that came upon him he only felt in the same way.

She sank upon the sofa, clinging to the cushion with one shaking hand. Suddenly she broke into helpless sobbing, like a child's, tears streaming down her cheeks as she lifted her face in appeal.

"You have been good to me," she said. "You have been kind. Be good to me—be kind to me—once more. You must go away—and I cannot take from you what you want to give me; but I am not so bad as I have seemed—or so hard! What you have wished me to be—I will try to be! I will live for my children. I will be—as good—as I can. I will do anything you tell me to do—before you leave me! I will live all my life afterward—as Bertha Herrick might have lived it! Only do not ask me to take the money!"

For a few seconds all the room was still. When he answered her she could barely hear his voice.

"I will ask of you nothing," he said.

He lifted her hand and bowed his head over it. Then he laid it back upon the cushion. It lay there as if it had been carved from stone.

"Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye."

He saw her lips part, but no sound came from them.

So he went away. He scarcely felt the floor beneath his feet. He saw nothing of the room about him. It seemed as if there was an endless journey between himself and the door through which he was to pass. The extremity of his mortal agony was like drunk enness.

When he was gone, she fell with a shudder, and lay still with her cheek against the crimson cushion.

The Professor was sitting at her bedside when she opened her eyes again. Her first

recognition was of his figure, sitting, the head bowed upon the hand, as she had seen it when she came first into the house.

"Papa," she said, "you are with me?"

"Yes, my dear," he answered.

"And—there is no one else?"

"No, my dear."

She put out her hand and laid it upon his arm. He thought, with a bitter pang, that she did it as she had often done it in her girlhood, and that, in spite of the change in her, she wore a look which seemed to belong to those days too.

"You will stay with me," she said. "I have come back to you."

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

MISS JESSUP was very eloquent in the paragraph which she devoted to the announcement of the departure of Colonel Trendennis, "the well-known hero of the plains, whose fine, bronzed face and soldierly figure have become so familiar to us during the past three seasons." She could scarcely express the regret felt by the many friends he had made, on losing him, and, indeed, there ran throughout the flowers of speech a suggestion of kindly, admiring sympathy and womanly good-feeling which quite went to the Colonel's heart, and made him wonder at his own good fortune when he read the paragraph in question. He was far away from Washington when the paper reached him. He had become tired of life at the Capital, it was said, and had been glad to exchange with a man who found its gayeties better suited to him.

"It is true," he said to himself when he heard of this report, "that they were not suited to me, nor I to them."

How he lived through the weeks, performing the ordinary routine of his duty, and bearing with him hour by hour, night and day, the load of grief and well-nigh intolerable anguish which he knew was never to be lighter, he did not know. The days came and went. It was morning, noon, or night, and he did not feel the hours either long or short. There were nights when, his work being done, he returned to his quarters and staggered to his seat, falling upon it blind and sick with the heavy horror of the day.

"This," he would say, again and again, "*this* is unnatural. To bear such torture and live through it seems scarcely human."

Sometimes he was so wrought upon by it physically that he thought he should not live through it; but he bore so much that at last he gained a hopeless faith in his own endurance. He was not alone. It was as he had



told her it would be. From the hour that he looked his last upon her, it seemed that her face had never faded from before his aching eyes. He had all the past to live over again, all its bitter mysteries to read in a new light and learn to understand.

There was time enough now for him to think it all over slowly, to recall to his mind every look and change and tone; her caprices, her coldness, the wounds she had given him, he bore them all again, and each time he came back with a pang more terrible to that last moment—to her last look, to her last, broken words.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "does *she* bear this too?"

He knew nothing of her save what he gained at rare intervals from Miss Jessup's society column, which he read deliberately from beginning to end as each paper reached him. The friends of Mrs. Amory, Miss Jessup's first statement announced, would regret to learn that the health of that charming young wife and mother was so far from being what was to be desired, that it necessitated a temporary absence from those social circles of which she was so bright and graceful an ornament. For a while her name was missing from the lists of those who appeared at the various entertainments, and then he began occasionally to see it again, and found a little sad comfort in the thought that she must be stronger. His kind, brown face changed greatly in these days; it grew lean and haggard and hopeless, and here and there a gray thread showed itself in his close, soldier-cropped hair. He planned out heavy work for himself, and kept close in his quarters, and those of his friends who had known him before his stay in Washington began to ask each other what had so broken Philip Tredennis.

The first time that Mrs. Amory appeared in society, after her indisposition, was at the house of her friend, Mrs. Sylvestre. During her temporary seclusion she had seen Mrs. Sylvestre frequently. There had been few days when Agnes had not spent some hours with her. When she had been denied to every one else, Agnes was admitted.

"It is only fatigue, this," Bertha had said; "but other people tire me so! You never tire me."

She was not confined to her bed. She had changed her room, taking possession of the pretty pink and blue chamber, and lay upon the sofa through the days, sometimes looking at the fire, often with her eyes closed.

The two conversed but little; frequently there was silence between them for some time; but Agnes knew that she was doing

as Bertha wished when she came and sat with her.

At the end of a week, Mrs. Sylvestre came in one morning and found Bertha dressed and sitting in a chair.

"I am going down-stairs," she said.

"Do you think you are strong enough?" Agnes asked. She did not look so.

"I must begin to try to do something," was the indirect reply. "One must always begin. I want to lie still and not speak or move; but I must not do that. I will go down-stairs, and I think I should like to see Laurence."

As she went down the staircase she moved very slowly, and Agnes saw that she clung to the balustrade for support. When she reached the parlor door she paused for a moment, then crossed the threshold a little hurriedly, and went to the sofa and sat down. She was tremulous, and tears had risen to her eyes from very weakness.

"I thought I was stronger," she said. But she said nothing more until, a few moments later, she began to speak of Tom and Kitty, in whom she had been much interested. It had been at her suggestion that, after divers fruitless efforts, the struggle to obtain Tom a "place" had been abandoned, and finally there had been procured for him a position likely to prove permanent, in a house of business where principles might be of value. Tom's lungs were still a trifle delicate, but he was rapturously happy in the small home to purchase which Mrs. Sylvestre had advanced the means, and his simple bliss was greatly added to by the advent of Kitty's baby.

So they talked of Tom and Kitty and the baby, and of Arbuthnot, and his friendship for them, and the oddities of it, and his way of making his efforts and kindness seem more than half a jest.

"No one can be kinder than Laurence," Bertha said. "No one could be a truer friend."

"I think so now," Agnes answered, quietly.

"He is not so light, after all," said Bertha. "Perhaps few of us are quite as light as we seem."

"I did him injustice at first," Agnes replied. "I understand him better now."

"If he should go away, you would miss him a little," said Bertha. "He is a person one misses when he is absent."

"Does he?"—Agnes began. "I have not heard him speak of going away."

"There is just a likelihood of it," Bertha returned. "Papa has been making an effort for him with the Secretary of State. He might be sent abroad."

"I have not heard him refer to the possibility," said Agnes. Her manner was still



quiet, but she had made a slight involuntary movement, which closed the book she held.

"I do not think Papa has spoken to him for some time," Bertha replied. "And when he first referred to his plan, Laurence thought it out of the question, and did not appear to regard it seriously."

For a few moments Mrs. Sylvestre did not speak. Then she said:

"Certainly it would be much better for him than to remain here."

"If he should go," said Bertha, "no one will miss him as I shall. We used to be so gay together, and now——"

She did not end her sentence, and for a while neither of them spoke again, and she lay quite still. Agnes remained to dine with her, and in the evening Arbuthnot came in.

When he entered the bright, familiar room, he found himself glancing round it, trying to understand exactly what mysterious change had come upon it. There was no change in its belongings—the touches of color, the scattered trifles, the pictures and draperies wore their old-time look of having been arranged by one deft hand; but it did not seem to be the room he had known so long,—the room he had been so fond of, and had counted the prettiest and most inspiring place he knew.

Bertha had not left the sofa; she was talking to Agnes, who stood near her. She had a brilliant flush on her cheeks, her eyes were bright when she raised them to greet him, and her hand, as he took it, was hot and tremulous.

"Naturally," she said, "you will begin to vaunt yourself. You told me I should break down if I did not take care of myself, and I have broken down—a little. I am reduced to lying on sofas. Don't you know how I always derided women who lie on sofas? This is retribution; but don't meet it with too haughty and vainglorious a spirit; before Lent I shall be as gay as ever."

"I don't doubt it," he answered. "But in the meantime allow me to congratulate you on the fact that the sofa is not entirely unbecoming."

"Thank you," she said. "Will you sit down now and tell me—tell me what people are saying?"

"Of——" he began.

She smiled.

"Of me," she answered. "They were saying a great deal of me a week ago; tell me what they say now. You must hear in going your giddy rounds."

"You are very well treated," he replied. "There is a certain great lady who is most uncomfortably commented upon. I can scarcely imagine that she enjoys it."

Her smile ended in a fatigued sigh.

"The tide turned very quickly," she said. "It is well for me that it did. I should not have had much mercy if I had stood alone. Ah! it was a good thing for me that you were all so brave. You might have deserted me, too—it would have been very simple—and then—then the gates of paradise would have been shut against me."

"That figure of speech meaning—?" suggested Arbuthnot.

"That I should have been invited to no more dinner-parties and receptions; that nobody would have come to my Thursday Evenings; that Miss Jessup would never again have mentioned me in the *Wabash Gazette*."

"That would have been very bitter," he answered.

"Yes," she returned, "it would have been bitter, indeed."

"Do you know," he said next, "that I have come to-night partly for the reason that I have something to tell you?"

"I rather suspected it," she replied, "though I could scarcely explain why."

"Am I to hear it, too?" inquired Agnes.

"If you are kind enough to be interested," he answered. "It will seem a slight enough affair to the world at large, but it seems rather tremendous to me. I feel a trifle overpowered and nervous. Through the kind efforts of Professor Herrick I have been honored with the offer of a place abroad."

Bertha held out her hand.

"Minister to the Court of St. James!" she said. "How they will congratulate themselves in London!"

"They would," he replied, "if an ill-adjusted and singularly unappreciative government had not particularized a modest corner of Germany as standing in greater need of my special abilities." But he took her offered hand.

When he glanced at Mrs. Sylvestre—truth to say he had taken some precautions against seeing her at all as he made his announcement—he found her bestowing upon him one of the calmest of her soft, reflective looks.

"I used to like some of those quiet places in Germany," she said, "but you will find it a change from Washington."

"I think," he answered, "that I should like a change from Washington," and as soon as he had spoken he detected the touch of acrid feeling in his words.

"I should fancy myself," she said, her soft look entirely undisturbed, "that it might be agreeable after one had been here some time."

He had always admired beyond expression



that touch of half forgetful, pensive calmness in her voice and eyes, but he did not enjoy it just now.

"It is a matter of temperament, I suppose," was his thought, "but, after all, we have been friends."

Neither could it be said that he enjoyed the pretty and picturesque stories of German life she told afterward. They were told so well that they brought very near the life he might expect to lead, and he was not exactly in the mood to care to stand face to face with it. But he controlled himself sufficiently to make an excellent audience, and never had been outwardly in better spirits than he was after the stories were told. He was cool and vivacious; he told a story or two himself; he was in good voice when he went to the piano and sang. They were all laughing, when Agnes left the room to put on her wraps to return home.

When she was gone the laugh died down with odd suddenness.

"Larry," said Bertha, "do you really want to go?"

"No," he answered, turning sharply, "I don't want to go. I loathe and abhor the thought of it."

"You want," she said, "to stay here?"

"Yes, I do," was his reply, "and that decides me."

"To go?" she asked, watching his pale, disturbed face.

"Yes, to go! There is nothing to stay here for. I need the change. I have been here long enough—too long!"

"Yes," she returned, "I think you have been here too long. You had better go away—if you think there is nothing to stay for."

"When a man has nothing to offer—" he broke off and flushed up hotly. "If I had a shadow of a right to a reason for staying," he exclaimed, "do you suppose I should not hold on to it, and fight for it, and demand what belonged to me? There might be a struggle—there would be; but no other man should have one jot or tittle that persistence and effort might win in time for me! A man who gives up is a fool! I have nothing to give up. I haven't even the right to surrender! I hadn't the right to enter the field and take my wounds like a man! It is pleasant to reflect that it is my own—fault. I trifled with my life; now I want it, and I can't get it back."

"Ah!" she said, "that is an old story!"

And then Agnes returned, and he took her home.

On their way there they talked principally of Tom and Kitty.

"They will miss you greatly," Agnes said. "They will be very kind to do it," was his reply.

"We shall all miss you," she added.

"That will be kinder still," he answered. "Might I be permitted to quote the ancient anecdote of the colored warrior, who, on running away in battle, was reproached and told that a single life counted as nothing on such great occasions, and that if he had fallen he would not have been missed,—his reply to this heroic statement of the case being, that he should have been likely to miss himself. I shall miss myself, and already a gentle melancholy begins to steal over me. I am not the gleesome creature I was before good luck befell me."

But despite this lightness of tone their walk was not a very cheerful one; indeed, after this speech they were rather quiet, and they parted with few words at the door, Arbuthnot declining to go into the house.

When Agnes entered alone, Mrs. Merriam looked up from her novel in some surprise.

"I thought I heard Mr. Arbuthnot," she said.

"He left me at the door," Mrs. Sylvestre answered.

"What!" said Mrs. Merriam, "without coming to say good-night to me! I wanted to tell him what a dissipated evening I have been spending with my new book."

"He has been telling us good news," said Agnes, standing before the fire and loosening her furs. "He has been offered a consulship."

Mrs. Merriam closed her book and laid it on the table.

"Will he accept it?" she asked.

"He could scarcely refuse it," Agnes replied. "It is a decided advance; he likes the life abroad, and it might even lead to something better in the future—at least one rather fancies such things are an opening."

"It is true," reflected Mrs. Merriam, "that he seems to have no particular ties to hold him in one place rather than another."

"None," said Agnes. "I don't know whether that is his fortune or his misfortune."

"His misfortune!" said Mrs. Merriam. "He is of the nature to know how to value them. Perhaps, after all, he may form them if he goes abroad. It is not too late."

"Perhaps so," said Agnes. "That would be another reason why it would be better for him to go."

"Still," remarked Mrs. Merriam, "for my own part I don't call it good news that he is going."

"I meant," said Agnes, "good news for him."



"It is bad news for us," Mrs. Merriam replied. "He will leave a gap. I have grown inconveniently fond of him myself."

But Agnes made no response, and soon afterward went to her room in silence. She was rather silent the next day when she made her visit to Bertha. Mrs. Merriam observed that she was rather silent at home; but, having seen her retire within herself before, she was too just to assign a definite reason for her quiet mood. Still she watched her with great interest, which had a fashion of deepening when Laurence Arbuthnot appeared upon the scene. But there was no change in her manner toward Arbuthnot. She was glad to see him; she was interested in his plans. Her gentle pleasure in his society seemed neither greater nor less than usual; her gentle regret at his approaching absence from their circle said absolutely nothing. In the gayeties of the closing season they saw even more of each other than usual.

"It will be generous of you to allow me a few additional privileges," Arbuthnot said; "an extra dance or so, for instance, on occasion; a few more calls than I am entitled to. Will you kindly, if you please, regard me in the light of a condemned criminal, and be lenient with me in my last moments?"

She did not refuse to be lenient with him. Much as he had been in the habit of enjoying the evenings spent in her parlor, he had never spent evenings such as fell to him in these last days. Somehow it happened that he found her alone more frequently. Mrs. Merriam had letters to write, or was otherwise occupied; so it chanced that he saw her as it had not been his fortune to see her very often.

But it was decided that he was to spend no more winters in Washington, for some time at least; and though he spent his evenings thus agreeably, he was making daily preparation for his departure, and it cannot be said that he enjoyed the task. There had been a time, it is true, when he would have greeted with pleasure the prospect of the change before him, but that time was past.

"I am having my bad quarter of an hour," he said, "and it serves me right."

But as the days slipped by he found it even a worse quarter of an hour than he had fancied it would be. It cost him an effort to bear himself as it was only discretion that he should. His one resource lay in allowing himself no leisure. When he was not otherwise occupied, he spent his time with his friends. He was oftenest with the Professor and Bertha. He had some quiet hours in the Professor's study, and in the parlor, where Bertha sat or lay upon the sofa before the fire. She did not allow herself to lie upon the sofa often, and

refused to be regarded as an invalid; but Arbuthnot never found himself alone with her without an overpowering realization of the change which had taken place in her. But she rarely spoke of herself.

"There is nothing more," she said, once, "to say about *me*."

She was willing enough to speak of himself, however, and of his future, and her gentle interest often moved him deeply.

"We have been such good friends," she would say,— "such good friends. It is not often that a man is as true a friend to a woman as you have been to me. I wish—oh, I wish you might be happy!"

"It is too late," he would reply, "but I shall not waste time in complaining. I will even try not to waste it in regretting."

But he knew that he did waste it so, and that each passing day left a sharper pang behind it, and marked a greater struggle.

"There is a great deal of trouble in this world," the Professor said to him, simply, after watching him a few minutes one day. "I should like to know what *you* are carrying with you to Germany."

"I am carrying nothing," Arbuthnot answered. "That is my share."

They were smoking their cigars together, and through the blue haze floating about him the Professor looked out with a sad face.

"Do you—" he said, "do you leave anything behind you?"

"Everything," said Arbuthnot. The Professor made a disturbed movement.

"Perhaps," he said, "this was a mistake. Perhaps it would be better if you remained. It is not yet too late—"

"Yes, it is," Arbuthnot interposed, with a faint laugh. "And nothing would induce me to remain."

It was on the occasion of a reception given by Mrs. Sylvestre that he was to make his last appearance in the social world before his departure. He had laid his plans in such a manner that, having made his adieus at the end of the evening, half an hour after retiring from the parlors he would be speeding away from Washington on his way to New York.

"It will be a good exit," he said. "And the eye of the unfeeling world being upon me, I shall be obliged to conceal my emotions, and you will be spared the spectacle of my anguish."

There were no particular traces of anguish upon his countenance when he presented himself, the evening in question having arrived. He appeared, in fact, to be in reasonably good spirits. Nothing could have been more perfect than the evening was from first to last; the picturesque and charming home was at



its best; Mrs. Sylvestre the most lovely central figure in its picturesqueness; Mrs. Merriam even more gracious and amusing than usual. The gay world was represented by its gayest and brightest; the majority of those who had appeared on the night of the ball appeared again. Rather late in the evening, Blundel came in fresh from an exciting debate in the Senate, and somewhat flushed and elated by it. He made his way almost immediately to Bertha. Those who stood about her made room for him as he came. She was not sitting alone to-night; there seemed no likelihood of her being called upon to sit alone again. She had not only regained her old place, but something more. The Professor had accompanied her, and at no time was far away from her. He hovered gently about in her neighborhood, and rarely lost sight of her. He had never left her for any great length of time since the night Tredennis had gone away. He had asked her no questions, but they had grown very near to each other, and any mystery he might feel that he confronted only made him more tender of her.

When Senator Blundel found himself standing before her he gave her a sharp glance of scrutiny.

"Well," he said. "You are rested and better, and all the rest of it. Your pink gown is very nice, and it gives you a color and brightens you up."

"I chose the shade carefully," she answered, smiling. "If it had been deeper it might have taken some color away from me. I am glad you like it."

"But you are well?" he said, a little persistently. He was not so sure of her after all. He was shrewd enough to wish she had not found it necessary to choose her shade with such discretion.

She smiled up at him again.

"Yes, I am well," she said. "And I am very glad to see you again."

But for several seconds he did not answer her; standing, he looked at her in silence as she remembered his doing in the days when she had felt as if he was asking himself and her a question. But she knew it was not the same question he was asking himself now, but another one, and after he had asked it he did not seem to discover the answer to it, and looked baffled and uncertain, and even disturbed and anxious. And yet her pretty smile did not change in the least at any moment while he regarded her. It only deserted her entirely once during the evening. This was when she said her last words to Arbuthnot. He had spent the previous evening with her in her own parlor. Now, before she went away—which she did rather early

—they had a few minutes together in the deserted music-room, where he took her while supper was in progress.

Neither of them had any smiles when they went in together and took their seats in a far corner.

Bertha caught no reflected color from her carefully chosen pink. Suddenly she looked cold and worn.

"Laurence!" she said, "in a few hours—" and stopped.

He ended for her.

"In a few hours I shall be on my way to New York."

She looked down at her flowers and then up at him.

"Oh!" she said, "a great deal will go with you. There is no one now who could take from me what you will. But that is not what I wanted to say to you. Will you let me say to you what I have been thinking of for several days, and wanting to say?"

"You may say anything," he answered.

"Perhaps," she went on, hurriedly, "it will not make any difference when it is said; I don't know;" she put out her hand and touched his arm with it; her eyes looked large and bright in their earnest appeal.

"Don't be angry with me, Larry," she said; "we have been such good friends and the best, *best* friends. I am going home soon. I shall not stay until the evening is over. You must, I think—until every one is gone away. You might—you might have a few last words to say to Agnes."

"There is nothing," he replied, "that I could say to her."

"There might be," she said, tremulously, "there might be—a few last words Agnes might wish to say to you."

He put his head down upon his hand and answered in a low tone:

"It is impossible that there should be."

"Larry," she said, "only you can find out whether that is true or not, and—don't go away before you are quite sure. Oh! do you remember what I told you once?—there is only one thing in all the world when all the rest are tried and done with. So many miss it, and then everything is wrong. Don't be too proud, Larry—don't reason too much. If people are true to each other, and content, what does the rest matter? I want to know that some one is happy like that. I wish it might be you. If I have said too much, forgive me; but you may be angry with me. I will let you—if you will not run the risk of throwing anything away."

There was a silence.

"Promise me," she said, "promise me."

"I cannot promise you," he answered.



He left his seat.

"I will tell you," he said. "I am driven to-night—driven! I never thought it could be so, but it is—even though I fancied I had taught myself better. I am bearing a good deal. I don't know how far I may trust myself. I have not an idea about it. It is scarcely safe for me to go near her. I have not been near her often to-night. I am *driven*. I don't know that I shall get out of the house safely. I don't know how far I can go, if I *do* get out of it, without coming back and making some kind of an outcry to her. One can't bear everything indefinitely. It seems to me now that the only decent end to this would be for me to go as quickly as possible, and not look back; but there never was a more impotent creature than I know I am to-night. The sight of her is too much for me. She looks like a tall, white flower. She is a little pale to-night—and the look in her eyes—I wish she were pale for sorrow—for me. I wish she were suffering; but she is not."

"She could not tell you if she were," said Bertha.

"That is very true," he answered.

"Don't go away," she said, "until you have said good-bye to her alone."

"Don't you see," he replied, desperately, "that I am in the condition to be unable to go until I am actually forced? Oh!" he added bitterly, "rest assured I shall hang about long enough." But when he returned to the supper-room, and gave his attention to his usual duties, he was entirely himself again, so far as his outward bearing went. He bore about ices and salads, and endeared himself beyond measure to dowagers with appetites, who lay in wait. He received their expressions of grief at his approaching departure with decorum not too grave and sufficiently grateful. He made himself as useful and agreeable as usual.

"He is always ready and amiable, that Mr. Arbuthnot," remarked a well-seasoned, elderly matron, who recognized useful material when she saw it.

And Agnes, who had chanced to see him just as his civilities won him this encomium, reflected upon him for a moment with a soft gaze, and then turned away with a secret thought her face did not betray.

At last the rooms began to thin out. One party after another took its departure, disappearing up the stairs and reappearing afterward, descending and passing through the hall to the carriages, which rolled up, one after another, as they were called. Agnes stood near the door-way with Mrs. Merriam, speaking the last words to her guests as they left her. She was still a little pale, but the

fatigues of the evening might easily have left her more so. Arbuthnot found himself lingering, with an agonizing sense of disgust at his folly. Several times he thought he would go with the rest, and then discovered that the step would cost him a struggle to which he was not equal. Agnes did not look at him; Mrs. Merriam did.

"You must not leave us just yet," she said. "We want your last moments. It would be absurd to bid you good-night as if we were to see you to-morrow. Talk to me until Agnes has done with these people."

He could have embraced her. He was perfectly aware that, mentally, he had lost all his dignity, but he could do nothing more than recognize the fact with unsparing clearness, and gird at himself for his weakness.

"If I were a boy of sixteen," he said, inwardly, "I should comport myself in something the same manner. I could grovel at this kind old creature's feet because she has taken a little notice of me."

But at length the last guest had departed, the last carriage had been called and had rolled away. Agnes turned from the door-way and walked slowly to the fire-place.

"How empty the rooms look," she said.

"You should have a glass of wine," Mrs. Merriam suggested. "You are certainly more tired than you should be. You are not as strong as I was at your age."

Arbuthnot went for the glass of wine into the adjoining room. He was glad to absent himself for a moment.

"In ten minutes I shall be out of the house," he said; "perhaps in five."

When he returned to the parlor Mrs. Merriam had disappeared. Agnes stood upon the hearth, looking down. She lifted her eyes with a gentle smile.

"Aunt Mildred is going to ask you to execute a little commission for her," she said. "She will be down soon, I think."

For the moment he was sufficiently abandoned and ungrateful to have lost all interest in Mrs. Merriam. It seemed incredible that he had only ten minutes before him and yet could retain composure enough to reply with perfect steadiness.

"Perhaps," he thought, desperately, "I am not going to do it so villainously after all."

He kept his eyes fixed very steadily upon her. The soft calm of her manner seemed to give him a sort of strength. Nothing could have been sweeter or more unmoved than her voice.

"I was a little afraid you would go away early," she said, "and that we could not bid you good-bye quietly."

"Don't bid me good-bye too quietly," he



answered. "You will excuse *my* emotion, I am sure?"

"You have been in Washington," she said, "long enough to feel sorry to leave it."

He glanced at the clock.

"I have spent ten years here," he said; "one grows fond of a place, naturally."

"Yes," she replied.

Then she added:

"Your steamer sails —"

"On Wednesday," was his answer.

It was true that he was driven. He was so hard driven at this moment that he glanced furtively at the mirror, half fearing to find his face ashen.

"My train leaves in an hour," he said; "I will bid you —"

He held out his hand without ending his sentence. She gave him her slender, cold fingers passively.

"Good-bye!" she said.

Mrs. Merriam was not mentioned. She was forgotten. Arbuthnot had not thought once of the possibility of her return.

He dropped Agnes's hand, and simply turned round and went out of the room.

His ten minutes were over; it was all over. This was his thought as he went up the staircase. He went into the deserted upper room where he had left his overcoat. It was quite empty, the servant in charge having congratulated himself that his duties for the night were over, and joined his fellows down-stairs. One overcoat, he had probably fancied, might take care of itself, especially an overcoat sufficiently familiar with the establishment to outstay all the rest. The garment in question hung over the back of a chair. Arbuthnot took it up and put it on with unnecessary haste; then he took his hat; then he stopped. He sank into the chair and dropped his brow upon his hand; he was actually breathless. He passed through a desperate moment as he sat there; when it was over he rose, deliberately freed himself from his coat again, and went down-stairs. When he reëntered the parlor, Agnes rose hurriedly from the sofa, leaving her handkerchief on the side-cushion, on which there was a little indented spot. She made a rapid step toward him, her head held erect, her eyes at once telling their own story, and commanding him to disbelieve it; her face so inexpressibly sweet in its sadness that his heart leapt in his side.

"You have left something?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I left — you."

She sat down upon the sofa without a word. He saw the large tears well up into her eyes, and they helped him to go on as nothing else would have done.

"I couldn't go away," he said. "There was no use trying. I could not leave you in that cold way, as if our parting were only an ordinary, conventional one. There is nothing conventional about my side of it. I am helpless with misery. I have lost my last shred of self-respect. I had to come back and ask you to be a little kinder to me. I don't think you know how cold you were. It was like death to drop your hand and turn away like that. Such a thing must be unendurable to a man who loves a woman."

He came nearer.

"Beggars should be humble," he said. "I am humble enough. I only ask you to say good-bye a little more kindly."

Her eyes were full and more beautiful than ever. She put out her hand and touched the sofa at her side.

"Will you sit here?" she said.

"What!" he cried, "I?"

"Yes," she answered, scarcely above her breath, "no one else." He took the place, and her slender hand.

"I have no right to this," he said. "No one knows that so well as I. I am doing a terrible, daring thing."

"It is a daring thing for us both," she said. "I have always been afraid — but it cost me too much when you went out of the door."

"Did it?" he said, and folded her hand close against his breast. "Oh!" he whispered, "I will be very tender to you."

She lifted her soft eyes.

"I think," she said, "that is what I need."

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE next six months Laurence Arbuthnot spent in his quiet corner of Germany, devoting all his leisure moments to the study of certain legal terms to which he had given some attention at a previous time when, partly as a whim, partly as the result of a spasm of prudence, he had woven himself a strand of thread to cling to in the vague future by taking a course of law. His plan now was to strengthen this thread until it might be depended upon, and he spared no determined and persistent effort which might assist him to the attainment of this object.

"I find myself an astonishingly resolute person," he wrote to Agnes. "I am also industrious. Resolution and industry never before struck me as being qualities I might lay claim to with any degree of justice. Dr. Watts himself, with his entirely objectionable bee, could not 'improve each shining hour'."



with more vigor than I do, but—I have an object, and the hours are shining. Once there seemed no reason for them. It is not so now. I will confess that I used to hate these things. Do you repose sufficient confidence in me yet to believe me when I tell you that I actually feel a dawning interest in Blackstone, and do not shudder at the thought of the lectures I shall attend in Paris. Perhaps I do not reflect upon them with due deliberation and coolness—I cannot help remembering that you will be with me.”

When he resigned his position and went to Paris she was with him. He had made a brief visit to Washington and taken her away, leaving Mrs. Merriam to adorn the house in Lafayette Square, and keep its hearth warm until such time as they should return.

It was when they were in Paris that they had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Richard Amory, who was very well known and exceedingly popular in the American colony. He was in the most delightfully buoyant spirits; he had been very fortunate; a certain investment of his had just turned out very well, and brought him large returns. He was quite willing to talk about it and himself, and was enraptured at seeing his friends. The news of their marriage delighted him; he was enchanting in his warm interest in their happiness. He seemed, however, to have only pleasantly vague views on the subject of the time of his probable return to America.

“There is no actual necessity for it,” he said, “and I find the life here delightful. Bertha and the children will probably join me in the spring, and we may ramble about for a year or so.” And he evidently felt he had no reason to doubt the truth of this latter statement. Bertha had been present at her friend’s marriage. She had been with her almost constantly during the last days preceding it. She found great pleasure in Agnes’s happiness. There had been no change in her own mode of life. Janey and Jack went out with her often, and when she was at home spent the greater part of the time with her. She helped them with their lessons, played with them, and made a hundred plans for them. They found her more entertaining than ever. Others found her no less entertaining. The old bright circle closed about her as before, and was even added to. Mr. Amory had been called abroad by business, and might return at any moment. The Professor was rarely absent from his daughter’s parlors when she had her guests about her. The people who had been interested in the Westoria scheme disappeared or became interested in something else. Senator Plane-field had made one call after Richard’s de-

parture, and then had called no more. Bertha had seen him alone for a short time, and before he took his leave, looking a trifle more florid than usual, he had thrown into the grate a bouquet of hot-house roses.

“Damn all this!” he cried, savagely. “What a failure it has been!”

“Yes,” said Bertha; “it has been a great failure.”

Senator Blundel did not disappear. He began to like the house again, and to miss his occasional evening there, if anything deprived him of it. He used to come and talk politics with the Professor, and hear Bertha sing his favorite ballads of sentiment. During the excitement preceding the presidential election the Professor found him absorbingly interesting. The contest was a close and heated one, and the usual national disasters were prophesied as the inevitable results of the final election of either candidate. Bertha read her way industriously through the campaign, and joined in their arguments with a spirit which gave Blundel keen delight. She read a great deal to her father, and made herself his companion, finally finding that she was able to help him with his work.

“I find great comfort in you, my child,” he said gently to her once, when she had been reading.

“Do you, dearest?” she answered, and she went to him and, standing near him, touched his gray hair with her cheek. “I find great comfort in you,” she said, in a low voice. “We seem to belong to each other as if—a little as if we had been left together on a desert island.”

When she went away for the summer with her children, the Professor went with her. He had never wondered at and pondered over her as he did in these days. Her incomings and outgoings were as they had always been. She shared the summer gayeties and went her way with her world, but it was but a short time before the kind old eyes looking on detected in her the lack of all that had made her what she had been in the past. They returned to Washington the day after the election of the new President. Their first evening at home was spent in reading the newspapers and discussing the termination of the campaign.

When Bertha rose to go to her room she stood a moment looking at the fire, and there was something in her face which attracted the Professor’s attention.

“My dear,” he said, “tell me what you are thinking of.”

She lifted her eyes and made an effort to smile, but the smile died out and left her face blank and cold.



"I am thinking of the last inaugural ball," she said, "and of Larry — and Richard — and of how I danced and laughed — and laughed — and that I shall never laugh so again."

"Bertha," he said, "my child!"

"No," she said, "never, never, — and I did not mean to speak of it — only just for a moment it all came back," and she went quickly away without finishing.

AFTER the election there came the usual temporary lull and the country settled itself down to the peaceful avocation of reading stories of the new President's childhood, and accounts of his daily receptions of interested friends and advisers. The only reports of excitement came from the Indian country, where little disturbances were occurring which caused anxiety among agents and frontiersmen. Certain tribes were dissatisfied with the arrangements made for them by the Government, quarrels had taken place, and it had become necessary to keep a strict watch upon the movements of the turbulent tribes. This state of affairs continued throughout the winter; the threatened outbreak was an inestimable boon to the newspapers, but, in spite of the continued threatenings, the winter was tided over without any actual catastrophes.

"But we shall have it," Colonel Tredennis said to his fellow officers; "I think we cannot escape it."

He had been anxious for some time, and his anxiety increased as the weeks went by. It was two days before the inaugural ceremonies that the blow fell. The Colonel had gone to his quarters rather early. A batch of newspapers had come in with the eastern mail, and he intended to spend his evening in reading them. Among these there were Washington papers, which contained descriptions of the preparations made for the ceremonies, — of the triumphal arches and processions, of the stands erected on the avenue, of the seats before the public buildings, of the arrangements for the ball. He remembered the belated flags and pennants of four years before, the strollers in the streets, his own feelings as he had driven past the decorations, and at last his words:

"I came in with the Administration; I wonder if I shall go out with it, and what will have happened between now and then."

He laid his paper down with a heavy sigh, even though he had caught a glimpse of Miss Jessup's letter on the first sheet. He could not read any more; he had had enough. The bitter loneliness of the moment overpowered him, and he bowed his face upon his arms, leaning upon the pile of papers and letters on

the table. He had made, even mentally, no complaint in the last month. His hair had grown grizzled and his youth had left him; only happiness could have brought it back, and happiness was not for him. Every hour of his life was filled with yearning sadness for the suffering another than himself might be bearing; sometimes it became intolerable anguish; it was so to-night.

"I have no part to play," he thought; "every one is used to my grim face, but she — poor child! — poor child! — they will not let her rest. She has worn her smile too well."

Once, during the first winter of his stay in Washington, he had found among a number of others a little picture of herself, and had asked her for it. It was a poor little thing, evidently lightly valued, but he had often recalled her look and words as she gave it to him.

"Nobody ever wanted it before," she had said. "They say it is too sad to be like me. I do not mind that so much, I think. I had rather a fancy for it. Yes, you may have it, if you wish. I have been gay so long — let me be sad for a little while, if it is only in a picture."

He had carried it with him ever since. He had no other relic of her. He took it from his breast-pocket now, and looked at it with aching eyes.

"So long!" he said. "So long!" And then again, "Poor child! poor child!"

The next instant he sprang to his feet. There was a sound of hurried feet, a loud knocking at his door, which was thrown open violently. One of his fellow officers stood before him, pale with excitement.

"Tredennis," he said, "the Indians have attacked the next settlement. The devils have gone mad. You are wanted —"

Tredennis did not speak. He gave one glance round the room, with its blazing fire and lonely, soldierly look; then he put the little picture into his pocket and went out into the night.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN all her honest, hard-worked little life, Miss Jessup had never done more honest, hard work than she was called upon to do on the day of the inauguration. She had written into the small hours the night before; she had described bunting and arches, evergreens and grand stands, the visiting regiments, club uniforms, bands, banners, torch-lights and speeches, and on the eventful day she was up with the dawn, arranging in the most practicable manner her plans for the day.



With letters containing a full and dramatic description of the ceremonies to be written to four Western papers, and with extra work upon the Washington weekly and daily, there was no time to be lost. Miss Jessup lost none. Each hour of the day was portioned off—each minute, almost. Now she was to take a glance at the procession from the steps of the Treasury; now she was to spend a few moments in a balcony overlooking another point; she was to see the oath administered, hear the President's address and form an estimate of his appreciation of the solemnity of the moment; she was to take his temperature during the afternoon, and be ready to greet him at the ball, and describe dresses, uniforms, decorations, flags, and evergreens again. Even as she took her hasty breakfast she was jotting down appropriate items, and had already begun an article, opening with the sentence, "Rarely has Washington witnessed a more brilliant spectacle," etc.

It could scarcely be said that she missed anything when she went her rounds later. No familiar face escaped her; she recognized people at windows, in carriages, on platforms. Among others she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Amory, who drove by on her way to the Capitol with her father and Jack and Janey.

"She looks a little tired about the eyes," thought Miss Jessup. "She has looked a little that way all the season, though she keeps going steadily enough. They work as hard as the rest of us in their way, these society women. She will be at the ball to-night, I dare say."

Bertha herself had wondered if she would find herself there. Even as she drove past Miss Jessup, she was thinking that it seemed almost impossible; but she had thought things impossible often during the winter which had gone by, and had found them come to pass and leave her almost as before. Gradually, however, people had begun to miss something in her. There was no denying, they said, that she had lost some of her vivacity and spirit; some tone had gone from her voice; something of color from her manner. Perhaps she would get over it. Amory had not behaved well in the Westoria land affair, and she naturally felt his absence and the shadow under which he rested.

"Very gradually," she said to the Professor once, "I think I am retiring from the world. I never was really very clever or pretty. I don't hide it so well as I used to, and people are finding me out. Often I am a little dull, and it is not likely they will forgive me that."

But she was not dull, at home, or the Professor never thought so. She was not dull

now, as she pointed out objects of interest to Jack and Janey.

"I wish Uncle Philip were here!" cried Jack. "He would have his sword on and be in uniform, and he would look taller than all the rest—taller than the President."

The day was very brilliant to the children; they were as indefatigable as Miss Jessup, and missed as little as if they had been in search of items. The blare of brazen instruments, the tramp of soldiers, the rattle of arms, the rushing crowds, the noise and color and excitement, filled them with rapture. When they finally reached home they were worn out with their delights. Bertha was not less fatigued; but, after the nursery was quiet and the children were asleep, she came down to dine with the Professor.

"And we will go to the ball for an hour," she said. "We cannot submit to having it described to us for the next two weeks by people who were there."

The truth was, that she could not sit at home and listen to the carriages rolling by, and watch the dragging hours with such memories as must fill them.

So at half-past ten she stood in her room putting the last touches to her toilet, and shortly afterward she was driving with the Professor toward the scene of the night's gayeties. She had seen the same scene on each like occasion since her eighteenth year. There was nothing new about it to-night; there was some change in dances and music, but the same types of people crowded against each other, looking on at the dancing, pointing out the President, asking the old questions, and making the old comments; young people whirled together in the center of the ball-room, and older ones watched them, with some slight wonder at the interest they evinced in the exercise. Bertha danced only a few quadrilles. As she went through them she felt again what she had felt on each such occasion since the night of the ball of the last year—the music seemed too loud, the people too vivacious, the gayety about her too tumultuous; though, judged by ordinary standards, there could have been no complaint made against it.

But, notwithstanding this feeling, she lingered longer than she had intended, trying to hide from herself her dread of returning home. No one but herself knew—even the Professor did not suspect, how empty the house seemed to her, and how its loneliness grew and grew until sometimes it overpowered her and became a sort of deadly presence. Richard's empty rooms were a terror to her; she never passed their closed doors without a shock.



At half-past twelve, however, she decided to go home. She had just ended a dance with a young attaché of one of the legations; he was a brilliantly hued and graceful young butterfly, and danced and talked well. There had been a time when she had liked to hear his sharp, slightly satirical nonsense, and had enjoyed a dance with him. She had listened to-night, and had used her pretty smile at opportune moments; but she was glad to sit down again.

"Now," she said to him, "will you be so good as to find my father for me, and tell him I will go home?"

"I will if I must," he answered. "But otherwise——"

"You will if you are amiable," she said. "I blush to own that I am tired. I have assisted in the inaugural ceremonies without flinching from their first step until their last, and I begin to feel that His Excellency is safe and I may retire."

He found her a quiet corner and went to do her bidding. She was partly shielded by some tall plants, and was glad of the retreat they afforded her. She sat and let her eyes rest upon the moving crowd promenading the room between the dances; the music had ceased, and she could catch snatches of conversation as people passed her. Among the rest were a pretty, sparkling-eyed girl and a young army officer who attracted her. She watched them on their way round the circle twice, and they were just nearing her for the second time when her attention was drawn from them by the sound of voices near her.

"Indian outbreak," she heard. "Tredennis! News just came in."

She rose from her seat. The speakers were on the other side of the plants. One of them was little Miss Jessup, the other a stranger, and Miss Jessup was pale with agitation and professional interest, and her note-book trembled in her little bird-like hand.

"Colonel Tredennis!" she said. "Oh! I knew him. I liked him—every one did—every one! What are the particulars? Are they really authenticated? Oh, what a terrible thing!"

"We know very few particulars," was the answer, "but those we know are only too well authenticated. We shall hear more later. The Indians attacked a small settlement, and a party went from the fort to the rescue. Colonel Tredennis commanded it. The Indians were apparently beaten off, but returned. A little child had been left in a house, through some misunderstanding, and Tredennis heard it crying as the Indians made their second attack, and went after it.

He was shot as he brought it out in his arms."

Little Miss Jessup burst into tears and dropped her note-book.

"Oh!" she cried. "He was a good, brave man! He was a good man!"

The band struck up a waltz. The promenading stopped; a score or two of couples took their place upon the floor, and began to whirl swiftly past the spot where Bertha stood; the music seemed to grow faster and faster, and louder, and still more loud.

Bertha stood still.

She had not moved when the Professor came to her. He himself wore a sad, grief-stricken face; he had heard the news too; it had not taken it long to travel round the room.

"Take me home," she said to him. "Philip is dead! Philip has been killed!"

He took her away as quickly as he could through the whirling crowd of dancers, past the people who crowded, and laughed, and listened to the music of the band.

"Keep close to me!" she said. "Do not let them see my face!"

When they were shut up in the carriage together, she sat shuddering for a moment, he shuddering, also, at the sight of the face he had hidden; then she trembled into his arms, clung to his shoulder, cowered down and hid herself upon his knee, slipped down kneeling upon the floor of the carriage, and clung to him with both her arms.

"I never told you that I was a wicked woman," she said. "I will tell you now; always—always I have tried to hide that it was Philip—Philip!"

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor, unhappy—most unhappy child!" All the strength of her body seemed to have gone into the wild clasp of her slender arms.

"I have suffered," she said. "I have been broken, I have been crushed. I knew that I should never see him again, but he was alive. Do you think that I shall some day have been punished enough?"

He clasped her close to his breast, and laid his gray head upon her brown one, shedding bitter tears.

"We do not know that this is punishment," he said.

"No," she answered. "We do not know. Take me home to my little children. Let me stay with them. I will try to be a good mother—I will try——"

She lay in his arms until the carriage stopped. Then they got out and went into the house. When they closed the door behind them and stood in the hall together, the deadly silence smote them both. They did not speak to each other. The Professor supported her



with his arm as they went slowly up the stairs. He had extinguished the light below before they came up. All the house seemed dark but for a glow of fire-light coming through an open door on the first landing. It was the door Philip Tredennis had seen open that first night when he had looked in and had seen Bertha sitting in her nursery-chair with her child on her breast.

There they both stopped. Before the Professor's eyes there rose, with strange and terrible clearness, the vision of a girl's bright face looking backward at him from the night, the light streaming upon it as it smiled above a cluster of white roses. And it was this that remained before him when, a moment afterward, Bertha went into the room and closed the door.

THE END.

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SALVINI.

DEAD is old Greece, they said who never saw  
This Greek—this oak of old Achaian girth  
And stateliness, in mellower Lombard earth  
Far-sown by wingèd Chance's fatal law,  
When Greeks were like the templed oaks that rose—  
Not the lone ruin of a withered shaft,  
But quaffing life in every leafy draught,—  
Fathered by Storm and mothered by Repose.

Nay, doubt the gods are gone, till in the West  
His splendor sets, and in its twilight we  
The phantom glory of the actor's day  
Prolong, like memories of a noble guest;  
Then, musing on Olympus, men shall say:  
The myth of Jove took rise from lesser majesty.

*Robert Underwood Johnson.*

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

**A Great Metropolitan University.**

WE have no great university in New York, but the feeling is very general in the community that, before long, we must have one. Of denominational colleges, more or less fully equipped, we have quite a number, but there is not one among these which can lay claim to the title of a great university; not one which is to the city of New York what Harvard is to Boston, Yale to New Haven, and Johns Hopkins to Baltimore. Unquestionably the most prominent and the most dignified among our local institutions of learning is Columbia College, with its associated schools, and the question is naturally being asked by the friends of higher education in this city, whether this in many respects admirable institution might not serve as a nucleus for the future university. Columbia has an able corps of instructors, and has of recent years shown a laudable tendency to adapt itself, though slowly, to the demands of the age. It is not very long since a School of Political Science was established and placed under the direction of a competent professor, and quite recently steps have been

taken toward the establishment of a School of Modern Languages, in which extensive facilities will be offered for linguistic and literary study. In spite of these timely innovations, however, the college is, in certain other directions, deficient, and scientific study occupies a very subordinate place in its curriculum. Only elementary instruction is offered in the School of Arts, in chemistry and geology, and even this is elective. In physics there are opportunities for more advanced study under an excellent professor; and, in fact, in other scientific branches, it is not the instructors but the curriculum which is at fault. In essentials the college still seems to adhere to the traditional English system, in which Latin, Greek, and mathematics hold the places of honor, and other studies are but grudgingly allowed, and occupy an uncertain footing. Latin and Greek prose and metrical composition and exercises in choral scanning are, according to the "Circular of Information," obligatory partly in the Freshman and partly in the Sophomore year; and among the senior electives are archaic Latin and lectures on the Elements of Comparative Philology. Now, if this were all elective, there could be no



possible objection to including it in the college course; but, to devote time to drilling men in the writing of Greek verse, while leaving them in ignorance of the anatomy and physiology of their own bodies, and leaving it to their option whether they will inform themselves as to the significance of the physical phenomena which daily meet their eyes, seems, to say the least, a very narrow policy, and indicates, on the part of the framers of such a curriculum, a lack of sympathy with the great intellectual movements of the century. It is the conservatism of its trustees, in this regard, which makes the friends of Columbia College doubtful as to whether it possesses sufficient elasticity and progressive vitality to expand into a great university, responsive to every need of the age. If this doubt is justified, there can be no question that, before many years, the college will be superseded by an institution which will be in closer sympathy with the scientific tendencies of modern life. That this would be a misfortune to the college its friends can scarcely fail to appreciate.

The charter of Columbia (then King's) College is dated October 31, 1754. It has always maintained a close connection with the Episcopal Church, and particularly with Trinity Parish, to which it is indebted for a large share of its endowment. Its traditions were naturally derived from Oxford and Cambridge, and its course of instruction was modeled in accordance with that of its English prototypes. However, by the establishment of its Law School (1858), its Medical School (1860), and its School of Mines (1863), the college has gradually departed from these traditions, and there is nothing in its charter to prevent it from developing still further in the direction we have endeavored to indicate. The English universities have, of late, become aware of their mediæval infirmities, and the recent parliamentary commission has recommended some radical changes, which will modernize and secularize both their curriculum and their semi-monastic organization. It is as well understood in England as it is in Germany, at the present day, that it is useless to fight any longer for the supremacy of classics and mathematics, and that there are other studies which are entitled to at least an equal rank as agencies of culture. What a university has to do is, therefore, to offer the most extensive facilities for the pursuit of every branch of human knowledge, and to accord no artificial prominence to any one study which tradition may have invested with a fictitious virtue. If the old undergraduate course must be retained (and it is, in our opinion, in need of essential modifications), then there should be provided opportunities for advanced post-graduate study, such as have already been provided at Harvard and Johns Hopkins. That there is a vital demand in a city like New York for something more than elementary instruction in geology, chemistry, physiology, philology, and a dozen other sciences that might be named, can scarcely be questioned. Where is the institution to be found that satisfies this demand? In the Columbia School of Mines, lectures are delivered by men competent in those sciences which have a direct professional value to mining engineers, and the Medical School confines itself likewise to the single aim of training professional men for their future calling. Strictly scientific work, such as is done at

the Physiological Institute of Berlin and the Collège de France, finds no place in any New York institution of learning. Therefore our doctors who wish to attain exceptional proficiency in any special branch of their profession go to Paris, Berlin, or Vienna; philologists who wish to acquire a thorough scientific training go to Berlin or Leipsic; and, in fact, every scholar who aims at something more than respectable mediocrity spends a year or two at a German university. It ought to be perfectly evident to any one who has seen the great number of American faces in the German lecture-halls, that there is an urgent demand for something better in the way of scientific training than America now offers. These young men, many of whom have to borrow the money that maintains them while studying, go abroad not from preference, but because they cannot find what they want at home. New York, with all her magnificent churches, hospitals, and business palaces, has hitherto satisfied itself with mediocrity in learning, and has never endowed any institution sufficiently to raise it to the dignity of a university worthy of this metropolis; but, judging from the discussions we have heard of late in many quarters, the city is becoming aroused to a consciousness of its need, and when this moment shall have arrived the great Metropolitan University will be removed from the region of possibility to that of fact.

It is popularly supposed that Columbia College possesses a more than sufficient endowment to undertake the work which we have here outlined; but those who are more intimately acquainted with her affairs assert that this is by no means the case. The two new buildings which have recently been erected have absorbed a large share of her income for several years to come, and a third one, which is to occupy the plot where the old college now stands, will still further reduce her resources and prevent her from extending her usefulness in accordance with the demands of the times. It is therefore obvious that a larger endowment is needed, and it is scarcely doubtful that her many wealthy and influential friends and alumni would respond liberally to an appeal issued under the authority of her president and board of trustees. The college has been sufficient unto itself in times past, and though never refusing gifts, has not, so far as we know, stimulated the interest and loyalty of her alumni by annual reports of her wants, such as are issued by the president of Harvard, or by direct appeals for aid. Accordingly, there is a general impression abroad that Columbia is rolling in wealth, and really wants no more money than she has. This self-sufficiency is, undoubtedly, very dignified, but it has many and obvious disadvantages. Large sums of money, which might be offered to Columbia if the public were impressed with the fact that she needed them, find their way elsewhere, and that healthy interest which is aroused and kept alive by constant public discussion is allowed to languish, because the institution, while pursuing the even tenor of its way, holds aloof from the burning educational questions of the day, and thus furnishes no food for discussion.

The president of Columbia, who is an able and progressive man, would spare no effort to make his college second to none in usefulness if the financial condition of the institution warranted him in under-



taking well-recognized but expensive reforms. That the board of trustees, notwithstanding its conservative attitude on certain subjects in the past, would second him in every well-considered effort having this end in view, can scarcely be doubted; but until the financial problem shall have been satisfactorily solved, the board can hardly be expected to adopt any scheme involving heavier outlay. In the meanwhile, New York is waiting for her great university, and it is by no means an imaginary danger that Columbia, if she neglects her opportunity, may wake up some morning and find herself confronted with a formidable rival.

#### Slave or Master?

A COLORED clergyman of some education and much native wit was once discoursing to his congregation on what the apostle calls "the sinfulness of sin." "There are those, my brethren," he said, "who tell us that there is no such thing as sin; that man is created with certain appetites and propensities; that these were made to be gratified; and that, whenever we gratify them, we do that which is perfectly lawful and right." The last sentence was spoken with some emphasis; and four or five of the "leading brethren," understanding that it was the proper place to respond, punctuated the parson's falling inflection with a stalwart "Amen!"

The chorus in the colored meeting-house, like the chorus in the Greek tragedy, may be supposed to reflect the philosophy of the period. To an acute observer, the close relation between what is sometimes called the "advanced" thought of the day and the rude notions of the lowest stratum of society is often apparent. You shall find the fine-spun theories of materialistic science reduced to their lowest terms in the mouths of men in country groceries and city beer-gardens. The sentiment which the colored brethren rather infelicitously applauded—how does it differ from this dictum of Karl Vogt?—"Free will does not exist, neither does any amenability or responsibility, such as morals and penal justice, and heaven knows what, would impose upon us. At no moment are we our own masters, any more than we can decree as to the secretions of our kidneys. The organism cannot govern itself; it is governed by the law of its material combination." The doctrine that the colored clergyman was endeavoring so laudably, but with such indifferent success, to controvert, how could it be more clearly stated than in these words of Moleschott?—"Sin lies in the unnatural, and not in the will to do evil. Speech and style, good and bad actions, courage, half-heartedness, and treachery, are all natural phenomena, and all of them stand in a direct relation to indispensable causes as their natural consequences, just as much as the revolutions of the globe."

This kind of philosophy enters into the thought and speech of the most ignorant and depraved classes of the community to a considerable extent. Doubtless there is need of considering the disabilities that inhere in diseased organisms,—the hereditary tendencies to evil by which virtuous purposes are impeded; our judgments of our fellow-men will often be modified by such facts. But the "charity," or the "science," that denies human responsibility finds its proper issue and its natural votaries in the slums.

It is not, however, with the theological consequences of this philosophy that we are now concerned, but rather with its effect upon the education and training of the young. A doctrine that denies free will, and makes of man only a bundle of appetites and impulses and propensities whose law is in themselves, destroys not only religion and morality, it destroys also the foundations of education, and makes discipline a solecism. A logical deduction from it is the notion that pupils should study only what they like to study, and when they like to study; and that children should do only what they like to do, and when they like to do it. Modern theories of education are tinged by this notion; it finds place in the regimen of the home and the curriculum of the university. The popular lecturer who criticises the Old Testament with the fairness, erudition and wit of a stump-speaker, sneers at the old-fashioned notions of obedience and discipline; says that children ought to follow nature in the formation of their habits; and his audiences applaud the sentiment. It does not take such ideas long to filter down through all the strata of society, and thus to affect, in many ways, the conduct of old and young. Do we not note an increasing tendency to depend on moods and impulses? "I don't feel like work," is often proclaimed as the sufficient excuse for idleness. Disrelish for any particular pursuit is mentioned as ample reason for abandoning it. Even the paupers who beg at your door justify their failure to find employment by telling you that the labor offered them is not congenial.

Of course this plea has always been made, and, so long as the original sin of indolence continues to be so deeply rooted in human nature, it will be made; but it seems that now this vice of human nature is to be well-nigh elevated into the rule of life.

It is a pestilent notion. In it lurks the disorganizing force by which characters and communities are undermined and ruined. There never was a strong character that was not made strong by discipline of the will; there never was a strong people that did not rank subordination and discipline among the signal virtues. Subjection to moods is the mark of a deteriorating morality. There is no baser servitude than that of the man whose caprices are his masters, and a nation composed of such men could not long preserve its liberties.

This is a truth that the young must lay to heart. It will be a sorry day for this world, and for all the people in it, when everybody makes his moods his masters, and does nothing but what he is inclined to do. The need of training the will to the performance of work that is distasteful; of making the impulses serve, instead of allowing them to rule, the higher reason; of subjugating the moods instead of being subjugated by them, lies at the very foundation of character. It is possible to learn to fix the wandering thought, to compel the reluctant mental energy, to concentrate the power upon the performance of a task to which there is no inclination. Until this victory has been gained, life holds no sure promise; the achievement of this conquest is the condition of future success. No matter how splendid may be the natural gifts, unless there is a will that can marshal and command them, the life is sure to be a failure.

Even in the fine arts the highest inspirations wait on those who have learned to work. The poets who



never write except when they are in the mood, who do not learn to hold their minds firmly down to the work in hand, to justify the thought and shape the utterance, are not among the immortal bards. To the man who has wrought long and faithfully in perfecting the art of expression, in studying the subtle shades of meaning and the subtle tones of music that are found in words, and in combining them so that they will harmoniously tell some master truth of human experience, or show some phase of natural beauty, many a strain of beautiful and perfect melody comes suddenly; but it is because the molds of beauty were fashioned in the poet's mind by long and painful study. What is true of the poetic art is true of every other; the condition of artistic success is faithful work and thorough training.

The young men in the colleges know that training is indispensable to physical perfection. They know that the men who eat and drink just what their appetites crave, and take their exercise only when they feel like it, never win the boat-races or the foot-ball matches. It should not be difficult for them to see that mental and moral power, without which success and happiness in life are impossible, are equally dependent on discipline. The body will not do its best work unless, as a great authority says, it is "kept under"; and what is true of the body is equally true of the mind; its whims and caprices and moods must be brought under the subjection of a masterful will; the man must become not the servant, but the ruler of his own nature.

#### The Press and the New Reform.

THE platform seems to have had less to do proportionately with the triumphs of the principles of civil service reform than it had to do with the triumphs of anti-slavery principles. It would appear that the new political reform owes more to the arguments of writers than to the eloquence of speakers. We by no means intend to disparage the labors of speakers in Congress, in political conventions, in the pulpit, and elsewhere; but it should not be forgotten that the great work of educating the people in the matter of the new reform has been mainly by means of the printing-press, by means of books, pamphlets, and periodicals.

When Mr. Curtis, in a recent number of "Harper's

Weekly," writes of the late Thomas Allen Jenckes, of Rhode Island, as "The Father of Civil Service Reform," he does justice to one who should not be overlooked in the apportionment of honors. But Mr. Curtis is hardly the man to give a full and truthful account of the entire struggle, for modesty might occasion a serious hiatus in the story. As an orator, and in his office as President of the Reform Association, Mr. Curtis's labors have been great; but, as a writer and editor, they have been greater. Mr. E. L. Godkin should be mentioned with Mr. Curtis among those whose pens have been powerful in bringing about the just-begun reform. The wider dissemination of Mr. Curtis's political writings, in the pages of a popular illustrated weekly, is to be taken into the account; but the influence of "The Nation" upon the great body of thoughtful minds in all sections of the country can hardly be over-estimated. Not only the direct teachings of "The Nation" on the subject of civil service reform have been of incalculable value at this epoch in our history, but the tone that this journal has helped to impart to political thinking and discussion in general has been of the greatest importance.

We have named Mr. Curtis and Mr. Godkin especially; but we think it no more than just that Dr. Holland's convinced and convincing writings on this subject, in these columns, should be mentioned in this connection. Many of the monthly magazines and reviews have, moreover, welcomed papers by such able and persistent promoters of the reform as Mr. Dorman B. Eaton and Dr. Washington Gladden; and many of the religious weeklies and a certain number of the daily newspapers have kept up for years an able and earnest advocacy of the reform, though in these cases it is not so easy to detect the individual writers and single them out for the praise they deserve.

But, as we have said, the great reform is really only just begun. The adaptation of these new methods to our political system, the proper enforcement of the law, the extension of the reform to the machinery of our State and municipal governments,—these, also, are matters not so much for oratorical discourse and appeal as for the alert watchfulness and calm arguments and warnings of the press. Our political writers have by no means finished their work, with relation to the civil service; there is, if anything, more need of vigilance and wisdom than ever before.

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#### LITERATURE.

##### Conway's "Emerson at Home and Abroad."\*

THE numerous readers of Mr. Conway's earlier books are accustomed to think of him as an insatiable explorer of facts and traditions, an enthusiastic hero-worshipper, and a *littérateur* of unfailing vivacity and almost unerring tact. His drawbacks have seemed to

lie in a certain exuberance of material, some neglect of arrangement, and an occasional want of minute accuracy in details. It is pleasant to see that, as time goes on, he gains more and more self-mastery, and puts his faults behind him. In this book we find him at his best. Even that which has been criticised as a slightly over-confidential and too autobiographical tone, in the opening chapter, is so frank and ardent as really to disarm all objection; and it has its peculiar value as giving the key-note for the whole

\* Emerson at Home and Abroad. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.



book. It is the tribute of a pupil to the master, and it is essential to such a tribute that the pupil should give some revelation of himself.

There is here and there a passage in the book which suggests that it was written in England,—the spelling of "favour" and "storeys," the estimate of Emerson's early income in pounds sterling, and the pains taken (p. 33) to explain that "it was the rule in the [Emerson] family to distribute their possessions equally between the members of their family." The absence of an index is also a defect more common in English books than in American; but the flavor of the book has that essential Americanism which Mr. Conway's long English residence has not at all impaired, and there is even a distinct air of old-fashioned transcendentalism about the titles of the chapters. "Fore-runners," "Sursum Corda," "Sangreal," "Concordia," and "The Python" remind us anew of the ardent young prophet who once essayed to give "The Dial" a new lease of life in Cincinnati, and still remains true to his early visions.

It is in the story-telling faculty that we are chiefly reminded how the prophet has become a magazinist; and certainly no single volume has yet brought together so many fresh memorials of Emerson as are here combined. At the very outset, with his wonted appetite for a good bit of symbolism, Mr. Conway emphasizes the fact that the first American Emerson was a baker, and points out that his great descendant furnished the bread of truth to men (p. 132). Probably, if we looked far enough into the genealogy of any eminent person, we should come to some such apt analogy; as in the fact lately brought to light by Mr. Kennedy, that the pioneer Whittier's chief outfit for America was a bee-hive. Those who have visited the house of Goethe at Frankfort will remember the paternal horse-shoes converted into lyres above the front door, and our American bards seem to be as neatly provided with appropriate emblems.

It was in a letter to Mr. Conway that Mr. Emerson wrote a sentence which has already been widely circulated: "They say the ostrich hatches her egg by standing off and looking at it, and that is my present secret of authorship" (p. 14). There is another charming letter to him on the birth of a child (p. 15). Mr. Emerson told Mr. Conway that no early intellectual experience had ever so influenced him as Wordsworth's description of the effect of nature on the mind of a boy (p. 50); that he had used his sermons as material for his essays (p. 65); and many other private confidences. There are also very interesting statements illustrative of Emerson's influence in England,—the best of these being the fact that Professor Tyndall wrote "Purchased by Inspiration" in his copy of Emerson's "Nature" as being the book which first gave an active impulse to his mind.

Mr. Conway has also had access to some peculiarly valuable unpublished materials, apart from his own recollections; as in the case of an important correspondence between Mr. Emerson and the late Mrs. Lyman of Northampton (pp. 59-60); of a letter from Emerson to Mr. Ireland, describing his first visit to Carlyle (p. 75); and of an exquisite letter by Emerson to a youth who had sent him some verses. "They have truth and earnestness, and a happier hour may add that external perfection which can neither be com-

manded nor described" (p. 124),—which last phrase sums up all the canons of criticism in ten words. But perhaps the best of all the new matter in the book is the description by Miss Sarah Hennell of a visit made to her family by Emerson in 1848, where he saw "George Eliot," then Miss Marian Evans, and so remote from fame as to be mentioned by Miss Hennell as "Mary Ann." "He was much struck with Mary Ann (Miss Evans); expressed his admiration many times to Charles—"That young lady has a calm, serious soul'" (p. 338). It seems quite characteristic of both that, when Emerson asked her "What one book do you like best?" she answered, "Rousseau's Confessions," and he said, "So do I. There is a point of sympathy between us" (p. 339).

We find some errors in Mr. Conway's book, but they are mostly such as would naturally be made by one writing in England about American affairs, after slight points of time and locality had grown dim in memory. Rev. James Freeman Clarke did not "surrender his pulpit rather than exclude Theodore Parker from it" (p. 9), but he merely endangered it. Some of his influential parishioners left him, but he and his church went on. It is not "a mistake" (p. 86) to attribute to the New England Quakers the naked exhibition several times charged upon them, nor has Mr. Whittier proved that this was merely the reaction from Puritan whippings. Southey's "Commonplace Books" contain a long extract from the diary of an English Quaker of that period, who vindicates these naked performances as proper symbolical acts, without resorting to any such justification as Mr. Whittier has offered. The "Boston Museum" (mentioned on p. 160) is not a systematic collection of natural history, but is mainly a theater; Mr. Conway must mean the "Museum of Comparative Zoölogy" at Cambridge. Emerson was not made LL. D. at Harvard in 1867, but in 1866 (p. 162). Mr. George William Curtis was not graduated at Harvard, but at Brown University (p. 237). Mr. Alcott's twenty-dollar gold piece (p. 247) is reduced by several narrators to five or ten dollars. The name of George Searle Phillips is curtailed to "George Searle Phil" (p. 329), probably through some typographical misfortune. It was not at Longfellow's funeral, but on the way home from it, that Emerson spoke of having forgotten that poet's name (p. 382).

Exception might be taken to some of Mr. Conway's points of criticism or description. When he says of Emerson (p. 136): "He studied the sciences carefully, always keeping abreast of their vanguard," he goes too far. Emerson, after all, approached science as a literary man, not as a scientist, and simply read about it instead of studying it. There is sometimes a little inconsistency, as where Mr. Conway says (p. 112) that, from the time Emerson began to read "Lander," "his tone became less fervid and prophetic, and more secular," and then afterward remarks (p. 123): "In the first discoverable scrap of Emerson's writing there is to be found nearly the same literary style as in his last. The only authors whose influence seems traceable are Shakspere and Montaigne." On the other hand, some of his remarks are singularly acute and valuable, as this: "It would be difficult to cite from any generation authors so various in air and style as those whose minds have been personally



and strongly influenced by Emerson" (p. 297). Mr. Conway is himself conspicuously one of these minds, and the "personal equation" of his book is not a thing which we should wish to eliminate, but, indeed, contributes to give it a distinct and probably a permanent value as a part of the Emerson literature.

Dresser's "Japan: Its Architecture, Art and Art Manufactures."\*

IN his new book on Japan, Dr. Christopher Dresser has wisely chosen an entirely untrodden field in Japan. In "A Glimpse at the Art of Japan," Mr. Jarves has tantalized the student and the inquirer with a series of suggestive essays, chiefly historical, and none of which gives the slightest clue to what we want to know of the art of that wonderful and much-written-about country. Dr. Dresser went to Japan on a special mission: he was determined to discover, if possible, the secret of Japanese art. He thirsted for information concerning the motives and the processes of art, as it has been practiced for hundreds of years in an isolated and secluded kingdom. He accomplished much in the four months spent in the country; and, when we consider what he might have given us after an extended sojourn, we must needs regret the haste which necessarily characterizes his work. The faults of the book, which are by no means few or slight, are partly chargeable to the shortness of his stay and to his invincible and amiable good nature. It was his custom, evidently, to believe all that was told him.

Nevertheless, we have in this volume the first clear and satisfactory glimpse of the subject of which it treats. It is the only book, it may be said, that gives an intelligible notion of the theory and practice of art in Japan. Dr. Dresser was not only a guest of the nation, going on an official errand, but he is, as he says, "an architect and ornamentist by profession," and it is as a specialist that he submits his laborious volume. In the course of his extended journeys, he visited sixty-eight potteries and more than one hundred temples and shrines, many of which he studied minutely.

The work is divided into two parts, the first containing the simple narrative of the author's movements, his daily observations, and his reflections upon all that he saw and heard. These are set down with conscientious fidelity, and with much of what we may call "the local color." The second part contains chapters devoted to special subjects, religion and architecture, analogies and symbols, the manufactures of lacquer, pottery, metals, fabrics, etc., being each treated separately and with delightful clearness and minuteness. This part of the author's work contains a great deal that is new and valuable. It is to be regretted that he did not have time and space to describe at greater length the details of working in what is popularly known as cloisonné enamel. The general description of this branch of art with which he favors us is not new; and if he could have gone into details as to the methods employed in the preparation and coloring of the materials used in the

enameling, he would have done a substantial service to the potter's art. But the chapters on lacquers and pottery may be commended to the reader as models of patient and intelligent study and preparation.

The author is evidently a close student of what may be termed evolution in art. It was his desire to discover, if possible, whence the Japanese have derived their designs, theories, and knowledge of art and art-processes. He finds in Japan many curious analogies leading to Egypt, Greece, India, China, Corea, and distant parts of Asia. His studies of these branches of inquiry, although they may not all be received with unquestioning faith, are highly interesting. In the matter of designs of a purely native origin, also, the reader will find much novel entertainment in the illustrations that profusely adorn the work. A striking example may be found on page 278, where is given a cut from a Japanese artist's drawing, showing the origin of the familiar "hawthorn" pattern of decoration on porcelain. The translation of the legend, "The late frost nips the plum blossoms, and causes them to fall on the thin and cracked ice," sufficiently explains the design and its source.

The only drawback to the complete enjoyment of the volume is the ineptitude with which it has been put together. The flaws in the composition are numerous and often flagrant. The persistent use of the present tense is tedious, exasperating, and sometimes ludicrous. The author seems to have taken out a license to revise the generally received orthography of Japanese names to suit his own whims. For example, there is neither sense nor reason in his giving us "sachi" for the liquor commonly known as sake, and so spelled by all makers of Anglo-Japanese dictionaries. Nor is "Cutane," for Kutani, any more reasonable than any of the numerous other changes in the names of towns and cities which the author has unwarrantably made. We find him taking from Dr. Wistar the dedication to him of the climbing plant known as the wistaria, and repeatedly referring to it as the "westeria." These little liberties taken with existing facts and accepted theories are calculated to shake our faith in the authority of the writer. But this is a minor drawback to one's enjoyment of what must long be considered the best work ever written on the industrial art of Japan.

Mabie's "Norse Stories."\*

To render poetry, and especially old Scandinavian poetry, in good English prose, is a difficult task, as any one who has tried it is apt to appreciate. What Mr. Mabie has undertaken to do, however, is not to paraphrase the lays of the Elder Edda and the tales of the Younger, but rather to select the most interesting and poetic myths, clothing them in a form which would appeal to modern readers. A translation of the Elder Edda, retaining the alliterations and the rhapsodic form, was published many years ago by Mr. Thorp; and Professor R. B. Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, gave us recently a very creditable version of the principal portions of the Younger. These two works, and possibly also Mallet's "North-

\* Japan: Its Architecture, Art, and Art Manufactures. By Christopher Dresser, Ph. D., F. L. S., etc. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. New York: Scribner & Welford.

\* Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1882.



ern Mythology," have furnished Mr. Mabie with the material for his pleasing stories, and it must be admitted that he has performed his task both with taste and skill. The arrangement of the myths, in what might be called their chronological sequence, is especially to be commended. The creation of the world from the body of the giant Ymer, the happy life of the gods in the shining Valhalla, their adventures and perpetual warfare with the giants, their destruction at Ragnarök by the powers of evil, and the final regeneration of the world under the reign of one god, All-father, are described with a happy simplicity and a keen appreciation of the poetic element in each separate myth. Especially delightful is the story of Balder, the God of Love, who, through the machinations of Loke, was slain by the blind god Höder, and had to descend to the under-world, whence he returned after the great battle of Ragnarök to reign once more over a peaceful and happy earth.

Although Mr. Mabie's book is primarily intended for youthful readers, to whom the heroic element in such tales as Thor's "Fishing" and his fight with Hrungner must strongly appeal, there is a poetic suggestiveness in many of the myths, the full significance of which can only be appreciated by maturer minds. Thus, the charming tales of the "Apples of Ydun" and Odin's "Search for Wisdom" are replete with elusive hints, which invite to poetic treatment; and "The Twilight of the Gods," with its sequence "The New Earth," seem to contain an obvious allegory, prophesying the end of the bloody reign of the ancient gods, and the harmonious development of humanity under a new and peaceful code, when war shall have disappeared, and Balder the Beautiful, returning from the dead, shall pervade the earth with his beneficent influence. Mr. Mabie has done wisely, however, in confining himself to pure narrative and avoiding the many tempting opportunities for allegorical interpretation. That the above-named myths indicate a dim consciousness on the part of the Norsemen that their fierce and fratricidal religion was destined to be superseded by a gentler and more humane creed, is scarcely to be questioned, but beyond that fact all conjectures are unsafe. That Odin was neither a sun-myth, nor personified valor, nor a corruption of an original purer conception of the deity, has been demonstrated; while there is a strong probability in the theory which assigns both him and his colleagues definite places in remote history as chiefs who led the Teutonic tribes in their early wanderings from their home in Central Asia.

#### Bartlett's "Life of Rimmer" \*

DR. RIMMER is one of the many figures in American art that fill one with uneasiness. The artistic genius in this country, until recently, has had no place. In other circumstances Rimmer might have achieved more satisfactory results; here everything was against him, though perhaps nothing was so much against him as a disquiet and pride inherited from a father who believed himself a prince by birth, and his own inherent

lack of patience and humble teachableness. He had a strong artistic temperament, but was thorough in nothing except anatomy. In that he was an excellent theoretic teacher, though he always disapproved of dissection for art-students, and, in explaining the most difficult parts of interior anatomy, would use the blackboard only.

Rimmer made his strongest impression not in his studied designs, pictures, and modelings, but at the blackboard. He had a most facile pencil, and would improvise on the blackboard as a musician does on the key-board, producing varied and beautiful harmonies of line. He was eminently a draughtsman, caring little for the illusion which a picture-maker is apt to cherish. He was totally ignorant of color, and took very uncertain interest in form as such; but *line* as a rapid means of expressing a situation, an idea, a passion, was always at his own command, and strongly moved him in such men as Rembrandt and Michael Angelo. His enormous egotism not only prevented him from understanding and learning from his immediate contemporaries, but kept him from acknowledging indebtedness to an older artist like Allston (whom he was doubtless affected by), or to a modern master like Blake, who also evidently had a decided effect upon his thought.

As a teacher he will long be remembered with gratitude by many who were helped on by his stimulating manner and ready encouragement. As is apt to be the case to-day, his best pupils were women, who, for the sake of learning, were willing to be "bullied," and who would blindly follow his lead. Mr. Bartlett's book contains many curious testimonials and notes from this class of acquaintances and critics. The author throughout has done, perhaps, a little more than justice to an extraordinary man—a man of an irascible and far from frank disposition; of much untrained and unfruitful power; and one whose career was pathetically painful and unsatisfactory. The reproductions scattered through the volume will give an idea of the largeness and vigor of some of Rimmer's conceptions.

#### Hunt's "Talks on Art." \*

THE second series of the late Mr. Hunt's "Talks," as preserved by one of his pupils, is, if anything, of more value and interest than the first,—although the first has had a success at home and abroad which must have been gratifying to the artist. Both books give an interesting insight into his method of teaching, which seems to have been by a series of mental shocks—alternations of scorn with extravagant praise. He regarded his pupils as little children, and scolded or commended them accordingly. Artists will find the book full of suggestion, and the general reader will learn much in it of interest in regard to Millet and Couture (both of whom Hunt knew well) and in regard to many other persons and things of artistic and human interest; and the same general reader, as well as the artist, will get either a pleasant or a painful, and very likely a profitable mental fillip, from nearly every paragraph.

\*The Art Life of William Rimmer, Sculptor, Painter, and Physician. By Truman H. Bartlett, Sculptor. Illustrated with Heliotype Reproductions. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

\*W. M. Hunt's Talks on Art. Second Series. Compiled by Helen M. Knowlton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.



## Ole Bull.\*

OLE BULL was an interesting character, and his long and eventful life afforded the material for a capital biography; and if his wife has failed to avail herself of her opportunity, her failure is attributable to the fact that wives are never good biographers. It may be that Mrs. Bull, in calling her book a memoir, disclaims the purpose of writing a biography, in the sense of a complete and systematic account of her late husband's career. But even a memoir, though it permits of a looser construction, can scarcely be called successful, unless it presents a tolerably vivid picture of its subject and affords the reader an insight into the workings of his mind. After reading Mrs. Bull's book, we know Ole Bull no better than we did before. We are, to be sure, made acquainted with the circumstances of his life, and several entertaining anecdotes are related, which tend to exhibit him in his heroic rather than in his every-day aspect. The tale of his triumphs, which were indeed well merited, is recited at great length, and the exemplary manner in which he bore all the vicissitudes of fate is commented upon. But, though we should not presume to question the correctness of the biographer's view, it is not to be denied that it fails to command the reader's credence. Such bloodless perfection as is here exhibited would be highly anomalous in an artist of Ole Bull's volatile, impulsive and passionate nature. The man Ole Bull whose acquaintance we hoped would in some degree account for the artist Ole Bull and make him humanly intelligible, has not sat for the portrait in this book, though his external lineaments are faithfully enough depicted in the frontispiece. It is an apotheosized ideal of an artist and husband which is reflected in these pages, and though there may be glimpses here and there of the handsome Norwegian gentleman whom many of us had the good fortune to know, it is, as it were, only his public and stage character which we are permitted to view.

The most entertaining portion of the book is, perhaps, the chapter relating to Ole Bull's childhood among the mountains and fiords of Norway. He was born in Bergen, in 1810; his family were well-to-do and belonged to the upper classes. The boy's musical genius manifested itself at an early age, and his passion for his "fiddle" (which was not encouraged by his parents) induced him to practice at night in a ravine called the "Giant's Caldron," scaring the peasants out of their wits and giving rise to legends about fairies and nixies. His struggles with poverty during his first years of study abroad, and his first decisive triumph at Bologna, brought him in contact with all the musical celebrities of the day, and before long all Europe was echoing with his fame. The sketches of great singers and virtuosos like Malibran, Beriot, Fanny Elssler, Chopin, and Liszt, which are here introduced, are very pleasant reading, and the intrigues by which rival artists and impressarios tried to arrest his triumphal progress are of the kind which we are prepared to look for in the life of every eminent musician. What lends, however, an additional interest to the career of Ole Bull, is the more or less

intimate relations which he sustained with nearly all the celebrities of the century, in the world of letters, art, and politics. There was a singular charm in his presence, to which even the most obdurate cynic had in time to surrender. Kings and emperors lavished favors upon him, and poets, sculptors and painters found inspiration in his music and pleasure in his company. This music is now out of date, and the school which he represented has been superseded by another in which technique plays a larger rôle. The more complex and perhaps more profound interpretation of emotion, attained by later masters of the violin, presupposes a higher musical culture on the part of the public, and would scarcely have appealed to American audiences thirty or forty years ago as did the direct and headlong method of Ole Bull with his imitation of natural sounds and alluring echoes from Norse fiords and mountains. The unexampled enthusiasm which he excited during his first visit to the United States, in 1843, is reflected in diaries, newspapers and magazines, from which Mrs. Bull makes copious extracts. Even though we may hesitate to indorse the extravagant verdict of his eulogists of that time, the fact still remains that he was a man of genius whose art and personality merit a more critical study than they have here received.

## "College Cuts."\*

IN the many daily, weekly, fortnightly, and monthly journals edited and published by the undergraduates of American universities, is to be seen in actual operation that College of Journalism, which was once the hypothetical subject of much discussion and desire. The young man who has done his stint of work on his college paper has got something of an insight into journalism in both its literary and its practical aspect; and if the paper was illustrated, he has a still wider experience. Since the improvement of the various processes of photo-engraving, many of these college journals are illustrated, none of them more successfully than the "Spectator" of Columbia College, which for several years has been adorned with satiric cartoons, generally on college topics, and with pertinent and impertinent cuts on society at large. Yet it was a bold thing to collect three or four score of these sketches of society, and to send them forth in a volume with a dedication to Mr. Du Maurier. But boldness is justified of its children. The drawings are better than one would expect from inexperienced young men, and the jokes beneath them have often a high degree of literary merit. There is abundant humor and point in the legends, some of which are as neat and as polished as one could wish. "Cause and Effect" (page 41) and "Robbing Peter" (page 45) have true comedy in them; and "A Sinecure" (page 50) is a delightful bit of fun,—a little too collegiate in its flavor, it may be, for most readers, but only the more enjoyable, perhaps, to those who can appreciate the point. It must be noted, however, that but few of these "College Cuts" have to do with student-life; most of them are pictures of society as it is seen outside of scholastic halls. And it may be that the future

\* Ole Bull: A Memoir. By Sara C. Bull. With Ole Bull's "Violin Notes" and Dr. A. B. Crosby's Anatomy of the Violinist. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* College Cuts. Chosen from the "Columbia Spectator." 1880-81-82. New York: White & Stokes.



social satirist of New York, who is to do for America what Leech and Mr. Du Maurier have done for England, is to be found among these young artists. For one thing, they are Americans, and they depict American scenes and feelings. For another, their drawing is really promising, and their present performance is of merit enough to warrant hope of much better work in the future. Consider the earlier sketches of Mr. Du Maurier himself, and see the progress the artist has made as he gained mastery over himself; consider especially the delicate indelicacies of M. Grévin, a draftsman whose work is now done with the utmost economy of labor, in the merest and most effective outline, with no stroke wasted; consider M. Grévin's earlier drawings, involved, elaborated, cross-hatched,

and note how different they are from the work he does now, when he has full confidence in himself; consider these things, and confess, as we turn these "College Cuts," that Mr. Herzog and Mr. M'Vickar and Mr. Coles have qualities which may develop greatly in the future,—when they will demand more consideration than need now be vouchsafed to these firstlings of their muse, interesting and amusing as this volume of "College Cuts" will be found.

IN the first edition of THE CENTURY for February, 1883, page 603, first column, for "Pompey," read "Titus"; and page 581, second column, for "Robert G. Shaw," read "Francis G. Shaw."

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## Cupid as Reporter :

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. VALENTINE'S.

I'm not at home if Cupid calls (she said)  
To ask for "news" concerning whom I'll wed;  
The subject has no interest for me,  
Nor even sense, so far as I can see.  
Besides, I hate the matrimonial press,  
And petty puffs of fortune, face, and dress.  
So, if he calls—that brazen baggage, Cupid!—  
Just say I'm out, or ill, or—stay, you stupid!  
Invite him in—but say, with cold regard—  
Mind, *very* cold!—"Please, sir, I'll take your card!"

Hark! some one knocks! Can it be he, I wonder?  
It must be he—just hear the knocker thunder!  
Yes!—*Come right up!*—Poor fellow, he's in haste;  
'T would be a shame his precious time to waste.  
'What rosy cheeks!—what *perfect* taste in dressing!  
And yet, I fear!—these press-men are so pressing!  
Good-day, kind sir!

CUPID.

Sweet Lady, I am sent  
By "Hymen's Times" to get your views anent  
A candidate for our next spring-election;  
Is Mr. C—the man of your selection?

SHE.

Oh, dear me, no! (Be seated, please, by me.)  
Yet do not think we do not quite agree;  
And do not say that I have told you this,  
Or that I'm not for him—swear on this kiss!—  
And this!—since two are needed to a bargain.  
And this!—since three will leave one kiss for margin.

CUPID.

Sweet Lady, please repeat! I've seldom heard  
Such eloquence, and wish to jot each word.  
Ah, thanks!—I fear you'll smother my next question!  
If you will pardon me the bold suggestion,  
Do you prefer some other candidate?

SHE.

Oh, dear me, no! But, sir, you must not state  
That he's *already* on the Party-slate!—  
And do not say that I have told you this,  
Or that I care for him!—swear on this kiss!—

CUPID.

Sweet Lady, I can "swear" the heavens blue—  
And I am free to say *he* swears by *you*!  
The point is not, to swear my blue eyes dim,  
But frankly this: will *you* swear thus by *him*?  
If you refuse, 'tis settled in a trice!—  
Another Party calls him "*very nice*!"

SHE.

What, she!—O Cupid, hasn't he more sense?  
Her charms are all in the imperfect tense.  
I will say this: He's far too good a man,  
To be entrapped by that sly Party's plan.  
He ought to join some Party of the best  
Youth, beauty, taste, found either East or West;  
Whose principles, both elegant and sound,  
Are firmly based on such important ground  
As strict reform of the Domestic Service—  
But do not say that I have told you this,  
Or know such Party—swear upon this kiss!

CUPID.

Sweet Lady, you're that Party to the letter,  
But he describes your virtues, more and better,—  
Then may I understand we *quite* agree?—

SHE.

Who has my suffrage asks on bended knee!  
But do not say that I have told you this—

CUPID.

I "swear," Sweet Lady, on a triple-kiss!

\* \* \* \* \*

SHE.

Here's "Hymen's Times," Feb. 14—'83;  
I wonder what it says regarding me?—  
GOOD GRACIOUS!—was there ever such a scandal!  
He's *printed every word I said!*—THE VANDAL!  
Not only that!—He's interviewed my maid!  
And she has told him all she knew!—The jade!

Ah, well!—who'll be the wiser anyway?—  
You can't believe a word the papers say.

Clarence Clough.



## Rondeaux of Cities.

## I.

## RONDEAU À LA BOSTON.

A CULTURED mind! Before I speak  
The words, sweet maid, to tinge thy cheek  
With blushes of the nodding rose  
That on thy breast in beauty blows,  
I prithee satisfy my freak.

Canst thou read Latin and eke Greek?  
Dost thou for knowledge pine and peak?  
Hast thou in short, as I suppose,  
A cultured mind?

Some men require a maiden meek  
Enough to eat at need the leek;  
Some lovers crave a classic nose,  
A liquid eye, or faultless pose;  
I none of these. I only seek  
A cultured mind.

## II.

## RONDEAU À LA NEW YORK.

A POT of gold! O mistress fair,  
With eyes of brown that pass compare,  
Ere I on bended knee express  
The love which you already guess,  
I fain would ask a small affair.

Hast thou, my dear, an ample share  
Of this world's goods? Wilt thy papa \*  
Disgorge to gild our blessedness  
A pot of gold?

Some swains for mental graces care;  
Some fall a prey to golden hair;  
I am not blind, I will confess,  
To intellect or comeliness;  
Still let these go beside, *ma chère*,  
A pot of gold.

## III.

## RONDEAU À LA PHILADELPHIA.

A PEDIGREE! Ah, lovely jade!  
Whose tresses mock the raven's shade,  
Before I free this aching breast,  
I want to set my mind at rest;  
'Tis best to call a spade a spade.

What was thy father ere he made  
His fortune? Was he smeared with trade,  
Or does he boast an ancient crest—  
A pedigree?

Brains and bright eyes are overweighed;  
For wits grow dull and beauties fade;  
And riches, though a welcome guest,  
Oft jar the matrimonial nest.  
I kiss her lips who holds displayed  
A pedigree.

## IV.

## RONDEAU À LA BALTIMORE.

A PRETTY face! O maid divine,  
Whose vowels flow as soft as wine,  
Before I say upon the rack  
The words I never can take back,  
A moment meet my glance with thine.

\* Pronounced papaire.

Say, art thou fair? Is the incline  
Of that sweet nose an aquiline?  
Hast thou, despite unkind attack,  
A pretty face?

Some sigh for wisdom. Three, not nine,  
The graces were. I wont repine  
For want of pedigree, or lack  
Of gold to banish Care the black,  
If I can call forever mine  
A pretty face.

Robert Grant.

## Aphorisms from the Quarters.

SOME pocket-knives mus' 'a' been made to len' out.

A man dat kin make a libin' playin' de fiddle aint ap' to pester de hoe-handle.

'Casionally, a man wid right smart edication can't find his knife when it git in de wrong pocket.

A long spell o' roomatiz is ap' to p'int out your bes' friends.

De rainbow might be better lookin' ef 'twa'n't sech a cheap show.

De bottom o' de meal-box make mighty po' music.

Big blaze o' fire can't roas' your 'taters.

De bes' seed ain't bound to make big water-millions.

It's a mighty rotten old house dat wont make kindlin'-wood.

Bresh-fire soon gone.

Heap o' wummy scaly-barks come orf de top limbs.

De crawfish gits into trouble by buildin' too fine a chimney to a little house.

You can't take de twis' out de gra'-vine by cultervatin' it.

Peacock can't hide his foots by spreadin' his tail.

Green 'simmons aint 'fraid o' nobody.

Edication don't come by bumpin' 'g'in de school-'ouse.

When de morkin'-bird try to mork eb'rything, he boun' to let out some music dat aint wuf much.

It's a mighty lazy nigger dat don't keep his ax sharp.

A hole under de garden palin's is a hard secret to keep.

See whar you gwine to hit 'fo' you lif' your hoe.

Sas'fus-root tea wont hu't your 'specterbility when de crap come out short.

Too much trabblin' on de railroad make some folks lose de right lick for de cotton-patch.

De young peaches safe when de martin start her nes'.

You don't need much fence roun' de cowcumber vine.

J. A. Macon.

THE readers of this Department will be glad to know that Mr. J. A. Macon, whose name often has appeared of late as a contributor to these pages, has recently collected his published poems, songs, and aphorisms, and with much additional matter has issued them in book-form. This volume, entitled "Uncle Gabe Tucker; or Reflection, Song, and Sentiment in the Quarters," is published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott and Co., of Philadelphia.